

DIANA DESTROYS A WEDDING

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

EXT. FABULOUS VILLA - LAKE COMO, ITALY - SUNSET

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

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

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

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

WOMAN

Now might be a good time to release
the doves.

The Planner gapes, as --

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

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nevermind.

OVER BLACK: **THREE WEEKS EARLIER**

INT. THE IVY'S NYC PENTHOUSE - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

GLASS SMASH ROOM

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

SHRIEK! SMASH -- SMASH -- SMASH!

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

SHRIEK! SMASH SMASH SMASH SMA--

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

This is **DIANA IVY**.

EXT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. IVY PENTHOUSE - STUDY - LATER

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

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

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

REDFORD

And how are we this morning?

DIANA

Oh fine, fine.

(casual, devastated)

Theo didn't answer.

REDFORD

You don't need to call every day.

He's fine. It's Idaho.

DIANA

A hotbed of crime.

REDFORD

He's 25.

DIANA

Jesus was 25 when they crucified him.

REDFORD

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

DIANA

He loves our chats.

REDFORD

Perhaps it's time to...

DIANA

What.

REDFORD

(big moment)

Diana. We don't build ships to keep them in harbor.

DIANA

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

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

REDFORD

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

Palpable relief. Until *BUZZ BUZZ*.

DIANA
With a guest.

REDFORD
Probably that girl.

DIANA
(alarmed)
What girl.

REDFORD
He didn't mention the -- ?

DIANA
What girl??

REDFORD
You talk every --

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

REDFORD
I don't know, somewhere with dirt!

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

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

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

MALE VOICE (LARGE CLEAN HANDS)
Still a yes?

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

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

FEMALE VOICE
Ha. I'll bankrupt you.

MALE VOICE
Good luck.

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

FEMALE VOICE
OH WHAT THE --

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

INT. IVY PENTHOUSE - MASSIVE CLOSET - NIGHT

Diana and Redford dress for dinner.

DIANA
Why didn't he tell me.

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

DIANA
No I don't.

EXT. IVY TERRACE - 3 MONTHS EARLIER

Diana sips a drink on the terrace, AirPods in.

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

Diana spits. Throws the glass over the side.

DIANA
(calling inside)
I said gin!

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - 2 MONTHS EARLIER

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

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

Diana unmutes.

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

INT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - 1 MONTH EARLIER

Diana approaches a female glass figurine with laser focus.

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

DIANA
Yes -- she -- is.

SMASH!

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

REDFORD
Or he just wants to introduce her?

DIANA
Not his style. *Ambuscade.*

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

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

INT. IVY PENTHOUSE - FOYER - THAT MOMENT

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

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

ABIGAIL
Aw. So many dead guys.

THEO
See what I mean?

ABIGAIL
It's beginning to sink in.

THEO
Impressed?

ABIGAIL
Nope.

Theo smiles.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Miss it?

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

ABIGAIL
Bring it.

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

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

ABIGAIL
Breathe. My family's crazy too.

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

ABIGAIL
You sure this is the best way to --

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

ABIGAIL
 Wait, wha --

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

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

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

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

DIANA
 Thank god you're here, Sherlock.

Diana starts down the stairs, Redford behind her.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 There they are!

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

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

Redford sighs.

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

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

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

REDFORD
 The prodigal son returns.

THEO
You didn't need to send a Black Hawk.

ABIGAIL
It landed on next year's crop.

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

INT. PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

ABIGAIL
My family are farmers.

Beat. Everything stops.

DIANA
... I'm sorry?

ABIGAIL
Farmers.

DIANA
Your last name is Farmer.

ABIGAIL
No we're literal farmers.

Diana might faint.

REDFORD
Really! Farmers!

ABIGAIL
Yes.

REDFORD
As in --
(shoveling motion)

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

REDFORD
And how is the carrot world these
days?

ABIGAIL
Thriving. Carrots are really having
a moment.

REDFORD
Fantastic.

STAFF MEMBER 1 enters.

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

DIANA
They have??

THEO
I called an executive session.

Diana looks at Theo. This is chess to them.

DIANA
How dramatic.

THEO
Best to deliver news all at once.

She glances at Abigail's untouched drink.

EXT. / INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

They envelope Theo, ignoring Abigail.

BRONSON
Theodoraaaa! Wowww a flannel.

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

VICTORIA
Going through another phase are we?

THEO
It's called growing up, Vic.

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

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

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

BRONSON
They're sex workers you whore.

FLIP
(to Theo)
Miss us?

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

BRONSON
The spare.

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

DIANA
Shall we take our --

Flip clears his throat.

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

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

BRONSON
Flip's real name is --

FLIP
Can we not --

BRONSON & VICTORIA
Laurel.

FLIP (CONT'D)
Do NOT call me Laurel.

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

ABIGAIL
Is that a joke?

BRONSON
(snickering)
Mom & Dad wouldn't pay the ransom.

DIANA
We don't negotiate with Italians.

PRESS CONFERENCE FOOTAGE - 3 YEARS AGO

BULBS FLASH at Diana & Redford at a podium.

DIANA
(grave, but strong)
We have four children. If we pay one cent of this ransom, we will have four kidnapped children.
(then)
Plus, he's in Italy. He could use some sun.

NODS from a few reporters. He really could.

BACK TO SCENE

DIANA (CONT'D)
You did come back with much more color darling.

VICTORIA
(to Abigail)
He's *fine*, he was so fucking annoying they let him go.

Flip just stares, haunted.

THEO
Speaking of Italy!

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

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

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

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

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

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

THEO
Neeeeeeeeewwwwwws...

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

DIANA
You're pregnant.

ABIGAIL
Oh god no, just an alcoholic.

Gasps of relief!

DIANA
Oh thank god!

REDFORD
Plenty of those in this family!

BRONSON
(going for a high five)
Hell ya, another alchy!

ABIGAIL
I'm 5 years sober.

DIANA
That's admirable.

THEO
We're getting married!

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

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

THEO (CONT'D)

"The," uh, "synergy achieved by this strategic fit wi-- "

DIANA

Oh it's divine! Congratulations!

Shock on their faces. No one expected this.

THEO

... really?

DIANA

Mmhmm.

Theo frowns, suspicious.

THEO

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

DIANA

Nope.

THEO

My responsibilities as an Ivy --

DIANA

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

ABIGAIL

Abigail.

DIANA

Abagnale.

ABIGAIL

Close enough.

DIANA

I love weddings.

THEO

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

DIANA

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

Beat.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Wonderful news!

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

BRONSON
You did NOT call it Merger of Love.

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

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

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

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

DIANA
Plenty of time to talk later.

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

DIANA
THREE --
(calm)
Why the rush?

THEO
When you gotta go, you gotta go.

DIANA
I think that's about bathrooms,
darling.

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

THEO
Oh, right. That.

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

ABIGAIL

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

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

DIANA

... production?

ABIGAIL

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

DIANA

We're not doughnut wall people.

THEO

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

DIANA

She'll be there in spirit.

THEO

Alive would be better.

REDFORD

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

ABIGAIL

Oh he has.

THEO

Tons of times.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Dinner every Sunday.

THEO (CONT'D)

They're so real. So *honest*, no
spin. I learn so much from them.
(taking Abigail's hand)
Family is the most important thing.

DIANA
(icy)
Yes. It is.

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

DIANA
Well. Now we have.

Beat. She stands.

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

Chuckles all around.

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

CLINK.

INT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - LATER

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

INT. DINING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

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

INT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Redford opens the door.

REDFORD
Come back down, darl --

But the room is empty.

INT. THEO'S OLD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

REDFORD

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

He sits next to her.

DIANA

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

Beat.

REDFORD

Diana, you didn't do any of that.

DIANA

Oh shut up Redford, you know what I mean.

INT. FOYER - LATER

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

ABIGAIL

Are those -- army men?

REDFORD

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

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

THEO

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

DIANA

But you were already a good person.

THEO
Give her a shot. You'll see.

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

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

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

DIANA
She's clearly a phase. The flannel?

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

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

VICTORIA
You did get a lovely hutch that summer.

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

They all quietly panic. Beat.

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

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

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

DIANA
I should stay out of it.

VICTORIA / BRONSON / FLIP
Yes.

Diana allows herself to be vulnerable for a moment.

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

VICTORIA

What?

BRONSON

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

FLIP

I'm gay.

No one hears him.

DIANA

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

Beat.

VICTORIA

Um. What?

DIANA

Are you going to let your brother
ruin his life?

BRONSON

Yes? ...no.

DIANA

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

FLIP

Right, but --

DIANA

So what's the move?

VICTORIA

Um... golden parachute? Greenmail?

DIANA

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

BRONSON

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

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

DIANA
You're right, Bronson.

BRONSON
(first time in his life)
Yes! About what.

DIANA
It's *such* a stressful time for a couple. You learn so much about each other...
(trance-like)
When "shit hits the fan," as they say in Idaho...

BRONSON
Is she having a mini stroke?

VICTORIA
Her face isn't drooping.

FLIP
I don't think it can anymore.

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
(as she sips)
They'll inherit the Como Estate.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
God I'm drunk. So drunk, that if questioned...
(very sober)
I won't remember any of this.

She stands.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Off to bed. Ta.

And she's gone.

FLIP

Fuck.

BRONSON

This is just like that Christmas.

VICTORIA

What the fuck was that, about *me*
making a mistake?

(miserable)

I'm happily married!

FLIP

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

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

VICTORIA

It is a stunning villa, though.

BRONSON

Mhm. The lake?

They look at each other.

VICTORIA

I always wondered what happened
with Celine...

BRONSON

What if... Celine was to reappear?

VICTORIA

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

BRONSON

Harvest the carrot farmer?

VICTORIA

Ew.

BRONSON

Like seduce.

VICTORIA

Oh okay.

Bronson nods, pours more whiskey.

BRONSON

Terms?

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

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

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

FROM JUST OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY

REVEAL Flip, watching intently...

FLIP
Motherfuckers.

...hatching a plan of his own.

EXT. PARIS (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

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

TITLE: DAY ONE. THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY.

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

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

THEO
We said a SMALL, INTIMATE --

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

Theo and Abigail share a look. Fuck.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Nettoyer les cheminées!

STAFF MEMBER 1 (O.C.)
Oui madame!

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

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

	TAILOR	ABIGAIL
Un moment.		Gah!

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

THEO
 Mom --

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

A real moment between them. Theo softens.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 Let me pamper my only son and his
 blushing bride.

THEO
 You have two other sons.

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

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

THEO
 You're up to something. I know you.

DIANA
 And I know you. You might even
 enjoy yourself.

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

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

ABIGAIL

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

THEO

She rented out Eton? You can do
that?

ABIGAIL

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

THEO

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

ABIGAIL

We won't have any time for us.

THEO

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

ABIGAIL

What's an --

THEO

Honeymoon before the wedding.

ABIGAIL

This is literally what we didn't
want.

THEO

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

Abigail is not convinced.

THEO (CONT'D)

I mean pick your battles, right?

INT. FRENCH KITCHEN - DAY

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

INT. FRENCH DINING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

Wave.

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

Wave. Wave. Wave.

THEO
Our what.

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

THEO	ABIGAIL
Mom --	Wait I really value privacy?

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

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

CCT-1
(chef's kiss)
Chalamet.

THEO
(leaning to look)
Really?

Wait -- ABIGAIL And *this* -- DIANA

The LA-LOOKING WOMAN steps forward.

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

ABIGAIL
My *what*??

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

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

ABIGAIL
Um.

Diana moves on. Pure hands Abigail a swampy juice.

PURE
Drink this phytoplankton.

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

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

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

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Mrs. Ivy --

DIANA
Diana, dear. We're both adults.

Diana adjusts a tiny green ARMY MAN on a shelf.

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

Beat.

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

Abigail narrows her eyes.

DIANA (CONT'D)

But I would never want to make you uncomfortable.

(then)

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

And Abigail gets it.

ABIGAIL

I'll be there. With bells on.

DIANA

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

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

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

ABIGAIL

(sigh)

Not what I meant.

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

EXT. PARIS APARTMENT - TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON

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

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

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

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

DIANA

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

GUEST 1

Sure, sure. Good to see you, Diana.

And another GUEST (female, diamonds) congratulates her.

GUEST 2

Another perfect party, Di!

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

THEO

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

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

THEO (CONT'D)

The Ludds have food poisoning.

Diana subtly looks away.

DIANA

Oh how tragic.

THEO

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

He pulls at the suit, uncomfortable.

THEO (CONT'D)

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

DIANA

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

THEO

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

DIANA

(a smile)

In your favorite city. With your
favorite --

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

THEO
Foood GOD I forgot how good these
are.

DIANA
They don't do a *duck pâté* in Idaho?

THEO
They do great finger steaks.

DIANA
How appetizing.

Theo looks at her.

THEO
Okay, let's have it.

DIANA
Have what?

THEO
(gesturing at the party)
Is this real?

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

Theo narrows his eyes.

THEO
Mom. Without spin?

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

THEO
I'm sure.

DIANA
Well if you're *sure* sure.

THEO
I'm sure. Sure.

DIANA
Sure, but are you --

THEO
If you say sure one more --

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

Beat.

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

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

REDFORD
 What. You finally saw the sign?

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

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

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

SNOOTY FRENCHMAN
Américains.

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

ABIGAIL
 Hi! How do I look?

CLANG --

DIANA
 Sonorous.

CLANG CLANG --

REDFORD
 Maybe stop moving?

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

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

DIANA
Good to know.

ABIGAIL
(with a laugh)
And I don't want the other guests
to hate me, ya know?

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

THEO
Abs! Woah, that dress is --

ABIGAIL
Clangy?

THEO
Awesome.

Diana frowns.

LATER

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

REDFORD
So there *is* something you like
about her.

DIANA
(back to scowling)
Oh shut up.

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

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
No...

The shots FLY into the MACARON WALL --

DIANA (CONT'D)

No no...

And within seconds, the MACARONS ARE ABLAZE!

DIANA (CONT'D)

NO.

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

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

SNOOTY FRENCHMAN

It's... sensational!

DIANA

Oh for fuck's sake.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. DARK CLOSET - THAT MOMENT

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

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

EXT. PARISIAN TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON

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

ABIGAIL

French s'more for you, *monsieur?*

THEO

Oui oui, ma chérie.

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

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

THEO (CONT'D)

Abs! This is Celine --

CELINE

(heavy French accent)

Abigyle, I have heard so much of your perfection!

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

ABIGAIL

Nice to --

CELINE (CONT'D)

Oh she's loud!

Celine sees someone in the crowd.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Henri!!

(to Abigail, re Theo)

May I steal him for a moment?

ABIGAIL

Oh, um --

THEO

Maybe not right --

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

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Lovely of you to bring her.

VICTORIA

I know, right?

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

BRONSON (O.S.)

You're going to need an ally in this family, Abs --

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

BRONSON (CONT'D)

-- it might as well be me.

ABIGAIL

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

BRONSON

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

She looks at him.

BRONSON (CONT'D)

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

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

BRONSON (CONT'D)

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

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

BRONSON (CONT'D)

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

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

DIANA

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

AWWWS and OOOHS at Theo and Celine.

DIANA (CONT'D)

No no, she's over there. Abigail!

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh do stay still, darling.
(to the crowd)
Now, I have a confession to make.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

Victoria rolls her eyes. Bronson shoots back his drink.

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

Theo's surprised. Diana never apologizes.

SELF-CONSCIOUS PARENT

(whispered)
She's *such* a good mother.

A STAFF MEMBER hands Diana a knife and champagne bottle.

DIANA

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

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

EXT. ETON COLLEGE - (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

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

TITLE: DAY TWO. THE BACHELOR PARTY.

INT. ETON - COLLEGE CHAPEL - DUSK

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

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

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

DIANA
Well, I meant it.

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

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

THEO
I tried to tell you.

DIANA
Not hard enough.

THEO
I knew what you were gonna say.

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

He takes that in.

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

DIANA
We talk all the time.

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

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

He nods. Warmth breaks through their faces.

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

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

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

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

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

Stodgy mouths "Divorce."

DIANA
 Enjoy memory lane, boys.

Diana pulls Theo towards the stage.

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

THEO
 I literally hadn't --

DIANA
 So this a wedding present.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
(to the guests)
Hello, Eton! If you know Theo, you
know he'd only ever want to come
back to this place for one
reason...

The boys choir holds out a final piercing note --

DIANA (CONT'D)
To TEAR IT DOWN!

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
Go nuts, darling.

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

EXT. ETON - COURTYARD - DUSK

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

INT. ETON - HALLS - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. ETON - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Diana watches from afar. She picks up her phone.

DIANA
Send her in.

EXT. ETON - NIGHT

Abigail gets out of a black car.

INT. ETON HALLS - LATER

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

THEO

Abs! What are you doing here?

ABIGAIL

I was invited.

(at his clean-shaven face)

Wow you look different.

THEO

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

ABIGAIL

What? Do you want me to go.

THEO

(yes)

Nooooo!

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

ABIGAIL

Hi! I'm --

STODGY

The carrot farmer! In the flesh!

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

INT. ETON - LIBRARY - THE STACKS - NIGHT

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

STODGY

Come on, we have to play it!

(to Abigail)

We used to play this game --

THEO

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

ABIGAIL
Let's play!

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

STODGY
Aw come on, she wants to.

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

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

THEO
I'm not playing.

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

STODGY
"I Could Own Your Family..."

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

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

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

HUGH
A Dreamliner.

STODGY
Cunt.

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

BIG MAN
A Yacht.

Abigail puts a finger down.

HUGH
That thing is barely a yacht.

BIG MAN
Spent too much on the Dreamliner.

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

THEO
You don't have to --

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

THEO
 (boiling)
 My people?

BIG MAN
 Alright, keep it --

HUGH
 Mates --

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

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

BIG MAN
 Stodge.

HUGH
 (to Theo)
 He's just pissed. Don't --

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

THEO
 That's enough.

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

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

Abigail rushes out of the room.

INT. ETON - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

CELINE (O.S.)
 I never liked those boys.

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

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

A beat as this registers. Then --

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

CELINE
(confused)
I am French.

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

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

Abigail smiles.

INT. ETON - LIBRARY - RAVE - NIGHT

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

EXT. ETON - LIBRARY - NIGHT

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

Stop pouting. You'll need more filler.

Bronson swaggers up behind them.

BRONSON

Ohh. Out of the game so soon, VicDick?

VICTORIA

Shut up.

DIANA

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

Bronson's cheeks redden.

VICTORIA

(vulnerable)
Are you... disappointed?

DIANA

Does the sun rise in the east?

VICTORIA

... yes?

DIANA

Oh my god Victoria.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

Right on time. Take note, children.
That's how it's done.

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

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

BRONSON

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

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

EXT. SCOTLAND (ESTABLISHING) - DAWN

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

TITLE: DAY THREE. THE BRIDAL SHOWER.

INT. THE IVY'S SCOTTISH CASTLE - MORNING

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

EXT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - GREAT LAWN - MORNING

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

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

DIANA

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

(to the planner)

Add some botox.

ABIGAIL

Botox? I need to speak with Theo --

DIANA

Oh alright.

(to the planner)

Make that a couples botox.

WEDDING PLANNER

Copy.

ABIGAIL

No, before the hunt.

DIANA

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

ABIGAIL

Like what?

DIANA

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

(before she can run)

Come! You must meet *everyone*.

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

YOUNG SOCIALITE (BIG HAT)

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

(a giggle, then)

No really. How did you do it.

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

SPIN TO:

MIDDLE-AGED SOCIALITE (BIGGER HAT)

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

Off Diana, nodding eagerly, and Abigail, pale.

SPIN TO:

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

And what does a carrot farmer *do*?

ABIGAIL

(someone finally asked!)

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

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

Using a what?

ABIGAIL

Artificial Intelligence.

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

What??

ABIGAIL

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

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

Abigail sighs.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - DAY

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

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

THEO
The important things.

But he seems troubled.

DIANA
Are you and Abigail... alright?

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

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

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

Diana laughs it off. But it stings.

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

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

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

THEO
Yea, that's -- yea.

DIANA

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

THEO

I got it.

DIANA

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

THEO

Okay you parented, that's enough.

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

DIANA

Now let's cull some foxes.

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - LIBRARY - THAT MOMENT

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

ABIGAIL

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

PURE

Pretty much.

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

ABIGAIL

Um. Victoria?

VICTORIA

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

The Elderly Socialite squeaks.

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

It's from me!

ABIGAIL

Marigold, you cheeky bitch.

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

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

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

LATER

Abigail is now wearing about 15 bras.

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

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

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

An eager nod. She slips into the secret passageway.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - CONT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THEO (CONT'D)

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

She's rightfully appalled.

DIANA

Theo. How would I even do that?

THEO

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

DIANA

(flat)

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

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - DAY

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

BRONSON

So why are you sober?

ABIGAIL

Getting right in there aren't you.

BRONSON

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

She chuckles. Then --

ABIGAIL

I flunked out of Harvard.

BRONSON

(a grin)

Ohh okay. Legacy?

ABIGAIL

(a look, obviously not)

Swim scholarship. I can swim like
nobody's business.

BRONSON

The arrogance.

She smiles.

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

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

BRONSON
Were they upset?

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

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

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

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

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

ABIGAIL
Honestly they're keeping me warm.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - DAY - CONT.

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

THEO
You take it --

DIANA
No, no --

THEO
You're the better shot --

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

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

THEO
I dunno, maybe it --

DIANA
Oh come on --

Another RUSTLE. Without hesitation, Diana aims & fires.

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

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

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

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

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

She tries to breathe, in shock.

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

Theo starts peeling off bras.

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

Theo looks. No blood, nothing beginning to pool.

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

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

ABIGAIL
(coughing)
Oh my god.

Diana runs in.

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

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

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

Bronson gags.

DIANA
I didn't know she was out here!

THEO
Oh *sure*.

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

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

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

THEO
(at Diana)
What is wrong with you!

Bronson gags.

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

DIANA
Don't speak to me --

BRONSON
(to Theo)
Blood.
(MORE)

BRONSON (CONT'D)

(gags)
Makes me --

DIANA

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

THEO

There is no blood.

BRONSON

No it's the THOUGHT of bloo --

ABIGAIL

The *thought* of it??

DIANA

-- murder someone in cold BLOOD --

Bronson VOMITS.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF.

(back to Theo)

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

THEO

Don't!

ABIGAIL

Wait!

DIANA

BLOOD???

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

ABIGAIL

You had to have the fish?

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - KITCHEN - PANTRY

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

FLIP

Just hear me out.

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

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

DIANA

How long have you been in the closet?

FLIP

(sigh)

Pass.

The doctor finishes his examination of Abigail.

SCOTTISH DOCTOR

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

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

DIANA

Thank you, Doctor. Good news.

THEO

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

DIANA

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

FLIP

Wow.

BRONSON

Hey-oh.

VICTORIA

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

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

THEO

Or he was in on it!

REDFORD

Theo, you're blowing this out of proportion.

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

DIANA
You're being paranoid.

THEO
I'm not a child anymore.

DIANA
You're acting like one. My god, you think you're ready to get married? Just because you've been in love for a minute?
(to the others)
What have I always said?

VICTORIA, BRONSON, FLIP
"We don't negotiate with Italians."

DIANA
(eye roll)
The other thing.

They scramble.

VICTORIA
(sad)
"Ivy's Don't Divorce."

BRONSON / FLIP
"NDA or ND-dont?" / Pass.

REDFORD
(loaded)
"Love is not enough."

DIANA
Thank you, Redford.
(to Theo)
You are an Ivy. There are vast social, political, and economic consequences to marrying. It should be like the old days. An alliance. For land. Armies. Goats. Love who you love, get your jollies elsewhere, but marriage is a contract. It's business.
(to Abigail)
And you may be nice, but you give us no goats.

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

Theo fumes.

THEO
 That's it. We're leaving.

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

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

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

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

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

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

SUE LUDD
 Sorry we're late!

BILL LUDD
 What'd we miss!

EXT. PRIVATE MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND - (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

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

TITLE: DAY FOUR. THE EARLYMOON.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

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

ABIGAIL

No I'm SOOO happy to see you.

SUE LUDD

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

DIANA

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

BILL LUDD

Shitting everywhere!

Diana blanches.

BILL LUDD (CONT'D)

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

She cringes. Diana extricates herself, pulling Theo away.

DIANA

Darling, can we talk-talk.

THEO

Think you've said enough, Mom.

DIANA

I shouldn't have lost my cool.

THEO

You know, I gotta hand it to you. I asked you to give her a shot. And that's exactly what you did.

(then)

We're getting married in three days. Whether you're there or not.

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

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SUNSET

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

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

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

DIANA
What do you want, Laurel.

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

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

DIANA
It really was an accident.

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

Her eyes shift.

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

DIANA
Increased our assets.

REDFORD
But look how she turned out.

DIANA
What do you mean? She's happy.

They turn to look at Victoria.

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

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

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

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

DIANA
Do you ever regret it?

REDFORD
I'd make the same choices again.

DIANA
As would I.

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

REDFORD
Push him too far and you'll lose.

Off Diana, thinking.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

ABIGAIL
No I mean I'm *going* --

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

Diana enters. Abigail straightens. The air zings taught.

DIANA
That will be all, Pure, thank you.

Pure exits, dismissed.

ABIGAIL
Um. Diana...

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

DIANA
Have you seen the seminal classic
The Princess Diaries?

ABIGAIL
(the fuck?)
The Anne Hathaway movie?

DIANA

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

ABIGAIL

By.. watching The Princess Diaries?

DIANA

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

ABIGAIL

You own this island too?

DIANA

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

(then)

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

Beat.

ABIGAIL

I love Theo.

DIANA

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

ABIGAIL

We don't have to live like this.

DIANA

You will, in some capacity.

ABIGAIL

Theo left.

DIANA
And yet he's back.

ABIGAIL
You don't intimidate me.

Diana smiles, respect inside it.

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

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

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
You're not just marrying Theo, you
know. You're marrying *me*.

Off Abigail, conflicted. Finally beginning to understand.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

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

Abigail starts down the beach. Bronson stands.

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

DIANA
Words I've waited 30 years to hear.

EXT. BEACH - SECLUDED SPOT - DAY

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

ABIGAIL

Did she poison this? Is this how I die?

BRONSON

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

ABIGAIL

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

BRONSON

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

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

FROM THE BEACH HOUSE BALCONY

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

BACK TO

BRONSON

Nah I think it's just terrible.

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

BRONSON (CONT'D)

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

He glances toward her mouth.

BRONSON (CONT'D)

Because you're incredible. And if you stay... then I might...

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

ABIGAIL
What are you doing??

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

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

BRONSON
(duh)
Yea.

ABIGAIL
Oh my god is it that unusual for
you?

BRONSON
(yes)
Um.

Theo appears, coming toward them, not happy.

THEO
HEY FUCKWAD. What the fuck.

BRONSON
(hands up)
Mom made me do it!

THEO
WHAT.

BRONSON
Like that Christmas! Vic too!

THEO
Seriously!?

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

THEO
I KNEW it. I fucking knew it!

He takes a breath. Sits.

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

ABIGAIL

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

(off his look)

Ready to stop avoiding me?

THEO

You're avoiding *me*.

ABIGAIL

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

THEO

I didn't cave!

ABIGAIL

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

THEO

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

ABIGAIL

Or that shit at Eton?

THEO

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

ABIGAIL

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

THEO

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

Abigail thinks.

ABIGAIL

I hate who I am when I drink.

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

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

THEO
... what?

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

He takes that in.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
But... I don't know if I can do the
Princess Diaries life.

THEO
Ah. You got that speech.
(then)
Look, we get to build the life we
want. Wherever we want. Fuck all
this, I just want to be with you.

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

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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

REDFORD
Where'd you get that?

DIANA
Like you've never snooped.

REDFORD
How is it?

DIANA
High sentiment low strategy. But...

REDFORD
The fact that he thought he had to
write it?

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

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

DIANA
 (sigh)
 That's alright. I never thought you
 could succeed.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
 Well, you know what they say. If
 you want something done...

BRONSON
 Tip someone.

DIANA
Do it yourself. God I raised some
 idiots.

BEACH MONTAGE - DAY

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
 So I read your --

THEO
 Is this rum?

Slurp.

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

PURE
 (meditation voice)
 And you're at the altar. *Step.* And
 you're a fucking Princess. *Step.*

DIANA
 (whisper)
 So I'd love to --

THEO
Ommmmmmmm.

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

DIANA
 Can we talk.

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

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

WHACK!

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

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

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

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

DIANA
What about your legacy?

SUE LUDD
Huh?

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

Beat. Sue laughs.

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

ON THE BALCONY

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

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

REDFORD
Oh that's really not --

Bill taps a pad of paper on the table.

BILL LUDD
Red. Give me a number.

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

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

Off Redford, surprised.

BACK ON THE BEACH

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

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

DIANA
Oh, yes.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Diana kicks the sandcastle over.

EXT. BEACH - THE NEXT DAY

Abigail and Theo rebuild the sandcastle, happy little clams.

EXT. BEACH - THAT NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. A DARK ROOM - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

LAUGHTER as cigar smoke wafts through a dark space.

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

ITALIAN MAN 1	ITALIAN MAN 2
Wait wait say it again --	This guy! Stupidest guy I have ever seen!

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

Flip stands. Enough of this.

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

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

FLIP
Oh excellent. Thanks guys, for --

Laughter again.

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

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

FLIP
Ludd.

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

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

ITALIAN MAN 1	ITALIAN MAN 2
Oh god no.	Worst month of my life.

ITALIAN MAN 3
The *crying*. So loud.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA (ESTABLISHING) - SUNSET

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

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

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MASTER SUITE - SUNSET

Redford and Diana dress in formal wear in their suite.

REDFORD

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

Diana's mind is elsewhere.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

What is it.

DIANA

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

REDFORD

Oh, darling.

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

DIANA

I'm out of moves.

REDFORD

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

Beat.

DIANA

And if he leaves again?

REDFORD

You let him.

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

ON THE LOWER DECK

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

ABIGAIL

This one should last me through dinner.

THEO

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

ABIGAIL

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

Off Diana, clocking this.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - UPPER DECK - SUNSET

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

THEO

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

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

THEO (CONT'D)

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

Diana looks to Redford, concerned.

THEO (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

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

A GUEST whispers to their neighbor.

GUEST

Bit dark for a wedding speech.

The OTHER GUEST nods. *Eeek.*

THEO

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

Diana leans forward.

THEO (CONT'D)

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

Diana's heart cracks open as others politely clap.

GUEST

Doesn't really have a ring to it.

OTHER GUEST

More of a thud.

Theo raises his glass. All follow.

THEO

To new beginnings.

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

INT. SUPERYACHT - MASTER SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

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

REDFORD

Diana. Say something.

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

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

REDFORD
You can't control the weather.

DIANA
Like hell I can't.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Diana paces, on the phone.

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

The sky darkens, night taking over.

INT. SUPERYACHT - STATEROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

ABIGAIL
Ya not really the issue here.

Abigail swallows vomit. Theo enters.

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

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

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

INT. SUPERYACHT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

PURE

Um --

Diana pierces her with a look.

DIANA

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

PURE

(small, terrified)

Thank you for this opportunity.

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

CAPTAIN (P.A.)

Congratulations, Abigail and Theodore Ivy-Ludd!

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

INT. SUPERYACHT - STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pure returns with the concoction, nervous.

PURE

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

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

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

Then downs the rest of it.

INT. SUPERYACHT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

ABIGAIL
No. No. Nope. NOPE.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MIDDLE DECK - NIGHT

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

EXHAUSTED GUEST 1
Anyone kind of over their love now?

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

EXHAUSTED GUEST 1 (WILLOW) is aghast.

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

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

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

ABIGAIL
NO!

More to her left --

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
NOPE!

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

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

The room stops. Diana slowly stands.

DIANA
Abigail. You're drunk.

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

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

GUEST 4
My husband was an alcoholic.

DIANA
How sad for you.

INT. SUPERYACHT - UPPER DECK - THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Abigail BURSTS into the room.

CAPTAIN
Hey! You're not allowed to --

ABIGAIL
Oh shut up I'm the *bride*.

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

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Theo, I love you so much.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

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

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
But I can't do this.

He SPRINTS up the steps.

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

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
I've worked too hard.

Bill & Sue look up, concerned.

INT. SUPERYACHT - BRIDGE - CONT.

ABIGAIL
I have to choose me.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MIDDLE DECK - NIGHT

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

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

INT. SUPERYACHT - BRIDGE / EXT. UPPER DECK

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

As she walks outside --

To the edge of the rail --

AND JUMPS.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MIDDLE DECK - NIGHT

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

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

AND JUMPS IN AFTER HER.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN WATERS - NIGHT

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

Theo struggles behind her. Not the best swimmer.

THEO
Abs! Wait!

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

EXT. SUPERYACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

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

DIANA
He jumped! Why would he jump?

REDFORD
(epiphany)
Love.

DIANA
Oh get a grip, Redford.

THEO (O.S.)
Ahh!

DIANA
Theo!!

She turns to Bronson, desperate.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Jump in after him!

BRONSON
I *just* ate.

DIANA
Victoria!

VICTORIA
I'm not like an olympic swimmer.

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

VICTORIA
Dry humping the instructor?

DIANA
My god you two are USELESS.

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

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

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

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

EXT. MARINA - GENOA, ITALY - NIGHT - LATER

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

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

FLIP

Abigail??

Abigail catches her breath.

FLIP (CONT'D)

Fuck did you jump off the boat?

ABIGAIL

Can I use your phone?

EXT. ITALIAN STREET - NIGHT

Abigail sits on the curb, dialing. No answer.

FLIP

Bronson didn't win, did he?

ABIGAIL

You too??

FLIP

No my thing was stupid. Didn't work.

Flip's PHONE rings. Abigail answers it.

ABIGAIL

Hello?

(relieved)

Oh thank god. Hi.

(to Flip)

Sorry, can I...?

FLIP

Oh. Sure. I'll just, yea.

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

EXT. ITALIAN PASTICCERIA - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

ABIGAIL

That was my sponsor you fuck!

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

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

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing!

FLIP

OBVIOUSLY -- RESCUING YOU --

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

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

ABIGAIL

OH MY GOD.

FLIP

(just as shocked)

OH MY GOD.

ITALIAN MAN 2

OH MY GOD.

ITALIAN MAN 1

AHHHHHHH!!!

ABIGAIL

WHY DID YOU DO THAT.

FLIP

I DON'T KNOW! GAME OF THRONES?

ITALIAN MAN 2
Fabritzi!

ITALIAN MAN 1
MY EYE!!!

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

ITALIAN MAN 2
You will pay.

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

ABIGAIL
The fuck was that about??

Flip gulps. What has he done.

EXT. LITTLE TINY BOAT - NIGHT

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

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

DIANA
Shall we have this fight on land --

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

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

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

Theo exhales, a weight lifted. Back to Diana.

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

DIANA

She chose to jump off the boat.

THEO

She was FIVE YEARS SOBER.

DIANA

I just wanted you to know who you were marrying!

THEO

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

REDFORD

Theodore.

THEO

(to Diana)

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

DIANA

That's enough.

THEO

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

Diana's taken aback.

DIANA

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

THEO

You're protecting *you*.

That hits her.

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

THEO (CONT'D)

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

Diana takes it like a punch to the gut.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MARINA

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

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - PARKED

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

THEO

I want to be alone.

REDFORD

Too bad.

INT. DIANA'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Diana stares out the window, hollow. Thinking.

INT. THEO'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Theo stares daggers at Redford.

REDFORD

Your mother never wanted you to
know this, but I think it's time.

(then)

When I met her, she was 16 and
pregnant. Her family had just
disowned her. She'd gotten a job --
unheard of in our circle -- and was
sleeping in the store room. She
didn't cry, she didn't lament, she
just adapted. In one day, she'd
gone from having everything, to
nothing.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Diana sees something out the window.

DIANA
Stop here.

EXT. ITALIAN FIELD - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

She plunges her hands into the dirt.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

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

Theo's eyes shift.

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

EXT. ITALIAN FIELD - NIGHT

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

She takes a deep breath.

EXT. THE IVY'S LAKE COMO ESTATE - NIGHT

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

INT. IVY'S VILLA - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

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

BRONSON

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

THEO

Since you kissed my wife?

BRONSON

I mean not your wife yet.

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

VICTORIA

OH my god you guys JUST --

Victoria gets in there. It makes things worse.

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

BRONSON

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

THEO

You're BOTH fucking traitors!

VICTORIA

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

THEO

YOU are ADULTS!

DIANA

Children! You're not getting
anywhere!

But they keep fighting, decades of animosity coming out.

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

REDFORD
Oh I JUST made this WHOLE SPEECH.

Escalating SOUND AND FURY FROM ALL until --

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIANA
Fair.

Sue turns to the group.

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

Diana steps up to the proverbial plate.

DIANA
Yes. Time to get our hands dirty.

All now notice her literal dirty hands.

EXT. MOPED - NIGHT

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

ABIGAIL
How could you not know where it
is??

FLIP
I don't DRIVE, I am DRIVEN.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

SCRATCHY VOICE (O.S.)
Si?

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

VICTORIA	BRONSON
She was so weird.	Dodged a bullet there.

Theo sighs. Sue takes a breath, frustrated.

SUE LUDD
I know there's good people inside of you. Deep down.
(at Diana)
Deep, deep... deep deep down.

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

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

ABIGAIL
That can wait. We have a problem --

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

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

DIANA

(gulp)

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

SIGNORE MARCO

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

He really does love weddings.

SIGNORE MARCO (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

FLIP

What is it? What do they want!

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

SIGNORE MARCO

... Diana.

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

DIANA

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

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

SIGNORE MARCO

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

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

DIANA

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

The hint of a smile from Signore Marco, intrigued.

SIGNORE MARCO

I'm listening.

DIANA

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

SIGNORE MARCO

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

DIANA

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

We find a solution *after* the wedding.

Beat. Signore Marco laughs.

SIGNORE MARCO

... I will consider it. Sì?

DIANA

Sì.

SIGNORE MARCO

And Diana.... you do mean perfect.

DIANA

Down to the last blade of grass.

CLICK. ITALIAN MAN 1 looks at him.

ITALIAN MAN 1

But Boss... what if it is perfect?

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

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - GREAT ROOM - CONT.

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

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

ABIGAIL THEO
Oh NOW you're on board?! You've GOT to be kidding me.

NANA IVY
Diana. What have you done.

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

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

FLIP
You *did* pay my ransom?

Flip is deeply moved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Redford looks to the Ludds.

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

DIANA VICTORIA
Their fortune? Whose?

BRONSON SUE LUDD
 Sorry, what's happening? Ours, honey.

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

VICTORIA
These guys??

BILL
 Yea. Did ya'll not know that?

Nope.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Seriously?

DIANA
 I mean...
 (look at you)

THEO
 You said your last name was Ludd.

ABIGAIL
 It is.

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

SUE LUDD
 Business and family should be separate.

THEO
 Abs, is this true??

A guilty look on her face.

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

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

VICTORIA BRONSON
 Wowwww. Sureeee.

ABIGAIL
We don't live like it.

SUE LUDD
All that money just brews evil.

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

The Ludds turn to Theo.

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

THEO
I've never been on any other farm.

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

REDFORD
They're the largest landowners in the US.

VICTORIA		BRONSON
Oh my god.	Idiot.	

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

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

He did not.

THEO
Everything about you...

ABIGAIL
I'm still the same person --

THEO
Everything you think...

Diana stands. There are more pressing matters.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

18 if we're lucky!

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

NANA IVY

They come to *my* house??

All flinch. Nana turns to Abigail.

NANA IVY (CONT'D)

I don't care who you are, girl. If
 you're in the family, you're
 family. Ivy's protect their own.

DIANA

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

THEO

I'm not marrying her.

ABIGAIL

Theo --

DIANA

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

VICTORIA

WHAT.

THEO

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

He storms out, the group watching. Diana sighs.

ABIGAIL

Theo, wait --

DIANA

No.

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

(earth shattering)

Let him go.

SUE LUDD

(sigh)

Not what I meant.

EXT. LAKE COMO (ESTABLISHING) - DAWN

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

TITLE: THE. WEDDING. DAY.

EXT. THE IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - CELLAR - MORNING

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

BRONSON
Holy shit. Nana.

Nana shrugs.

NANA IVY
Let's do this.

They arm themselves.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - HALLWAY - MORNING

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

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

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

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - MAIN STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

THEO
Off to a great start here, Mom.

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

THEO
I wouldn't call this a family.

DIANA

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

You know why I didn't like her?

THEO

You thought she was poor?

DIANA

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

(beat)

And then I saw how you looked at us.

THEO

Mom...

DIANA

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

Theo looks at her. They connect.

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

She grasps his hands.

DIANA (CONT'D)

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

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

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

PURE

She locked us out.

Diana sighs, surrounded by idiots.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

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

DIANA
(keys in hand)
I come in peace.

She nods. Diana enters.

ABIGAIL
Will he...

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

ABIGAIL
Didn't drug him or anything?

Beat.

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

ABIGAIL
As long as *I* live.

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

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

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

ABIGAIL
I don't have to wear the dress?

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

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

DIANA (CONT'D)

Theo was right about one thing. You
are a force.

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

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

EXT. WEDDING - CEREMONY SPACE - DAY

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

PURE

I need twenty to purify the space!

WEDDING PLANNER

We don't have time to --

PURE

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

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

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

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - BEDROOM - LATER

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

REDFORD

Good god. All black?

DIANA

I've been dreading this day for 25
years.

(pulling the veil back)
And it's midnight navy!

The door opens. The Wedding Planner.

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

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

REDFORD
Oh darling.

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

WEDDING PLANNER
(into her ear piece)
Showtime.

EXT. LAKE COMO - DAY

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

EXT. DOCK - IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - DAY

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

EVENT STAFF 1
Benvenuto all'edera.

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

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

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

EVENT STAFF 4
Your personal favorite.

How did they know?

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

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

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

THE UPPER LAWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And there she is.

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

BRONSON

I don't see them.

VICTORIA

Maybe they're not coming.

But Diana knows better. And as she turns --

FLIP

There.

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

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

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

SIGNORE MARCO

Diana! It's magnificent.

DIANA

I'm thrilled you think so.

SIGNORE MARCO

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

She offers her arm.

DIANA

Shall we?

CUT TO:

THE CEREMONY SPACE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And now, it's magic time.

FROM THE BACK OF THE CEREMONY SPACE

The Wedding Planner taps her ear piece.

WEDDING PLANNER
(whispered)
Percussion. Go.

An ethereal WIND CHIME sounds...

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

A MASSIVE HOT AIR BALLOON FLOATS OVER THE LAKE.

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

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

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

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

The ORCHESTRA begins to play as, alone --

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

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

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

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

ANDREA BOCELLI
Somewhere over the rainbow...

The Guests look up as, somehow, on cue --

An ACTUAL RAINBOW APPEARS IN THE SKY.

Signore Marco looks to Diana in awe. He gestures, *chef's kiss*. Diana shrugs, like it's easy. But we see that her knuckles are white, gripping Redford's hand.

Abigail steps, and steps --

And there's Theo -- who, despite everything, can't help smiling. It grows wider and wider, tears in his eyes, his heart breaking open as Abigail meets him. Quietly, out of earshot of the guests --

ABIGAIL

This isn't how I imagined it.

THEO

It's exactly what I imagined.

(then)

All I ever saw was your face.

Abigail is moved. She takes his hand.

Bocelli finishes, and sits. The OFFICIANT begins.

THE OFFICIANT

(resonant)

Please, take your seats.

As he continues, Flip looks into the audience. And sees --

AN EMPTY CHAIR where the One-Eyed Man was sitting. Flip glances around. Can't find him. Starts to panic.

He subtly gestures to Diana, in the front row: *Danger! Look!*

Diana subtly gestures back: *Not now*. She glances at Signore Marco. He didn't seem to notice. Phew.

Flip finally spots the One-Eyed Man in the back of the space, behind a cypress tree.

Flip gestures to Diana again. A series: *Eye Patch! Back There! Doing Something! Look!*

Diana's response: *You. Slit Throat. Stop. Idiot!* Before nervously glancing to Signore Marco. Still good. Phew.

The One-Eyed Man pulls something out of his jacket. Flip can't see what. But he panics!

More gestures, to Diana, increasingly frantic: *Oh my god mom I'm not fucking around here the man with the eye patch is going to fucking kill us all look fucking look!*

Her frantic response, losing it: *If you do not fucking stop I will come up there and fucking kill you myself you fucking disappointment!!*

Signore Marco frowns. Diana turns to him, thinking fast --

DIANA

He's mute. Trauma response to the kidnapping.

SIGNORE MARCO

Ahhhh. It happens.

Diana exhales. Phew.

Flip gives up. He leans toward Bronson. His lips barely move as he whispers --

FLIP

Gimme your phone.

Bronson ignores him. Flip whispers again --

FLIP (CONT'D)

Your phone!

BRONSON

Dude fucking stop!

The Officiant continues, almost at the objection bit.

OFFICIANT

This holy bond is not to be entered into lightly, but deliberately, thoughtfully...

Flip hugs Bronson, reaching into his jacket for his phone. A tiny scuffle between them --

FLIP

(whisper)

Fucking give it!!

-- and Flip gets the phone. A few guests clock this moment. Diana turns to Signore Marco again.

DIANA

He's just... so moved.

Flip TYPES as Victoria eyes him across the aisle. Her eyes go wide. *What the fuck are you doing.* Flip hits SEND.

DING! From the Wedding Planner's IPAD. Heads turn toward the back row. The Planner stares at the message, confused:
Firework emoji, firework emoji, firework emoji, NOWWWWWWW!

She doesn't get it.

Flip exhales. *Damn it!* And looks out to see...

THE ONE EYED-MAN, ATTACHING A SILENCER TO HIS GUN.

THE OFFICIANT
 Does anyone here have any reason
 that these two --

FLIP
 For fuck's sake!

Flip RUNS DOWN THE AISLE --

DIANA GASPS --

SIGNORE MARCO SCOWLS.

SIGNORE MARCO
 He is not mute!

OFFICIANT
 Is that an objection?

THE ONE-EYED MAN AIMS, as --

FLIP TACKLES the WEDDING PLANNER, grabbing her IPAD, pushing a button --

The ONE-EYED MAN SHOOTS! As --

BOOM! BOOOOOM! THE FIREWORKS erupt, just as the bullet
 WHIZZES BY FLIP --

BOOOOM! And Andrea Bocelli (who is blind) TAKES THIS AS HIS
 CUE and STANDS. The ORCHESTRA PLAYS, as --

THE MOBSTERS PULL THEIR GUNS, THE IVY'S and THE LUDDS PULL
 THEIRS (from the wedding decor), and GLORIOUS CHAOS ENSUES!

But ALL WE HEAR IS --

"TIME TO SAY GOODBYE" (with Hans Zimmer gusto) over --

A SHOOTOUT SEQUENCE in **SLOW MOTION**

*[This is a joyous destructive sequence. Not overly bloody.
 The point is to ruin the stuff more than kill the people.]*

AS WE SEE --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.)
Time toooooooooo say goodbyyyyyyye ----

THEO & ABIGAIL RUN, VEIL wafting in the air, BULLETS PIERCING IT --

CHAIRS EXPLODE --

TABLES BURST --

The floral arbor ERUPTS IN FLAMES --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Paesiiiiiii che non ho maiiiiiiii ----

THE GUESTS FLEE --

But the ORCHESTRA plays on, like the Titanic going down --

WOOD and PETALS and GLASS DEBRIS FLY through the air, as --

ABIGAIL & THEO TAKE COVER behind a wall, look at each other --

and MAKE OUT. Nothing brings people together like a LIFE OR DEATH MOMENT.

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ró con teeeeeeee partiróóóóóóóóóó ----

BILL and SUE SPRAY BULLETS, back to back like middle-aged Mr. & Mrs. Smith. They COVER FLIP, running from the ONE-EYED MAN'S SHOTS.

Diana uses a TABLE LEG as a mallet, taking out a MOBSTER, another MOBSTER, and then the GLASS CHAMPAGNE TOWER, her RAGE FINALLY RELEASED. *SMASH -- SMASH -- SMASH --*

THE ONE-EYED MAN RUNS OUT OF BULLETS. He pulls a fork from his pocket (an eye for an eye!), until --

NANA WHACKS HIM with HER OXYGEN TANK, which FLIES into the air, taking out another MOBSTER.

Flip grabs the fork and STABS THE ONE-EYED MAN IN THE OTHER EYE! He doubles over.

Flip and Nana high five! UNTIL --

THREE NEW MOBSTERS appear in front of them. Uh oh. BUT WAIT --

There's VICTORIA, BRONSON and REDFORD, JUMPING in front of them, armed and ready. Bronson gags.

THE IVY'S take on THE MOBSTERS AS A FAMILY, WORKING TOGETHER
AT LAST: Redford pins 'em, Victoria kicks 'em, Bronson vomits
on 'em, while --

PURE IS THROWN INTO THE CAKE --

THE OFFICIANT JUMPS INTO THE LAKE --

THE WEDDING PLANNER CRIES --

ANDREA BOCELLI IS SOMEHOW UNSCATHED, SINGING THROUGH IT ALL --

And ALL is eventually DESTROYED: TABLES, CHAIRS, TENT,
FLOWERS, CAKE, DRINKS, CANDLES, LANTERNS, SILVERWARE, GLASS,
WOOD, FLOWERS. THE STUFF OF WEDDINGS.

END SLOW MO, as --

ALL HAVE RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION. It's hand-to-hand combat now.

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ró con teeeeeeee partiróóóóóóóóóó ----

SIGNORE MARCO makes a beeline for Abigail & Theo. Diana
MOVES.

His long shadow falls on the happy couple, who look up, wide
eyed, holding each other. WHEN --

DIANA STEPS IN FRONT OF THEM. She squares off against Signore
Marco, table leg at the ready. A spaghetti western showdown.
THIS IS IT.

She WHISTLES.

THE FAMILY FANS OUT AROUND HER: The siblings. Redford. Bill
and Sue Ludd. Nana, invigorated, she'll live to 300.

The 4 REMAINING MOBSTERS flank Signore Marco. Outmatched and
outmanned.

Diana taps the table leg against her hand. *Let's go.*

Beat.

THEN -- Signore Marco gives a respectful nod, Godfather-like,
to Diana. He turns, heading for the boats at the end of the
lake, his henchmen behind him.

Diana drops the table leg at last, watching them speed away --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ioóóóó --

Across the blue waters --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Connnnnnnnn --

SMOKE floating up into the sky --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tee!

EXT. VILLA - STONE WALL - DAY

Theo and Abigail pull apart. They look at each other.

ABIGAIL
 I meant to tell you about the money, but you were really into the whole farmer thing and you hated your family's money and you kept saying we were so honest and then too much time passed and -- sometimes I'm an idiot. You know everything about me now, I swear.

Theo smiles.

THEO
 Sometimes I'm an idiot, too.

It dawns on him --

THEO (CONT'D)
 Did we actually get married?

ABIGAIL
 I don't think so.

They stare at each other, bewildered, askew.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 ... do you still want to?

EXT. THE IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - SUNSET

And we're back to the OPENING SCENE:

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

The WEDDING PLANNER stares in horror, tears stinging her mascara-smudged eyes, holding the shattered iPad.

Diana glides up behind her, jagged-edged champagne flute in hand, surveying the wreckage as she sips.

DIANA
Now might be a good time to release
the doves.

The Planner gapes, as --

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

DIANA (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

Diana pivots, heading back up the lawn. AND NOW WE SEE --

The group gathered a distance behind her, in place for a ceremony once more. Only our main cast remains.

Diana stops. Turns over her shoulder, impatient.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Can you move?

The Wedding Planner hurries up the lawn behind her.

EXT. THE IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - DESTROYED CEREMONY AREA

It's small, intimate. As they wanted all along.

Diana stands between them, their new Officiant. How things have changed. She addresses the group.

DIANA
I heard once that planning a
wedding is like moving to a new
country, but only packing for the
flight. It's the marriage that
needs the preparation.

Smoke wafts from bits of debris around them.

DIANA (CONT'D)
But Abigail and Theo were focused
on the right things from the
beginning. Not the flowers, or the
fashion, or the photos, but each
other. This step in their lives.
And while some people may have
lightly interfered with that...

Chuckles.

DIANA (CONT'D)

They rose above it all. I don't
know about you --
(getting choked up)
But that's all the proof I'd need.

She looks at each of them in turn.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Now, please share your vows.

Abigail looks at Theo.

ABIGAIL

Theo. I never thought I would get
married, because I never thought I
would find a love as true as what
my parents had. They set the bar so
high.

All look to Bill and Sue. They shrug, happy and teary.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And then I met you. With your
passion and resilience and quirks.
I just want to build a life with
you. No matter where, or what it
looks like... if we're together,
choosing each other, choosing
happiness, that's enough for me.

Theo smiles.

THEO

I think at the end of this, my
mother's actual gift to us --
(at Diana, who shrugs)
In her *misguided* way --
(back to Abigail)
Was to get everything out in the
open. So now there's only one thing
left to say: You're my soulmate.
It's as simple as that.

Abigail smiles. They exchange rings.

DIANA

With my blessing --
(off their looks)
Honestly. And by the power invested
in me, by myself, I now pronounce
you... Husband and Wife.

Theo and Abigail KISS. Everyone CLAPS. Aw. Then --

DIANA (CONT'D)
Now who's going to clean all this
up.

SMASH TO:

EXT. IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - DESTROYED RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The stars wink overhead, the moon shining bright. Reflected
in --

A PHONE on the ground. It plays a CLASSIC WEDDING SONG
through its tiny speakers.

Everyone dances, happy, smiling, stepping over little bits of
glass like it's nothing. As it should be.

CREDITS ROLL.

WITH A SLIDESHOW OVER THEM: A VOGUE WEDDING SPREAD

GLOSSY, EDITORIAL PHOTOS. Dramatic & jaw-dropping. Theo &
Abigail posed among the ruins like a cover shoot. And, to be
fair, it's been spruced up a little. There are chairs, for
example, but the sentiment is the same.

PULL QUOTES pop out at us within the SPREAD:

They're calling it DESTROYED LUXURY!

One from Diana: *"We really wanted to smash tradition."*

One from the Wedding Planner: *"A transcendent experience."*

Finishing with our HEADLINE:

*HOW THE IVY'S COINED THE WEDDING TREND OF THE SEASON -- and
HOW YOU CAN, TOO.*