

'Til Death

Written by
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INT. THE MANSION - DAWN

Someone slumbers beneath the sheets, twilight obscuring their identity for now. A shadow falls over the bed. The cast of a killer, holding a knife.

The shadow advances. The person in the bed stirs and rolls over, revealing an attractive, naked man. Sensing danger, his eyes fly open.

MAN

Shit.

The camera reveals the shadow in the room. A woman, in a cocktail dress, the zipper open to her lower back. She holds one stiletto in her hand—the “knife.” She is whispering; frantic.

WOMAN

I fell asleep! I didn't mean to!
I've been so exhausted lately. Help
me with this thing...

She backs up against the edge of the bed. He zips her up.

MAN

What time is it?

The woman paces the room, looking for something.

WOMAN

Early. Maybe no one will notice I
didn't sleep in my room? But I
mean, whatever, right?

She laughs nervously as she tears the room apart. We notice a tuxedo has been hung on the door of a wardrobe. There's a suitcase on the floor. The decor is a bit grand, a bit shabby. A luxury hotel room, maybe. In need of an update.

MAN

Just say you ran out for coffee.

The woman gestures at what she's wearing.

WOMAN

Looking like smacked ass in my
rehearsal dinner dress?!

MAN

Keep your voice down! You have to
go.

The woman holds up her lone shoe.

WOMAN

I have to find the other one. Or
I'll be the bridesmaid in flip
flops.

MAN

I'll get it to you somehow.

The woman hooks the chain strap of her purse over her
shoulder.

WOMAN

Pictures at noon so it has to
before—

MAN

(panicked)
I know! Just go!

The woman gives him an odd look on her way out.

INT. THE MANSION HALLWAY - DAWN

The woman closes the door behind her, gently. The hallway is
plushly carpeted, the walls adorned with oil portraits of
smug white men. Mahogany side tables frame the runner, topped
with heavy bronze lamps. The house is from another era, or at
least decorated to appear as much. Look closer, and you'll
see that the silk painted wallpaper is peeling in corners;
the carpet unraveling at the edges. Pipes clink; floorboards
creak. The place is in dire need of a face lift.

The woman tiptoes down the hall, passing a series of doors,
each with a room number. Some sort of hotel; maybe a bed and
breakfast. Just as she is about to reach the landing, a door
in front of her opens and a man steps into the hallway in his
boxers, holding his phone up, searching for a signal.

The woman clamps a hand over her mouth, stifling a gasp. She
starfishes the wall while the man continues to wave his phone
around. He pauses at the top stair for what feels like an
eternity, before deciding to try the first floor for service.
The woman exhales as he descends the stairs. She counts to
ten, then follows him. It's the only way out.

INT. THE MANSION - STAIRWELL - DAWN

The woman checks around the bend when she reaches the large
balcony stair. No one waiting for her. She continues.

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - DAWN

The woman tiptoes through the central court of the mansion. The space is palatial and ornately appointed, bracketed by a wide, arcing double staircase. The woman looks around and, seeing no one, makes a dash for the other set of stairs. She freezes when she hears a key in the lock outside the door.

She has but a split second to hide. She ducks inside the downstairs bathroom just as the door opens.

INT. THE MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAWN

The woman holds her breath, listening.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAWN

Two people enter the mansion, carrying crates of wine—the caterers and her assistant, here early to set up.

CATERER

Just stack them here for now. It's about to pour.

They set the crates on the long console table, next to the bathroom door. One is placed precariously close to the edge.

INT. THE MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAWN

The woman listens, her ear pressed to the door. She hears feet on gravel. She is just about to open the door when she notices a rustling in the stall behind her.

The woman whips around, clutching her lone stiletto to her chest. There are three stalls in the bathroom, all with full length doors, all closed. She opens one door. Empty. The rustling continues.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAWN

The caterer and her assistant appear with another crate of wine, setting it on the table.

INT. THE MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAWN

The woman opens the second stall door. Empty. The rustling is louder, more frantic. She takes a deep breath and reaches for the third door knob...

EXT. THE MANSION - DRIVEAWAY - DAWN

The caterer's assistant stops when he hears a faint cry.

ASSISTANT
Did you hear that?

The caterer has her head in the back of the van. Raindrops begin to speckle the driveway.

CATERER
Hurry, will you?

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAWN

HOLD on the door to the bathroom. We hear a struggle inside.

EXT. THE MANSION - DRIVEAWAY - DAWN

The caterer and her assistant have their heads halfway in the van. The rain picks up, drowning out the sound of the attack.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAWN

The camera holds on the bathroom door and the table next to it, where the crates of wine have been stacked unevenly. A body slams into the bathroom door from the inside, hard enough to send a reverberation through the wall. The crate of wine moves one inch closer to the edge. The body slams against the inside of the bathroom door again, harder. In the grim silence that follows, a small pool of blood seeps under the bathroom door, pooling in the entryway.

EXT. THE MANSION - DRIVEAWAY - DAWN

The caterer and her assistant rush for the door as the sky opens up. A loud crash eclipses the rain, startling them. They look at each other, eyes wide.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAWN

Hold on the horrified face of the caterer in the doorway.

CATERER
Please no.

The shot widens to reveal the source of her distress: a crate of wine is upturned on the floor, bottles broken, red wine everywhere. It mixes with the blood, concealing the crime.

CATERER (CONT'D)
The '97 Piedmont!

ASSISTANT
Want me to get a Taskrabbit to
replace it?

CATERER
Another case of the '97 will put us
over budget.

ASSISTANT
What do you want me to—

CATERER
Get something red and on sale. Then
tell the bartender to get these
people sloshed at cocktail hour so
they don't notice they're drinking
Cupcake Cab with their filet
mignon.

The caterer takes a step back as the blood and wine mixture
creeps dangerously close to her feet.

CATERER (CONT'D)
And find a mop for this.
(sniffs the air)
And Febreeze or something.
(sniffs again)
Maybe we dodged a bullet. Smells
like the '97 turned.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL SUITE - LATER THAT MORNING

French manicured fingernails stroke a white silk wedding
dress, lovingly. Pull back to reveal a young woman in her
early twenties, very tan, very blonde, very skinny. She
reaches into the closet and removes the wedding dress on its
hanger, holding it in front of her body and admiring herself
in the full length mirror. The room is obscenely white and
lacy; a virgin bride's boudoir on steroids.

The door to the bathroom opens and another woman walks out in
a towel, the shower running behind her. Her hair hasn't seen
a brush in fourteen hours and she has mascara smudged under
her eyes. This is JULIE WHEELER, MD, PhD, 34, the bride.

JULIE
Uh. What are you doing?

The young woman jumps three feet in the year, caught. This is
KAREN KULBACK, the wedding coordinator. Not the bride.

KAREN

Just seeing if your dress needed steaming!

She puts it back in the closet, running her fingers down the material one last time, longingly.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(sighing)

It's perfect though.

Behind her, Julie tries not to laugh as she digs through her suitcase. Karen checks her watch, then consults her clipboard.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hair and makeup will be here in seven minutes.

Julie finds her razor in her toiletry kit and lifts her arm, examining her stubbly armpit.

JULIE

Yeah. Sorry. I thought I could get away with another day of not shaving but...

She moves closer to Karen so she can see.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What do you think? Probably should shave, right?

Karen is appalled that this is even up for debate, but she is a consummate professional, always.

KAREN

I don't think a bride ever regrets shaving her underarms on her wedding day.

She looks at her clipboard as she reaches for the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)

We should be on schedule for family portraits in the rose garden at noon. The photographer found the turn.

JULIE

Thanks, Karen. I didn't realize he missed the turn.

KAREN
 Most people do.
 (beat)
 I'll give you your-

She breaks off with a shrill scream as she opens the door to the killer in a black mask.

MEG
 That felt racist.

It's not the killer. It's MEG BRUNI, 35, Julie's matron of honor and best friend. She's wearing a charcoal face mask.

KAREN
 It was the face mask. Not
 your...not the...I am *not* racist. I
 preordered Michelle Obama's book!

MEG
 You are a true ally.

Meg flops on Julie's bed and folds her arms behind her head with a sly grin. Something out the window makes Karen gasp.

KAREN
 Oh, no, no, no. The hydrangeas need
 at least two more hours in cool
 water!

Both Meg and Julie look out the window to see the florists carrying in the table arrangements. Karen gives them a brave if warworn smile.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Do not panic.

Karen runs out of the room in a panic, clipboard clutched to her chest. Meg and Julie look at each other and cackle. Meg tosses something at Julie, wrapped in tissue paper.

MEG
 Something borrowed.

Julie unwraps the gift. It's a white satin thong, BRIDE bedazzled on the crotch in rhinestones.

JULIE
 Your dirty underwear from 2010?

MEG
 The satin tube sock I wore down the aisle required me to go commando.

JULIE

You looked like such a slice. And
your wedding was fun.

(beat; somber)

I hope this is fun.

MEG

What's not fun about this? I would
have died to consummate my marriage
in this room.

Julie takes inventory of the frilly, all white princess room.

JULIE

It's like engineered to make your
hymen grow back.

Meg pats the bed, and Julie lays down next to her.

MEG

I'll make this heart-to-heart quick
so as not to arouse the ire of the
in-house Stepford striver with the
clipboard and spray tan-

JULIE

Karen.

MEG

Can you imagine naming a baby
Karen? What else was she supposed
to do with her life than wear a
blazer and run a tight ship?

Julie half-smiles, still a little unsure about something.

MEG (CONT'D)

I submit this place is a Pinterest
terrorist attack-

JULIE

So many mason jars-

MEG

-but you are getting married here,
surrounded by hundreds of old
people you barely know, because
it's been in your mother-in-law's
family since before white women had
the vote and shit is free.

JULIE

The bands's not free. Neither is
the caterer. Or the florist.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

The photographer. The stationer.
The buses to and from the only
hotel within a twenty-five mile
radius of here. The nice ones. With
air conditioning and bathrooms for
those hundreds of old people I
don't know.

MEG

The New York Times ordered a full
page feature on the nuptials of Dr.
Forty under Forty Most Powerful
Women in Biotech and your vendors
aren't giving you a media discount?

JULIE

It still adds up.

MEG

Lots of couples who get married
later in life pay for their own
weddings.

JULIE

We aren't paying for this though.

Meg places her hand on Julie's forehead, as though checking
her temperature.

MEG

Uh-huh.

JULIE

Uh-huh what?

MEG

It's Wendy Darling Disorder.

JULIE

Nope. Not listed in the DSM.

MEG

Because guys and their fucking
Peter Pan syndromes have captured
the culture section of every major
news outlet and it's time to devote
some ink to the romantic
frustrations of the Wendy Darlings
of the world. You know, those of us
who enjoyed our sojourns in
Neverland but realized life was
better with toilet paper?

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

Wendy Darling went home, grew the fuck up, and now her only marriage prospects are lost boys with an aversion to responsibility, changing their sheets, and women who were not in diapers when they were in high school.

JULIE

Thank you for inviting me to your Ted talk.

MEG

I still have the mic, Kanye. As the third *woman of color*—
(jerking off motion)
to make managing director at Goldman Sachs with a husband who tried to use her bonus to join Baltustrol—a place that didn't admit black people until I was in the third grade—I am no stranger to a flare up of Wendy Darling Disorder.

JULIE

So what is the treatment plan?

MEG

Tumeric and separate bank account smoothie.

JULIE

Separate bank accounts just make it my responsibility to pay all the bills though.

MEG

The holistic approach is remembering that compromise is a muscle, and yours is weak from all those years of slutty independence.

JULIE

I hate that I'm being so grubby about money. It's not me.

MEG

Neither is this tacky ass wedding factory. But you knew how much it would mean to your mother-in-law to have it splashed across the Sunday Styles, especially after all that weird shit went down here.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)
That's the opposite of grubby.
That's love! Fuck fun.
(grins)
Though we gon' have it.

Julie nods, but she doesn't smile.

JULIE
Why am I so nervous? It's like. The
thought of having to answer to
someone for the rest of my life,
that really scares me. But it's not
as scary as being alone.
(beat)
Were you scared?

MEG
Of course I was scared. Matt is a
moron who has put on all the weight
I've lost in the last nine years
and I was a four to begin with.

JULIE
But that's your schtick. You
emasculate him and he gets off on
it. You work.

MEG
Julie, Tom is an emotionally
available thirty-seven year old
with a six pack and a rare affinity
for age appropriate women. You're
thirty-four. You want a baby. It's
not perfect, but it works.
(beat)
You went off BC, right?

JULIE
At the beginning of the summer.

MEG
Good. Sometimes it takes your body
a little to reset. Remember what
happened to Annabelle.

JULIE
That was so sad.

MEG
But she found a great adoption
agency.

Julie is quiet for a moment, thinking.

JULIE

Maybe it would be easier to accept that what is mine is now Tom's if I hadn't already made so many concessions for him.

MEG

You told me you wanted to make the move to California.

Julie is about to confess something when the door opens and two of her bridesmaids walk in, proffering trays of Starbucks, bottles of Veuve, and pitchers of orange juice. This is SABRINA WEISENBERG and HEATHER JIANG, 34 and 35. Heather is extremely pregnant.

HEATHER

The closest Starbucks was like thirty minutes away and Waze wouldn't pick up our location.

Sabrina sneezes into her arm.

SABRINA

And then we had to stop for Dayquil.

Heather hands Julie her coffee. It reads: The Bride!

JULIE

Ugh, you caught the baby's cold again?

Sabrina nods, miserably.

SABRINA

But it turned out to be a blessing in disguise—

A third woman enters the room, a little awkwardly. This is TABITHA HANOVER, late 20s.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

We ran into your New York Times reporter asking the CVS pharmacist for directions!

Julie scrambles off the bed to greet Tabitha. Heather starts mixing the mimosas. She takes a big gulp of one and Sabrina gives her a look. Heather gestures to her huge stomach.

HEATHER

It's cooked.

SABRINA

It's gonna need a tutor.

JULIE

Tabitha! I'm so sorry you had trouble finding the place. I should have given you directions from the city just in case.

Julie extends her hand. Tabitha shakes it, weakly. She gazes around the room, awestruck.

TABITHA

Wow. This place...

Julie laughs. Yup. "This place."

JULIE

It's something. Right?

Heather starts to pass out the mimosas. She's made five. One for Tabitha, one for Sabrina, one for Meg, one for Julie, and one for....

HEATHER

Where's Becca?

EXT. THE MANSION - DRIVING RANGE - MORNING

FOCUS on the face of the man in the bed from this morning. This is DYLAN CUNNINGHAM, 37. The last known person to have seen Becca alive. Pull back to reveal that he has just thwacked a golf ball into the woods. His father, CHUCK CUNNINGHAM, 65, is with him. Behind them, The Mansion looms, and workers set up chairs for the ceremony. The rain gave way to a clear and chilly fall day. Before them, a sharp drop, and then the land rises up again. It's a breathtaking backdrop, a wildly romantic place to say *I do*.

CHUCK

Striped that one.

Dylan wipes sweat off his brow.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Might have broke a window in the community center.

Dylan smirks. There's nothing but acres of trees below them.

DYLAN

I thought this is supposed to be the community center.

He gestures at The Mansion behind him.

CHUCK

That's the farm to table
restaurant.

Chuck hits a ball, hard. Father and son watch it sail. Chuck slings his golf club over his shoulder and turns to Dylan.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

If you can talk some sense into
your knucklehead brother, that is.

Dylan takes his swing.

DYLAN

I'm trying, dad. It's a solid
offer.

Chuck pushes a brochure into Dylan's hands. It's a digital rendering of the property as a luxury neighborhood.

CHUCK

It's more than a solid offer,
Dylan. Your grandparents set it up
so that when you do decide to sell
this place, your mother walks away
with half the interest and you and
Tom split the rest. The Mansion
will never recover after what you
idiots got up to that summer. Have
you made sure your brother
understands this?

DYLAN

He's a romantic schmuck. Three
generations of our family have
gotten married here.

CHUCK

And only one ended in a bitter
divorce.

Dylan hits another ball, not wanting to feed into his father's mounting tantrum.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I have supported your mother
financially for twenty eight years,
and we were only married for half
of them. If she accepts the very
generous offer the developer has
made all of you, I have grounds to
request that alimony be terminated.

DYLAN

And I'm tired of getting up at 2am every day to work Hong Kong hours.

CHUCK

Your brother has never worked an honest day in his life. And I've always supported his global CEO's tastes on a slipshod start-up budget. And now he'll just bottom feed from Julie.

Chuck is on a roll. His face is turning red and angry.

DYLAN

He loves that girl, dad.

CHUCK

He loves that woman. Some of you are closer to forty than thirty.

Chuck lowers his club and takes a step toward his son.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Get through to him, or else.

DYLAN

How do you reason with someone who says it's not about money?

CHUCK

It's always about the money.

Chuck stalks off. Dylan watches him go, shaking his head.

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - MORNING

Chuck appears on the first floor, amid the hustle and bustle of the ceremony set up. Florists are putting together beautiful arrangements, the photographer is taking test shots, the caterer is ferrying boxes of food. Chuck watches as Karen bosses everyone around.

KAREN

Who's Jeep is that in the drive?
Yours?

The server shakes his head as he walks by. She addresses another one.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Yours?
(shakes his head)
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Well, find a way to move it! It's not like it's a Cayenne!

Chuck notices the bartender setting up the bar and makes a beeline for him.

CHUCK

How about a finger of Bulleit for the father of the groom?

BARTENDER

Oh, uh...
(looks around under the table)
I haven't brought in the liquor yet. Just some champagne.

Chuck slides a hundred dollar bill across the bar top.

CHUCK

Champagne is for people who have something to celebrate.

The bartender steps out from behind the bar.

BARTENDER

I'll be just a moment, sir.

Chuck nods, happy money still talks to some people. He rests an elbow on the bar, watching everyone else work around him.

EXT. THE MANSION - MORNING

The bartender approaches a white service van and opens the back doors. He scans the boxes packed chest high—V for Vodka, T for Tequila. No W for Whiskey. He climbs into the van.

INT. VAN - MORNING

The bartender is in the back of the van, walled in by stacks of boxes, when someone slams the back doors shut.

BARTENDER

Hey! Someone's back here!

He tries to squeeze his way out. Suddenly, he hears the driver's side door slam shut. The engine starts.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop!

The bartender reverses his path, toward the divider between the front seats and the cargo. The van lurches, violently to the left, and the bartender loses his footing. The van is driving recklessly now, bumping and swerving and picking up speed. The bartender manages to get close enough to the divider to peer through the small frosted window. He discerns a white and shapeless form behind the wheel. He pounds on the glass, shouting. With no warning, the van comes to a crashing stop. The bartender ricochets off the divider, landing in a daze among the boxes. He groans, softly, bringing a hand to his temple. His fingers come away with blood.

Through the bartender's fuzzy POV, we watch as one back door opens, then another. Everything sharpens into focus when the blade of an axe cleaves the top of a box. The killer flings the box outside. It lands in the grass, vodka bottles shattering everywhere.

The bartender dodges left, just as the axe whizzes by his head, connecting with another box. The killer hurls the boxes onto the ground, until the bartender, and by proxy the audience, can see the killer clearly for the first time.

The killer wears an all white robe and an all white morph face mask. No holes for the eyes or nose or mouth.

The bartender grabs a stray bottle of whiskey, throwing it at the killer's head. The killer stumbles, and the bartender dives onto the grass, taking off.

The woods are dense and disorienting. Before he knows it, the bartender has circled back around to the van. He jumps behind the wheel of the van, hoping, praying. YES. The keys have been left in the ignition. Just as he starts the car, the axe shatters the small window divider. The killer hacks at the bartender's hand on the wheel. The bartender screeches as his finger flies out the open window. The killer raises the axe and sinks the blade into the seatbelt, pinning the bartender's head to the seat. He crashes into a tree, the seat belt severing his neck. The bartender bleeds out. Only once he's gone limp does the axe release the seatbelt, disappearing through the shattered divider. We see the killer walk away—but not before grabbing a bottle of whiskey, lifting the bottom of the mask, and taking a swig.

EXT. THE MANSION - WINDING DRIVEWAY - MORNING

We hear heavy breathing before we see him: a man running. The camera tracks his path from behind, carefully avoiding his face. He's wearing a baseball hat, and he's shirtless, fit, and sweaty. We follow him up the final, last push of his run. The Mansion appears before him, the circular driveway crammed with service vans and workers.

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR

The man enters the mansion. A few of the female workers turn to check him out as he makes his way up the stairs. His hat is pulled low over his eyes, his face still concealed.

INT. THE MANSION - GROOM'S WING - GUEST ROOM

The man enters the room to find three men reclined in a chair, hot towels on their faces, a barber readying his tools. This is EVAN JIANG, 36, Heather's husband, OLIVER WEISENBERG, 37, Sabrina's husband, and MATT BRUNI, 37, Meg's husband. Matt is a little tubby, a lot hairy.

MATT

Two hour run. Slacking, man.

The man stretches his arms above his head. Matt watches a bead of sweat take a bumpy ride down his washboard abs.

MATT (CONT'D)

Jesus. Will you marry *me*?

The man plops down in a chair. He removes his hat, but before we can see his face, the barber covers it in a hot towel.

MAN

Your wife's not enough above your pay grade for you?

MATT

Meg is an overachieving lunatic, bro. She's skinnier now than she was before she had the kids.

(his phone buzzes and he looks at it)

But not, like, too thin.

MAN

(sarcastic)

Too thin is what's gross.

The other guys snicker. Matt does not realize the man is making fun of him. He's reading a text and distracted.

MATT

Not as gross as fat. You want anything from Starbucks? Meg says the girls are going.

EVAN

Grande soy latte.

OLIVER

When the barista writes your name
on the cup, does she capitalize the
P in Pussy?

MATT

Soy gay.

Evan flips them off. The guys crack themselves up. The man
from the run rolls his eyes beneath the hot towel.

MAN

Iced coffee.

MATT

Skim milk, I presume.

He sends the order via text. A fifth man appears in the
doorway, phone in hand, a worried expression on his face.
This is JASON GIBSON, 36, husband of Becca, the missing
bridesmaid. We recognize him as the man who walked out of his
room earlier this morning, looking for service.

JASON

Anyone spoken to the girls this
morning?

MATT

Talking to Meg right now. You want
anything from Starbucks—FUCK!

Evan plugs his ear. Matt is a loudmouth.

MATT (CONT'D)

Meg sent that text like an hour
ago. They're already back. Service
here can suck my choade!

JASON

Can you tell Meg to tell Becca to
call me? She's not answering her
phone.

The man turns to look at Jason, causing the hot towel to slip
from his face. Matt starts to text Meg.

MATT

What should I have her tell your ex-
wife it's about?

JASON

The nanny called. She thinks Molly has an ear infection and she can't find the number for the pediatrician.

(beat)

And we're not divorced yet.

MATT

(reading off his phone)

According to Meg, Becca dropped her phone at the rehearsal dinner last night and the screen is smashed.

Another text comes in. Matt reads it again.

MATT (CONT'D)

She's had three mimosas already.

JASON

Just ask her where the number for the pediatrician would be. And screenshot that and send it to me so I can show the judge exactly why she should revoke full custody from my ex-wife.

Matt takes a screenshot of the text as told.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL SUITE - MORNING

Meg, Sabrina, and Heather are huddled in one corner of the room. Julie is on the other, getting her hair and makeup done, answering Tabitha's interview questions. She doesn't hear their hushed conversation.

MEG

Jason wants the number for the pediatrician.

SABRINA

Seriously? How does he not have the number for his child's doctor saved in his phone?

HEATHER

Call Becca again.

Meg calls. Suddenly, the sound of the phone from the hallway. Meg looks at the other women, eyes wide. She motions that she will go outside to check and that they should stay put.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL WING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Meg is surprised to find a server outside the door, holding Becca's ringing phone. Not Becca.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL WING - JULIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Back inside the room, Tabitha interviews Julie.

JULIE

Should I start with how we met?

TABITHA

That would be great.

Tabitha opens her notebook, drops her pen, then drops her notebook when she goes to pick it up. Julie waits patiently until she's ready.

JULIE

I met Tom through Meg, my matron of honor. She works with my soon to be brother-in-law at Goldman Sachs. Dylan. The funny thing is, she actually set me up with Dylan first.

Julie laughs, remembering it now.

TABITHA

No way. You dated your fiancé's brother?!

JULIE

It was just a drink, and he's so good looking—well, obviously I have to say that.

Julie laughs again.

TABITHA

But you didn't click?

Julie's smile disappears abruptly.

JULIE

At first we did. Really well, actually. Dylan is ambitious, intelligent, hard working....

Julie trails off, realizing she's raving about her fiancé's brother to a reporter at the *New York Times*.

JULIE (CONT'D)

But then he had to stick his foot
in his mouth.

TABITHA

What did he say?

JULIE

I told him I was in the running to
be the first woman to head the
Genentech research lab at Roche.
And he said—and I quote—*it's a good
time for women to get ahead.*

TABITHA

Fucking prick.

Julie is briefly taken aback by Tabitha's vicious tone.

JULIE

It's been a few good centuries for
fucking pricks to get ahead, hasn't
it?

Tabitha laughs.

TABITHA

Please tell me you told him that.

JULIE

In so many words, when I ran into
him on the one a few days later.

TABITHA

Which one?

JULIE

No. The one. Like the subway line?

TABITHA

(laughing)

My daughter's two. Can I still
blame pregnancy brain?

JULIE

Until she graduates college.

INT. THE MANSION - GROOM'S SUITE - MORNING

The barber approaches the man with the hot towel on his face.
The conversation between Julie and Tabitha continues as the
barber removes the towel. The camera cuts away quickly,
tracking the barber's movements, before we can see his face.

TABITHA O.C.

So you ran into him on the subway.

The barber lathers Tom's face in shaving cream. FLASHBACK.

INT. NYC SUBWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK - TWO YEARS AGO

Julie approaches Dylan on the subway. He's reading his phone, a Starbucks coffee cup between his knees. Julie's V.O. plays as she taps him on the shoulder and offers him some cash.

JULIE O.C.

I told him I felt bad that he paid for our drinks, given that his time to get ahead as a man was rapidly running out.

TABITHA V.O.

What did he do?

JULIE O.C.

He laughed.

See the man Julie thought was Dylan laughing.

TOM

I take it you've met my twin brother. My name is Tom. I'm the not asshole one.

INT. THE MANSION - GROOM WING - GUEST ROOM - PRESENT

The barber shaves off the cream, revealing the face of the man from the subway. This is TOM CUNNINGHAM, 37, Dylan's identical twin brother. He's watching Jason read a text message.

FOCUS on the text message to Jason from Becca: *Pediatrician on vacay. Tell babysitter to apply warm compress with squeeze of lemon.*

MATT

Dude. Put your phone down. Relax.

JASON

I'm trying to make sure my child is okay, Matt. I'm an involved dad.

MATT

Sounds contagious. Stay back.

Karen appears behind Jason.

KAREN

Gentlemen! Thirty minutes until pictures in the rose garden!
 (counting: Tom, Matt, Evan, Oliver, and Jason)
 We're missing someone. Who are we missing?

TOM

Dylan.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL SUITE - MORNING

The makeup artist finishes Julie's makeup. Julie turns and looks at herself in the mirror. She is shellacked to within an inch of her life.

MAKEUP ARTIST

Let me know if you want more eyelashes.

Julie smiles, graciously.

JULIE

It's perfect. Thank you so much. You are very talented.

The makeup artist beams and packs up her things. Just as she leaves the room, Meg enters, wearing her bridesmaid "dress"—a chic black pantsuit.

MEG

Oh my gawd. Ravishing. Stunning. Elle-ah-gant.

Julie laughs while Meg helps her wipe off the heavy lipstick.

JULIE

She's had a contract with The Mansion for fifteen years. It meant a lot to Tom's mom that I give her my business.

Meg peels off a strip of fake eyelashes. They both look at her face in the mirror: now she looks ravishing. Stunning. Elle-ah-gant.

MEG

Not to rush you, but the trolley with the first wave of guests is here.

Julie checks her phone. It's 11:41.

JULIE

Shit. We're supposed to be out on the veranda at noon for pictures.

Julie gets up and opens the closet doors. Her wedding dress hangs inside: a simple silk slip. No pouf; no bling; no frills. It even has pockets. Meg zips her up.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Has any one gotten a hold of Becca?

Behind Julie's back, Meg makes a face that clearly answers the question: no.

MEG

So, yeah. Turns out she sprained her ankle in those Aquazzura shoes. She—

Julie's phone buzzes on the dresser. She picks it up and reads a text from Becca, finishing Meg's sentence.

JULIE

...was in the ER all night and her phone died. She's so so sorry but she's not going to make it today.

Julie is clearly disappointed. She texts back, reading her message to Becca out loud for Meg.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Is there anything we can do?

Beat. Then a buzz. Meg and Julie read the text on Julie's phone together: *I'm fine. Just don't mention anything to Jason, okay? He knows I'm okay but he also knows I wasn't with him when it happened and he's not happy.*

Julie stares at her phone, mouth agape.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. I feel like we should do something. She is flailing.

Meg removes Julie's phone from her hand.

MEG

We should do something. But not now. You're getting married and it's all about you today, okay?

The sound of a voice, dripping with disdain. Both Meg and Julie turn to see two women in their sixties in the doorway.

DR. WHEELER

You forgot to add that it's the most important day of her life.

RITA WHEELER, MD, is tall, lithe, and sophisticated, wearing a gorgeous, custom black Pierre Balmain pantsuit, high, razor thin heels, with just a single piece of expensive, statement jewelry: The Cartier Panthère ring. Her grey hair is not colored and is tied in a chignon at the nape of her neck.

MARILYN CUNNINGHAM looks like the sort of mother who had freshly baked cookies waiting for her kids after school. She's short, plump, and wearing a pastel colored mother-of-the-groom dress and matching shrug.

It is Marilyn, upon seeing Julie, who wells up with tears.

MARILYN

Oh, my. You look so beautiful, sweetheart.

Marilyn steps toward Julie and envelops her in a hug. Their bond is so undeniable that for a moment, we assume this is Julie's mother. But then Julie speaks, clarifying.

JULIE

Thank you, Marilyn. The makeup artist you recommended did an incredible job. I'm so glad I went with her.

Julie addresses Dr. Wheeler over Marilyn's shoulder.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hi, mom. You look terrifying as always.

MEG

You are forever fucking goals, Dr. Wheeler.

Dr. Wheeler barks out a laugh. Marilyn is just confused.

MEG (CONT'D)

And I love your dress, Mrs. Cunningham. And this place! It's so regal! I wish I could have gotten married here!

MARILYN

Thank you, Megan. It really means a lot to me that the kids chose to hold the nuptials here.

DR. WHEELER

Not exactly kids, are they though...

MEG

I say act your bank balance, not your age. Prehistoric and proud.

(gives Dr. Wheeler a high five)

I'll round up the other dinosaurs!

Meg walks out. The camera follows her into one of the rooms down the hall, where the bridesmaids huddle.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDESMAID ROOM - MORNING

Sabrina looks up when Meg enters.

SABRINA

So?

Meg gestures at the phone in Sabrina's hand.

MEG

You read her texts. She bought it.

We look at the screen saver on the phone: Becca and her three kids. We understand: Sabrina is holding Becca's phone. Those texts came from Sabrina, posing as Becca. Meg peers over Sabrina's shoulder to read the text exchange with Jason.

MEG (CONT'D)

What's Jason saying?

HEATHER

He's not buying the sprained ankle story. Thinks she's holed up at the Marriott riding some twenty-three year old pony.

MEG

Serves him right for telling her he just "sees her differently" after she had his children.

SABRINA

I'm freaking out.

MEG

Don't. Okay? She's fine. She's somewhere. You know Becca. Let's not ruin the day.

SABRINA

Then why was her phone just laying by the front door like that? We're so lucky the caterer brought it to us and not Jason.

Karen pops her head into the room.

KAREN

Everyone ready?
 (takes in the women; not all of them are dressed)
 Ladies, please. You've all had your special moments and I'm sure Julie was dressed and ready in time and didn't hold anything up for you on the day you dreamed about since you were a little girl.

Karen walks away with her nose in the air.

HEATHER

What is she, twelve?

Meg rolls her eyes.

MEG

Worse. Twenty-five. Just get ready. Everyone.

The women disperse to do just that.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL SUITE - MORNING

We are back with Marilyn, Dr. Wheeler, and Julie. Marilyn turns to Julie.

MARILYN

I brought you something.

Marilyn produces a small velvet box.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I know you're not much for convention. I don't expect you to wear it. I just want you to have it. Something blue.

Julie opens the box. It's a blue garter belt. Dr. Wheeler covers her mouth, half horrified, half trying not to laugh.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

It was my great grandmother's. She was the first in our family to get married here and the strongest woman I know. And then her daughter, my grandmother, had the savvy to restore the upstairs bedrooms and offer them as luxury suites for the wedding party so everyone could be in one place for the weekend. I hope you'll pass not only this, but our love for this property, down to your daughter if you have one.

Julie tucks the garter belt into the pocket of her dress, lovingly.

JULIE

It will be right here with me the whole day, Marilyn.

MARILYN

It's so neat they make wedding dresses with pockets these days!

DR. WHEELER

It's a lovely gesture, Marilyn. The history of this place is certainly something to celebrate.

Marilyn brushes away a tear.

MARILYN

Oh, thank you for that, Rita. I know Julie and Tom have much simpler tastes. But doing this here sends a signal that the family believes in The Mansion, its history, and its future. No amount of money can change that.

DR. WHEELER

(tight smile)

Certainly some amount of money...

MARILYN

For me, no. But it's not up to me.

Dr. Wheeler and Julie exchange a look, confused.

DR. WHEELER
I'm sorry. Who is it up to?

MARILYN
The deed has been in the boys'
names ever since my parents passed
away. I thought you knew...

Dr. Wheeler turns to Julie, aghast.

DR. WHEELER
Tom never told you, Julie?

Julie hesitates.

JULIE
He did. A while back. I just forgot
the specifics. Anyway. It doesn't
matter. He doesn't want to sell.

Julie turns away from her mother to check her makeup one last
time, hiding her troubled expression. Karen appears.

KAREN
Ready, ladies? If we wait any
longer we'll risk running into the
groom on the stairs and you know
what they say about that!

Marilyn scurries out. She knows what they say about that! Dr.
Wheeler narrows her eyes at Karen.

DR. WHEELER
What do they say about that?

Karen's smile falters, a little. She thought everyone knew...

KAREN
It's bad luck!

Dr. Wheeler shrugs.

DR. WHEELER
I didn't see my husband on my
wedding day and cancer still ate
two of his internal organs when
Julie was seven years old.

Dr. Wheeler brushes past a stunned and silenced Karen. Julie
follows her out, smiling at Karen, apologetically.

JULIE
Thank you for helping everything to
run so smoothly, Karen.

EXT. THE MANSION - VERANDA - MORNING

The photographer, JEFFREY, poses the women in various arrangements.

EXT. THE MANSION - ROSE GARDEN - MORNING

The photographer's assistant, MAURA, poses the men in various arrangements.

EXT. THE MANSION - VERANDA - MORNING

Jeffrey gestures for Julie and her bridesmaids to squeeze in closer, to hold up their bouquets, to drop them, to smile and to look at each other and laugh.

JEFFREY

Okay, just the bride and her parents.

The bridesmaids disperse. Dr. Wheeler steps forward. The photographer looks around, confused.

DR. WHEELER

I am the father. Proceed.

The photographer clicks away. Julie and Dr. Wheeler hold their smiles through their private conversation.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)

When was Tom going to tell you the deed to The Mansion is in his name?

JULIE

Why does it matter?

DR. WHEELER

Because he asked you to invest in his startup when it turns out he has another source of capital.

JEFFREY O.C.

Tilt your chin down for me, Julie.

Julie tilts her chin down and keeps smiling.

DR. WHEELER

That doesn't bother you?

JULIE

No.

DR. WHEELER

It bothers me.

JULIE

Everything men do bothers you.

Dr. Wheeler drops her arm from around her daughter's waist and turns to her, ignoring the photographer's instructions to smile with their chins up.

DR. WHEELER

You've worked so hard. Just to let this *slacker* suck you dry.

JULIE

You are out of line, mom—

DR. WHEELER

What is it? Is it because you want a baby? You don't need Tom to have a baby, Julie!

JULIE

Are you seriously advocating single motherhood on my wedding day? You know who is a single mother right now? Becca. After her divorce. And she is *drowning*.

DR. WHEELER

You can afford help—

JULIE

I don't want to pay for a partner!

Dr. Wheeler grabs Julie's hand and holds it up. Her huge diamond glints on her finger.

DR. WHEELER

He couldn't even afford the band this diamond came on, Julie. You bought it for yourself! What do you need him for?

JULIE

I don't need him for anything. I want him. That's the difference, mom. Love isn't some *transaction*.

Julie stalks off. Marilyn is the mother who hurries after her.

EXT. THE MANSION - ROSE GARDEN - MORNING

Focus on Tom, surrounded by Matt, Evan, Oliver, and Jason, following Maura's direction.

MAURA O.C.

That's great, gentlemen. Just a few more...got it.

The guys disperse. Jason goes for his phone, instantly.

MAURA

Let's do three generations of the Cunninghams.

Tom, Chuck, and his grandfather all gather together.

CHUCK

Where the hell is your brother, Tom?

Tom's smile falters.

TOM

He's doing something for me.

FOCUS on Jason, Matt, Oliver, and Evan on the sidelines.

OLIVER

(re: Jason's phone)
I think it's time for an intervention, man....

JASON

Not until the whore I thought I was going to grow old with picks up her God damn phone.

MATT

(wincing)
Dude. That's the mother of your children.

Jason silences him with a look.

EVAN

Had you been having problems?

JASON

We have three kids under the age of six and two are late talkers.

EVAN

Becca told Heather you guys didn't have sex for a year...how do you...I mean...Becca's hot, man. Becca's wild.

Jason sighs.

JASON

I just thought we would both be tired for a while. But then the kids would grow up and we'd go on cruises and drink martinis and sleep again and have the energy to put effort into our relationship.

MATT

Were you as tired as Becca?

Jason turns on Matt, his eyes blazing.

JASON

Of course I was. Unlike some people I know, I don't make my wife pull the whole cart. I don't let myself go and expect her to wear the same size jeans as when we met in college.

MATT

Meg does Whole30 for herself!

JASON

Fuck your lard ass.

Jason stalks off, into the woods, heading back to the mansion. Matt pinches his potbelly, a little stung. He's not that fat, is he? Oliver shakes his head: definitely not.

EXT. THE MANSION - WOODS - DAY

The camera follows Jason as he storms through the woods, muttering to himself, trying to find a place where he gets service so his calls to Becca go through. He stumbles into a small square of service where a single bar appears. The camera holds on her face, on the ringing on his end, then...

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - DAY

Meg is standing outside the bathroom door, along with Sabrina. Sabrina sneezes three times in a row. She digs through her purse for a tissue when a phone starts to ring.

MEG

Jules, girl. You okay?

Sabrina blows her nose with one hand, removing Becca's buzzing phone with the other. She sees Jason's face and his name, calling. Meg grabs it from her.

MEG (CONT'D)

I'm turning it off.

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM

Julie is sitting on the toilet, having long ago peed. She's staring straight ahead at nothing. Hold on her face as Meg speaks to her from the other side of the door.

MEG O.C.

No rush, Jules. But I'm worried
Karen might stress eat the entire
raw bar if we don't start lining up
for the ceremony.

INT. THE MANSION - OUTSIDE BATHROOM

Meg stops knocking/talking as a few guests trickle in. She smiles at them as if to say: nothing to see here!

MEG

You look lovely, Mrs. Wasserman. I
am mad for a silver fur bolero.

An older woman in a fur bolero Meg would never be caught dead in shuffles by with a graceful nod of appreciation.

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM

Julie listens to this exchange from the bathroom. She flushes the toilet with a sigh, knowing she needs to get out of there before more guests arrive. She stands and slips on something.

JULIE

Woahhhh....

Julie catches herself. She pulls up her dress and examines her shoe. The sole, and some of the white leather strap, is stained with a red substance. Julie crouches down and dips her fingers in the spill, bringing them under her nose. She sniffs and makes a face of pure disgust. Blood.

INT. THE MANSION - OUTSIDE FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM

The door flies open, surprising Meg.

JULIE

Can you ask Karen to step away from the crab legs long enough to put a basket of tampons in here? Someone got her period on the floor.

Meg peers inside the bathroom, morbidly curious.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACKYARD CEREMONY - DAY

From someone's POV, we watch as a violinist saws her instrument. An officiant stands under the archway. The guests are seated, with champagne in their hands, chatting merrily. Meg is the first in line, waiting at the far side door. She's standing with her weight on one hip, bouquet dangling at her side, yawning and bored. Karen gestures as though she's holding a bouquet herself: up here, by your chest.

Meg brings the bouquet directly under her chin.

MEG

(mouthing)

Like this?

Karen lowers her clasped hands.

KAREN

(mouthing)

Lower.

Meg drops the bouquet to her crotch, way too low.

MEG

(mouthing)

This?

Karen shakes her head, growing frustrated. Meg moves her hands: up, down, up, down. Fucking with Karen.

The camera pulls back, revealing that it is Tom observing from a window in the sunroom on the first floor. The groomsmen are sitting behind him, chatting and enjoying one last beer before the ceremony. Dylan comes to stand next to him at the window. It's the first time we've seen the twins together, and Tom's relief is visible.

TOM

Did you find it?

Dylan opens a post on Instagram from last night's rehearsal dinner. He zooms in on Becca, then specifically on her shoes.

DYLAN

These were it, right?

Tom glances around the room, making sure no one is watching, before he nods.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I looked everywhere, man. All over the property. I couldn't find it.

TOM

It's got to be somewhere in my room. If anyone finds it. If, God forbid, Julie finds it—

KAREN

Let's do this, gentlemen.

Tom and Dylan share a worried look. Tom glances out the window, one last time. He takes it all in—not just the ceremony below, but the acres and acres of dense, wooded land. The camera tracks his line of vision...

EXT. THE MANSION - WOODS - DAY

Finding Jason, who is trekking through the woods, lost. He frantically tries to send a text to Matt: *I'm lost. Help.* The text doesn't send. Jason growls in frustration. Faint music trickles through the trees—the ceremony is about to begin. He follows the sound of the violin and cello. The camera pulls back to reveal: someone is following him.

INT. THE MANSION - DAY

The groomsmen wait at the door for their cue from Karen. Karen does a quick count, then counts again. They're short someone. Matt catches her eye and slices his hand under his chin, as if to say don't make a big deal of it. They both look at Tom, oblivious that one of his groomsmen is missing. Karen winks, thrilled to be in on the conspiracy.

EXT. THE MANSION - WOODS - DAY

Jason continues to feel his way toward the music. Someone else continues to follow him. He stumbles over a branch and lands on his hands and knees with a curse. He falls silent as he detects something in the brush. Is that a...?

EXT. THE MANSION - BACKYARD CEREMONY - DAY

The groomsmen file down the aisle, one by one. The guests smile, fondly.

EXT. THE MANSION WOODS - DAY

Jason holds up an object to the light. It's the bartender's bloody finger. He panics and throws it into the trees. He crab walks backwards, gasping and sputtering.

JASON

What the...what the?

Jason is unwittingly crawling toward the person following him. He slams into a pair of legs. He turns and screams.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACKYARD CEREMONY - DAY

The groomsmen turn left at the alter, lining one side of the hilltop. Beneath them, a flock of birds alight from the trees, as though something has scared them away.

EXT. THE MANSION - WOODS - DAY

A woman stands above Jason, eerily nonreactive to his terrified scream that sent the birds into flight. She's in her mid-thirties, wan looking, with dirty hair and dirty clothes. One blue eye is cloudy; unfocused.

JASON

There...there was a finger. A *human* finger.

(points)

Over there.

The woman glances in the general direction Jason points.

WOMAN

(still calm)

Should we call the police?

JASON

Y-y-yes! But my phone. I have no service. Do you?

The woman turns.

WOMAN

We'll have to use my landline.

JASON

Landline?

The woman answers without turning around.

WOMAN

In the service cottage.

The woman sets off through the woods. Jason doesn't have a better option other than to follow her.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACKYARD CEREMONY - DAY

The bridesmaids file down the aisle now, all wearing black pantsuits, holding simple green and white bouquets to their chests. Meg smiles and murmurs *thank you* to the guests as she passes, knowing she looks good. She clocks the groomsmen and narrows her eyes, realizing Jason is missing. She glances at Matt, who makes *I'll tell you later* eyes at her.

There is a break in the music. Then the violinist begins to play Canon in D. The guests stand.

Julie is escorted down the aisle—Marilyn on one side, Dr. Wheeler on the other. The crowd takes a collective inhale. She looks stunning.

Tom smiles as Julie reaches him, but it's Dylan, right next to his brother, whose eyes are bright with tears. Julie kisses her mother on the cheek, then Marilyn. Tom does the same. Then it's just the two of them, facing each other, hearts pounding as the officiant issues a greeting. The camera tracks key players: Chuck, Marilyn, Dr. Wheeler, Karen, Dylan, Meg, and Tabitha, taking notes for her story.

OFFICIANT

Welcome, family, friends and loved ones. We are gathered here today, at this beautiful, historical home where generations of couples have celebrated their love, support, and commitment to one another.

Cut to a jaded Chuck. Cut to an emotional Marilyn.

OFFICIANT (CONT'D)

Today it is Julie and Tom's turn.
Julie. Tom.

(addressing them directly)

(MORE)

OFFICIANT (CONT'D)

Marriage is the promise between two people who love each other, and who honor one another as individuals in that togetherness, and who wish to spend the rest of their lives together. Marriage is a safe haven for each of you to become your best self while together you become better than you ever could become alone.

Sabrina sneezes. Meg hands her a tissue.

EXT. THE MANSION - WOODS

Jason follows the woman through the path. He can barely keep up while she forges ahead, sure-footed.

JASON

This is rude, but, um, who are you?

The woman still doesn't turn around when she speaks.

WOMAN

My name is Edith.

JASON

Eddie the caretaker?

Eddie smiles to herself.

EDDIE

You've heard of me.

JASON

I thought you were a dude, but yeah.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACKYARD CEREMONY

Meg approaches the podium with a demur smile.

MEG

This is from *Song of the Open Road*, a poem by Walt Whitman...

(beat)

Listen, I will be honest with you...

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

I do not offer the old smooth
prizes
But offer rough new prizes
These are the days that must happen
to you:

EXT. SERVICE COTTAGE - WOODS - DAY

Meg's reading continues as Jason and Eddie reach the service cottage. Eddie heads inside. Jason pauses, taking in the dilapidated cottage. The paint on the shutters is peeling, the wood on the door is rotting. The windows are dark.

MEG O.C.

You shall not heap up what is
called riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand
all that you earn or achieve.
However sweet the laid up stores,
However convenient the dwelling,
you shall not remain there.

Jason gulps and steps inside the uninviting cottage.

INT. SERVICE COTTAGE - WOODS - DAY

It is sunny outside, but somehow so dark inside. Jason bumps into a piece of furniture and lets out a soft curse. His eyes haven't adjusted yet.

MEG O.C.

However sheltered the port,
However calm the waters,
you shall not anchor there.
However welcome the hospitality
that welcomes you,
you are permitted to receive it but
a little while.
Afoot and lighthearted, take to the
open road
Healthy, free, the world before you
The long brown path before you,
Leading wherever you choose.

Jason squints, studying the family pictures hanging on the wall, mixed in with a collection of hunting rifles. It's clearly Eddie when she was a little girl: toe-headed, same sullen expression, dressed like a tomboy. In the next picture, she's actually laughing, playing with two little boys her age. Jason does a double take: twin boys. Meg finishes her reading while he moves on to a more recent photo: Eddie, Tom, and Dylan as teens.

In the next picture, it's Eddie and one of the twins, in their early twenties, arms entangled around one another. Eddie's eyes are clear and undamaged. It's impossible to tell which twin she is with.

MEG O.C. (CONT'D)

Say only to one another:
Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious
than money;
I give you myself before preaching
and law-

EDDIE

Snoopin'?

Jason jumps. Eddie made no sound as she came up behind him.

JASON

What? No. They're hanging on the
wall. I'm not...*snoopin*.

Eddie steps next to Jason, looking at the picture of her younger self and one of the twins. She presses the twin's face with her finger, aggressively smudging the glass.

EDDIE

You're wondering which one it was.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACKYARD CEREMONY

Meg pauses dramatically. The camera focusses on Julie and Tom as she reads this last pivotal section. They're smiling at one another, but are their smiles strained?

MEG

Will you give me yourself?
Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as
long as we live?

Beat. Julie glances at Dylan as he wipes a tear from his eye. Her expression fleetingly reveals something like regret.

MEG (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The crowd pauses, unsure. It's such an odd ending. As Meg hugs Julie, then Tom, they applaud, tentatively.

The officiant steps forward.

OFFICIANT

Julie and Tom, please join hands,
look at one another now and
remember this moment in
time.

Julie and Tom join hands.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACK PATIO - HALF AN HOUR LATER

A champagne cork pops. Music plays; guests mingle, drink, eat. The camera tracks the scene in a horizontal path, revealing a cocktail hour in full bloom. The camera cuts a path into the rose garden, where Julie and Tom pose for pictures together. Meg stands off to the side, holding Julie's bouquet. Dylan stands next to her.

DYLAN

I really liked your reading. It
was...different.

MEG

Yes, Julie is nothing like the
women you bag, Dylan. Starting with
her fully developed adult brain.

DYLAN

You would sleep with twenty-three
year olds too if you weren't
shackled with a balding baby-
(winks at Matt)
and two kids.

MEG

(wistful sigh)
Only every other night.

Dylan laughs.

MEG (CONT'D)

That where you were all morning?
With some sophomore at NYU?

DYLAN

NYU girls are too smart to be
attracted to men in 2018.
(beat)
I was running an errand for Tom.

Meg gives him a curious look.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay! Best man and matron of honor.
We need you.

Meg grumbles as she squeezes in for the photo.

MEG

Only in our fucked society do women
become matrons after they get
married but men still get to be the
best!

Meg grins. The photographer snaps the picture.

INT. SERVICE COTTAGE - WOODS

Jason and Eddie stare at the picture of Eddie and one twin.

JASON

It looks like Tom, actually.

EDDIE

How can you tell?

JASON

Tom's left eye squints more than
his right when he smiles.

Eddie nods, impressed.

EDDIE

Most people can't tell them apart.
Least I couldn't. That is Tom with
me there.

(cryptic beat)

But it wasn't always.

JASON

I don't follow.

EDDIE

They never...?

JASON

Never what?

EDDIE

Pulled a switcheroo on you?

Jason makes a face.

JASON

What? No. Never.

EDDIE
That you've known of.

JASON
Why would they do that?

Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE
Dylan didn't like to do it. He'd do it for Tom.

JASON
No. That can't be right. Dylan is the womanizing one. If they did that, it would have been his idea. Not Tom's.

Eddie smiles at Jason, a little too gleefully.

EDDIE
How long have you known them?

Jason thinks, doing the math.

JASON
Ahh...I dunno. Six? Seven years? Dylan works with my buddy's wife, Meg.

Eddie scoffs.

EDDIE
I've known Tom and Dylan since we were babies. My parents were the caretakers of this place, and now I am. And what I know is this. Tom was the good one. A mama's boy. He would do anything to please Marilyn. It got to be too much, so he would ask Dylan to switch places with him. So he could explore his dark side without any of the consequences.

JASON
What sort of...dark side?

Eddie's face goes hard. It's so severe, Jason takes a step back, afraid of her.

EDDIE
Julie should be careful around him.

JASON
How do you know her name?

Eddie looks worried a moment.

EDDIE
I saw the program.

They stare at each other a long moment. Jason glances at the rifles on the wall and starts to sweat.

JASON
Can you...get me back to the wedding so I can warn Julie?

EDDIE
I thought you wanted to call the police.

JASON
Oh...yeah.

Eddie points.

EDDIE
Phone's in the kitchen. I left the number for the sheriff's office on a Post It.

Jason slinks past Eddie, checking over his shoulder, keeping his eye on her and the guns. He dials the number on the wall.

EXT. THE MANSION - BACK PATIO - EARLY EVENING

The cocktail hour continues. The camera tracks the scene, settling on the bridesmaids: Meg, Sabrina, and Heather.

MEG
Matt said Jason took off when they were doing pictures in the rose garden and no one has seen or heard from him since.

HEATHER
What got his scrotum in a twist?

MEG
He called Becca a whore.

An indignant beat. Then Sabrina and Heather laugh, evilly.

SABRINA

It's sort of adorable that men still think that's an insult.

HEATHER

These dingbats live under a rock.

MEG

That's thirty percent bigger than everybody else's rock.

HEATHER

Do you know Evan had to pick up the kids from school the other week because I had to undergo a minor medical procedure? And he went to the wrong school?

Sabrina and Meg howl.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

But he's all, sorry. Would you know how to get to my office? Like the kindergarten is my office.

MEG

That's a motherfucking insult.

HEATHER

I would kill to go into an office every day. We can only afford for one of us to work and Evan makes more than me even though I have more education and experience. The kids are almost in school full time and I was so looking forward to using my brain again but then-

Heather rubs her very pregnant belly with a sad sigh. At that moment, a six year old girl runs onto the patio. This is Emily, Sabrina's daughter.

EMILY

Mommy!

Emily throws her arms around her mother's leg. Sabrina looks up as a young babysitter, ASHLEY, approaches, carrying a fussing, snot nosed baby. Sabrina meets her halfway, dragging her daughter on her thigh.

SABRINA

Ashley. What are you doing here?

ASHLEY

Oliver said to bring them by for the reception. My day rate was too expensive.

Sabrina grabs a champagne flute from a passing waiter and knocks it back before reaching for the baby.

SABRINA

I'll Venmo you.

Ashley walks out.

MEG

You can afford her day rate.

SABRINA

Oliver's ego can't. He pretends like I never got that promotion.

The baby turns to Sabrina, smiles at her, adorably, before sneezing a snot ball the size of a jawbreaker onto her blouse and then promptly throwing up. An older woman stops to scold Sabrina.

OLDER WOMAN

This is too much stimulation for a baby so young, mom.

Sabrina, Meg, and Heather take a threatening step toward the older woman, but Dr. Wheeler steps in and saves the day with a cool burn.

DR. WHEELER

I didn't realize there was another doctor in the house.

The older woman scuttles away. Meg and Heather launch into action: grabbing napkins and club soda. Meg takes the baby from Sabrina's arms and bounces him. These women are pros.

MEG

I brought an extra white shirt just in case. It's hanging in my closet.

Sabrina glances at her baby, in Meg's arms. Heather is playing with Emily, keeping her occupied. Meg nods, *it's okay. We've got this. Go.*

INT. THE MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - DUSK

As Sabrina approaches the stairs, she hears a man and a woman arguing in the sunroom. She pauses, eavesdropping.

JULIE O.C.

You told me you stood to make money on the sale but you *never* told me you and Dylan were the property sellers.

TOM O.C.

This land is worth three times the amount the developers offered. I thought, with the press of our wedding, business would improve, and then we would be in a position to negotiate.

JULIE O.C.

You owed it to me to tell me that before you accepted my money. Before I turned down Roche for *Claremont*.

TOM O.C.

You know what, Jules? Let's just forget the whole thing. We didn't even sign the marriage license yet.

Sabrina holds her breath in the long beat that follows.

JULIE O.C.

Don't be dramatic, Tom.

(beat)

I'm sorry, okay?

Sabrina inhales, sharply, in reaction to her strong friend apologizing to her deceitful husband.

CHUCK

Ironic, isn't it?

Sabrina jumps away from the door.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Tom is the reason The Mansion went from being the most successful marriage destination in the northeast to a seeping money pit, and now it's the single source of conflict in his hour-long marriage.

Chuck polishes off his whiskey with a mean chuckle.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Who's a guy gotta deport to get a drink 'round here anymore?

Sabrina smiles, politely. Chuck is drunk and belligerent. She gestures to the stain on her shirt/blazer.

SABRINA

Excuse me.

Chuck steps closer, leering at Sabrina, pinching the lapel of her blazer.

CHUCK

You think your husbands wanna fuck
you dressed like men?

Sabrina steps around Chuck, gingerly. He watches her climb the stairs to the bridal wing, venom in his eyes.

INT. THE MANSION - MEG'S ROOM - DUSK

The sun wanes, but it's still light enough that Sabrina doesn't have to turn on a lamp. The music indicates that danger lurks. She approaches Meg's closet. We hold our breath as she opens the door...

She stops, hand on the knob, at an odd sound behind her.

SABRINA

Hello?

The door to the bathroom is slightly ajar. Sabrina tip toes toward it. She swings it open in one swift motion. The shower curtain is pulled shut. The noise is coming from there.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Someone in here?

She holds her breath; pushes aside the curtain. The faucet is leaking, plopping onto a plastic shampoo bottle that fell into the drain. The source of the odd sound.

Sabrina laughs at herself as she returns to the closet. Just being paranoid. She swings open the closet door to reveal...

The shirt.

Sabrina shrugs off her blazer. She tosses it onto the bed and freezes. The bed is lumpy, strangely shaped...

The killer throws off the covers. Sabrina doesn't even have time to scream. She narrowly dodges the axe, scrambling to the far side of the room, by the bay window overlooking the cocktail hour. The killer raises the axe, the blade catching the last few strands of sunlight. We cut away from Sabrina's terrified face to...

EXT. THE MANSION - BACK PATIO - DUSK

Down below, the guests continue to sip champagne and chat, oblivious to the blood that suddenly splatters the window pane up above. Sabrina's blood.

FOCUS on Karen in the crowd. She's having a stern conversation with one of the servers in a corner.

KAREN

What do you mean, he's not here?

SERVER

He was this morning. I saw him.

KAREN

Have you tried calling him?

SERVER

So many times.

Karen looks at the bar, swarming with impatient guests. The sole bartender is sweating profusely, trying to meet demand. Karen takes out her hot spot, powers it on, and connects to the WiFi. She opens up her YELP app, finding the listing for MIX MASTER in Bedminster, New Jersey. She gives him a one star review.

KAREN

Enjoy never working in this town again!

CUT TO Meg and Heather, entertaining Sabrina's kids while Oliver, Matt, and Evan play corn hole on the grass. Tabitha is wandering the grounds, taking notes. Dr. Wheeler finishes her latest martini. A single strand of grey hair is out of place; her eyes glassy. The little girl starts to whimper.

EMILY

When's mommy coming back?

Meg and Heather share a look of heartbreak. Dr. Wheeler is unmoved.

HEATHER

(to Emily)

Can you keep a secret?

Emily nods, her chin wobbling. Heather hands her an iPhone.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I know mommy doesn't like for you to play with these so-

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (holds a finger to her
 lips)

Emily plays with the phone, her tears drying.

DR. WHEELER
 Where is her father? Why are you
 stuck with them?

Meg points to the group of guys playing cornhole. Dr. Wheeler sneers. She snatches the phone away from the little girl.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)
 These things give you cancer in
 your brain. I'm a doctor. Do you
 want to have cancer in your brain?

On Meg's hip, the baby starts to cry.

EMILY
 What's cansor?

DR. WHEELER
 It's a terrible, painful disease.

MEG
 Dr. Wheeler—

DR. MORGAN
 It eats you from the inside.

MEG
 Dr. Wheeler!

Emily starts to wail, in tandem with the baby. The collective cry is loud enough that Oliver notices and breaks from the game, jogging over. Emily runs toward him, hysterical.

EMILY
 Daddyyyy!!!!

Oliver scoops her up.

OLIVER
 What the hell happened?

Dr. Wheeler glares at Emily, as if daring her to tell on her.

MEG
 (sarcastically)
 Sorry to pull you out at overtime.

Meg hands the baby off to Oliver.

OLIVER

If you had come over and asked me to babysit I would have done it.

MEG

Yo, not hot Don Draper! It's not babysitting when they're your kids.

Heather stands.

HEATHER

Let's get a drink, Meg.

OLIVER

(calling after her)
You're pregnant!

Heather and Meg retort at the same time.

HEATHER/MEG

It's cooked!

Oliver is left with a crying baby and a crying five year old. Dr. Wheeler watches them like a funny movie. Chuck approaches her, noting her empty martini glass.

CHUCK

I can't get a damn drink either.

Dr. Wheeler makes some sort of hand gesture to the lone bartender. He drops everything to make her a martini. Dr. Wheeler glances at Chuck's glass.

DR. WHEELER

And Bulleit neat.

CHUCK

Smart woman. Like her daughter.

Dr. Wheeler can barely contain her contempt for Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I just want you to know, the family has welcomed Julie with open arms. Hell, we're hoping her work ethic rubs off on our Tom-boy. So. Put to bed any fears you have about giving away your only child.

Without turning her head, Dr. Wheeler holds out her hand, the one sporting the big gold Cartier Panthère ring. A server places a fresh martini in it; a perfectly coordinated dance.

DR. WHEELER

I don't give away daughters, Chuck.
I take in sons.

Dr. Wheeler skates away, martini in hand.

CUT TO Meg and Heather, receiving their drink orders at long last. They are just about to take a sip when Karen appears.

KAREN

Can you get all the bridesmaids and groomsmen lined up outside the door? The reception is about to start and we need everyone ready for the introductions.

Meg smiles at Karen, too brightly.

MEG

Your timing is uncanny, Karen.

Her sarcasm is not missed by Karen.

KAREN

Julie is lucky to have a *matron* of honor like you.

Karen walks off, herding the guests inside. Meg has to raise a glass to that.

MEG

Karen can cut a bitch after all.

INT. THE MANSION - OUTSIDE RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Julie and Tom are last in line. Dylan, Matt, Evan, Meg, and Heather are before them. Julie is distressed.

JULIE

Where is everyone?

MEG

Becca sprained her ankle. Oliver is changing the baby's diaper. I have a feeling Sabrina is hiding from Oliver changing the baby's diaper.

JULIE

What about Jason?

Meg and Heather exchange a glance.

MEG

According to Matt, he—

At that moment, Jason walks in, brushing leaves off his tux.

JULIE

I was starting to worry no one
would be left by the end of the
night.

Jason joins Matt and the camera focuses on them.

MATT

We were worried about you, brother!

JASON

I can't even begin to tell you
where I've been—

From inside the reception hall, the lead singer of the band starts to announce the names of the wedding party. Everyone files out, until it's just Tom and Julie left. Tom reaches for Julie's hand and squeezes, apologetically. Julie softens.

LEAD SINGER O.C.

And now, for the first time, please
join me in welcoming Mr. and Mrs.
Cunninghammmmm!

Julie's mouth drops.

INT. THE MANSION - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

She makes eye contact with her mother as she approaches the dance floor.

DR. WHEELER

(mouthing)

Mrs. Cunningham?

She shakes her head, her disapproval palpable.

Tom and Julie make their way to the center of the dance floor. The clapping and cheering cease. The band starts to play their first song: *You're my Best Friend* by Queen.

Julie is stiff as they dance.

TOM

(defensively)

I told them you were keeping your
maiden name.

JULIE

Don't worry about it. It is an unusual request.

Tom spins Julie. As she turns, she notices Dylan, watching her, longingly. She looks away. The moment feels too intense and frankly, inappropriate.

The band switches to *Sweet Caroline*. The guests join them on the dance floor, swarming Julie and Tom. They lose each other in the crowd.

CUT TO Oliver sitting in a corner, getting absolutely owned by his children. The baby is crying, Emily is clobbering him over the head with a lamb chop, repeatedly. The same older woman who stopped to criticize Sabrina stops to offer Oliver words of encouragement.

OLDER WOMAN

You're doing great, dad.

Meg and Heather watch, endlessly amused, sipping champagne.

MEG

Dave Chappelle isn't even this funny.

HEATHER

Is anyone else wondering where Sabrina is?

Meg offers her pregnant friend a fresh glass of champagne.

As Emily threatens Oliver with a steak knife, FOCUS on Jason and Matt, talking across the room.

MATT

Creepy caretaker girl?

JASON

You know about her?

MATT

Tom mentioned her once.

Jason takes a step closer to Matt.

JASON

Let me ask you something, and answer me honestly. Have Tom and Dylan ever, you know, switched places since we've known them?

Matt sips his drink and doesn't answer.

JASON (CONT'D)
That a yes?

MATT
That's a you don't want to know.

JASON
Dude. What? Tell me.

Matt sighs.

MATT
It has to do with Becca.

Jason's eyes widen.

CUT TO Julie and Marilyn, dancing together. Marilyn is so happy and Julie does her best to match her mother-in-law's unbridled joy. Julie notices Tabitha standing by herself on the perimeter of the dance floor. Julie grabs Marilyn's hand.

JULIE
There's someone I want you to meet!

Julie leads Marilyn to Tabitha.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Tabitha Hanover, please meet my mother-in-law, Marilyn Cunningham.

Tabitha extends her hand.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Tabitha is writing the piece on me—on us—for the *New York Times*.

Marilyn's eyes light up.

MARILYN
It is a pleasure, Tabitha. Thank you for coming all this way to profile our little family business.

Tabitha gazes at the expansive reception room.

TABITHA
You call this little?

JULIE
The Mansion has been in Marilyn's family for three generations. I figured you might have some questions for her.

TABITHA

I certainly do!

Tabitha reaches for her notebook and pen. Julie leaves them to it. She makes her rounds, stopping to make chit-chat with her guests. She embraces a woman, ANNABELLE, 39.

ANNABELLE

Congratulations, you brilliant and gorgeous woman.

JULIE

Congratulations to you! Do you have pictures?

Annabelle shows Julie a picture of her newborn baby on her phone. Julie sighs in appreciation.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Annabelle. I'm so happy for you.

Annabelle admires the picture too.

ANNABELLE

I was afraid, you know? That the connection might not be there because he's not biologically mine. But it's almost like it's stronger for what we had to go through to find each other.

Julie smiles at her. Over Annabelle's shoulder, through the glass windows, she detects a moving light. Julie squints.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

It's the butt of Tom's cigarette. He's stolen away for a moment of peace.

He's not alone. Someone is watching him.

Tom finishes his cigarette and drops it onto a cocktail plate cum ashtray. It's full of shrimp tails and cigarette butts from other smokers who have used this corner alcove. He starts to head inside, then stops when he hears a branch snap. He turns around, slowly. No one is behind him, but the cocktail plate has been emptied. Tom takes a breath and speaks into the dense woods.

TOM

(nervous)

Eddie?

No response. Long, long beat.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He waits. The camera pulls back to reveal the profiles of Eddie and Tom, reflected in the glass of the reception hall. Eddie is no more than six inches into the woods, gripping a garbage bag tightly, a single tear running down her face. Her other eye is incapable of producing tears anymore.

Hold on the reflection of her face as Tom gives up and heads inside. Eddie turns to face the glass, watching the reception from the outside corner. She sees Julie. She is not crying now. She places her hands on the glass, smiling maniacally.

INT. THE MANSION - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Dylan holds court in the center of the dance floor, giving his best man's speech.

DYLAN

....sure if everyone has ever heard us refer to Tom as The Skipper?

A few hoots and laughs from the crowd.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the mores of the Cunningham family, we pride ourself on our work ethic, right dad?

In the crowd, Chuck Cunningham raises his glass.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

The summer we turned fourteen my dad sat us down and told us that we would not be permitted to use the beach house if we didn't have a job. Now, me? I apply to the ice cream place. Doesn't open until 11 in the morning, free scoops. It's a no brainer.

(beat)

My brother?

Dylan shakes his head, laughing.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

My brother, at fourteen years old, detected a "hole in the market."

Some laughter.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

He noticed that families arrived at the beach with all this stuff, and all these kids, and it was pandemonium trying to haul their coolers and chairs and beach toys. So what does my brother do?

A beat. Julie looks at Tom, uncertainly. She's never heard this before. Tom is smiling though.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

He sets up shop by the beach taggers. He's got a laminated sign, a Steelmaker cash box, and complimentary lemonade. He's got rates. Five bucks for the first haul, two bucks for any additional trips. In the first week he's got so much business that he hires out. He calls himself The Skipper. His slogan was: *Skip the trip!*

Howls of laughter. Julie laughs too. It's a cute story.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, Beach Patrol got wind of his under the table operation and shut the whole thing down. But for about three weeks there, my brother was the flushest fourteen year old you knew. Ice cream on him, every night. Double scoop in the waffle cone.

Everyone laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

My brother never wanted to be run of the mill. That was true for him professionally, and perhaps that is why The Skipper stuck. Because he was always skipping around from one million dollar idea to the next—there was the coffee shop that was also a car wash, the car wash that was also an Internet cafe—and don't forget the holiday decorations delivery service—

Julie is no longer laughing, though everyone else is. She makes eye contact with her mother. Dr. Wheeler is glaring at Dylan, with pure contempt.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

But what people forget is that it takes skill and the Cunningham work ethic to even get these ventures off the ground, let alone turn a profit, which many of them did. Elon Musk started seventeen businesses before launching Tesla. Richard Branson started twelve before founding the Virgin Group. And, as someone who went the traditional and safe way in life, I'm always in awe of my brother's unconventional spirit, and the way he prioritizes passion in his life above all else. It's why when he told me he'd met a girl, and he thought this may be it, I knew she had to be someone who wasn't just special, but extraordinary.

Tom wraps his arm around Julie. She smiles at him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Tom wouldn't waste his time on anything less. And Julie is, wow.

A long beat. Almost too long. Dylan's admiration for Julie makes everyone uncomfortable.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Julie is not just special. She's not just extraordinary. She's one of a kind.

Dylan raises his glass of champagne.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

To The Skipper and his bride!

Cheers. Glasses clinking. Dr. Wheeler gets up. It's her turn.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And now a word from the mother of the—

Dr. Wheeler rips the microphone out of Dylan's hand before he can introduce her. She drains her martini and gives him the glass, then shoos him away. CUT TO Meg, stifling a laugh. Dr. Wheeler is savage.

DR. WHEELER

We don't have an adorable nickname like The Skipper for my only daughter, so if it's quite all right, I'll just refer to her as Dr. Julie Wheeler for the duration of this speech.

(beat)

Dr. Julie Wheeler was accepted early decision to MIT, where she graduated with a joint degree in Science and Engineering. She went on to intern under Frances Arnold in the molecular biology lab at Caltech for two years. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the *mores* of the scientific community, Frances Arnold won the Nobel Prize in Chemistry while battling breast cancer. After a mentorship under the most brilliant mind of our time, Dr. Julie Wheeler was accepted for her masters in biology at Johns Hopkins, where she studied bioecological compounds and their inference on cancer cells. She graduated summa cum laude with high six figure offers from Goldman Sachs, Sloan Kettering, and Apple, but she took a pay cut to work in a small but cutting edge lab in White Plains, focusing on the stem cell theory of cancer in her father's memory. While there, she developed a data platform for the sharing of medical equipment between hospitals and sold it to Church Lab for four million dollars. One million of that went into The Skipper's latest passion project and the rest into their move to Silicon Valley, not Basel, where Dr. Julie Wheeler would have been the first woman to head the Genentech research lab at Roche. Silicon Valley offers more networking opportunities for The Skipper and of course, Dr. Julie Wheeler has her pick of tier two university teaching positions.

Dr. Wheeler returns the microphone to its cradle and walks away to stunned silence. She suddenly turns back around.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)
 I forgot to add that Dr. Julie Wheeler also volunteers for Mount Sinai's Sexual Assault and Domestic Violence Intervention Program on her weekends. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

Dr. Wheeler walks out. Chuck starts a slow, drunken clap.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

Julie finds her mother, sitting in one of the seats from the wedding ceremony, drinking a fresh martini.

DR. WHEELER
 I won't pretend he's worthy of you, Julie. I just...I *can't*.

JULIE
 Then I'd call what you did in there a runaway success.

Dr. Wheeler rips into an olive with her two front teeth.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Why did you even come, mom? If you were just going to get drunk and insult us?

DR. WHEELER
 Maybe I thought I could stop you before you made the biggest mistake of your life.

Julie shakes her head, tears in her eyes.

JULIE
 I called you a cab. It's waiting out front. I'd like for you to leave now.

Julie turns and walks away. Dr. Wheeler remains seated, her back to Julie. In an unusual show of emotion, Dr. Wheeler starts to cry. She turns in her seat.

DR. WHEELER
 Julie, wait! Julie!

Julie is gone. Dr. Wheeler sighs and turns back around, wiping her eyes. She takes another sip of her martini. Behind her, the killer approaches. Dr. Wheeler hears the footsteps and mistakes them for Julie's.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Julie. I really am. It's just...your father was a great man but even he held me back. Men will always hold women like us back, even the good ones.

The killer places a hand on Dr. Wheeler's shoulder and squeezes. Dr. Wheeler continues talking, thinking it is her daughter squeezing her shoulder.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)

I'd venture to say it's even harder for your generation. There was no such thing as having it all when I became a mother. I chose my career over you and accepted that I would be judged harshly because being a working mother and a good mother were incongruous back then. Now, it's like...we expect women to work like they don't have children and raise children as if they don't work.

(sighing; sips her
martini)

Women like us. We need lesbians with dicks.

Dr. Wheeler reaches up and squeezes the killer's hand. She is surprised to feel gloves.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)

What...?

Dr. Wheeler looks up, finally. She screams when she sees the killer, raising an axe. She shields her face with one hand, the one holding the martini. The axe comes down. The camera follows Dr. Wheeler's hand, still holding tight to her martini, as it flies through the air and comes to a rest on the grass. The music inside masks Dr. Wheeler's dying cries.

INT. THE MANSION - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Julie strides inside, still upset from her conversation with her mother. She notices Meg and Tabitha, speaking intensely in the corner. She interrupts them.

JULIE

I am so embarrassed about that, Tabitha. Please tell me—

Meg waves her hand.

MEG

We've already discussed. There will be no mention of Mommy Dearest's speech from feminist hell anywhere in the piece.

The band returns from a break right as Tabitha adds...

TABITHA

The New Yorker is better than that.

Julie gives Tabitha a strange look. Did she say *The New Yorker*? It was difficult to tell over the music.

JULIE

The New York Times is better than that.

TABITHA

That's what I just said.

JULIE

Right. Sorry. The music. Oh, Karen! Karen!

Julie grabs Karen as she passes by with her clipboard.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I was thinking you might help Tabitha with some color for the story? You planned it gorgeously, down to the smallest detail.

Karen flushes with pride and links her arm through Tabitha's.

KAREN

Do I have a crazy story for you about the program paper stock...

The two walk off, Karen regaling Tabitha with the drama of the paper stock. Meg takes Julie by the shoulders, concerned.

MEG

Dude. Are you okay? That was some red wedding shit in there.

JULIE

Not really. Have you seen Marilyn? Please tell me she's not crying in the bathroom.

MEG

Fuck Marilyn. Seriously, Jules. Fuck your mom.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

Fuck Chuck Limbaugh in there.
You've done enough for everyone
around you and it's *your* wedding.
Don't become one of those women who
worries about everyone but herself
once she gets married.

JULIE

Fuck. Is that what's happening?

MEG

You used to be a bad bitch in
bifocals.

JULIE

They're lab safety goggles.

Meg sighs.

MEG

Let me have it.

Cue the deep bass beats of *Push It* by Salt n' Pepper. Meg and Julie take one look at each other and without needing to exchange a word, head for the dance floor.

INT. THE MANSION - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

This dance is not for everyone; only the sexy people. The blue hairs see themselves off the dance floor, clutching their pearls at the explicit lyrics and Meg and Julie's stripper moves. A few brave Phyllises and Bernices remain, and Meg graciously grinds against them, in the spirit of inclusion. Julie is laughing and dancing and finally having a blast at her own wedding. Not with her groom, but with her best friend.

The music changes to a slow song. Tom appears behind Julie. Reluctantly, she stops dancing with Meg to dance with him.

TOM

The stuff your mom said...wow.

JULIE

I am so sorry, Tom. I asked her to
leave.

They dance without speaking. CUT TO Meg and Matt, dancing.

MATT

Our wedding was way more fun than
this.

MEG

We were living in a twenty-six year old's paradise.

MATT

Heyyy, now. You're saying you don't have fun with me anymore?

Matt attempts a fancy dance move, stumbles, and tweaks a muscle in his back.

MEG

I packed the ICY HOT.

MATT

I can't live without you.

They kiss. Meg gets serious a moment.

MEG

But, seriously, Matt?

Matt spins her, gingerly supporting his back, not serious.

MATT

What is it?

MEG

Maybe I would be having more fun if we brought on Elsa full time.

Matt groans.

MATT

That's an extra, what? Thirty thousand a year?

MEG

Forty. But if we give up the membership at the golf club...

Matt pretends he's having a heart attack.

CUT TO Heather and Evan, dancing. Heather's seven month belly means there is a good amount of space between them.

EVAN

I think it's a boy.

Heather rolls her eyes.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Why do you get so annoyed when I say that?

HEATHER

Because we already have two boys
and you know I want a girl.

EVAN

I think it's cute. You with three
boys. They're like, your team.

HEATHER

I'd rather a *team* of fully grown
professionals in the global
marketing communications industry.

EVAN

I know you're desperate to get back
to work. It will happen.

HEATHER

By the time this one is in school,
I'll have a nine year gap on my
resumé. Who's going to hire me?

EVAN

I think you're doing an incredible
job right now.

Heather sighs. She grabs Evan's hand and starts to drag him
away. They pass Chuck at the bar.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Where are we—

HEATHER

I'm horny.

Chuck's antenna goes up at that. Dylan notices his father
follow Heather and Evan. He follows too.

INT. THE MANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan gets distracted as he passes the sunroom. A fire is
burning inside.

INT. THE MANSION - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Dylan pokes his head inside, wondering why there is a fire
going with no one to tend to it. He goes to put it out, then
notices something. A heap of fabric on a log. He uses a fire
poker to remove it from the fire. It's a CVS employee's
apron. The badge name reads BRITTANY.

INT. THE MANSION - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Heather leads Evan into her room, wordlessly. She reaches under her dress and removes her underwear, while Evan undoes the buckle on his belt. Heather pushes him onto his back on the bed, turning around and sitting on top of him.

EVAN

Do you not want to see me or something?

Heather puts her hand on her belly.

HEATHER

It's easier this way.

HOLD on Heather as she starts to have sex with her husband. Blue and red police lights suddenly light up her face.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Why are the cops here?

EVAN

Jason said...just a hunting accident...don't stop.

Heather keeps going.

CUT TO outside the door. Chuck is standing there, whiskey in hand, his ear pressed up against the door, listening. He starts when he hears a voice.

KAREN

Excuse me, can I help you?

Karen is standing there, clipboard in hand. Chuck clears his throat, embarrassed.

CHUCK

I can't find my phone anywhere, actually.

KAREN

I don't think it's in the bride's wing. But maybe I can help you look downstairs?

It's a standoff. Finally, Chuck follows her.

INT. THE MANSION - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Tom enters the room, finding his brother puzzling over the CVS uniform.

TOM

Yo. Check my room one more time for
Becca's shoe?

DYLAN

I looked everywhere—

TOM

I'll do it then.

DYLAN

No, I will.

TOM

I will!

It is a little unclear which brother heads for the stairs.

INT. THE MANSION - BRIDAL WING - HEATHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

From their position on the bed, neither Evan nor Heather see the way the police lights flash and reveal the killer, standing in the doorway of the bathroom.

The police lights go out, and the room goes dark. When the lights flash again, the killer is one step closer to the couple. The lights go out; the room goes dark. The lights flash again. The killer is standing in front of Heather now, the axe raised. Heather and Evan scream as the lights go out. In the dark, we hear a grotesque gurgling noise. The lights flash on. The axe is sticking out of Heather's pregnant belly. It's like someone pricked a balloon full of blood with a pin. Pop. Blood everywhere.

Evan howls as Heather goes down in the dark, grunting, dying. When the lights flash on again, he is locked in a struggle with the killer. On. Off. On. Off. On, and Evan is on his back on the ground, moaning, a shattered lamp next to his head. The killer struggles to remove the blade from Heather's stomach, but it's stuck. The killer resorts to Plan B.

Leaving the blade in Heather's stomach, the killer steps on the axe's long wooden handle, pinning Evan to the ground at his throat.

The killer leans forward, putting more weight on the handle, choking Evan, forcing Heather's body to roll over and face her husband with dead eyes. Evan is gasping and gurgling, clawing at the handle as it crushes his windpipe. He reaches for Heather's hand...the lights flash off. On. Evan is limp.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

FOLLOW the flashing lights of the police car through the bedroom window, alighting on Eddie and the SHERIFF, 50s.

EDDIE

I bet if you checked hospital records, some jackass in a red hat showed up with a severed finger.

SHERIFF

You're probably right.

The Sheriff looks up at the mansion, alight on the hill.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You been over there tonight?

EDDIE

Just to make sure no lit cigarette butts were burning.

SHERIFF

You see Tom?

Eddie looks away.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You're better off, Eddie. Those guys make you do crazy things.

Eddie glares at the Sheriff as he tips his hat and climbs into his vehicle. He backs up...and runs over some glass. He puts the car in park and gets out again.

He shines his flashlight on the ground, discovering a trail of broken liquor bottles. He follows it deeper into the woods, happening upon the van. He examines the plates, the damage to the cargo. He opens the back doors...

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mary, and...

He reaches for his radio, his hand trembling uncontrollably. Before he can speak a word, Eddie plunges a broken vodka bottle into the side of his neck.

The Sheriff turns to Eddie, drooling blood. She gives him a light push, and he timbers, landing half inside the van.

Humming *Here Comes the Bride*, Eddie stuffs the Sheriff inside the van. He joins the bartender and Becca, wearing her rehearsal dinner dress, her stiletto stabbed through her forehead. FOCUS on the shoe, then cut to...

INT. THE MANSION - GROOM'S WING - TOM'S ROOM

Its mate, perched on the window sill in plain sight. Someone picks it up, his expression unreadable. It's Dylan. We think.

INT. THE MANSION - REHEARSAL HALL - NIGHT

A SCREAM as Tom and Julie smash wedding cake into each other's faces. Tom kisses Julie, more passionately than he has at any point in the evening. Julie is a little taken aback, but Marilyn is overjoyed. Chuck is looking under the tables for his phone.

The band plays the last song: Journey's Don't Stop Believin'. Meg finds Julie in the crowd. She's dancing, joyfully.

MEG

This song should die in a fire!

JULIE

I hate it so much!

They scream-sing it, anyway.

CUT TO the foyer. Julie and Tom bid their guests farewell at the door. Buses are waiting for them. Karen is in the drive, making sure everyone gets home safely. She sees Tabitha.

KAREN

Oh, Tabitha! Tabitha!

Tabitha keeps walking. Karen has to run after her and grab her by the arm.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Tabitha. Didn't you hear me calling your name?

TABITHA

My ears are ringing from the music.

KAREN

I know you had trouble finding the place so I just wanted to make sure you can get out of here okay.

TABITHA

I was just going to Uber.

Karen looks past the buses. The Jeep is still parked there.

KAREN

That's not your car?

Tabitha shakes her head *no*.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Huh. Well. If you're Ubering,
you'll need this!

Karen offers her the hotspot device.

KAREN (CONT'D)

The Mansion's little secret. We
turn off the Wifi when the guests
arrive, though it's spotty at best
to begin with. It's better when
everyone is in the moment, don't
you think? You should put that in
your article. One of our special
touches.

Tabitha smiles and pulls out her phone, connecting. She opens
her Uber app. One of the caterers calls out for Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Duty always calls! Please let me
know if there is anything I can
help you with while you're working
on the piece.

Karen presses her business card into Tabitha's hand. Tabitha
reads it: Karen Kulback, Wedding Planning and Management,
LLC. Her expression in her head shot is deadly serious.

CUT TO Julie and Tom, hugging the last of their guests
goodbye. Outside, Oliver hauls his kids onto the bus. Jason
helps him.

OLIVER

Sabrina texted me to get a room at
the Marriott with the kids. I've
been with the kids all night but
she needs adult time.

JASON

I'm going with you. I just have a
feeling Becca's at the hotel with
someone.

At the door, Marilyn is the last to go.

MARILYN

I am so, so happy my son has found
someone like you.

Marilyn hugs Julie, a tear running down her plump cheek.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Thank you for making him better.

FOCUS on Julie's troubled expression. She didn't marry Tom to make him better, she married him because she loves him. Marilyn hugs Tom next.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You are one lucky fella.

TOM

I know, mom.

Marilyn stops. She cocks her head at Tom. Her whole demeanor changes: from warm and emotional to cold and reproachful.

MARILYN

Don't screw this up, son.

TOM

Never, mom.

Julie is taken aback. Tom puts his arm around her as Marilyn boards the bus, casting worried glances back at them.

JULIE

What was that about?

TOM

I think she likes you more than me.

Julie returns his smile, but hers is wobbly. Meg bounds into the frame, Matt by her side.

MEG

I say, we put on our muumuus, break into the Veuve, and have ourselves a dance party in the great room.

TOM

Down.

CUT TO the kitchen. Karen is going through her checklist on her clipboard, doing a head count of champagne glasses, when she hears a car pull into the drive. She glances out the window to see that it's Tabitha's Uber. She hurries out to bid Tabitha goodbye.

EXT. THE MANSION - DRIVEWAY

Karen runs outside just in time to overhear the Uber driver speak to Tabitha through the window.

UBER DRIVER

Brittany?

Karen stops cold in her tracks.

TABITHA

That's me.

Tabitha opens the door.

KAREN

Brittany?

Brittany turns at the sound of her real name. Karen is stunned.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Then where is...

Brittany quickly gets into the car and slams the door shut. Karen runs after the car as it pulls out of the driveway, knocking on the window.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You have my hot spot! Hey! Hey!

The car peels out. Karen is momentarily at a loss for what to do. Then she sees the Jeep.

INT. THE JEEP - NIGHT

The door is unlocked. Karen climbs into the driver's seat. No keys. No purse. She opens the glove compartment. Registration papers!

Pull back to reveal: the killer's eyes in the rearview mirror, watching from the backseat.

Oblivious to the imminent danger she is in, Karen reads the documents. The car is registered to Tabitha Hanover.

KAREN

What the heck is going-

She breaks off at a loud thump from the back. Karen's eyes cut to the rearview mirror. The killer is gone.

Apprehensively, Karen climbs out of the Jeep and makes her way around to the back of the car. She stares at the trunk, unsure if she wants to know what's making that sound.

THUMP.

Karen jumps. She reaches for the hatch, uneasily. The trunk opens slowly, beeping, each chirp fraying a new nerve.

Evan is inside, bloodied, bound and gagged. He's struggling to tell her something through the gag. It sounds like...

EVAN

Eeee-hah-me. Eeee-hah-me!

KAREN

Eeee-hah-me? Eee-hah...Behind?

Evan's eyes are bulging out of his head, trying to warn her.

EVAN

Eeee-hah-me!!!!

KAREN

Behind me?!

Karen spins around, spooked out of her mind. There is no one behind her. Her back to Evan, she realizes something.

EVAN

Me! Me! Meeeee!

Karen turns around slowly, immobilized by dread, understanding too late. The backseat of the Jeep lowers flush in one swift motion. The killer springs out.

Holding her trusty clipboard in both hands, Karen thwacks the killer across the face. The killer stumbles, momentarily stunned, and Karen dives under the Jeep for protection.

The killer recovers, dropping to the ground and swiping at Karen with the axe. Karen rolls left. Right. Forward. Backward. The killer can't get leverage and grunts in frustration. The blade withdraws. The attack stops. Somehow, this long beat of reprieve is the most terrifying of all.

HISS.

Karen yelps at this new noise, rolling onto her side to see the killer has hacked the back left tire of the Jeep. The air escapes, and the cargo of the Jeep collapses in one corner, nearly crushing Karen's feet. She rolls away just in time.

HISS.

The killer punctures the back right tire. The back of the Jeep collapses entirely. Karen tucks her knees into her chest, making herself as small as can be. She has only the front of the Jeep for cover now, and the killer is approaching the front left tire.

KAREN

Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh.

HISS.

There is but one corner of the Jeep left to protect Karen, and the killer is coming for the last tire. She will be crushed beneath the car if she doesn't do something. NOW.

Karen scrambles out from under the Jeep and flees into the woods. Branches slap her face. She stumbles in the dirt, skinning her knee. She makes it to the back of the property, alive. The ceremony set up has yet to be put away. She turns to the back of the house and whimpers. The killer cut through the house and now stands, blocking the back door. The killer takes a step forward. Karen takes a step back.

KAREN (CONT'D)

No. Please...

There are rows of white Chiavari chairs between them. The killer starts throwing them out of the way, advancing on Karen. Karen throws them right back at the killer, but it's no use. The killer is winning, pushing Karen back, to the edge of the cliff.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Help-

Inside, Cam'Ron's *Hey Ma* starts to blast, drowning out the rest of her shrill plea.

INT. THE MANSION - THE GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Meg put on the music. Matt has a tube of ICY HOT and he rubs it over his body, gearing up to give Meg a lap dance. Meg reclines in a chair, swigging a bottle of champagne.

MEG

Show me what you got, Magic Matt.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

The killer and Karen have run out of chairs to throw. Karen stands at the edge, whimpering. She can see Matt and Meg inside, but they have no idea she's in a fight for her life.

KAREN

Please. I'm a good person.
I...I...donate to the Red Cross
whenever there is a hurricane. I
just got a puppy!
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

And not from a pet store even
though it was so much cheaper!

The killer swings the axe. Karen dodges it, nearly losing her balance and tumbling off the edge of the cliff. She makes a grab for something; anything. Time seems to slow down as she looks at her hand and realizes, she's holding the killer's mask. We do not see the killer, but we hear a voice.

KILLER

Shit.

It's a woman's voice.

KAREN

(squeaking)

Shit.

Karen pitches off the edge of the property, taking the mask with her as she goes.

INT. THE MANSION - GROOM'S WING - TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Julie are kissing, Meg's late nineties playlist penetrating the floor. *Hey Ma* ends, and SugarRay is next.

JULIE

My vagina just sealed shut.

Downstairs, Meg hits skip. N'Sync's *Bye Bye Bye*. Tom slips his hands under Julie's wedding dress.

TOM

She likes N'Sync though.

Julie tips her head back and sighs as Tom's hand moves under her dress.

JULIE

This is a great song. It's
scientific fact.

Tom starts pushing Julie closer to the bed.

TOM

Is that so?

Julie is breathing harder.

JULIE

Higher...number of pitches...in the
chorus hook...correlate....to...oh
my God.

Tom pushes her onto the bed, getting on his knees and raising her dress above her hips. Julie runs her hands through his hair as he goes down on her. FOCUS on her fingers tracing the top of his head. It's almost as though she's....feeling for something. Her thumb finds it—a mole on the top of his scalp. She runs her finger over it, again and again. Satisfied, she reclines back, instantly crying out.

TOM

That's my one minute bride.

Julie reaches behind her, searching under the covers. She produces Becca's stiletto. HOLD on the shoe, between Julie and Tom's equally shocked faces.

JULIE

This is Becca's shoe.

TOM

Is it?

JULIE

Yes, Tom. It is.

TOM

It looks like that other black strap and buckle thing you own.

JULIE

What is Becca's shoe doing in your bed?

Downstairs, a scream.

INT. THE MANSION - THE GREAT ROOM

Julie and Tom rush into The Great Room. Matt has his arms around Meg, consoling her.

JULIE

What happened? Are you okay?

Meg glances over her shoulder at something, then looks away with a shudder. Julie and Tom follow her line of sight.

A martini glass sits on the bar top, a bloody hand clutching it. Tom spins around, unable to stand the gore. Julie approaches it, her stomach stronger than the rest because of her job. Meg's blubbering plays in the background.

MEG

I was going to make us drinks! I went behind the bar and grabbed a glass. And...and.....that!

Julie is inches from the glass now. She looks at the black nail polish. The Cartier Panthère ring. She knows that hand. She reaches for it, weaving her fingers through her mother's fingers, pressing her mother's palm to her heart, not caring that she's bloodying her dress. Her back to the others, she emits a silent sob for her mother, for their complicated but fierce relationship. She gives herself a moment before turning around. The others gasp when they see her white dress covered in blood. She goes for Meg's phone, playing music.

MATT

We've already tried. No service. Is there a landline?

They look to Tom.

TOM

This way.

INT. THE MANSION - KAREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They stare at the place on Karen's desk where the phone was. All that is left is the cut cord. Julie looks pale and in shock, but suddenly, she takes stock of their foursome.

JULIE

Where is everyone?

Matt and Meg furrow their brows. She's right to ask.

JULIE (CONT'D)

The wedding party is nine people, not including the bride and groom.

MATT

(counting)

Oliver and Jason went back to the hotel with the rest of the guests.

JULIE

Okay. And Sabrina? Heather? Evan? Where is Dylan? I can't remember the last time I saw any of them.

Everyone looks at everyone. No one has an answer.

MEG

It's your wedding. It's normal to lose track of people.

JULIE

This is not normal.

She sets off, fearlessly. Meg follows her, a little less fearless, but trying to match her friend's courageous spirit. Tom and Matt glance at each other and reluctantly follow.

INT. THE MANSION - UPSTAIRS - GROOM'S WING - NIGHT

Julie starts in the groom's suite, throwing open doors and calling names. The others follow her lead, the guys more tentative than the girls.

JULIE

Dylan?

MEG

Evan?

No one.

INT. THE MANSION - UPSTAIRS - BRIDE'S WING - NIGHT

Everyone gasps when they open the door to Heather's room and find it soaked in blood. Matt's eyes roll back into his head and his knees buckle. Meg catches him before he falls. She slaps his cheek until his eyes flutter open.

MEG

Julie. Don't.

Julie takes a brave step into the room.

JULIE

Heather?! Sabrina?!

MEG

(whispered revelation)

Becca.

JULIE

Becca is at the hospital with a sprained ankle.

Meg averts her eyes.

JULIE (CONT'D)

No, Meg. She texted me. Remember?

Meg sighs, guiltily. She props Matt upright and heads for her room. Everyone follows, checking over their shoulders.

INT. THE MANSION - MEG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Meg reaches into her clutch, producing Becca's phone.

MEG

The caterer found it and gave it to us earlier this morning. It was right by the front door.

JULIE

You lied to me?

MEG

I...I just thought Becca hooked up with someone and went to the hotel so Jason wouldn't find out. I didn't want to stress you out any more than you already were.

Tom looks stung.

TOM

Than you already were?

Julie meets his eye, boldly.

JULIE

Yes, Tom. Weddings are stressful and very expensive.

She doesn't say anything more. She doesn't need to.

TOM

Are you ever going to stop rubbing it in my face that you make more money than me?

JULIE

I don't know. Are you ever going to admit that you're not too special for a regular job?

Meg gasps. Matt grimaces. Julie takes a shaky breath, instantly remorseful she took it that far.

JULIE (CONT'D)

That was...I don't think that.

TOM

Now you're a liar too.

Tom starts to walk out.

MATT
Where are you going, man?

Tom calls out from the hallway.

TOM O.C.
Sometimes there's reception by the
windows in the sunroom.

Matt starts after him. Meg grabs his arm.

MATT
I can't let him go alone.

Meg swallows. But she nods. Meg and Julie are left alone.
Julie covers her face and starts to cry.

MEG
Jules. Hey. It's okay. I've said
way worse things to Matt.

Meg hugs her.

JULIE
On your wedding day though?

MEG
I don't remember eighteen ninety-
eight very well.

They both laugh, despite everything. Meg releases Julie.
Julie takes a shaky breath, her eyes filling with tears.

JULIE
My mom is dead.

MEG
No, Jules. We don't know-

JULIE
(stoic)
And I found something. In Tom's
room.

Meg waits.

JULIE (CONT'D)
It was Becca's shoe.

Julie holds Meg's eye.

MEG

Oh. I'm sure it just ended up there as a mistake. Housecleaning or something—

JULIE

It was in his sheets.

Silence. Meg can't really argue with that.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You knew Becca wasn't in the hospital with a sprained ankle. You thought she was with someone.

(apprehensive beat)

Who?

MEG

Julie, I—

JULIE

I just held my mother's severed hand in my own. What could be worse?

Meg sighs.

MEG

I saw them kissing last night. But I thought it was Dylan!

Julie covers her face.

JULIE

Oh my God.

MEG

I didn't tell anyone because I thought if Jason found out he'd flip out. It never even occurred to me it might have been Tom. You were with Tom.

JULIE

Was I though?

Meg's eyes widen.

MEG

You actually think—

JULIE

There were times today. Where I wasn't sure if I was with Tom or Dylan.

MEG

You can't tell them apart?

JULIE

Tom has a mole. On the top of his head. That's the only way.

MEG

Jesus. It's like the homicidal sequel to The Parent Trap. Jules. We have to get out of-

MATT AND TOM O.C.

Julie! Help!

INT. THE MANSION - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Meg and Julie enter the sunroom to find Matt and Tom removing binds and a gag from Evan. He's covered in blood.

TOM

We found him in here like this!

Evan's body is limp. Julie rushes to him and feels for a pulse. Everyone waits, tensely.

JULIE

He's alive.

She starts checking his body, looking for wounds.

JULIE (CONT'D)

This isn't...this isn't his blood. There are no-

Evan's eyes fly open. His scream is bone-chilling.

FEW MINUTES LATER. They've gotten Evan into a chair and given him a glass of water. He's trembling, recounting his story.

EVAN

An axe. He had an axe. She was pregnant with my son!

Evan moans. Matt, Tom, Meg, and Julie are some combination of petrified and repulsed and devastated.

JULIE

We need to get out of here. Now.

TOM

How? You heard Evan. The only car on the property was destroyed. None of our phones work. It's twenty miles to the nearest place that will have a landline and that's the general store and it's definitely closed.

JULIE

Then we'll break a window!

TOM

No. No way. It's too dangerous. Twenty miles on foot? This guy could come for us, at any point. We're better off sticking together, in this room, and waiting it out until everyone comes back for the farewell brunch.

MEG

That's eleven hours from now!

JULIE

What about that guy? The caretaker? Doesn't he live on the property? He must have a phone. Or a car.

TOM

Eddie.

JULIE

Eddie!

TOM

Eddie's a woman.

JULIE

Eddie's a woman?

Tom nods.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Okay. So. What does it matter? She must have a phone or a car.

Tom chews his lip.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What?

Tom won't answer.

JULIE (CONT'D)

That was my mother's hand back there. You know that, right? Whatever you are hiding from me, it's the reason she's dead.

TOM

I don't trust Eddie to help us.

Matt looks away. Meg and Julie notice. Julie turns to Evan.

JULIE

Evan. Are you sure the person who attacked Heather was a man?

EVAN

It had to be a man.

JULIE

Did you see his face? Hear his voice?

EVAN

A woman wouldn't kill a pregnant woman!

Julie is breathing, heavily. It's Eddie. It has to be. Julie turns to Tom.

JULIE

What reason would Eddie have to hurt the people we love, Tom?

TOM

She's not right in the head, Jules. Not after...

MEG

Not after what?

Tom looks pained. Meg addresses her husband.

MEG (CONT'D)

Stop protecting him, Matt.

MATT

(to Tom, pleadingly)
Dude. Don't make me be the one...

Tom refuses to crack. Matt sighs.

MATT (CONT'D)

He dated Eddie right after college.

Tom squeezes his eyes shut, mortified.

JULIE

Tom did?

MATT

They both did.

Everyone turns to Tom when he sobs, so ashamed of himself.

TOM

We were kids.

JULIE

What did you do to her?

Meg comes to Julie's side, rubbing her back as Tom confesses.

TOM

Dylan and I...we switched places with her. Sometimes. When she found out...she tried to hang herself in the woods. She tore a tendon in her neck and burst an optic nerve, and she's never fully recovered the sight in her left eye.

JULIE

What is *wrong* with you?

Tom hangs his head.

TOM

My mom tried really hard to keep the story out of the press. My dad even convinced her to cut Eddie into the deed of the house as a sort of mea culpa—

JULIE

Or to buy her silence.

TOM

Word spread around town. Business never recovered.

JULIE

Now I understand why no one wants to get married here anymore.

MEG

How much does Eddie get if the house sells?

TOM

Ten percent.

MEG

Some people would kill for ten percent on ten million.

Tom looks at Meg. How does she know how much the developers offered them?

JULIE

Yeah, Tom. I told Meg how much you turned down because you had my money as a cushion.

TOM

Well, you can relax Jules because we have to no choice but to accept their offer now. No way anyone will ever get married here again after our wedding ended in a bloodbath.

Everyone seems to realize something at the same time.

MEG

What if this isn't about Eddie getting back at you though? What if it's about the money? What if Dylan cooked this up with her? He has been gunning to sell but he couldn't get you on board.

Julie catches on, her eyes alighting.

MATT

Stuff like this is always about the money. And where the fuck is Dylan?

TOM

Dylan doesn't need money, though. It's my dad who...

Tom realizes he's about to implicate his father and stops.

MATT

It's your dad who what? I thought the house was on your mother's side? What does he stand to gain?

JULIE

If she sells, Chuck doesn't have to pay alimony anymore.

Everyone is quiet a moment, turning this over.

MEG

I think Tom is right. We have a better shot at making it through the night if we all stick together in this room. We're vulnerable out in the open.

She looks to Matt for backup. He shrugs.

MATT

Happy wife. Happy life.

Evan sobs into his hands.

AN HOUR LATER. Everyone sits, huddled, knees to their chest, trying to stay warm. It's drafty in the sunroom, with the floor to ceiling windows. Meg starts a fire. Julie looks at Tom, dozing. She wanders over to Meg and helps her. After all this, she's still in her wedding dress.

Meg looks up at her. She's been sobbing, silently, and Julie had no idea.

JULIE

Oh, Meg. We have to have hope. They could still be alive.

Julie drops to her knees and embraces her.

MEG

I can't even think about our friends. I feel horrible but I can't. I'm so scared for my kids! What if something happens to Matt or me or both of us!

Julie holds Meg while she cries in her arms.

JULIE

Your kids are not going to be orphaned, Meg. I will never let that happen. I promise.

They both stare into the fire. They see it at the same time: the CVS uniform. Julie squints, reading the badge: Brittany.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What is-

MATT

Look!

Matt is standing by the window, pointing, as the headlights of a car appear in the woods. Everyone watches it near: a white service van. The hope on their faces fades fast as the van plows up the incline, mows down the ceremony set up in the backyard, and barrels straight for the windows in the sunroom. Tom grabs Julie and drags her away.

TOM

Run!

Everyone runs away from the window, screaming, as the bartender's white van crashes through the sunroom windows.

Everything goes black for a while.

Flashes of fire. The sound of people moaning. Someone crying and repeating a name. Julie's eyes flutter open.

VOICE

Tom. Oh my God. Tom. Tom! Wake up,
Tom. Please!

The van demolished the wall of the sunroom. Julie is lying on her back in the Great Room. Flames lick the van. With effort, Julie sits up and looks around. Matt and Evan are passed out on the ground next to her. There is no sign of Meg.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Tom. Tom!

Julie tries to focus. The room is filling with smoke, making it hard to see. Who is calling out Tom's name, and why? She climbs to her feet, stumbling toward the voice. She comes upon Tom, trying to free Dylan from behind the wheel of the van. She can't make sense of what is happening—if Tom is trying to free Dylan, why is Tom calling Dylan *Tom*?

JULIE

Dylan.

Tom turns. He's not Tom. He's Dylan.

DYLAN

Help me, Jules. He's stuck. Someone
duct taped his hands!

Dazed, Julie goes to help. Tom is slumped over in the driver's seat, one hand duct taped to the wheel. To her horror, she sees his other hand wrapped around the handle of a bloody axe in passenger seat. She runs her fingers through his hair. No mole. She is gobsmacked by a sudden realization.

JULIE

Dylan. Oh my God. How long? How long have you been pretending to be Tom?

Dylan is distraught, trying to free his brother.

DYLAN

Please. Just help me and I'll tell you everything!

Together, they free Tom and drag him away from the flames. Julie checks his pulse. Tom coughs, coming to.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Tom! What happened? Who is doing this?

TOM

I went to the room. For her shoe. I don't remember...

He rubs the back of his head. Julie's patience runs out.

JULIE

One of you sick fucks tell me what the fuck is going on!

Dylan appeals to Julie, tears running down his face.

DYLAN

I messed up. On our first date. And I was so mad at myself because I liked you so much and I never like women. So when you approached me on the subway, I pretended to be Tom. I would have done anything for a fresh start with you.

FLASHBACK. Julie on the subway. Approaching Dylan. FOCUS on the Starbucks cup between his knees. Written on the side is the name *Dylan*. FOCUS on Dylan, smiling at Julie, passing himself off as Tom.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I take it you've met my twin brother. My name is Tom. I'm the not asshole one.

PRESENT. Julie takes one small, cautious step back.

JULIE

Oh my God. The whole time? It was never Tom? It was always you?

DYLAN

I was sick of my job. Sick of the hours. The pressure. And Tom was sick of the failure. I told him what I did, how I pretended to be him, and, well, it's crazy. I don't even know whose idea it was, but we—

JULIE

You switched lives.

Dylan nods. Julie takes another step back, toward the van, tears running down her face, utterly betrayed.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You switched back today, didn't you? Because Marilyn would have noticed.

DYLAN

And then Tom went missing at the end of the night. I didn't know where he was. So I stepped back in. That's why my mom...

FLASHBACK. Marilyn's judgmental face right before she got on the bus to go back to the hotel.

JULIE

(to Tom)

Did you sleep with Becca?

TOM

Yes, but. It was never me you were in love with...

Julie takes another step back. Dylan advances on her.

DYLAN

Julie. Please. Wait. I did it because I loved you. And I got in too deep, and I didn't know how to tell you without scaring you—

JULIE

You're scaring me now!

Julie grabs the axe out of the van and swings it at him. He jumps back, allowing her to flee into the smoke.

DYLAN

Julie!

Julie runs into the reception hall, looking for another exit.

INT. THE MANSION - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Julie bursts inside, gripping the axe. There are people sitting at one of the tables! Julie runs toward them, desperate.

JULIE
Help me! Help!

She slows down as she closes in, turning green. These people...they're dead. The Sheriff. The bartender. Becca in her rehearsal dinner dress, her single stiletto stabbed through her forehead, concealing her face.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Becca? Oh my God. Becca.

Julie notices a place card has been set in front of her, *Miss Tabitha Hanover* written in neat calligraphy. Her head spins as she reads it. There is only one way to make sense of it.

Julie raises the axe, hacking off the shoe at its heel. Only the spike remains in the woman's forehead, revealing her face in its entirety. She is not Becca. She is Tabitha Hanover.

There is an ominous tap on Julie's shoulder. She spins around, axe raised, ready to strike.

MATT
It's me!

Julie sobs, lowering the axe. Matt reaches for it. *No! Julie! Don't give it away!* But she's so crippled with fear that she doesn't think as Matt removes the weapon from her hands.

MATT (CONT'D)
We have to get out of here, Jules.
We have to find Meg.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

Matt and Julie emerge from the reception hall door. Evan, Dylan, and Tom are standing in the driveway, watching the mansion burn. They all turn at the sound of Meg's scream from deep within the woods.

MATT
Meg!

Matt takes off. Dylan runs toward Julie. Julie looks into the woods, in the direction Matt went, then looks at Dylan, coming for her. She chooses the woods.

DYLAN

Julie, no!

Dylan chases after Julie. Tom and Evan chase after him.

FOCUS on Julie as she hears Matt's shrill scream. She follows it, coming upon him holding a piece of Meg's bloody t-shirt in one hand, axe in the other.

MATT

Meg! Meg?! Hold on!

Dylan and the rest of the guys catch up.

DYLAN

Matt. Please. Just wait here. The fire department will be here soon.

Julie looks around—why doesn't she hear sirens yet?

JULIE

Where are they? Shouldn't they be here by now?

DYLAN

We're so far out. It might take them a little while to even realize there is a fire.

JULIE

What a boon this is for you, Dylan. Fire insurance pay out on top of the developer's offer.

DYLAN

I didn't plan this! Meg filled your head with her crazy shit.

Matt grabs Dylan by the lapels, threatening him with the axe.

MATT

If you so much as speak Meg's name again I'll chop your tongue off.

EVAN

(sobbing)

She's dead, bro. Just like Heather. The girls are all dead.

Matt releases Dylan and turns toward Julie, menacingly.

MATT

Julie's still here. Riddle me that.

Julie eyes the axe in Matt's hands, visibly nervous now.

JULIE

Are you accusing me of—

MATT

Maybe you were in this for the money too. Start married life with a nice little nest egg.

JULIE

Maybe you killed them.

MATT

Why would I kill Meg? I would be lost as fuck without her!

JULIE

It's always the husband.

Matt steps in front of her, threateningly. In the reflection of the axe's blade, Julie sees the other guys behind her, *surrounding* her. Her blood runs cold. She is alone in the woods with four angry men, and one of them is holding an axe.

MATT

You've got one of those now. So if I were you, Jules? I'd fucking run.

Julie takes off, as fast as she can go.

She crashes through the woods. Branches slash her cheeks, her neck, her hands. Her wedding dress is shredded, covered in blood and soot and dirt. Behind her Dylan howls her name.

DYLAN O.C.

Jul-ieee! Jules! Jul-ieee!

Julie is petrified. She runs faster. She stumbles into a clearing. There is a cottage before her. The shades are drawn. The house is dark. It must be Eddie's house.

DYLAN O.C. (CONT'D)

Jul-ieee!

Julie doesn't hesitate. She runs for the house.

The door is locked. Julie tries a window, then another. Both locked too. She's about to throw a rock through the glass when the front door opens. Eddie is standing there, a rifle in her hand. Julie gasps.

EDDIE
(whisper)
Inside. Quick.

DYLAN O.C.
Jul-ieee!

Julie runs inside.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are off. The shades are drawn. Julie picks up the phone—no dial tone.

EDDIE
Phone line's been cut. Only thing
we can do is hunker down 'til
someone reports the fire.

Julie sits down at the small table in the kitchen across from Eddie. She's incredibly uneasy in this dark house, with this troubled woman Tom and Dylan once nearly drove to suicide.

JULIE
They did it to me too.

Eddie's expression reveals nothing.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I don't even know who I married.

EDDIE
You married Tom, but you're in love
with Dylan.
(sinister smile)
Same.

Julie goes white. Beneath the table, we see Julie slip her hand into the pocket of her wedding dress.

Julie hears a sneeze, below her. Sabrina's sneeze. She looks at the door to the basement. She looks at Eddie. Eddie looks at her. It's on.

Julie slugs Eddie across the face, wearing her mother's Cartier ring that she tucked into the pocket of her dress, a thirty thousand dollar brass knuckle. Eddie goes down. The rifle skids across the laminated kitchen floors. Julie grabs it and head butts Eddie: Once, twice, three times to be sure.

She opens the door to the basement and takes a deep breath.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Julie gets the shock of her life when she descends the stairs to find Meg, Becca, Heather, and Sabrina clutching each other, shaking and terrified.

MEG

Julie!

Meg opens her arms. Julie runs to her, letting the rifle drop. She hugs Meg hard, sobbing into her shoulder.

JULIE

I thought you were dead!

Over Julie's shoulder, Meg's eyes fill with tears too.

The sound of a rifle, reloading, causes Julie to release Meg and step away from her. Becca is holding the rifle, pointing it at Julie. Meg wipes away her tears.

MEG

Damnit, Julie. What did I tell you about worrying about everyone but yourself?

Julie reassesses the room. Her friends are wounded and bleeding. Sabrina appears to be missing some fingers. But Heather's condition is the most shocking: her stomach is flat. All four women wear cold, unrecognizable expressions.

JULIE

What is this?

The women exchange wry smiles.

BECCA

Call it a prison break.

SABRINA

I don't know what you were thinking today. Have you not noticed how fucking miserable we all are?

JULIE

You're not...you're not miserable-

SABRINA

I've had a cold for three years.

HEATHER

Before I became permanently barefoot and pregnant, I worked twice as hard as Evan to make half as much.

MEG

I work twice as hard as Matt to make twice as much and that's just the first shift.

BECCA

I gave my husband sons and also, erectile dysfunction!
(wink at Julie)
New hubby dusted off those cobwebs.

SABRINA

No, Becca, remember? You slept with Tom who was posing as Dylan who is the one Julie is really in love with.

BECCA

Geez, I take one time out to go on a ten hour killing spree and it turns into a fucking telenovela.

Julie brings her fingers to her temples, working it out.

JULIE

Becca. You killed my mother?

SABRINA

Actually, I did. Gave Beccs a little break. She had been at it since 6am this morning, starting with that *New York Times* reporter.

FLASHBACK. We see what really happened in the downstairs bathroom earlier this morning. Becca opened the door, to find the real Tabitha Hanover pulling up her pants. Becca attacked her with her stiletto, then switched out their clothes.

PRESENT. Sabrina rolls her eyes.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

That wasn't part of the plan. So then Heather and I had to find someone in this one-horse town to play a member of the media elite.

FLASHBACK. CVS. Sabrina and Heather are talking to the cashier, wearing a CVS apron, sporting the name tag, Brittany. They slide a wad of cash across the table.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

She wasn't too bright. But she did in a pinch.

JULIE

Heather. You were pregnant.

HEATHER

Up until my scheduled c-section last week, yes.

JULIE

Where is the baby?

HEATHER

With his mother. Annabelle.

FLASHBACK to Annabelle showing Julie a picture of her new adopted baby. Back in the present, Julie's knees buckle.

SABRINA

We figured it would look suspicious if all the cops found of your bridesmaids were a few fingers and some blood splatter. We needed a witness.

FLASHBACK. Sabrina's room at The Mansion. She's holding her hand out for Becca, grimacing. Becca looks apologetic as she brings the axe down, spraying the window with blood.

HEATHER

It wasn't easy, hiding a silicone bump pad from Evan this week-

MEG

Or appetizing, filling it with your actual placenta.

HEATHER

Thank you, Kourtney Kardashian, for normalizing the request to pocket that shit like hotel lotion.

BECCA

Gross but all for the cause.

JULIE

What *cause*?

HEATHER

God, you make it sound so political. Think of it more as a...

MEG

Lifestyle change.

SABRINA

We were preached the gospel of having it all.

MEG

An easier sell than hearing you can bring home the bacon, *girls*, but you will still be expected to remember when you are out milk, to fill out the sign up sheets and permission slips, to keep the calendar, to schedule the kids' checkups and nag your husband to help and then praise him when he does even though, helping is *not* the same thing as *sharing* the work-

SABRINA

You will never get through a meal uninterrupted which is fine, because you will still be expected to keep it tight even though you don't even have thirty seconds to hold a plank.

HEATHER

And if you fail to overcome systemic pay parity, guess you're not a strong woman.

BECCA

I am so fucking tired of being a strong woman!

Becca shoots the ceiling for emphasis, her eyes wild. Julie cowers, but the others don't even flinch.

MEG

Why do we have to be strong? While the dad bods we married are dicking around on the golf course and increasing their life expectancies.

SABRINA

There's like, research, to back us up.

JULIE

(shakily)

Some studies show married men are happier and healthier than married women, yes.

BECCA

(turning the gun on Julie)

And what do *some studies* show about single women, Dr. Julie Wheeler?

JULIE

(beat)

They fare better than married women.

HEATHER

And yet we are still made to feel like pathetic old maids if we fail to enter into an institution that's about as good for us as smoking. I wonder, why might that be?

MEG

Because wives are kale for men.

BECCA

Ding. Ding. *Ding*. Hetero marriage is one big fucking scam on women.

JULIE

Your kids, though.

SABRINA

Oh, our kids light up the room!
It's just...

MEG

We don't want to clean that room any longer.

JULIE

Have you not heard of divorce, you empowered psychopaths?

BECCA

Only to be awarded full custody because of the insidious myth that women are born with a penchant for packing lunches and wiping asses?

JULIE

So leave! Men do it all the time.

MEG

Men also kill their wives and their children and take up with the twenty-two year old nanny when they want to start over, but we consider ourselves more evolved than that.

Julie snorts.

MEG (CONT'D)

I adore my children. And God help me I am fond of that choade I married. I don't want to see any of them dead. I just want them to think *I'm* dead.

HEATHER

We don't want to be missing persons. We don't want anyone trying to bring us home.

MEG

But we couldn't just up and vanish on a random Tuesday. You, the last of our friends duped by Big Marriage, gave us a gift for which we will be eternally grateful: the only time we would all be in the same place for the foreseeable future. I pushed for this day, even though it made my skin scrawl watching you subjugate yourself to that scrub.

JULIE

I never-

SABRINA

How many times today did you apologize for *his* bullshit?

Julie presses her lips together. They have her there.

BECCA

That's how freaked out they get you about being thirty-four and alone. I would fucking kill to be alone, to have a second to myself.

MEG

You settled, and I soaked it all up: the drama about The Mansion, the money. What Chuck wanted. What Dylan wanted. What Marilyn wanted.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

There was an escape route there, we just had to map it out.

JULIE

Chuck and Dylan take the fall. Tom refused to sell, so they found a way to force his hand.

HEATHER

We stole Chuck's phone at the reception and then, and this is funny—

BECCA

We thought we kidnapped Dylan and stole his phone, but that guy turned out to be his evil fucking twin.

SABRINA

So decided to implicate Tom too.

HEATHER

And in a text exchange between him and Chuck, the police will uncover their motive.

MEG

And find Tom's handprints on the handle of the murder weapon and our blood on the blade.

BECCA

And my shoe in his room.

SABRINA

We will be counted among the dead. Innocent victims of three greedy men. Tale as old as time.

JULIE

And Eddie makes ten percent. Or she would have, if I hadn't fractured her cranial bone in three places.

MEG

One less person who knows we are out there, living our best lives.

Becca cocks the hammer, focusing Julie in the cross-hairs. Julie inhales, shakily.

JULIE

And what do those entail?

BECCA

Raw dogging through Europe *alone*.

HEATHER

Getting a job in Hong Kong *alone*.

SABRINA

Breathing through both nostrils in the Amazon rainforest and finishing Big Little Lies. My kids permit me about a paragraph a day.

MEG

I'm going to Florida to get so fat.

JULIE

Let me guess, *alone*?

Meg smirks.

MEG

Wendy Darling can have the real world. We never should have left Never Neverland.

Becca's finger hovers on the trigger. Julie whimpers.

MEG (CONT'D)

I tried to protect you, Jules. I really did.

Julie's eyes fill with tears.

JULIE

I'm pregnant, Meg.

BECCA

I feel better about this actually. You'll die at the top of your game. Babies eat brain cells for-

Becca is shot dead. She is spun around and accidentally discharges the weapon, killing Sabrina. The rifle clatters to the floor. Heather lunges for it, slips in her friends' blood and cracks her head open on the cold cement.

Meg raises her hands in the air, surrendering. The killer is standing behind Julie on the stairs, wearing the white mask, holding one of the rifles mounted on Eddie's gallery wall.

The killer removes the mask. It's Karen.

KAREN

Brides don't die on my watch.

MEG

Oh, fuck me. I had to be such an asshole to you.

Karen hands Julie the gun.

KAREN

As much as I'd love to do the honors, Meg, it is Julie's special day.

Julie aims the gun at Meg. Meg starts to cry.

MEG

Jules, wait.

Julie pauses.

MEG (CONT'D)

I want you to see Dr. Oberlin at Mount Sinai. New York Presbyterian has a higher ranking but you are guaranteed a private room with Dr. Oberlin.

Julie cocks the hammer.

MEG (CONT'D)

And...and....you can have coffee. Don't let anyone scare you off that. You cure cancer for a living and you aren't selfish for needing a fucking cup of coffee.

Julie shuts one eye.

MEG (CONT'D)

If you hate breastfeeding, stop. Formula is not child abuse! And you can have my stroller. It's a Bugaboo. Ask Matt. I saved it for you.

Julie's finger hovers on the trigger. Meg sobs.

JULIE

Thanks, Meg.

MEG

I know you'll love that kid, Jules. Just promise me one thing?

JULIE

What's that?

MEG

Promise me you'll be a shit wife.

JULIE

I do, Meg.

Julie pulls the trigger. Meg slams against the wall and slumps to the ground, super dead.

Behind her, on the stairs, Karen brings her hand to her breast, moved to tears by their final goodbye.

KAREN

Oh. Em. Gee.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Karen and Julie find the road. They follow it, wordlessly, in shock, for a long stretch. In the distance, an ambulance appears, followed by two police cars. Julie and Karen cry out with relief, waving their arms, jumping up and down.

The cavalcade stops. An EMT opens the back doors of the ambulance. Julie gasps when she sees Dr. Wheeler, micromanaging an EMT as he wraps her wrist in a tourniquet.

Dr. WHEELER

Pull the tail tighter.

The EMT officer pulls.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)

Tighter! Did you dig your medical license out of a dumpster?

Julie's voice is strangled with emotion.

JULIE

Mom!

DR. WHEELER

Oh, Julie!

Dr. Wheeler and Julie embrace. Dr. Wheeler cups her daughter's chin tenderly, her thumb stroking a gash on Julie's cheek.

DR. WHEELER (CONT'D)

Dr. State School here isn't to touch your face. You'll see my plastic surgeon in the city.

The police officers crowd around Karen and Julie.

POLICE OFFICER

Can you describe the man who did
this to you?

Karen and Julie exchange a subtle glance. A silent pact is
made. They answer in unison.

KAREN

Tom Cunningham.

JULIE

Dylan Cunningham.

THE END.