



How MY WEDDING DRESS GOT THIS ^{*Fucking*} DIRTY

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAVIS HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises over a huge plot of land in rural North Carolina. A massive traditional Southern house plunked down in the middle of a fantastic lawn littered with magnolias and willow trees.

To the side, woods. In the front, a dirt driveway. On the other side of the driveway, a cotton field.

There is a slight sound somewhere of HEAVY BREATHING.

A Catering Van sits in front of the house. The door slams shut. HELEN (late 40s, graying hair, meek) comes around the other side carrying a stack of linens. She strolls around the side of the house to the

BACKYARD

Where preparations have only just begun.

The heavy breathing now turns unmistakably to groaning in VO. Over all these lovely wedding preparations, the sound of sex is unmistakable. But these people don't hear it; it's just for us.

A large tent goes up on one side of the yard. Several feet away, a TEENAGE GIRL covers folding chairs in blue fabric. Helen touches the girl on the shoulder.

HELEN

Have you seen Renetta?

TEENAGE GIRL

I think she went to wake up the bride.

INT. BRIDE'S ROOM - MORNING

And this is where the fucking comes from.

Ancestors sternly observe the goings on over frayed wallpaper. A suitcase lies open on the floor, contents spilling out. Most of the furniture is home-made, of good quality and beautifully designed.

MARY, early 20s and small but muscular, is naked on the bed. Someone is giving it to her good. Whoever that man is moans. Mary shushes him as she rocks back and forth. She worries.

MARY (V.O.)

Here I am, getting my brains fucked
out for the last time.

(MORE)

MARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It has to be. If he sees me in that
dress today, if we say the words,
it's all downhill from here. There's
no way this gets a happy ending.
But here we are.

Another groan from the man.

Mary's accent at this point is Southern, which it was NOT in
the voice over.

MARY (CONT'D)
Honey, shhh! Renetta will hear you!
She has ears like a bat!

She claps a hand over his mouth.

A John Madden style telestrator appears on the screen. An
arrow points to Mary. It labels her as "ME (The Bride)"

OWEN DAVIS, early twenties, is a good Southern boy with a
traditional haircut, traditional five o'clock shadow,
traditional muscular farm-boy build. He's very cute, and
very dependable. And right now he's having a grand old time.

That is, until he slips off the edge of the bed and crashes
to the floor.

Mary stifles a giggle, peeks at his naked form from the bed.

MARY (CONT'D)
Are you okay, baby?

OWEN
I may have broken Mr. Big Shot.

MARY
Should I get you some aloe or
something?

OWEN
You've done enough damage. Mama
warned me about girls like you.

MARY
You shouldn't talk about your mom
while you grab your genitals, honey.

She throws him a blanket.

MARY (CONT'D)
Just as well. I've got to start
getting ready.

She goes to look out the window.

OWEN
Aw, I wanted to finish.

MARY
You'll just have to finish tonight.

OWEN
When I rip that dress off!

They both look over to the open closet, where an extremely expensive poofy white WEDDING DRESS blows in the breeze from the open window.

An arrow points to the dress, labeling it as "THE DRESS (Clean)"

MARY
Oh no you most certainly will not!
Do you have any idea how many dresses
I tried on? Do you know how much it
cost?

OWEN
Did it cost more than the ring?

MARY
Yes.

OWEN
You're a crazy person.

MARY
You won't think so when you see me
come down the aisle. I'm going to
be a vision, honey. So respect the
dress.

OWEN
I can't wait to see you in it, then
neatly help you get it off. Can I
rip up your underwear?

She backs away from the window.

MARY
Oh my gravy! I think your Uncle Tim
just saw the girls.

OWEN
Lucky guy.

He grabs her, kisses the hell out of her. Pulls away. Bright smiles all around.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I can't wait to see you walk down
that aisle.

A KNOCK on the door.

MARY
Oh honey, it's your mother!

OWEN
Crap!

MARY
The window!

OWEN
I can't go-

MARY
Yes you can!

He yanks on his pants as she pushes him toward it.

MARY (CONT'D)
Your mother CANNOT see you in here
today. She will have a conniption.
(to the door)
Hold on, I'm not decent!

She pushes him out, then grabs a bathrobe and throws it on
herself, tosses the sheet back on the bed.

OWEN
I can't do this.

MARY
Yes you can. Grab the lattice and
hug the wall. Use your toes. Don't
fall.

OWEN
What?

MARY
I love you baby!

She blows him a kiss, lingers a second on his scrambling
body, then shuts the window. Her smile fades.

MARY (CONT'D)
(no Southern accent)
Fuck.

EXT. WINDOW - MORNING

Owen sighs, creeps toward the next window over.

INT. BRIDE'S ROOM - MORNING

Another KNOCK.

Mary throws the door open.

In the hall stands ANABEL, barely out of her teens, too much makeup on her smiling face. Mary puts back on her Southern persona.

ANABEL
Ready to get hitched?

MARY
(Southern accent)
Oh! Thank heaven. I thought you
were Renetta.

ANABEL
I waylaid her downstairs. She'd
rather yell at Helen, anyway. Come
on, it's time to get your face on.

She waves a massive makeup kit. Mary lets her in.

Anabel stops, looks at the bed. Sniffs the air.

ANABEL (CONT'D)
Something happened here...

MARY
You just mind your business, Anabel.

An arrow points to Anabel and identifies her as "ANABEL (My only friend)"

She plunks the makeup case down on the floor, pulls a chair over into the middle of the room.

ANABEL
You're playing with fire, girlfriend.

MARY
I don't know what you're talking
about. I am a good girl.

Anabel pulls a bottle of champagne and two glasses out of her bag.

ANABEL

Uh huh. Honey, I am getting so drunk tonight, and then I am going to get laid.

MARY

With who?

ANABEL

Willard is my backup, but hell, honey, you never know who's gonna show up at a wedding. I'm down for whatever.

She looks at Mary, who doesn't budge.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

Oh, you're such a puritan. We can't all have Owen, can we? Some of us have to lower our standards. Come on, girl, get in the chair.

She does.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

You are going to look so beautiful.

She kisses Mary on the cheek.

MARY

Is this a good idea?

She puts on Mary's foundation.

ANABEL

Don't you dare get cold feet. I spent too much of my valuable time helping you pick out a dress.

She stops, looks at Mary a minute.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

You do want to get married, right? Because I know girls who spent years hatching a plan to catch that man, and you just swept in here out of the blue and grabbed him. If you change your mind, you open yourself up to a very angry, very hairsprayed, pitchfork-carrying mob.

MARY

I should get married so girls don't beat me up?

ANABEL
Because you caught the one man in
this town worth having. Now shut up
and pucker.

Anabel goes to work. Mary looks unconvinced.

-We leave the room, now zooming through the hallway of the
old Southern home until we hit

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Where Owen and groomsman Willard pound a few beers as they
don their tuxes.

An arrow points to Willard and labels him "WILLARD (The
sheriff's deputy)"

We zoom down the hall and out the door to-

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

-Where the back of the house is already a sea of activity.

INT. RECEPTION TENT - DAY

RENETTA DAVIS, a pear-shaped middle-aged force of nature,
whips around giving orders to the FLORISTS and the DJ and
the CATERERS. And the party she's planning is going to be
epically thematic.

An arrow identifies Renetta as "RENETTA (Future mother-in-
law)"

It's Fourth of July and this, my friends, is a theme wedding
in accordance with that holiday. Sparklers on the tables,
red white and blue everywhere, little American flags as the
place cards. Truly tacky Americana.

Adjusting a napkin in an effort to look useful is WETZEL,
Renetta's husband, a bear of a man with a cheerful disposition
wearing his painting clothes.

An arrow points to him, labels him as "WETZEL (Owen's Dad)"

Renetta lectures the FIREWORKS GUY, a tiny old man with a
lot of old burn scars.

RENETTA
No, no, I said after. They go at
the END of the reception. You can't
have fireworks going off during the
middle of the goddamn- Helen!

She grabs Helen, who acts like she's just contracted Herpes.

Renetta shoves a place card in her face.

RENETTA (CONT'D)

Helen, read me the name on this card, please.

HELEN

Um. Carol Smi-

RENETTA

Carol Smith. Know who Carol Smith is?

HELEN

The bride's mother?

RENETTA

The bride's mother. We talked about this, Helen. The bride's mother will not be here. She has no family coming. You have created an entire table for people who will not be here. You think she wants to look down at this table and be reminded that she has no people? Do you think I want to pay for their Goddamn pulled pork sliders?

WETZEL

Moose, why don't you get a coffee.

RENETTA

Don't patronize me, dear. And stop calling me Moose. You need to get your butt dressed and out of my way before you get hurt.

WETZEL

So I guess now's not a good time to ask you about the vow renewal.

RENETTA

Vow renewal? Are you on crack? Why the hell would I want to go through this with someone I already married? Go make yourself busy. I've got work to do.

Wetzel, dejected, wanders out in the direction of the house.

Renetta leads Helen out of the tent, still badgering her.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

RENETTA
It's tacky, is what it is. And I
will not have a tacky wedding in
this- OH!

An employee rolls out a runner in front of the aisle designed to look like a giant American flag. Renetta cheers when she sees it.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
That is fantastic!

Helen runs away.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Helen! Get back- Dammit.

Renetta reaches in her pocket for a handkerchief to wipe the sweat off her brow and a newsclipping falls out.

Renetta picks up the clipping.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Oh!

She rushes into the house

INT. HOUSE - DAY

She tries to run up the

STAIRWELL

But her tubby little body can't keep up. She stops, takes a breath, then walks as fast as she can.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Owen and Willard, all dressed and ready, drink the most recent in a long line of beers. Empty bottles litter the room. On a table, a small cutting board, a small knife, and some cut up limes.

Willard wears a black suit with an American flag tie. Owen's suit is white.

WILLARD
I'm not kidding you. By noon it was
the size of a shrimp.

Owen throws an empty can at Willard.

WILLARD (CONT'D)
You're so gullible! Hey, want to go
shoot some birds?

OWEN
I'm getting married in-

Looks at the clock-

OWEN (CONT'D)
Under two hours, man. Wait, you
didn't bring your gun to my wedding,
right? Because Renetta will have a
conniption.

WILLARD
It's in the closet with my uniform.
You never know when you need to be
at the ready-

OWEN
It's a wedding, Will. What do you
think is going to happen?

WILLARD
I was a boyscout. And don't worry,
I can shoot straight when I'm drunk.

OWEN
Comforting. I'm going to urinate.

WILLARD
Godspeed.

Owen puts down his beer and shuffles into the hallway.

HALLWAY

He passes by a FRONT STAIRWELL, where he looks out a window
onto the lawn. He sees something that makes him turn, and
heads down the stairs out the front door.

As he disappears around the corner, Renetta huffs up the
back stairs onto the landing.

She knocks on the Bride's door.

BRIDE'S ROOM

Anabel is three sheets to the wind already.

Mary stares at herself in the mirror. She looks amazing.
Her dress is perfect in every way possible. Her makeup is
flawless, her hair a master class in elegance.

She twirls. A genuine smile.

ANABEL
No regrets about the slinky dress?

And now we FLASHBACK

INT. DRESS SALON - DAY

Mary stands in a fantastic satin wedding gown that hugs all her curves and amps up the sex appeal to eleven. She stares at her reflection.

Anabel lounges in a chair next to her, shaking her head.

ANABEL
I don't know. It looks great, but something's-

MARY
It's not me, is it?

ANABEL
No.

MARY
I thought it would be, but somehow...I used to love dresses like this.
(beat)
I never thought I'd care this much.
I guess it's the first thing I'll ever really own.

ANABEL
Maybe you keep trying on the wrong dress.

MARY
So what's the right dress?

The door to the stock room opens, and the Salon Owner emerges carrying three dresses. Behind her on the wall-

THE DRESS. The one Mary wears in the present, hovers above all others, lit up by a magical glow. A chorus of voices sings joy.

ANABEL AND MARY
That one.

The Salon Owner looks behind her, bewildered.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. BRIDE'S ROOM - DAY

Mary twirls.

MARY
Yeah, this is mine.

ANABEL
Mine's gonna be a mermaid shape,
with beading around the waist, maybe
some rouching at the boobs.

MARY
I thought you were going to wear
Renetta's dress?

ANABEL
I'm going to make that into a cocktail
dress. All I've done so far is remove
the sleeves. I was working on it
last night, trying to de-tackify it.
It's still huge.

MARY
What it is about these dresses?

ANABEL
They come attached to men?

MARY
There's a man involved? I'm sorry,
I was too busy staring at myself.
We should take a picture, in case I
have to take it off.

ANABEL
What?

MARY
Nevermind.

An ominous KNOCK on the door.

ANABEL
I'm on it.

She throws open the door. RENETTA.

ANABEL (CONT'D)
I'm not drunk!

RENETTA
Uh huh. Go get dressed and then
meet me downstairs for inspection.
(MORE)

RENETTA (CONT'D)
And lay off the champagne for heaven's
sake.

ANABEL
Yes ma'am!

Anabel scampers out. Renetta turns her attention to Mary.

RENETTA
Oh well aren't you a vision! That
dress is certainly acceptable. Mine
would have been better, of course-

INSERT - YOUNG RENETTA SMILING IN HER DRESS

It's the most eighties thing you can possibly imagine.

BACK TO SCENE

RENETTA (CONT'D)
-But maybe Anabel can wear it when
she gets knocked up.

MARY
Oh I'd never have fit in your dress.
Your waist was so tiny!

RENETTA
Oh can it. You hate my dress and
I've always been fat. I just wanted
to give you an update. The caterer
is an idiot, but the food should be
ready on time, and the florist is
running back to her house to get the
three vases she left. I swear I'd
like to have killed her. Damn
debutantes. Anyway, we should have
even seating if Willard gets down
there in time to start ushering people
so they don't all pile up on our
side. And I added some details I'm
sure you'll like-

MARY
Like what?

RENETTA
Don't you worry your little head.
You'll like them. Now here.

She pulls out the newsclipping.

THE WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

It's a beautiful photo of Owen and Mary together, a crisp, clean professional shot. Below, the details of their wedding, down to the location.

BACK TO SCENE

Something's wrong. Mary tries to control her panicked breathing as she looks at the photo.

RENETTA (CONT'D)

My gift to you today. I mean, of course, my gift on top of the actual wedding that I've given you. It's not every day that a Davis gets married, you know. Now every major paper in the country will carry the news, so wherever your mamma is, she'll see this and know her little girl is marrying a Davis! Isn't that perfect! Very appropriate for America's birthday, I think.

Mary says nothing.

RENETTA (CONT'D)

Oh do stop with all the thanks, Mary, It only cost a few thousand dollars.

MARY

Oh. Thanks, of course! Thank you, Renetta. I'm just excited, you know.

RENETTA

I fainted on my wedding day, but all that padding just lifted me right on up. You really should have worn my dress.

She leaves the announcement on the dresser.

RENETTA (CONT'D)

See you in a bit. Then this will all be over and you can get to making some grandbabies.

She shuts the door.

Mary collapses into a chair, looking at the announcement.

MARY

Fuck.

She grabs her phone and dials.

OWEN (V.O.)
Hey! This is Owen. I'm not around,
but I'll get back to you if you let
me know why!

Mary hangs up. She dials again.

GROOM'S ROOM

A cell phone rings unheard as Willard obsesses over a game of Angry Birds.

BRIDE'S ROOM

Mary opens the door a crack, but

HALLWAY

Renetta CHEWS OUT Helen in the hallway. Helen cries.

MARY
Owen where are you?

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Owen leans under the giant tree, digging into the dirt after something shiny. He pulls out a little box. He opens the box. A dog collar, a couple of beat-up GI Joes, other random crap little boys bury in their youth.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - BRIDE'S ROOM

Mary shoves her phone and her wallet into a small purse. She checks the door again - still a yelling Renetta in the hall.

She goes to the window and looks out.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

WE ZOOM down past Owen digging through his crap, past the cars parked on the edge of the long dirt driveway, into an

SUV

In the vehicle, five men, all dressed in their best suits:

LEE TAYLOR - The kind of guy who convinces everyone else that he knows what he's doing. He's probably thirty. He rides shotgun, which is convenient since he carries a shotgun in his lap. His suit is a little too snazzy.

An arrow identifies him as "LEE (The leader)" Then "leader" is scratched out and replaced with "asshole".

The driver, HAMLET KAPOWSKI, 22, a face like a European male model with a body to match. He laughs when the car flies over a mound of dirt.

An arrow identifies him as "I don't know this guy"

BRYAN STONE, 28, bearded and perpetually suspicious, almost hurls as he comes crashing down in his seat.

An arrow identifies him as "BRYAN (The Cracker)"

BRYAN
Are we sure this is Jen?

LEE
Oh it's her.

The car flies over another mound of dirt.

BRYAN
Ham, this isn't a race. You want to draw attention?

He hands the WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT to Bryan.

Bryan shares it with the guy next to him:

They call him FIDO, and for good reason. His age is a mystery, but not his muscles. This dude does a lot of steroids and his hairstyle is high and tight.

An arrow identifies him as "FIDO (The Muscle)"

He grips a number 3 gripper in his palm to exercise his hand muscles.

FIDO
We doing the fiancée too?

LEE
Only if she cares about him.

BRYAN
That's cold, man.

FIDO
You telling me you don't want to shoot that bitch? If I get her alone I'm gonna put my hands around her neck and squeeze. Watch her eyeballs pop out.

BRYAN
You're very dark.

FIDO
I want to kill her. Come on, Lee,
let me be the one to kill her.

LEE
Not till we get what we came for.

BRYAN
I don't think we should kill her.

FIDO
That's because you're a fag.

The car flies up again.

BRYAN
Goddammit, HAMLET!

Hamlet giggles.

Lee turns the gun on Hamlet.

LEE
How 'bout you slow down lest I blow
a hole in your head?

HAMLET
Aye aye, cap.

He slows to a crawl.

BRYAN
HOLY SHIT.

The house bursts into view and we finally see her in all her
glory. A massive two story old Southern plantation home,
surrounded by a mass of open and farm land.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
She scored, didn't she?

HAMLET
Groom's family owns the biggest
hardware store in the county.

BRYAN
They made this money off selling
toilets?

HAMLET
And farm equipment. And old money.
There's old money in there.

BRYAN

I bet they got a safe full of bonds
and shit.

LEE

That's why you're here, man.

We leave the car and ZOOM back DOWN THE ROAD and UP TO THE WINDOW as Mary crawls out of it in her dress. She kicks off her shoes and they float to the ground.

She grabs ahold of a lattice and starts the journey down.
She's done this before.

The front of her dress gets its first spot of dirt.

FREEZE FRAME.

A circle draws itself around the spot of dirt.

MARY (V.O.)

See this? This is where it all
started to go wrong.

UNFREEZE

Her hand slips and the purse goes flying. Her cell phone sails out and crashes on the ground, destroyed.

MARY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Owen spots her great descent. He strolls over as she makes her way to the ground.

She lands, face to face with Owen.

OWEN

You're not going to stay for the
reception? I heard they're serving
pulled pork sliders.

He's clearly pissed.

MARY

Owen. Okay, I know-
(checks her destroyed
phone)
-It probably looks like-

OWEN

Like you're leaving, yeah.

MARY

No, baby. I'm not leaving. I just -
I saw you out here, but there were
all these people in the hall, and I
thought, wouldn't it be fun to sneak
out and...

A couple of wedding guests wander past at a distance, pointing
at the couple.

OWEN

Your dress is dirty.

Owen storms off toward the tree.

Mary checks her dress, sees the spot of dirt. She licks her
finger, tries to rub it out. Gives up as she sees Owen moving
farther away.

Mary runs after him, leaving her purse behind.

Owen picks up the time capsule he found, pulls out the dog
collar.

OWEN (CONT'D)

This was Gary's.

MARY

You named a dog Gary?

OWEN

I loved this dog more than anything
in the world and when he died, I was
inconsolable for ages. Parents tried
to get me a replacement puppy, but...
I never loved that dog the way I
loved Gary. And I never thought I'd
love anything that much ever again.

MARY

I'm sorry about Gary.

OWEN

And then I met you.

MARY

And I'm your new puppy?

OWEN

No, you don't...Gary trusted me
because that's what love is. Trust.
And you don't trust me.

MARY

I told you, I have no secrets.

OWEN

You've got no family, no past, and no secrets? And now you're climbing out the window to get away? Come on, Mary. I'm not an idiot.

MARY

Maybe I just have cold feet. Are you really not scared at all?

OWEN

What made you put on that dress this morning?

MARY

Cows.

He knows what she means.

FLASHBACK

EXT. COW PASTURE - NIGHT

Cows sleep standing up, peaceful in the moonlight, alone in the field with nothing but grass and an old Airstream.

A couple of KIDS creep toward one, giggling.

One kid reaches out to push the cow over, but right as the cow tips-

Mary LEAPS out from behind the Airstream, waving her hands.

MARY

Get out of here you... you...

OWEN

You little shits!

He leaps out behind her, aiming his shotgun at the kids.

The kids, understandably, haul ass for the road.

Owen shoots his gun in a random direction. One of the kids trips over himself. His buddy leaves him behind.

Mary laughs. Owen grabs her with one hand, kisses her. He lets her go to check on the panicking fallen cow, laughing hysterically.

MARY

That was crazy!

OWEN
Right. You lived in Tennessee all your life and you never tipped one cow? Please.

MARY
I told you, I just never did any of that bad stuff. Too busy going to church I guess.

OWEN
Then I am a bad influence.

MARY
Well technically we saved Ivey's cows from that horrible fate. Well, most of Ivey's cows. We're the good guys.

The poor frightened cow moans as it struggles back to its feet.

OWEN
You're really messing with my bad boy mystique here.

MARY
Bad boys are overrated.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

They move farther from the house and closer to the woods.

OWEN
So all I had to do was take you cow tipping? Think of all the dinners I could have saved. Now you ready to tell me why you crawled out that window like a horny teenager?

Mary hesitates, then-

MARY
What if the secret is so- what?

Owen stares behind her, suddenly tense.

Mary checks her six.

Lee, shotgun in hand, heads in their direction, followed by his well armed posse.

Mary sees them.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh God.

OWEN

What the hell?

MARY

OWEN!

He bolts for the house.

Fido raises his pistol, fires!

Owen twists and grabs Mary's hand. They run for the woods.

OWEN

Run!

RECEPTION TENT

Renetta's head shoots up at the sound of the shot.

RENETTA

What the hell was that? Was that a goddamn gunshot?

HELEN

It was probably the fireworks guy.

RENETTA

Huh. Well, if Owen shot his bride, he's just going to have to marry somebody else. This train has left the station.

HELEN

It's probably just fireworks.

FRONT YARD

Fido takes aim as Mary and Owen reach the edge of the woods. Lee taps his arm.

LEE

Down boy.

He pushes the gun down.

LEE (CONT'D)

We're at a wedding. Show some self control.

EDGE OF THE WOODS

Mary and Owen disappear through the trees.

Against the house wall in the distance, Anabel crawls on the ground, picking up cigarettes she dropped a second earlier. She doesn't see Mary and Owen go by. Her bridesmaid dress is basically a draped American flag.

In the foreground, the boys stroll toward the woods and the fleeing couple.

BRYAN
That's Jen alright.

FIDO
I'm going to break her kneecaps.

HAMLET
I like her dress.

WOODS

Owen stops. They both look back through the trees at their pursuing gang.

OWEN
Somebody'll see them, right? Willard,
or...

MARY
Right.

OWEN
We'll call the....

Checks his pockets. Damn.

OWEN (CONT'D)
What do they want? I don't get it.

MARY
Kidnapping, probably.

OWEN
On my wedding day?

MARY
Where do we hide?

OWEN
It's too far to the Daniel place.
(beat)
Treehouse.

MARY
It'll do for now.

OWEN

Come on.

SIDE YARD

Anabel leans against the side of the house, chugging a glass of champagne while she tries to light a cigarette.

She spots the guys wandering into the woods.

WOODS

Mary holds onto her dress and its slight train as she and Owen stumble through the woods.

Brambles, fallen limbs, poison ivy, spiderwebs - all launch themselves into the path.

Oh, Mary's poor, formerly clean dress. At least the top still looks good.

She lifts the dress almost over her head as they SPLASH through a creek. Mud splashes on the dress.

FREEZE FRAME

A circle draws around the mud splashes.

MARY (V.O.)

It took me seven months of eating
Ramen noodles and working overtime
at the gas station to pay for this
dress. I hate Ramen noodles. These
assholes are going to pay.

RESUME REGULAR SPEED

Mary licks her finger and tries to wipe it off without breaking stride.

EXT. RECEPTION TENT - DAY

Renetta arranges and rearranges table cloths.

Anabel strides up to her, struggling to hide her drunkenness.

ANABEL

Miss Renetta?

Renetta squeals at the sight of the dress.

RENETTA

Oh that's so American... here.

She plays with Anabel's hair.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Did you wash your hair?

She knocks Renetta's hand away.

ANABEL
I think some gun guys just went into
the woods.

RENETTA
What?

ANABEL
(concentrating)
Four guys. Carry guns. In suits.
In woods.

RENETTA
Goddammit there is no shooting at
this wedding. We are not terrorists.
Goddamn poachers got no respect.

ANABEL
They're wearing suits.

RENETTA
City folk then. Get Willard.

ANABEL
Yes ma'am.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Owen stops dead in front of a massive kudzu vine.

OWEN
Here!

He pulls apart a layer of vine to reveal

THE TREE HOUSE TREE

It's an old oak, well established in the tree community.
Hidden way up behind the kudzu curtain is a tree house, once
loved, now little more than split wood and spiderwebs.

Next to the tree which serves as the primary support, A
rickety rope ladder dangles.

Owen offers Mary a hand up.

She bunches up her dress, now smeared with dirt, and tries
to hang onto it as she works her way up the rope ladder.

Mary swings wildly to the side. She loses her grip on the dress and one of the rungs.

Owen rushes to get under her in case she falls.

Mary doesn't miss a beat. She swings over to a giant tree branch and slides onto it. She reaches up to the next.

She's abandoned the rope ladder for tree climbing, and she's GOOD at it, dress and all.

That is, until she slides her hand right through an ENORMOUS spider web. She shrieks as she almost drops right out of the tree.

WOODS

At the sound of her shriek, the boys perk up.

BRYAN
Came from over there.

He points. They head off in that direction.

THE TREE HOUSE TREE

Mary swings by one hand from a branch, wiping her spiderweb covered arm on another branch. She grabs a leaf and squishes the spider, throws it to the ground.

She resumes climbing.

She stops. Listens.

OWEN
What? They coming?

Lee emerges from the brush, followed by Fido.

LEE
Yep.

Mary tries to keep climbing, but slips. Fido grabs her, YANKS her out of the tree and SLAMS her to the ground.

Owen tries to fight Lee.

Bryan stumbles into the area. Not sure what to do.

Mary kicks up, hits Fido in the jaw. He reels.

She looks over at Owen, who's struggling for Lee's gun.

Mary rolls over, grabbing Fido's knees, which forces him to fall. She grabs his leg to try to lock it up.

Fido rips a piece of her dress in his effort to grab her.
Then he gives up and SOCKS her in the face.

Mary shouts.

OWEN

Mary!

Owen kicks Lee in the face, rushes to protect Mary. Pulls Fido off of her.

Fido knocks Owen to the ground, elbows him in the face.

MARY

Stop!

She tries to pull Fido away, but Bryan restrains her.

Lee fires into the sky.

LEE

Fido, heel!

Fido stops, looks up.

LEE (CONT'D)

You don't kill him unless she fails
us.

EXT. BACK YARD RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Renetta perks up.

RENETTA

Goddamn poachers.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Willard sleeps in his chair.

The door flies open.

ANABEL

WILLARD!

Willard jolts up.

WILLARD

FUCK! What?

ANABEL

Gun guys! Suits! Woods!

WILLARD

Poachers? In suits?

ANABEL
That! Get 'em!

WILLARD
YES!

He stands, and falls immediately on his ass, unconscious.

ANABEL
Oh God Renetta is gonna be so pissed!
Willard are you dead?

She pokes him. He mumbles.

ANABEL (CONT'D)
Get up! I'll do the gun guys myself.

WILLARD
No, no I'm coming. Not safe.

ANABEL
Oh hell, I can handle poachers. I'm
wearing a goddamn flag, they're not
going to shoot me.
(looks around)
Where's Owen?

WILLARD
Peeing.

ANABEL
Oh. Well, you get it together, buddy.
Drink some water. Eat some bread.
Something.

WILLARD
Bread!

He opens his eyes.

ANABEL
No more booze!

Anabel shuts the door.

She spots a half drunk bottle of beer on a table in the hall,
downs it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Lee, Bryan and Fido all hold guns on Owen and Mary.

OWEN
What do you want?

BRYAN

(to Mary)

Nice dress. It's a little dirty,
but so are you, am I right?

MARY

Who are y'all?

BRYAN

Oh come on, Jen.

OWEN

Her name isn't Jen.

LEE

Yeah, Bryan. Clearly we have the
wrong girl. This lady is getting
married today to this fine young
rich man. She wouldn't want us to
ruin her day, would she?

MARY

I think they came to rob the safe.

OWEN

In the woods?

BRYAN

We're not very smart criminals, are
we boys?

LEE

The plan was to knock on the door
and deal with this quietly, but we'll
make lemonade.

Hamlet runs into the clearing cupping a lizard.

HAMLET

Guys, check out this lizard! Oh hey
you found Jen!

Fido grabs it, throws it against a tree.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

Why?

FIDO

You're a fag.

HAMLET

And you're a jerk!

Hamlet rushes to the tree to try to find the lizard alive.

Anabel steps into the clearing.

ANABEL

Ah! There you.... are.... I walked into something.

Bryan grabs her.

BRYAN

Who are you?

MARY

That's my bridesmaid. She's not a part of this, just let her go.

LEE

Oh come on.

MARY

Oh Anabel, why did you come out here?

ANABEL

I'm guessing these guys aren't poachers.

MARY

No. They're not poachers.

BRYAN

I have actually poached before. Turkeys. You can get really good money for those things around Thanksgiving. Nobody ever asks where they come-

LEE

Who is this?

He wrenches Anabel's arm behind her back.

ANABEL

She told you. I'm a bridesmaid.

BRYAN

You're the Statue of Liberty.

ANABEL

I didn't pick this dress, okay!

Lee throws her at Bryan.

BRYAN

I like the Statue of Liberty.

OWEN
(to Mary)
Do you know these guys?

MARY
Yes. Except that guy.

She points to Hamlet, who digs in the dirt.

LEE
You care about these two people?
These your new friends? You care
what they think of you? Care what
happens to them?
(to Owen)
Nice house. That where you two met?
At that nice expensive house?

MARY
No.

LEE
But you knew who he was, right?

OWEN
What are you talking about? The
entire town could fit inside a
football stadium. Of course she
knew who I was.

FLASHBACK

INT. DAVIS HARDWARE AND EQUIPMENT RENTAL - DAY

It's the only hardware store in a farming community.

Anabel stocks shelves. Employees mill about doing their
jobs. There's a smattering of customers in overalls.

In walks Mary looking like a modern Audrey Hepburn. It's
impossible not to notice her. She doesn't fit in here at
all. Every head turns to look.

She walks right by Anabel.

ANABEL
I like your top.

MARY
Thanks!

As she walks past, Anabel looks down at her chest.

ANABEL
I need better boobs.

All the boys watch, none courageous enough to approach her.

She checks each aisle until she finds the tools.

Owen stands in the middle of the aisle, trying desperately to type a message on his smart phone, and growing increasingly frustrated with the tiny buttons.

He grunts and reaches into his tool belt and grabs a screw driver, aims it at the keys.

MARY

Wait! No! What are you doing?

She grabs his phone, turns it sideways.

MARY (CONT'D)

The keys are bigger if you turn it this way. Don't stab your five hundred dollar phone.

OWEN

Oh.

He types a couple of words.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Oh! Wow, it would have taken me months to figure that out on my own.

MARY

One day they'll be smarter than we are.

OWEN

Well, for me that day has come.

(beat)

You're Mary Smith.

MARY

How did you know?

OWEN

It's been about three years since anybody new showed up in Grimesland. You're all the old ladies want to talk about.

MARY

Oh I'm not very exciting, I'm afraid.

OWEN

You're new, that's exciting enough. Can I help you find anything?

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

This is my Dad's store, so I know where all the tools are. Need a screw driver?

He holds it out to her.

MARY

Ah, you're Owen Davis then. You don't seem like a spoiled rich boy.

OWEN

Then my farm boy act is a huge success! What can I do for you? Screwdriver?

MARY

I was thinking about turning this old closet door into a headboard. How do I do that?

OWEN

I'll sand it if you paint it.

MARY

You'd do that for free?

OWEN

Not completely free. You have to tell me all about yourself.

(beat)

I'm not flirting with you. If I have the monopoly on the gossip, the old ladies will ply me with baked goods to learn what I know. It's our version of Fox News. So you see, I have completely selfish motivations.

MARY

And how many of these baked goods do I get in this arrangement?

OWEN

One third.

MARY

Half. Or no deal.

OWEN

Okay, but you have to tell me about all your skeletons.

MARY
Oh, darlin, I'm sure I don't have
any skeletons.

OWEN
Come on, everybody has skeletons. I
shoplifted once.

MARY
Was it from this store?

OWEN
No!.... okay yes. But I still have
the sledge hammer.

MARY
Very impressive.

BACK TO REAL TIME

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Anabel plops down on a log.

ANABEL
This is weird. And I have to pee.

HAMLET
Me too!

He stands against a tree and unzips.

BRYAN
Don't worry, Miss America, I won't
fucking shoot you. They might, but
I won't.

MARY
Owen, whatever they say today... you
know me. You guys know who I am,
okay? Whoever they say I am-

OWEN
How do you know them?

MARY
I'm in Witness Protection.

Lee laughs.

LEE
Good one. Always tell the lie that's
closest to the truth.

MARY

Don't listen to what he says. He wants to make you hate me because-

LEE

Oh I don't care what he thinks.

MARY

Yeah you do. I caught these guys stealing, and I still have the evidence in my room upstairs.

(to Lee)

I'll take you guys to it. Just don't hurt them. You can leave them here and-

LEE

They're coming with us. And if I suspect for a second that you're trying to play me, you won't get a chance to be a widow.

OWEN

What does that mean?

MARY

He means you'll be dead before the wedding.

OWEN

Then why not just say he's going to kill me? Why be all poetic about it? In fact, why wait? You want to kill me, tough guy? Let's go. You want to show up at my wedding, threaten me and my bride-

ANABEL

And me.

OWEN

And Anabel-

BRYAN

Anabel? That's a nice name.

ANABEL

Thank you! Some people call me Annie, but I don't like it.

MARY

Owen...

OWEN

Are these guys your big secret?

LEE
She's a pro, man.

MARY
Shut up.

LEE
Oh are you afraid I'll tell him why
you're really here?

MARY
You don't know why I'm really here.
Owen, let's just go upstairs and get
these guys what they came for so
they can leave and you and I can say
our vows.

OWEN
Upstairs in my room? Are you sure
that's where it is?

MARY
Right. You left everything in there
when you came outside?

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

In the closet, a holster hangs from a hook, filled with a
bright shiny service weapon, next to a sheriff's uniform.

In the room, Willard snores.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Owen nods at Mary.

OWEN
Everything should be up there, but I
still don't know what it looks like.
It could be damaged.

FIDO
Lee I think they're talking in code.

OWEN
What code? I'm just here to get
married. I couldn't care less what
you guys are here for. I just want
to get you gone and go back to
practicing my vows.

Mary grabs his hand. He yanks his back out.

They start for the house, guns at their backs. Owen glares
at Lee.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(whispered)
I want to kill that jerk.

MARY
(whispered)
So does everyone he ever met.
(loud)
Let's just do what they say until
they get what they came for.
Everybody gets a happy ending.

OWEN
And then it's confession time for
you and me.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

The whole group hides on the edge of the woods, looking onto the front yard. Guests have begun to arrive, and their walk across the grass is blocking the path to the house.

Owen checks out his formerly white tux, now filthy.

OWEN
This day has taken an unexpected
turn.

She rubs a spot of dirt on his jacket.

MARY
At least we match.

FIDO
We're going to attract attention.

BRYAN
You fucking think?

FIDO
We should run for it.

BRYAN
We should make him the group leader.

LEE
Ham?

Hamlet winks, gets a smart phone out of his pocket.

He backs into the yard, using the camera function.

HAMLET
Hey, this way! Toward the house!
Don't forget to smile!

MARY
(realizing)
He's your con.

LEE
Somebody's got to do it. Now smile
for the camera!

He waves his gun, then slides it into his pocket, still aiming
it at Owen.

Bryan and Fido do the same.

ANABEL
(to Bryan)
I like your gun.

BRYAN
Thanks. I got the aftermarket grip.
Better accuracy.

ANABEL
I'll bet you do.

LEE
Come on.

Fido shoves Mary onto the lawn, staying close behind her.

Hamlet shoots some photos as the group shuffles its way across
the yard. It looks really weird.

HAMLET
Okay, everybody together! Now laugh!

Fido grabs Mary's hand and twists it. Mary fakes a huge
laugh. The guests smile and wave at what looks like the
wedding party taking some kind of artsy photos.

Hamlet snaps a picture.

INSERT PHOTO

The whole odd group cramped together, sharing a fake laugh.

INT. HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Renetta waddles up the stairs-

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

-down the hall.

Knocks on the Bride's Door.

No answer.

RENETTA
Mary, honey, you in there?

Nothing.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
I'm coming in.

She opens the door. Empty.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

She shuts the door, walks down to the Groom's Room.

Knocks.

No answer.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Owen?

She opens the door. Willard, passed out on a chair.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Willard!

Willard jolts awake, leaps out of the chair and almost falls.

WILLARD
YES MA'AM!

RENETTA
Where the hell is my son?

WILLARD
He went to pee, ma'am!

She looks down the hall to the bathroom.

RENETTA
How long ago?

Willard looks at the clock. He wobbles.

WILLARD
Ten minutes ago, maybe?

RENETTA
Well you need to find him. Wedding's
in an hour. You seen the bride or
Anabel?

WILLARD

No ma'am.

RENETTA

Well if you do, you tell them to get
back in that room and stay there.
I've got enough to deal with without
worrying about the damn bride running
off to God knows where.

Willard nods.

RENETTA (CONT'D)

You take care of those poachers?

WILLARD

Yes ma'am.

RENETTA

Good. Sober up, son.

She shuts the door.

Willard flops back down in the chair. Picks up his phone,
dials.

Owen's phone rings on the table next to him.

WILLARD

Oh.

INT. HOUSE FRONT STAIRWELL - DAY

Front door opens. Mary, Owen, Anabel, Fido, Bryan, Hamlet
and Lee all push their way into the hall in front of the
stairs. Lee puts his gun on Mary.

LEE

Well?

MARY

It's upstairs.

LEE

Lead on. If you try anything-

MARY

(her accent slips)
We get it. You're an asshole.

Owen gives her an odd look. She stares back intently. A
signal.

She storms up the stairs. Lee follows.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Mary creeps down the hall. Lee follows her, gun in her back. Behind him, everybody else in a single file line. Owen slips in behind Fido.

MARY
(loudly)
It's this room. Don't shoot me,
okay? I'll get it and we can all
get out of here without anyone getting
hurt. Okay, Lee? Will you put the
gun down?

LEE
Just open the door.

She opens the Groom's Door.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Then ducks to one side and grabs Lee's gun, spins it out of his hand. It flies across the room.

MARY
Willard!

LEE
Fido!

Willard is stuck in the process of putting on his jacket. He stumbles toward the fray.

Fido rounds the corner, but Owen LEAPS on his back and pulls him down.

Mary and Lee fight. Mary uses her dress like a gi, wrapping Lee up and punching him.

SLOW MOTION

As the dirty dress riiiiiiiiips

RESUME REGULAR SPEED

Lee uses the dress to trip Mary, spins her away from him. She SLAMS to the floor.

Willard goes for Lee.

Anabel screams for help. Bryan KISSES her to shut her up. She struggles, but falls into it. She is drunk, after all.

Fido and Owen go at it. Owen gives a good accounting for himself, but he can't compete with the larger, better trained man. Owen is getting his ass kicked.

Hamlet takes pictures.

Lee grabs the small knife off the table and SHANKS Willard three times! Blood spreads onto his white tux shirt.

Willard fights him off, kicks him away. Mary jumps up, grabs Lee and tries to hold him back.

Fido subdues Owen.

Anabel pushes Bryan off. He holds a gun on her.

BRYAN
I'm sorry, but sit.

Anabel sits.

Mary rushes to Willard, who collapses on the bed, blood seeping from his tuxedo shirt.

Mary grabs a pillow case, balls it up and shoves it against Willard's wound.

MARY
You have to call an ambulance.

LEE
Where's the rock?

MARY
(accent gone)
CALL A FUCKING DOCTOR!

Lee gets his gun off the floor. He picks up the phones off the table, throws them to Fido, who smashes them.

LEE
Where's the goddamn rock, Jen?

He puts a gun to Owen's head. Pulls the hammer back.

ANABEL
They'll hear you.

LEE
And I'll still be gone before the
cops get here, but he'll be dead.
WHERE'S THE FUCKING ROCK?

OWEN
Tell him!

MARY
I'll take you! I'll take you, I
swear! Just-

LEE
What did I say would happen if you
tried to fuck me?

He CRACKS Owen with the handle of the gun. Puts the barrel
back to his head. Owen's ear bleeds from the hit.

MARY
STOP! JUST STOP! It's at Owen's
house.

OWEN
My house?

MARY
Get Willard a doctor and I'll-

LEE
No. You get our stone. We'll leave.
You call a doctor. You don't come
back in-
(checks the clock)
-fifteen minutes, I put a bullet
through Romeo's head. Then I'll
wait five more minutes and kill this
bitch.

He points at Anabel.

MARY
Lee, please-

Lee POPS Owen in the mouth.

OWEN
I will kill you.

LEE
Me or her?

MARY
Owen, just hang tight. Anabel, come
here.

BRYAN
Whoa-

MARY
(accent gone)
Somebody has to put pressure on his
wound, Bryan. Do you want to be an
accessory to murder? That's where
you're fucking headed.

Anabel runs to Willard's side, holds the sheet up against
his wound.

OWEN
Who are you?

MARY
I'm your fucking fiancée and we're
going to get fucking married! Anabel,
put pressure on this wound and I'll
be back to get these fucks out of
here.

BRYAN
Whoa. Jen is pissed.

HAMLET
This video is badass.

Bryan grabs the phone, deletes the video.

BRYAN
You're like a fucking idiot savant.

HAMLET
I wasn't going to upload it.

LEE
Fido, go with her. You have your
orders.

Fido grabs her. Licks her face.

ANABEL
Not the makeup!

OWEN
Don't hurt her.

FIDO
Oh I plan to.

MARY
I'll be fine. And I'll be back.

BRYAN
Lee, you can't let him-

LEE
Fifteen minutes.

MARY
If you kill him I will pull your
fucking nuts out through your mouth.

LEE
Then you'd better hurry, for both
our sakes.

MARY
Owen...

OWEN
Just go do what you have to do.
We'll have our conversation when
we're not in a kidnapping situation.

MARY
Don't be a hero.

OWEN
You know me so well.

MARY
I'm sorry.

OWEN
GO!

Mary grips Fido's arm.

MARY
Shall we dance?

They disappear out the door.

BRYAN
Well, that's my cue. Where's your
safe, man?

OWEN
We don't have a safe.

BRYAN
Bullshit. My guess, downstairs in
the office. House this big has an
office. I'll find it.

HAMLET
Good luck.

Bryan waves and leaves.

LEE
Tie him up.

HAMLET
With what?

LEE
I don't know, look around.

OWEN
This is a poorly planned heist.

LEE
Shut up.

OWEN
Know who you just stabbed? He's a
sheriff's deputy. He dies, you're a
cop killer.

ANABEL
Willard, how you doing? You with
me?

WILLARD
That knife had lime juice on it.

ANABEL
Ow.

He passes out.

Hamlet finds some neck ties in a drawer. He uses them to
bind Owen's hands to the handmade wood chair in which he
sits.

OWEN
Who is she really?

LEE
You don't believe her story?

OWEN
Which one?

LEE
Now you're catching on, son.

EXT. COTTON FIELD - DAY

Just on the far edge of the woods, a cotton field. Fido
emerges like Tarzan with Jane on his back. He drops Mary on
the ground.

MARY

Wait!

THUMP. Down she goes.

MARY (CONT'D)

Good job, guys. You really fucked up my day.

FIDO

You know this is your fault.

MARY

And now Willard is wounded, my groom is at gunpoint, he probably won't marry me and my dress is fucked.

A telestrator arrow points to her dress. It says "Fucked".

MARY (CONT'D)

You got your revenge I guess.

FIDO

Guess so.

She stands, starts walking across the field.

MARY

The house is there.

She points to a little one-story farmhouse on the opposite side of all the cotton.

She steps on something - checks her foot. It's bleeding.

MARY (CONT'D)

Can't we take the golf cart?

FIDO

Nope. Get walking.

He pokes her with the gun.

FIDO (CONT'D)

And no tricks. I'm off leash now, girl.

MARY

That doesn't bother you, that whole dog thing?

FIDO

ARF!

MARY
Fucking psychopath.

She leans down, rips a piece of her dress right off. Wraps a strip around each bloody foot.

MARY (CONT'D)
I was supposed to be a vision in white. Now look.

She pulls her dress up and tries to bunch it up around her waist to make walking easier.

Fido lights a cigarette.

FIDO
You stole that dress, right?

MARY
My money. My dress.

FIDO
How much?

MARY
Six thousand dollars.

FIDO
That's stupid.

MARY
Men never get it.

FIDO
Because it's stupid!

MARY
You're stupid.

FIDO
I'm not the one who paid six Gs for a dress. Why didn't you steal it?

MARY
You can't steal or con your wedding dress in a town this small. Sometimes you have to invest a little capital to work your con, you know that.

FIDO
So buy a cheaper dress.

MARY
This was the right one. It's mine. Just once I wanted to feel like...

FIDO
A princess? You were going to say
princess.

MARY
I was not.

FIDO
Yes you were. You're a pretty pretty
princess.

MARY
A normal girl. That's what I was
going to say.

FIDO
You ain't no normal girl. And normal
girls don't spend six grand on a
dress, do they?

MARY
You clearly don't watch enough
Bridezillas.

FIDO
This ain't no con.

MARY
You think I coincidentally fell in
love with the richest kid in town?

FIDO
I know you, girl. You freaked out
back there. All scared because you
know what Lee's gonna do to that
kid.

MARY
I'm a con artist. I act for a living.

FIDO
Didn't look like no act.

MARY
It's not supposed to.

She takes a drag from his cigarette. Flicks it away.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'm more pissed off about this dress
than anything.

Fido hands her a piece of cotton off a plant.

MARY (CONT'D)
What's this for?

FIDO
It's cotton, right? Make a new dress.

MARY
Are you fucking retarded?

She throws the cotton down.

FIDO
Yep. That's the Jen I know.

MARY
Of course it is. I don't change.

FIDO
Then why come with me now? Why not
just let him kill your fiancée?

MARY
Because I can still save this wedding
and get my payday. That's all I'm
here for. Besides, I know Lee would
shoot me.

FIDO
He sure would.

MARY
I bet you're dying to get your hands
around my neck too.

FIDO
Me? No way. Just want to get that
rock and go.

MARY
I guess we'll see.

EXT. CEREMONY SITE - DAY

The chairs are all set up along the aisle, slip covers and ribbons in place. The American flag aisle runner rolls out up to a vine covered archway. Renetta places fans / programs on the seats.

Wetzel emerges from the house, half dressed. He struggles with the bow tie.

As he approaches Renetta, a RAIN DROP falls on her hand.

She stares up at the sky in a rage.

RENETTA
Oh hell no. Goddammit, God, you
cannot make it rain today! It's
America's birthday and you love
America!

Wetzel turns around and runs back into the house.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Why, God? Why do you hate me?

Renetta storms across the lawn to the

RECEPTION TENT

Where Helen's crew busily puts all the Americana shit together
in the classiest way they can.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Where's the tent boy? TENT BOY!

A 40-year-old man waves his hand.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Get over here!

He complies.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Anabel lies next to Willard, pressing the bloody sheet into
his wound. He comes around.

WILLARD
Ow.

ANABEL
Hey!

WILLARD
Can I get some water?

Anabel stands up. Lee shoves her back down.

LEE
SIT. Ham.

Hamlet searches the cooler, but finds only beer. He holds
one up.

OWEN
Don't give him that. Alcohol prevents
the blood from clotting. The bathroom
is around the corner.

WILLARD
Who are those guys? And when can I
kill them?

Hamlet runs out to get water.

OWEN
Good question. Who are you?

LEE
That Mary. Good at keeping secrets,
isn't she?

OWEN
So she's not a church-going girl
from Tennessee.

LEE
No, but that accent is amazing, right?
Best con artist I ever worked with.
Conned the hell out of me, that's
for sure.

OWEN
She conned you?

LEE
Did a job eight months ago. Stole
this rock from some old guy who stole
it from somebody else. She seduced
him, found out where he kept it, we
went in and snatched it. Then she
pulled a Trainspotting. Walked off
with it in the middle of the night
before we could get it to our fence.
Embarrassing, to say the least.
Fence was so pissed he pulled a knife.
Can you believe that? I put it
through his throat.

OWEN
Jesus, son, we get it. You're tough.
You kill. You like to tie folks up
and threaten them.

ANABEL
She probably sold that thing already.

LEE
Does she look like she has seven
million dollars?

ANABEL
Seven million?

LEE
If she fenced it I'd know, and I'd
have found her sooner. She was just
playing with you, getting you to
cover her bills until the heat cooled
off and she could get her payday.
You get a lot of years in the pen
for what she's got.

OWEN
Not possible.

But he's not so sure.

INT. DAVIS HARDWARE AND EQUIPMENT RENTAL - DAY

Mary in front of Owen on their first meeting, looking so
amazing with that winning smile.

MARY
Ah, you're Owen Davis then. You
don't seem like a spoiled rich boy.

BACK TO SCENE

Owen's face falls.

OWEN
You're saying-

LEE
I'm saying you were too good a mark
to pass up.

OWEN
No.

LEE
Lucky I came along. You almost
married her.

ANABEL
I don't believe this. Owen, this is
Mary we're talking about.

Lee Strolls over to Anabel, puts the gun barrel in her
cleavage, looks down her dress.

WILLARD
Stop.

LEE
Sucks being helpless, huh?
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
I could do anything I want to this
girl and you can't do shit. How you
like that, tough guy?

OWEN
Untie me and we'll see who the real
man is.

Lee laughs, sits in a chair opposite Owen.

LEE
Her name is Jennifer Jones. You
know, at first I was going to let
you go through with this and take a
cut of whatever she's planning to
get, but this is more fun. Revenge,
dish served cold, all that.

OWEN
She said you'd say this kind of stuff.

Willard signals to Anabel, whispers in her ear.

LEE
Because she knew I'd tell you the
truth. Hurts, doesn't it, country
boy? She's probably planning to
kill you.

Anabel creeps toward the closet.

OWEN
She'd be a widow.

LEE
All that money, hers.

He jumps up, SLAPS Anabel, shoves her to the floor.

OWEN
Leave her alone!

Hamlet comes back with the water.

LEE
Tie her up.

Hamlet sets the water down, grabs more ties and a chair.
Ties Anabel up.

LEE (CONT'D)
Nice try. Ham, watch that bitch.

OWEN
You okay, Anabel?

ANABEL
No. I was punched in the face and
tied to a chair.

OWEN
You guys are not getting out of this.
No way.

LEE
Don't blame me, man. Blame the bride.

OWEN
You're lying about Mary.

LEE
Sorry, man.

OWEN
You don't know her. You think you
do, but no. She was never yours.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Mary, sticking out her tongue.

Mary, petting the cow after it got back up from its
unfortunate tipping incident.

Mary this morning, laughing as they have sex.

BACK TO SCENE

LEE
I wouldn't marry her. But you gotta
do what you gotta do.

Owen struggles to keep up his optimism.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Tent Guy works on setting up an enclosed tent around the
Ceremony Location.

Renetta runs around in her usual frantic pace. Helen grabs
her arm, then immediately lets go when Renetta glares at
her.

HELEN
Renetta, honey, don't you need to
get dressed?

RENETTA
I... Goddamn, Helen, I guess you're
right. I can't very well attend a
wedding in this, can I?

Helen breathes.

Renetta trots into the house.

INT. HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Renetta passes the back stairs and heads down the hallway,
stopping at a door to the

OFFICE

Some men hide in pool rooms or basement bars; this is Wetzel's
man cave. This is also where he puts all the unsuccessful
hand-made furniture, so the room is a mash-up of styles.

At the lopsided desk, Wetzel pours over paperwork. Behind
him, embedded in the wall, THE SAFE.

Renetta blasts the door open. Wetzel doesn't look up - he's
got headphones on.

RENETTA
Wetzel!

He jams out.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
WETZEL DAVIS!

Wetzel looks up.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Where's your tie?

WETZEL
I couldn't figure it out.

He waves it in the air.

She grabs it, throws it around his neck and ties it.

WETZEL (CONT'D)
You're not dressed either.

RENETTA
This is what I'm wearing.

WETZEL
Renetta. A little credit, please.

RENETTA
You don't think I'm beautiful?

WETZEL
Of course I do. And I'd marry you again.

RENETTA
Not interested.

WETZEL
I also know you won't be satisfied at any wedding until you've made me wait three hours for you to find the proper footwear and three matching pieces of jewelry. Plus your hair's not big enough yet. In fact-
(looks at the clock)
I'm not sure how you're going to make it with all you've got left to do.

RENETTA
On a day like today, I can get ready at lightening speeds. There.

Bowtie on.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Don't go anywhere. I'm going to need you.

WETZEL
Just tell me where to be, Moose.

RENETTA
Goddammit don't call me Moose!

She slams the door. Wetzel puts his headphones back on. He chuckles.

EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a little one-story place in the middle of a renovation. Projects lay unfinished all around the house.

Fido drops Mary on the ground.

FIDO
Your boyfriend lives in this dump?

MARY
To you, maybe. Owen's fixing it up. He's handy.

FIDO

You like that skinny little dude.

MARY

He's not skinny! Not every guy needs steroids to be strong. He'd kick your ass in a fair fight.

FIDO

Maybe we'll find out.

MARY

And anyway, it's not about that. If you're gonna fuck a guy for his money, it helps if he looks good in a toolbelt, that's all.

He grabs a high sledge hammer and SLAMS it against a tractor tire in the back yard.

FIDO

This is a good hammer! He use this to work out?

MARY

It's rural North Carolina, Fido. Everybody has a tractor tire in their back yard. Try not to cream your pants.

Mary creeps over to a few loose tools. She eyes a crowbar.

FIDO

Yeah I didn't think he looked that tough. He's a little fella.

(beat)

You grab any of them tools and I'll slam this hammer into your head.

Mary stops.

FIDO (CONT'D)

Nice try, though.

He puts the hammer down and slaps her, knocks her into the dirt. As if she needed more dirt.

MARY

You dick!

FIDO

If I was a dick you'd be all over me.

He grabs the hammer back up. Threatens.

FIDO (CONT'D)
Or do you want to up the ante? I'll
smash your face in. You'll be
drinking through a straw, but I'll
make sure you can still talk-

MARY
I won't try it again. I promise.

Dejected, Mary points to the house.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'll get you what you came for.

EXT. BACK YARD RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The tent is up over the ceremony area. While the reception tent is open, this tent is closed, with only a flap for an opening. Right now that flap is spread open so guests can enter.

Renetta emerges from the house, face made up, hair huge, a dress appropriate for a round Southern mother-in-law at a Baptist ceremony. Lots of matching jewelry. She puts in one last earring.

Helen rushes past, frantic.

RENETTA
Helen, what's wrong now?

HELEN
I'll find it I swear.

RENETTA
Find what?

HELEN
The cake knife.

RENETTA
Oh, Helen, no. No you did not-

Another drop of rain falls on Renetta's poufy hair.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
GODDAMMIT NO. NO RAIN.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Wetzel plugs away on his paperwork, happy to be alone in his financial management world.

The door creaks open. Wetzel, turned away from the door and with headphones on, fails to notice.

Bryan peeks his head in. He sees the safe and the man. He mouths a ton of expletives and pulls the door closed again.

HALLWAY

Bryan closes the door and mimes slamming his fist into the wall.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Willard's blood seems to have stopped flowing so freely. He weakly pulls a pillow down to replace the bloody sheet on his side.

WILLARD
Renetta is gonna be so pissed about these sheets.

ANABEL
You're still with us!

WILLARD
I'm fine. Let me just go get my gun and I'll shoot these boys here.

Lee punches him. Willard passes out.

LEE
Pig.

Bryan bursts into the room. Lee flips up his gun.

LEE (CONT'D)
You're gonna get killed doing that.

BRYAN
You guys should lock the fucking door. I need Hamlet.

HAMLET
Yay! I'm needed!

LEE
You found the safe?

BRYAN
And I need fucking Hamlet. Let's go, asshole.

ANABEL
Why are you guys so mean?

OWEN
No politeness among thieves.

BRYAN

Hey I'm a goddamn gentleman thief.
Hamlet, please sir, get your fucking
ass downstairs and help me with this
shit. Thank you.

ANABEL

You're horrible people.

HAMLET

(to Lee)

You handle them on your own?

Lee throws him a dirty look.

ANABEL

I have to pee.

OWEN

Me too.

LEE

No.

ANABEL

Could I get an empty coffee can or
something?

Hamlet picks up an empty beer bottle and sets it under her
dress.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

There is no way that's happening.

HAMLET

It's an empty bottle.

ANABEL

I have a vagina, boy. How the hell
am I supposed to get my stream through
that tiny hole?

Lee grabs the over-decorated trash can from the corner and
sets it under her dress.

Hamlet shrugs. He and Bryan leave.

OWEN

That's an antique.

ANABEL

Willard is bleeding on the bed.

OWEN

Sorry. Years of training.

ANABEL

I really don't want to pee in front
of you guys. Or through my panties.

INT. OWEN'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a one-bedroom house, but you can easily see the plans
for expansion.

There is no sign a woman has ever been here. It's not just
the ever present construction work or the decoration, but
the vibe. There's no Lady Speed stick or tampon box or even
an errant pair of panties.

Fido pushes Mary through the front door.

FIDO

You live here?

MARY

Owen does.

FIDO

Shouldn't you be moving in?

MARY

Eventually.

FIDO

Have you moved anything?

MARY

Just one thing.

She walks into the bedroom. Fido follows.

BEDROOM

Messy. Finally a sign of Mary's existence - a single photo
on the nightstand of Mary and Owen smiling together, oblivious
of the camera.

FIDO

Planning on leaving him the day after
the wedding?

MARY

Why do you care?

FIDO

Just making conversation. Want to
talk about the weather? It's hot
down here.

MARY

Let's not.

FIDO

Okay, let's talk about the job. Took three months to plan, remember that? Three months we turned down other work. And hell, while we're at it, Lee spent about two years thinking about that job, researching, asking-

MARY

I remember.

FIDO

So he's pretty pissed. We're all pretty pissed.

MARY

Any one of you would have done the same.

FIDO

Not me.

MARY

You kicked a man to death for getting between you and a hooker. Now you're too honorable to-

FIDO

That fag was not part of my crew. We steal, we fight, but not each other. But I don't expect you to have no kind of a code. Just ask this poor sucker. Eight months you been working on this guy, huh? Long time to suck a dick for money.

He points to the photo of her and Owen on the table.

MARY

Fuck you. You don't know anything about that.

FIDO

Just get the rock so you can get on with your bullshit wedding, eh?

She stares him down, then turns to the closet.

She pokes her head into the closet, stumbles over a few things trying to climb into the back. Besides clothes, there are work tools littering the floor.

FIDO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He cocks his gun.

MARY

I'm getting the rock, sweetie.

FIDO

Sweetie?

MARY

I've been faking a Southern accent for eight months, okay? Sometimes it becomes real. Like with Madonna.

FIDO

Madonna has a Southern accent?

MARY

No, the British thing. Nevermind. Just give me a second.

FIDO

I will shoot you.

MARY

Sure thing, boss.

She pulls herself to the back of the closet, squeezing in between some boards.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Wetzel drowns in a sea of paperwork.

A KNOCK on the door. Wetzel ignores it, deep into his headphones.

The door opens. Hamlet creeps in. Wetzel fails to notice.

Hamlet touches him on the shoulder. Wetzel leaps, throws his headphones off.

WETZEL

Is it time?

HAMLET

Oh I'm so sorry Mr. Davis. I didn't mean to startle you. And I don't mean to disturb you on the day of your son's wedding, but...

WETZEL

No of course not, son. Just getting caught up on some paperwork. I don't believe we've met?

HAMLET

Oh my name is John. I'm an old friend of the bride's. I saw the announcement in the paper in Miami and I just knew I had to be here for Mary.

WETZEL

Oh that's excellent! I know we all worried that Mary had no family to be here today.

HAMLET

Well I also have an ulterior motive today, Mr. Davis. It just so happens I'm a furniture dealer. I do most of my business in High Point, but I can't help but notice what I've seen here in this house.

WETZEL

Really? It's just a hobby, but it is a great deal more fun than this.

He points to his receipts.

HAMLET

Don't get to spend enough time in the store these days?

WETZEL

It's all Owen's now. But the furniture...?

HAMLET

I'd love if you'd show me around to some of your best pieces. I'd like to talk distribution.

WETZEL

Of course, of course! We can't disturb the bride and groom, of course, but perhaps after...

HAMLET

Of course.

He smiles, puts his hand on Wetzel's back.

HAMLET (CONT'D)
Now Mr. Davis-

WETZEL
Call me Wetzel.

HAMLET
Wetzel. What an unusual name.

WETZEL
If you say anything about pretzels I
will kill you and bury the body in
my yard.

HAMLET
No sir.

They exit.

A beat.

Bryan enters. Rushes to the safe. Gets to work.

INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mary, wrenched in the closet dress and all, searches for
something while Fido waits, weapon at the ready in case she
tries to pull something.

MARY (O.S.)
How's that new guy?

FIDO
Who Hamlet? He's a fag.

MARY
Okay but besides that.

FIDO
He's okay. You were better.

MARY
Thank you!

She pokes her head out.

MARY (CONT'D)
You know, you could take this and
help-

FIDO
You serious?

MARY
I had to try.
(beat)
This isn't about us. This is about-

FIDO
Greed?

MARY
Bad choices.

She pokes her head back into the closet.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
AHA!

She reemerges with a Tiffany's box in her hand - about the size of a watch box. She glances at the large hammer next to her foot. Looks back at Fido.

Her dress is now coated in dust bunnies.

She opens the box. She stares into it with longing.

FREEZE FRAME

Inside, a slip of paper with some very official looking documentation. And next to it, resting on a little piece of velvet fabric, is one ugly ass jagged gray rock.

MARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ugly little fucker, isn't it?

BACK TO SCENE

Fido grabs the box, slams it shut. He lifts his gun.

FIDO
I wasn't sure you really had it.
Thanks, kid. Any last words?

MARY
I'm part of your crew.

FIDO
Not anymore.

Mary reaches for the hammer, slides it up behind her back.

MARY
Lee's gonna-

FIDO
Lee's gonna thank me.

Mary grips the hammer and SLAMS it into Fido's gun hand. He drops the gun in pain, grabs the hammer.

She kicks the gun across the room.

He reaches down and grabs the hem of her dress, drags it. She hangs onto the edge of the closet.

He grabs her dress with both hands

She slides out of the closet and SLAMS the hammer into Fido's head.

Fido pins her. She squirms. He grabs the hammer, wrestles it away from her. It slides to the side.

He reaches both hands around her throat. Squeezes.

FIDO (CONT'D)

Hope your boyfriend likes to screw
dead girls.

Mary's head is turned sideways. She sees the picture of her and Owen on the table.

FLASHBACK

EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Owen, shirtless, tool belt on, works on fixing a dresser.

Mary, in a sundress, brings him lemonade.

OWEN

Oh! Thanks!

MARY

(Southern accent)

I thought you were working on the
house?

OWEN

Mrs. Frederick asked if I could fix
this drawer. It'll only take an
hour.

MARY

You're the nicest guy on the planet.

OWEN

I am not.

MARY

No, it's great! You're so American.

OWEN
You mean boring.

MARY
No! No, I just... I always thought
this would suck. The little pink
houses routine. But listen.

The sounds of a summer afternoon in a small Southern town.

MARY (CONT'D)
Peaceful. Not as bad as I thought
it would be.

OWEN
Gonna explain what that means?

MARY
Nothing. I told you, I'm boring.

OWEN
Well I'm not. I'm a bad boy. When
I finish this dresser, I'm going to
punch a chicken in the face.

He grabs her, pulls her into his lap.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Marry me.

MARY
I... what?

OWEN
Wear a pretty dress, walk down the
aisle, swear you'll live this boring
life forever.

MARY
No.

OWEN
No?

MARY
Oh God, I stayed too long. I'm sorry.

OWEN
For what? Whatever it is, I don't
care. You'll tell me when you're
ready.

MARY
God, it must be so easy, always being
yourself. You never have to say
you're sorry.

OWEN
We've had several fights that would
suggest otherwise.

Mary smiles.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You happy here?

MARY
More than I deserve to be.

OWEN
Balderdash. Stop thinking so much
and be a country boy's wife.

He pulls a ring out of his pocket and slides in on her finger.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mary, slides both arms up through Fido's, allowing her to
grab the back of his head and SLAM her knee into his jaw.
He lets go.

She reaches out, grabs the hammer. She takes a swing, BAM,
right to the eye. A cut forms. Blood seeps.

AGAIN BAM! Same spot. Blood sprays onto her dress.

He punches her in the mouth.

She elbows him in the face.

She reaches, grabs the hammer, SLAMS it into his head again.
Knees him in the groin. SLAMS him in the head again. Blood
sprays on her and the dress.

He slumps over on her.

She drops the hammer, can't quite push him off.

She squirms out from under him. Checks his pulse. He
breathes. She sighs with relief.

She slumps down on the floor to catch her breath. Grabs a
towel off the floor, tries to blot the blood on her dress.
Smears it instead.

Throws the towel in frustration.

Mary stares at the seven million dollar rock.

She stares at Fido's bleeding head.

She pushes herself to her feet.

MARY
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

She kicks Fido in the gut. He moves a little.

MARY (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU! I WAS FINE! I'D MADE MY
DECISION! WHY DID YOU COME HERE,
YOU FUCK!

She kicks him again.

She leans against the bed.

MARY (CONT'D)
I could still walk away. You're
down for the count, and this...

She stares at the rock again.

She looks at Fido. He's starting to come around.

MARY (CONT'D)
I know what you'd say: I've become
a total fag. But one of us is a
bitch on the floor and it ain't me.
And you're a homophobic asshole.

She picks up Fido's gun. Checks the ammo.

MARY (CONT'D)
You stay here. I'm going to save my
groom.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Owen fiddles with his bonds while Lee ties Anabel to another chair.

He looks at the clock.

LEE
She's late.

ANABEL
She'll be here.

WILLARD
Who are we waiting for?

ANABEL
Mary. Except her name is Jen and
she's some kind of criminal. It's a
whole big thing.

OWEN
It doesn't matter.

LEE
Aww, don't be so defeated.

Owen glares.

EXT. COTTON FIELD - DAY

Mary, ripped up dress and bloody feet, RACES through the
cotton field. She holds Fido's phone to her ear, talking as
she runs. Fat drops of rain splat unevenly on her face.

MARY
(Southern accent)
I know, Rodney, and I'm sorry, honey
but we couldn't invite everybody.
Can you just get here?
(beat)
Yes I'm serious!

Phone beeps. She checks caller ID. LEE.

MARY (CONT'D)
Gotta go!

She clicks over. Tries to do an impression of Fido.

MARY (CONT'D)
Yo We're on our way, fag.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - COTTON FIELD INTERCUT

Lee stares at his phone.

LEE
Mary?

MARY
Yeah okay, it's me. I'm on my way.
Don't kill anyone.

LEE
Did you kill Fido?

MARY

He'll recover. But you won't if you kill Owen.

LEE

You know I don't think he wants to marry you anymore. The jig is up, sister.

MARY

Just wait for me.

Lee hangs up.

EXT. COTTON FIELD - DAY

Mary checks the phone.

MARY

Lee?

(beat)

FUCK!

She stops to catch her breath. Looks up at the big house, still so far away. She resumes running, her tattered dress flowing behind her.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Lee checks his ammo, pulls a silencer out of his pocket and begins to affix it to the gun.

LEE

Guess she doesn't love you.

OWEN

Didn't love you either, huh?

LEE

You think I care about that?

OWEN

I think you did or you wouldn't be so pissed off. You can't stand the idea of her loving somebody when she screwed you so royally. I also think you should untie me so we can settle this like men.

LEE

I like to do things the easy way, kid. But I will tell you something you should know about Mary before you die.

He leans into whisper in Owen's ear, but we'll never hear it-
Owen releases his one free hand, grabs Lee by the neck.

Lee flails and kicks, and falls down. He crawls toward his gun while Owen tries to free himself.

Anabel kicks the trash can at Lee. It distracts him.

Owen gets his other hand free. He slams the chair on the ground but it doesn't break.

OWEN
Dammit, Dad!

He slams it again.

Lee reaches the gun.

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM - DAY

Wetzel stares at the ceiling.

WETZEL
What was that?

HAMLET
The groom's upstairs right? With his attendants?

WETZEL
Yeah. If they break anything Renetta will kill them all.

INT. BRIDE'S ROOM - DAY

Owen, chair still attached by neckties, leaps across the room to grab Lee's gun.

They wrestle on the ground. Owen slides the gun away under the bed. He uses the chair as a weapon, moving his feet to repeatedly SLAM it into Lee.

Lee grabs the chair legs and pulls as he stands up, whirls the chair around and POUNDS it into Owen's neck.

He holds on it. Owen is trapped by the chair.

LEE
This is a sturdy chair.

Anabel kicks against her own chair. Owen makes some choking noises, reaches out to Anabel. She squirms but can't get out of her bonds.

Lee looks at the bed. How will he retrieve his gun without letting Owen go?

Lee tries to hold Owen down with one hand, stretches out to reach under the bed.

Owen SLAMS the chair into Lee's kidney, knocking him over.

Owen pulls the rope off one foot.

Lee grabs him. They roll around some more.

WILLARD

Get him!

He tries to get up but can't quite muster the strength.

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM - DAY

Wetzel looks concerned at the ceiling.

WETZEL

I should go check on them.

He walks to the door, grabs the knob-

HAMLET

WOW! Look at this! Did you make this?

He points to a wood carving on a table. Wetzel smiles.

WETZEL

When I was ten. There's a story there.

HAMLET

Tell it!

INT. CEREMONY TENT - DAY

A handful of guests have seated themselves. They look out with worry at the darkening sky.

Renetta rushes to Helen.

RENETTA

We need umbrellas, Helen! How are people going to get from the ceremony to the reception?

HELEN

Run?

RENETTA
UMBRELLAS!

Helen nods, runs off to wrangle up some umbrellas.

Renetta looks around at the mostly finished space. Satisfied.
She adjusts a flower on the aisle.

It's very American.

She salutes. Turns, goes into the house.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

She heads to the office.

RENETTA
WETZEL!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bryan, tools out, turning the dial on the safe, freezes.
There is nowhere to hide in this room.

Feet PLOD in his direction.

He yanks all his equipment off the safe and throws it in the
trash can.

The door flies open. Bryan leaps to the middle of the room,
whips out his phone, and paces.

BRYAN
I told you, I'm busy! I'm at a
wedding!

He turns to the door, waves.

RENETTA
(pissed)
Excuse me.

BRYAN
(into phone)
Hang on a sec, Roger.

He puts the phone against his shoulder.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Yes ma'am? Oh this. I'm so sorry,
I was um, I needed to use the phone.

RENETTA
And who are you?

BRYAN
I'm.... I'm a friend of Anabel's.

RENETTA
I know all Anabel's friends.
(beat)
Are you her date? I can't remember
if she had a date.

BRYAN
Yes. Yes I am her date. Exactly
that.

RENETTA
Well, use a condom.

BRYAN
Okay.

RENETTA
Honey there are about thirty thousand
rooms in this house where I'd rather
you had this conversation.

BRYAN
Yes ma'am.

He puts the phone back up to his ear.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Roger...

Renetta doesn't budge.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(to Renetta)
Oh you mean now.

RENETTA
I mean now.

Bryan shuffles out the door, leaving his equipment behind.

FRONT DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Renetta locks the door and pockets the key.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Now son, if you really are Anabel's
date, I could sure use your help as
an usher. It is all chaos outside
and my boy's useless best man is
dragging his feet. Come on, what's
your name, son?

BRYAN
Micky Bricks.

RENETTA
Unusual name, isn't it? Okay then,
Micky, you help me out while I go
find my husband. Any chance you saw
where he went?

BRYAN
Probably putting on his tux.

RENETTA
Let's hope so or there will be hell
to pay.
(shouts)
WETZEL! WETZEL I NEED YOU! Come
on, honey.

She pulls him outside. He looks back, helpless, at the office
door as he disappears through the back door.

Another door opens on the hall.

Wetzel pokes his head out.

WETZEL
Renetta?

He steps into the hallway.

Hamlet follows.

HAMLET
So any other pieces you want to-

WETZEL
I better go. She knows where the
guns are.

HAMLET
Right.

WETZEL
You have a card?

HAMLET
Oh, I'm afraid I didn't bring one!
But I'll grab your info on the way
out for sure. You have fantastic
pieces!

Wetzel beams, runs outside.

Hamlet tugs at the office door. It's locked. He whistles. Nothing.

EXT. AISLE - DAY

Wetzel emerges from the house in front of the beautifully decorated aisle and chairs that are now almost filled up. A YOUNG PRESBYTERIAN PREACHER mills around at the front, Bible in hand, mumbling.

A string quartet warms up.

Bryan guides old ladies to their seats.

Renetta grabs Wetzel.

RENETTA
Where's the flowers?

WETZEL
You look amazing.

RENETTA
Thank you. Wetzel, honey, you were supposed to bring the bouquets from the refrigerator. And I-

Checks the time-

RENETTA (CONT'D)
Oh my word! It's time! Where the hell are the kids?

WETZEL
I'll get the flowers.

Wetzel starts back to the house. Renetta grabs his hand, kisses him on the cheek.

RENETTA
This time next year we'll have a grandbaby!

WETZEL
You're going to cut holes in their condoms, aren't you.

RENETTA
I would never... actually you know what? That's not a bad idea.

WETZEL
Oh let them be Renetta!

RENETTA

Oh fine. But I will not take back
the baby clothes I gave them as a
wedding gift.

They hold hands as they walk into the house together.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Hamlet runs to the Groom's Room door and pulls it open.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Chaos in here.

Anabel's chair is turned over. She tries to bend her head
to watch the fight on the other side of the room.

The empty chair is cracked. Lee and Owen struggle in one of
those down and dirty man fights. It's not pretty. The main
goal seems to be to smash heads into floor, furniture,
whatever will cause the most damage. Thank goodness for the
carpet.

Both men are bloody and their suits are ripped.

Hamlet runs over, tries to help, gets an elbow to the face
for his troubles.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Renetta trudges up the stairs alone, opens the door to the
bride's room, disappears into it.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - DAY

Hamlet backs up, looks for the gun. Sees nothing. He pulls
Anabel's chair up.

ANABEL

Can you get me a beer?

HAMLET

Don't you have to pee?

ANABEL

It's okay. All the pee has reabsorbed
itself into my blood stream. My
blood is like one tenth urine now.

Hamlet shrugs. While the boys continue to brawl, Hamlet
reaches into the cooler and grabs a bottle.

HAMLET

It's not very cold anymore.

ANABEL
Booze is booze, honey.

He grabs one for himself. Sits back to watch the fight.
Takes a picture.

ANABEL (CONT'D)
Hey that guy, the one with the pretty
eyes, he single?

HAMLET
Who, Bryan? He's always single.

ANABEL
Oh. Slutty type huh.

He tries to pour the beer down her throat, but it dribbles
everywhere.

ANABEL (CONT'D)
Come on, honey. Can I please have
my hand?

He shrugs, unties one hand.

Lee's leg sweeps under the bed, dislodging the gun, which
barely peeks out. Only he sees it.

LEE
Ham, the gun!

Hamlet looks up, away from Anabel.

Anabel grabs the bottle out of his hand, SMASHES it over his
head.

Hamlet slumps onto the floor.

Anabel unties herself from the chair and races out the door.

LEE (CONT'D)
Shit!

He kicks HARD at Owen, rolls over and grabs the gun. He
runs after Anabel.

Owen stumbles up, out of breath. He runs after Lee.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The sky has opened up. Anabel races out of the house and
yells, but the rain drowns her out. She runs for the ceremony
tent where everyone cowers out of the storm.

Lee follows her out and into the tent. Owen follows him.

INT. CEREMONY TENT - DAY

Bryan helps an old lady in a BIG HAT find her seat.

At the sight of Anabel, the string quartet kicks up "America The Beautiful".

ANABEL

No! The groom isn't even here!

Lee rushes in, waving his gun around.

Owen follows. The quartet plays on.

BRYAN

What the fuck?

BIG HAT LADY

Language!

BRYAN

Sorry, ma'am. What the Christ?

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Mary rounds the corner from the front stairwell, nearly crashes into Renetta who comes out of the bathroom.

RENETTA

Heavens to Betsy! What happened to you?

MARY

Have you seen Owen? Or Anabel? They'd be with a man-

RENETTA

You have to change! You're going to have to wear my dress. Come on! It's in Anabel's room, assuming she didn't muck it up.

She tries to tug Mary away, but Mary won't budge.

MARY

Renetta, I need you to finish the preparations. I obviously have a crisis of my own going on now, and I'd love it if I could rely on you to do what you do best and get this wedding to run like a finely tuned organ.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Because you are the most badass woman I know, but you don't know how to put someone in a crucifix, and tough as you are, I'm going to guess you've never actually killed anyone before, and that's really the kind of partner I need right now okay?

RENETTA

What?

MARY

I'll explain later. If I survive. And then you'll probably snap and kill me. But really, right now, please go make sure the centerpieces are right. Please. I can't have you in the middle of this. Owen would never forgive me.

RENETTA

Okay... Honey, are you sure-

MARY

I'm sorry about everything. Thanks for being you. I wish you were my mom. Wait, no, that would be like incest. But you know what-

Renetta hugs her.

Renetta releases, wanders down the hall to the back stairwell.

Mary waits until she disappears around the corner, then throws open the Groom's Door.

Hamlet lies unconscious on the floor.

Mary steps over him to get to Willard, who's wrapping a makeshift bandage around his wound, which has stopped bleeding.

MARY (CONT'D)

Lie down, dummy. I called for an ambulance already.

WILLARD

You called Rodney?

MARY

Yes.

WILLARD

Then we're screwed.

MARY
Shut up and lie down.

WILLARD
Nope, nope, I can stand. I'm okay.

He stands, wobbly but up.

WILLARD (CONT'D)
Whoa.

He wobbles, but grabs a table and stays on his feet.

MARY
Where did they go?

WILLARD
Not sure. Anabel went to get help,
but...

A GUN SHOT RINGS OUT!

They both perk up.

MARY
Downstairs. I gotta go.

WILLARD
Let me have that gun. I'll handle
this.

MARY
They're here for me. I have to fix
this. You just-

WILLARD
I'm fine! Think I haven't been drunk
and stabbed before? Please. I grew
up in this town. We gotta get down
there.

He reaches for her gun. She grabs his hand.

MARY
I know what I have to do.

INT. CEREMONY TENT - DAY

The guests all sit in the chairs, mostly on the left side,
mostly cowering in fear. Some are simply intrigued.

Bryan's got his gun trained on everyone. Lee's got his square
on Owen.

BRYAN
We said no phones!

A smoldering cell phone lies on the ground, destroyed by a bullet.

Spectators protest, but the way to the exit is blocked. Some try to crawl under chairs. Some try to use human shields. Some just sit and watch.

Owen CRASHES into Lee, knocking him to the floor. More wrestling. The musicians aren't sure what to do. Two of them keep playing.

YOUNG PREACHER
Gentlemen! This is hardly appropriate behavior!

Lee pushes Owen off, throws the gun in his face.

Owen grabs the gun, tries to whirl it out of Lee's hand, but Lee elbows him in the face. It's a very sloppy exchange.

Lee scrambles to his feet, holds the gun on Owen.

BRYAN
Fuck you, Lee.

LEE
Fuck me?

BRYAN
I was gonna hook up with this girl later and now she's not going to sleep with me, right?

ANABEL
Right.

BRYAN
So fuck you, Lee.

Wetzel enters carrying bouquets.

WETZEL
Ladies and... huh?

OWEN
Dad, just go get-

BRYAN
Don't go get anybody. Nobody's leaving and nobody's making phone calls.

WETZEL
You boys after money?

OWEN
They came for Mary.

BRYAN
I was after money.

WETZEL
Mary?

Mary appears in the entrance. Now her dress and her hair are sopping wet.

MARY
And here I am.

Renetta runs in after her. Stops short at the sight of a gun on her son.

RENETTA
Put those goddamn guns away!

MARY
Renetta, I mean all that stuff I just said upstairs. But right now I'm going to need you to shut the fuck up while I handle this.

RENETTA
You said you were going to change.

MARY
And I did.

RENETTA
Well I never-

Wetzel puts his hand on hers. She quiets.

LEE
It's too late for handling anything.

Mary pulls Fido's gun out of her cleavage, aims it at Lee.

MARY
You're going to take that gun off my groom and put it on me. Then we're going to talk about an exchange.

She pulls the rock out of her cleavage.

BRYAN
What else you got in there?

Mary gives him the finger. He chuckles.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I told Lee this plan sucked.

Lee doesn't move the gun from Owen's head.

MARY
(to Lee)
You're going to let Owen go, then
you and I are going to walk outside
together and I will give you this
and watch you walk away. Clear?

LEE
No.

BRYAN
No? Come on, Lee. Enough with the
revenge shit.

LEE
Owen has some questions he'd like
answered! I think it's the least we
can do, right Jen? Go ahead, Owen.
Ask.

OWEN
The day we met, did you flirt with
me on purpose because of the money?

Mary hesitates.

LEE
Did you?

MARY
That day? Yes.

Owen's face falls. Heartbreak.

RENETTA
What?

Wetzel grabs her.

RENETTA (CONT'D)
But Wetzel-

OWEN
Mom, hush. Just... just wait. Mary,
did you-

MARY

This morning I wasn't going to go through with it.

OWEN

Oh.

MARY

I had a choice. Marry you and pretend to be somebody else for the rest of my life or leave now and.... I didn't want to leave. I kept hoping I'd figure out option three. And then when I realized I was putting you in danger, that's when I-

LEE

She's conning you. She's conned you since the moment she met you.

MARY

I'm not that person anymore.

OWEN

How can I be sure?

MARY

I could have left today.

OWEN

You were going to.

MARY

No, I mean, after that. I had the rock, I had the gun, Fido was down.

RENETTA

Who's Fido?

BRYAN

Apparently he's dead.

MARY

He's not dead. I did fuck him up, though.

BRYAN

Way to go, Jen! He wanted to kill you, but I said-

OWEN

Is that your name? Jen?

RENETTA

Your name's not Mary? Oh lord I am confused.

She turns around, shouts to the whole congregation.

MARY

I started out all about the money. Yes, that's what I thought when I met you. I mean you were super cute, but back then all I thought about was how to work a mark. And now...

OWEN

That was eight months ago.

MARY

Seems longer.

WETZEL

Welcome to marriage.

Renetta elbows him.

MARY

But you're not an asshole.

The telestrator points to Owen. Labels him as "Not an asshole".

MARY (CONT'D)

Rule number one, guys, remember?

BRYAN

Can't con an innocent man.

MARY

No you can't. And I wasn't going to. I came back for you because I want this crazy normal life. And either way, I don't have to lie anymore. I'm really tired of lying. I'm done lying, guys. I wish I could have been your wife, Owen Davis.

BIG HAT LADY

I'm taking my gift back.

MARY

And Renetta I'll pay you back for the wedding. Not the announcement, though, because if it hadn't been for that, then...

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
(off Renetta's angry
face)
You know what, never mind. We'll
talk about that later.

LEE
You don't love him. And it's too
late to score your mark. He knows
who you are now.

OWEN
I always knew.

MARY
What?

FLASHBACK

INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Owen, on his hands and knees, rummages around in his closet. He reaches in the way back, pulls loose a board. TWO BOXES fall at his feet. One, a box fit for an engagement ring. The other, the TIFFANY'S BOX with the moon rock.

He opens the Tiffany's box. Handles the moon rock, reads the authentication papers.

OWEN
Huh.

BACK TO SCENE

OWEN (CONT'D)
I knew you stole it. Kept waiting
for you to tell me. Didn't know
about these fine gentlemen, but I
knew you were a thief.

MARY
You were going to marry me anyway?

OWEN
I trusted you. Kept hoping you'd do
the same. Why couldn't you? You
were willing to run away this morning
rather than tell me who you really
were. Why?

MARY
In my line of work, you-

LEE
Man, you are a fucking sucker.

Lee cocks his weapon and pushes it against Owen's head.

BRYAN

Lee. Let's just grab the rock.
Fuck all this romantic shit. She
made her bed, let her lie in it.

LEE

No.

Mary leaps in

SLOW MOTION, dress floating behind her, dumping water and
dirt on the audience.

MARY (V.O.)

Eight months ago I would have punched
myself for what I'm doing right now.
Fuck me from eight months ago. I
like Now Me.

RESUME REGULAR SPEED

As she falls, Mary grabs Lee and knocks him to the ground,
wrestles with him.

Owen, knocked to the ground, rushes to help Mary. She
accidentally elbows him in the face. He ignores the pain,
pulls her off.

He punches Lee a couple of times, but just when it looks
like he's winning-

The gun goes off. People cringe and cover their ears.

Bryan runs for it, out of the tent.

Mary, lying next to Lee, grabs at her lower body, stunned.
She looks down - oh no. Is she hit?

No, there's just a giant fucking hole in her dress now.
Goddammit. She grabs the rock from where it fell during her
leap. Shoves it back in her cleavage.

Lee scrambles for his gun, but Owen gets there first.

Mary stands, holds her gun on Lee.

MARY (CONT'D)

LEE!

He turns.

MARY (CONT'D)

You deserve everything you're gonna get.

Willard stands in the opening, sheriff's uniform on, like a beacon of justice, the picture of health. His gun shines on Mary.

OWEN

You're okay!

WILLARD

Mary, drop the weapon!

She complies.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

Owen, I deputize you in the name of the state of North Carolina.

RENETTA

Is that how that works?

WILLARD

You keep your gun on that asshole.

Owen winks at Lee, gun firmly aimed at his face.

Bryan drops his weapon.

BRYAN

Can I go? I'm just an usher.

WILLARD

Shut up.

Bryan rolls under the flap to escape.

ANABEL

I'll get him.

Anabel grabs his gun, Runs out after him.

WILLARD

Mary, also known as one Jennifer Jones, you are under arrest for the theft of a moon rock that rightfully belongs to the state of Arkansas.

OWEN

How much is it worth?

She pulls it out of her cleavage, looks at it.

MARY

I was gonna ask seven million.

OWEN

Eh. Arkansas needs it more.

Willard holds out his hand. She doesn't want to give it up.

Owen reaches for it. Mary gives it to him. And in the split second Owen's eyes are off him, Lee tries to roll under the tent the way Bryan did, but he gets stuck.

Owen lunges and grabs Lee's legs, struggles to pull him back into the tent. Lee kicks at him but Owen hangs on.

A couple of other guests rush over and help Owen.

Willard collapses in a chair.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

The sky is darkened by the rain. Lee runs for it, but Owen SLAMS into him, a good football tackle.

They roll in the dirt.

Bryan jogs past him.

ANABEL

Bryan!

Bryan stops. Looks back.

BRYAN

I'm sorry about all this. I just wanted the money. I didn't want to hurt anybody.

ANABEL

I know.

She grabs him, kisses him.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

I'm keeping your gun.

She lets him go, aims his own gun at him as she backs toward the tent.

Bryan watches her go, sees Lee struggling to escape from the tent, then turns and books it for the driveway.

Anabel walks around the side of the tent, holds Bryan's gun on Lee's head. He stops struggling.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

Bye.

He slides back into the tent, dragged like a horror movie victim.

A gaggle of sheriff's deputies rush the grounds.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

They're all in the tent, fellas.
I'm gonna go take the world's most
glorious pee.

INT. CEREMONY TENT - NIGHT

The deputies run in to see Owen beating the crap out of Lee. Willard points. One of the deputies pulls Owen off.

DEPUTY

It's okay, son. We'll take it from
here.

They pull Lee up, cuff him.

Mary stands in front of Willard.

MARY

Cuff me.

He does.

LEE

You turning yourself in?

MARY

I'm done lying. Today everyone I
ever cared about was stabbed or shot
at or beat up-

She looks at Owen, who's filthy and bloody and bruised-

MARY (CONT'D)

-And it's my fault. These people
have been really nice to me, and I
love this man. I wanted to be your
wife, Owen, I swear. But I can't do
that to you. I don't deserve it.

LEE

You should do community theater.

MARY
That was real, you dick.

DEPUTY
Let's go, buddy.

He pulls Lee out of the tent.

EMTs rush in and get to work on Willard.

WILLARD
Oh thank God. I could really use an
aspirin, y'all.

He passes out.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Hamlet, nursing a fucked-up head, pulls up with a barely
conscious Fido in back. Bryan races to hop in the car as it
zooms down the dirt road, away from the big house.

In the rearview, a deputy pushes Lee into a squad car.

INT. TENT - DAY

Owen holds up the rock.

MARY
That belongs to the state of Arkansas,
but the reward should be enough to
pay for the wedding.

RENETTA
Finally some good news.

She turns to a SECOND DEPUTY.

MARY
Time for me to go.

OWEN
You're not going.

MARY
I need to. I'm sorry about all this.
I didn't mean to-

OWEN
(to the Deputy)
Her name's not Jennifer Jones.
(to Mary)
Am I right?

Her jaw drops.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Mary Smith, Jennifer Jones, those are very common names, right? Names to get lost with. But I found you.

(to the deputy)

This isn't the girl you're looking for, got it?

SECOND DEPUTY

A lot of Jennifer Joneses in the world, Owen.

OWEN

There sure are. This ain't one of them. Her name is.... What is it?

MARY

Daisy Martoccia. From Jersey.

Owen holds his hand out to the deputy, who hands him the keys to the cuffs. Owen undoes the cuffs, then grabs her hand and shakes it.

OWEN

Pleased to meet you, Daisy. I'm Owen Davis, from right here. And I want to know all about you.

~~MARY~~ DAISY

All my skeletons?

OWEN

Every one.

DAISY

I hope you like long stories.

OWEN

You know, I once set fire to a toilet paper roll in the school bathroom.

DAISY

You've got a dark side.

OWEN

I keep telling you.

DAISY

So what so we do about all these people? We should probably give back the gifts.

OWEN

You don't want to get married?

DAISY

Let's go on a date first. Besides,
I can't walk down the aisle in this
dress. It's a disaster.

BIG HAT LADY

Is somebody getting married here, or
what?

RENETTA

Oh somebody's getting married alright.
Where's Anabel? I'll be needing my
dress back. Wetzell, we're gonna
save this wedding!

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Lee rides along in the back seat, looking out the window.

DEPUTY

Whole damn town's at that wedding.
You see that?

SECOND DEPUTY

You barely know them folks!

DEPUTY

Still. Principle of the thing.
Don't feel right, letting that girl
go.

SECOND DEPUTY

Aw come on, man. True love.

DEPUTY

Horse shit.

LEE

What? You let her go?

DEPUTY

Shut up, asshole. You're going away
for a long time. We don't take kindly
to folks stabbing deputies around
here.

SECOND DEPUTY

I think it's nice, that girl changing
her ways and all. Romantic.

DEPUTY

People don't change, man.

Lee stares out the window at all the sad days to come.

EXT. CEREMONY TENT - NIGHT

The rain comes down as the music starts. "America the Beautiful."

INT. CEREMONY TENT - NIGHT

Renetta stands at the end of the aisle, her dress a modernized version of the one she wore years ago.

Wetzel is in the place of the groom, Owen his best man. Anabel and Daisy stand in as bridesmaids.

The telestrator labels her as "Renetta (the Bride)".

She stomps down the aisle to her husband.

Young Preacher runs into place.

The congregation quiets down.

Renetta and Wetzel plant themselves in front of Young Preacher.

WETZEL
Say the words, kid.

YOUNG PREACHER
Okay. We are gathered here today to join Owen and... uh...

RENETTA
Renetta and Wetzel, goddammit.

YOUNG PREACHER
Renetta and Wetzel in holy matrimony.

WETZEL
You always have to go first.

RENETTA
I do.
(beat)
Again.

WETZEL
Well then I do too, Moose.

RENETTA
DAMMIT WETZEL, stop calling me moose!

He dips her, kisses her, HARD.

YOUNG PREACHER
Okay. Uh, then kiss.

The crowd claps. Wetzel whips her up.

WETZEL
You'll always be my little moosey.

YOUNG PREACHER
I now pronounce you-

WETZEL
My wife, everybody!

Cheering.

Owen runs up, grabs Daisy, spins her around.

OWEN
Rumor has it there's a party going
on next door. Want to dance?

EXT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

The rain has subsided and the world is clean.

INT. RECEPTION TENT - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. Wetzel flings his wife around the dance floor. Big Hat Lady pounds a slice of cake. Anabel flirts with Young Preacher. All is right.

Owen dances with Daisy in her ripped up scraggledy dress.

OWEN
You look fantastic in that dress.

She looks like a disaster.

DAISY
What, this old thing? I really messed
it up.

OWEN
It looks great. It's got a story.

He looks around. Nobody's watching them.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Let's go to Vegas and get married.

DAISY
There's so much I haven't told you.

OWEN
It's a long drive. I'll get to know
you on the way there.

He kisses her.

FIREWORKS. It's a celebration of America.

Wetzel dips his wife on the dance floor.

He pulls her up just in time to see a brilliant blast of red, white and blue in the sky.

"The Star Spangled Banner" echoes into the night.

The congregation migrates to the side of the tent to watch the sky light up. Owen and Daisy slip out the back, hand in hand.

FADE OUT.