

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD, PHILLIPS' RESIDENCE - EARLY AFTERNOON

A beautiful wedding ceremony: Classy, enchanting, inspired by a millennial Pinterest board, with an instagram-worthy aesthetic.

A wedding arch adorned in gorgeous florals stands before rows of perfect white folding chairs.

A HARPIST (30's-50's, elegant and ethereal) plays Canon in D.

THE OFFICIANT (Late 50's, coifed) stands at the front with TYLER PHILLIPS, (White, early 30s, handsome, a clean cut Texan boy) nervous but beaming.

Next to him, his GROOMSMEN (early 30s, handsome) frat boys in navy blue suits.

The RIGHT side of the aisle is filled by chattering GUESTS... While the LEFT side, is nearly empty.

BEVERLY PHILLIPS (Vivacious, beautiful and warm, late 50s) sits in the front row RIGHT side of the aisle. She glances nervously to the left where four seats labeled 'Camila,' 'Monty', 'Arya', and 'Zayden' sit unoccupied.

She checks her watch - yikes.

Beverly springs into action, collecting the reserved signs as inconspicuously as possible.

GUESTS walk out of the house and begin shuffling into their seats on the RIGHT side of the aisle. Beverly quickly intercepts, directing the confused GUESTS to the LEFT section.

BEVERLY

Go on, now.

Beverly grabs TWO GUESTS, a little kiss-kiss on the cheek action, as she ushers them to the LEFT.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I'm the mother of the groom, this is my day, just do it.

Beverly sees Tyler across the way, his eyebrow raised.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Thank you! Thank you!

Beverly scoots past the seated guests moving towards her son and away from the crowd.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
God. Poor thing. I told them to get
rid of these. I'm sorry-

Tyler looks at the signs tucked beneath Beverly's arm.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Lydia's family. They should be
here. She-

Tyler cuts her anxious rant short.

TYLER
-Mom. I know.

Tyler puts his hands on her shoulders looking into her eyes. Beverly lets out a deep breath, shaking off the emotion.

BEVERLY
Oh Lord, I gotta at least make it
to the ceremony.

Tyler pulls her into a hug as Beverly sniffles.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
My baby boy is getting married!

PETE PHILLIPS, (late 50s, Tyler's dad, gregarious and warm) appears and pats Tyler on the back.

PETE
Yeah he is! How's my boy?

TYLER
Hi. I'm good. But, I'm a little
worried about Lydia-

PETE
-Why? You think she's having second
thoughts?

Tyler scowls.

BEVERLY
Pete! Stop it!

She gently whacks Pete on the arm.

PETE
 (teasing)
 Woman, they're gonna get you on
 camera. Watch out.

A wedding photographer stands nearby, ready to shoot. Beverly perks up, gesturing to the photographer as Tyler rolls his eyes.

BEVERLY
 (to the photographer)
 Oh, would you?

They smile for the camera. Click.

PETE
 We're so proud of you, son.

Tyler smiles at his parents, but the moment is cut short by an exasperated DANI (late 20s, beautiful, and a bit more aggro than your typical maid of honor) glaring at him.

TYLER
 Love you guys- uh, just one sec...

Tyler quickly maneuvers away from his mother, as not to alert her of the distressed bridesmaid.

Dani mimes and mouths the words "I need to talk to you."

He's not getting it.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 What...?

Dani exaggerates, mouthing the words again. She looks at Tyler intently, and awkwardly gestures her head towards the house.

Tyler looks at her half puzzled, half amused.

Dani loses it.

DANI
 I NEED TO TALK TO YOU!

All of the guests turn their attention to Dani.

DANI (CONT'D)
 (in a much lower tone)
 ...About the-

Dani notices a startled ELDERLY MAN standing near her clutching a glass of cocktail shrimp - bingo!

DANI (CONT'D)
 -the shrimp. I need to talk to you
 about the cocktail shrimp. It's so-

Dani picks one out of his glass and eats it.

DANI (CONT'D)
 (chewing obnoxiously)
 -delicious.....

Tyler beelines to Dani, linking arms and hastily ushering her towards the house.

INT. KITCHEN, BEVERLY PHILLIPS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dani spits the half chewed shrimp in the luxurious kitchen sink.

DANI
 Oh god.

TYLER
 What?!

DANI
 I'm allergic to shellfish.

Tyler looks at her incredulously.

DANI (CONT'D)
 It's fine. My lips will just swell
 up and I'll look like Kylie Jenner
 for a while.

TYLER
 Dani, what is going on?

Dani clears her throat, it's already getting scratchy. She coughs pitifully.

DANI
 I can't find Lydia.

TYLER
 What do you mean you can't find
 Lydia?

DANI
 I don't know. I messed up her
 wing...

Tyler isn't understanding. Dani points to her face, annoyed.

DANI (CONT'D)
Eyeliner. Like the swoopy thing.

Tyler nods his head, still not sure what that means.

DANI (CONT'D)
And then her aunt... I think. She
called and- (coughs)

TYLER
Camila?

Tyler retrieves a bottle of water for the fridge and hands it to Dani.

DANI
Yeah!!!! Camila! Thanks.

Dani begins to gulp water.

TYLER
Yeah. That's not her aunt-

DANI
Ok. Well, she was hysterical, I
couldn't understand her... so this
guy... Monty, I think-

TYLER
-Monty.

DANI
Yeah!!!! Monty! He picked up and-

Dani begins to cough.

TYLER
Ok, ok- Dani, slow down. So are
they coming? Did they make their
flight?

DANI
I don't know!? She... I can't...

Dani grunts and wheezes as she violently clears her throat, she makes disgusting guttural grunting noises.

TYLER
It's all gonna be ok... Just try
and relax. We'll- I'll figure it
out. Do you need ice-

DANI
JUST FIND LYDIA!!!

Tyler's eyes go wide, he nods and heads for the doorway, but doubles back, opens a medicine cabinet and grabs an EpiPen and hands it off to Dani.

INT. HALLWAY, BEVERLY PHILLIPS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler powers through the hallway.

He opens the door to the bathroom. No one.

The spare bedroom. No one.

He hears some rustling from the closet.

He opens it.

Tyler's cousins JODIE, GREG and LIZA, (Gen-Z kids, 15 and terrible) are sitting on the floor drinking from a bottle of Blue Label. They look at him, surprisingly unbothered.

TYLER
Have you seen Lydia?

JODIE
No...?

GREG
I mean, we heard her.

TYLER
Heard her?

LIZA
She was on the phone... She was like crying or something.

TYLER
What?! Why?

They shrug. Tyler closes the door to the closet and walks off, but after a few steps, he turns back, and yells through the shut door.

TYLER (CONT'D)
JUST SO YOU KNOW, that's \$150 a bottle. They'll know it's missing.

LIZA (O.S.)
SHIT!

INT. LIVING ROOM, BEVERLY PHILLIPS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Tyler passes by the front door.

He back tracks. He hears music coming from outside.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, BEVERLY PHILLIPS HOME - CONTINUOUS

LYDIA (27, Latina with an expensive blonde balayage, intelligent, type A) sits in the front seat of her car, head down against the steering wheel.

Some POP ANTHEM plays from the inside the car.

Tyler nervously approaches the driver side, he knocks on the window gently.

Startled, Lydia looks up at Tyler, to reveal teary eyes are smeared makeup.

A look of dread washes over Tyler's face.

She turns down the music and rolls down the window.

LYDIA

Hi.

TYLER

Lydia... what are you-

LYDIA

You're not supposed to see me.

Tyler stares in shock as Lydia unlocks the car. He races around to the passenger seat, and gets in.

INT. LYDIA'S CAR, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tyler reaches from the passenger seat to turn off the car.

Silence.

Lydia can hardly even look at Tyler.

The silence breaks-

TYLER

Baby, hey, what's wrong? What happened?

LYDIA

My mom had a heart attack.

Lydia dazed, offers nothing further.

TYLER

Oh my God. Is she okay? Is your family with her- is that why they're not-

Lydia's face says it all.

LYDIA

She died.

Tyler's eyes go wide.

TYLER

Lydia, I'm so sorry. Oh God, I'm so sorry. What do you need- I-

He looks at her, desperately waiting for direction.

LYDIA

I'm sorry. Can you give me a moment? I- I just, I need a minute. I swear, I'll be okay. This will all be okay.

TYLER

No, no, of course. Sure. Whatever you need, I'll just-

He nods compassionately, doing all that he can to mask his panic.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

LYDIA

I love you, too.

He reaches for her and kisses her forehead, and gets out of the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, BEVERLY PHILLIPS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Tyler heads for the front door, he stops to look back at Lydia before going inside.

INT. LYDIA'S CAR, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lydia meets Tyler's gaze, then watches the front door close behind him.

Lydia looks at the door for a moment.

Something inside Lydia changes. She takes a deep breath, starts the car, and peels out of the driveway.

EXT. STREET, BEVERLY PHILLIPS HOME - CONTINUOUS

The car drives down the street as the "Just Married" sign can be seen on the back window and the tin cans attached to the car hit the ground.