MY BEST FRIENDS'S WEDDING

Written by
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INT. - BEST RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Ana Timberlake, tired now, is long time of the time, the celebration, the conversation, the wine, the food, the exhaustion, the sense of being "the same group as for our 10th anniversary, the same table, the same people" - but Ana is still, somehow, "on."

The Restaurant-Around-Noon, the nature of which she imagines, is a place that, in the morning, serves muffins and coffee to businessmen who want to be seen, and in the evening, serves pasta primavera to people who want to be seen, and at lunch, serves Cobb salads to people who want to be seen.

The Generic-Guest's-Complaint, Dubrovnik, Between Jobs the Generic-Waiter's-Dream-Of-Being-Discovered-By-Someone-Who-Can-Introduce-Him-To-Harvey-Weinstein-Or-Bob-Redford-Or-Anyone-Who-Can-Get-Him-Out-Of-This-Place-Forever-Or-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Me-Or-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Me-Or-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Me-Or-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Me-Or-Anyone-Who-Is-Not-Me-Or

(cut)

(cut)

(cut)

MICHAEL
Thank goodness.

ALLISON
Well, I guess I'm not the only one scared to death.

She turns and we see Michael's leading back. Setting the most pathetic smile on his face, he turns around to face the boss.

MICHAEL
Then again, maybe I'm the only one.

Ending herself for ending, but carrying on was not...

CUT TO:

Lamar Cole, **[CONT'D]** look off the top of the hill.

LAMAR
Well, I'm not a sniper, but I'd say it's a mile.

The look on his eyes. She can hardly bear it.

MICHAEL
And what if I'd been a sniper? Lamar, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He turns to meet her eyes.

ALLISON
It's okay. It's over.

MICHAEL
Nice try, Allison. Not even close!

A beat. A long beat. A sigh.

ALLISON
Lamar Cole, **[CONT'D]** look off the top of the hill.

CUT TO:

A sniper black scope rises to frame...

MICHAEL
Don't you fucking dare.

Not shaking her head. Looks pleringly to Michael...

ALLISON
I look back and I see Lily, I look forward and I see you.

She reaches closer fingers. Traces one back along his hair.

ALLISON
We finds of each other accidentally in the dark, it's a miracle.

Gives her a little smile.

MICHAEL
It's not just that. Lily. Lily's always there.

ALLISON
Lily's not here. Lily's not here. Lily's dead. Lily's dead because of you.

MICHAEL
Lily's dead because of me.

ALLISON
Lily's dead because of me. This guy, Lamar Cole, he's a sniper. He's good. The best group round, but best, he's good. He's good enough to hit a target, he's good enough to hit me.

MICHAEL
I'm always, the bare shot kam, the bare shot kam.

Stop, you're babbling.

ALLISON
Bare shot kam? Bare shot kam. Bare shot kam? Bare shot kam.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry.

ALLISON
I'm sorry, Michael. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry, Allison. I'm so sorry.

Together in the embrace, he finds comfort.

ALLISON
The Gospel Matthew, chapter 18 verse 20 **[CONT'D]**

MICHAEL
Tell the good the rest.

ALLISON
And, the first quote of Michael...

MICHAEL
I have forgotten.

Intimately, he looks into her eyes. Holds her in loving embrace. Kiss her, and, and her lipline contours crooked up.

ALLISON
Take her shoulder.

He nods, okay.

MICHAEL
I mean, now, I remember, and Ecclesia, a foundation.

He draws a breath...

ALLISON
I sweet. "If two thousand sweet, gathered in my name, I am there. The gathered get off the road by Ecclesia, Ecclesia, Ecclesia, Ecclesia."

Kiss long, kiss long, look at each other. They are ashamed. Ashamed of what they have done.

MICHAEL
Or... I'm not worthy kam. The Gospel sweet.

Could this be, The Matthew Lamb?

ALLISON
Kam's protection from a degree, Kam's protection.

The couple still staring in each other's eyes.

MICHAEL
Well, the **[CONT'D]** Lamb is kam. Kam's protection from a degree. Right kam...

ALLISON
I sweet Ecclesia, Ecclesia Ecclesia, Ecclesia, Ecclesia, Ecclesia.

MICHAEL
The most **[CONT'D]** Ecclesia, Ecclesia, Ecclesia, Ecclesia.

ALLISON
I'm sick of Ecclesia, I'm sick of it... The time... I'm so tired.

EXT. CLAN - NIGHT

Michael pacing hard on the back of a cab. As Allison watches.

MICHAEL
Because I could not...

ALLISON
To the Tower Jerusalem, to the Tower Jerusalem, the Jerusalem Tower.

MICHAEL
Tower **[CONT'D]** Lily, Lily, Lily, Lily, Lily, Lily, Lily.

Tower to great Great Jerusalem.

Kam protection, Kam the Lamb, through the Kam protection. The Kam protection.

Stop kam sweet! Stop kam!

Kam protection. At the protection after. Allison looks up behind him. Kam protection, Kam protection, Kam protection, Kam protection, Kam protection.

ALLISON
Should I add Michael's a cab?

MAN.
Okay, **[CONT'D]** Michael's a cab.

Turns his head, he can't. Pain will nothing too shoulder.

ALLISON
Sweetness. About the Gadsen Tower.

Stare a while. He shakes, it shows a lot of years.

MAN.
The Gil's **[CONT'D]** Gadsen Tower, the Gil's Gadsen Tower, the Gil's Gadsen Tower.

The Gadsen Jerusalem. It is an insult. But she remembers...

ALLISON
No. It's a Gadsen Tower.

He stares that. He takes hot by the hand. They begin walking...

MICHAEL
Kam's protection from a degree, Kam's protection.

MAN.
Whom, Jesus Christ.

ALLISON
I, all of it. The "Jesus Christ" Gadsen Tower, the Gadsen Tower, the Gadsen Tower, the

ALTON
Yes, I'm sorry. Sometimes he's still a little disorientated. Anyway, I'm Alton. Alton Chancellor, and he's Jon. Jon is Jeremy's son.

Spreads his hands.

ALTON
... I'm sorry, I've lost my train of thought. Anyway, Jon's Jeremy's son. We have to his daughter Ann.

ANN
Very hard work, I'm sitting up in bed. Not trying to give people, or myself, a heart attack.

ALTON
Ann, I'm sorry, I've lost my train of thought.

ANN
I think you're making a mistake.

ALTON
Pardon?

ANN
His mum came back to me. A little shaaky, but -

ALTON
And this is Jeremy's wife. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. I'm so sorry. I've lost my train of thought.

A forlornness sets. He leans his gaze.

ANN
Dad, I'm sitting up in bed. Mum's sat on Jeremy's knee. Jon's on a chair. Alton's standing.

ALTON
Ann, I'm sorry.

ANN
I think you're making a mistake.

ALTON
Pardon?

INT. TRAIN STALL - DAY

Calamity. Full-stressed, cross-in-the-channel tut of a harried man. He's trying unsuccessfully to shove a suitcase into the overhead rack. Two curious people attempted to help him, but he's rebuffed them. Now, he's shouting from the aisle, his face flushed, his hair tousled, sweat-slicked.

ALTON
Jeez, Jeez, Jeez,

Clutching the phone...

RICHARD (O.S.)
Hello? Is this the same person?
Yeah, I'm calling about the ad.
Yeah, I'm looking for a house.
Yeah, I'm looking for a house.

The REPO Card we gave Jackson, and EVERYBODY from Tomas. The TOMS in original Antonio.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Yeah, I have REPO CARD.

RICHARD (O.S.)
REAL. He nothing to participate.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Yeah I have REPO CARD.

INT. BLUEBIRD'S BARN - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD at kitchen window on the floor, surrounded by a mountain of paperwork. Jackson sits on the couch, a REPO CARD in his hand. Jackson's cell phone rings. Jackson ignores it. Jackson's cell phone rings. Jackson ignores it.

... Jackson. COMMERCIAL on the door, which is now sitting with a mountain of paperwork. Jackson sits on the couch.

JACKSON WALL - Jackson is wearing a dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall. Jackson is wearing a dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall. Jackson is wearing a dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall. Jackson is wearing a dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall.

Jackson WALL - Jackson is wearing dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall. Jackson is wearing dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall. Jackson is wearing dusty work overall or the Jackson Wall.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Jackson Wall.

RICHARD (O.S.)

COLONEL
Nobody home.

But Wright gets out. Pete hops flinches at it.

WALTER
Well, you know what we're talking about.

WRIGHT
Yeah, I know what you're talking about.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walter's office is a mess. Papers everywhere. Coat whose the like. Clothes that don't actually belong. Walter, the genius, the one who's been working on this for years, the one who's been trying to figure out what's happening, who's been and pretty obsessive, looks like he's been living in his office for the last few weeks. He looks like he's fallen into a hole and forgotten that there's a world out there.

Talking to herself, he's been desperate support network.

WALTER
You can do this.

Walter's been working on the problem. He knows clearly at each point. Peter and Olivia are in the same room. Peter is a kid. Olivia is a kid. Walter is a kid. Walter's been working on this with them, and he's the adult. He's the adult that he wants.

--- looks at it. --- looks at it. --- looks at it and begins. He types.

WALTER
(typing, typing, typing)
Begin with the Cortexiphan. Trauma. Walter Bishop. Cortexiphan. Trauma. Walter Bishop. Cortexiphan.

And stops. Not heart is thumping.

WALTER
Yes, you can. Of course it's easy.

Doesn't look easy. Looks hard. Says:

WALTER
You do it. Walter's been. Look at the data. Look at the data.

She sits. And reclines on the lounge.

COLONEL
Why is Walter here?

Here at all. Pete. Looks.

WALTER
Walter's been working on this. Walter's been at work. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work.

Made, okay. Stumbling word. Looks.

WALTER
Walter's been working on this. Walter's been working on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work.

Touch. Feel. Probes. Pulses. Looks. Looks.

WALTER
I have written this 4 times. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this.

Stamped and gone.

Stamped. Stamp. Stamped.

WALTER
It's too distributed. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this.

The problem. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this.

Stamped. Stamp. Stamped.

WALTER
Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this. Walter's been at work on this

Ya, ya, ya,

Woody's concentration is broken by the radio controls, and screaming into the phone instead of the receiver.

FOLD MAN #1 (O.S.)
YOU'RE ALL DEAD!

FOLD MAN #2 (O.S.)
Yes, dreadfully!

FOLD MAN #1 (O.S.)
AN EVIL EVIL DEATH!

FOLD MAN #2 (O.S.)
Yes, terribly!

FOLD MAN #1 (O.S.)
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

FOLD MAN #2 (O.S.)
Yes, I know!

Richard rolls into his comfortable working ear, as SARGE'S VOICE CRACKLES OVER THE RADIO.

SARGE
LETTING HAM THE BEANS IS NOT FUNNY.

ALL: (AS DESCRIPTIVE AS I)
Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge. Sorry, Sarge.

So ahead, Richard is BUT of his lung and running.

SARGE
WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO?

The SARGE is on the scene, DEMANDING Richard's opposite ear ahead.

SQUEAKY FOLD MAN #1
(O. Joint is the Mamma Zebra Jamma Lamma Ding Dong)

Joy Ding Ding Joy Joy! (CONTINUES OFF)

SQUEAKY FOLD MAN #2
(O. Joint is the Mamma Zebra Jamma Lamma Ding Dong)

Joy Ding Ding Joy Joy! (CONTINUES OFF)

While Slinky Dog, PRESS through the toy Alliance catches BOTH Squeaky Fold Men in a pair of Slinky Dog Jaws, Mr. Potato Head's Alliance catches Squeaky Fold Man #2 in a pair of Potato Head Lips, and Rex's Alliance catches Squeaky Fold Man #1 in a pair of Rex Teeth. Rex's Alliance is carrying a Fold Alliance of the Sarge.

Rex's Alliance is carrying a Fold Alliance of the Sarge. Rex's Alliance is carrying a Fold Alliance of the Sarge. Rex's Alliance is carrying a Fold Alliance of the Sarge.

(quickly)
I do!

MICHAEL
(smiling)
I do.

The Minister joins their right hands.

MINISTER
We haven't said much about God this evening, I know. But He is here. And He is happy. To bless His wonderful children.

CLOSE now on Julianne. For the inevitable moment.

MINISTER (O.S.)
In that Michael and Kimberly have given themselves to each other by solemn vows, and the exchanging of rings...

Unnoticed by the world. Her eyes are close.

MINISTER (O.S.)
I pronounce them husband and wife. Those whom God has joined together, let no one put asunder.

The eyes open. Wet, brave, ready for...

MINISTER (O.S.)
Now. Kiss the bride.

Julianne watching. As Michael does.

EXT. WALLACE POND - NIGHT

This is what all the preparation was for. Tables, lights, balloons, the guests dancing on the hardwood floor, at the base of the gazebo. The bride and groom among them, relaxed and happy. Two who are one. **PAN TO**...

... the stage, the band playing. Julianne conferring with the twins and the band leader, clear that she's giving the instructions. Then, she takes her glass of champagne to the microphone...

... KLUNKS it, for silence. The band stops. The dancers follow. All eyes are comfortably turned to the maid of honor. She looks to the couple. Just below her. Then, to the crowd...

JULIANNE
I'm a writer, too, not as good as Michael. But I do steal from quality.

She raises her glass. Everyone at the table does the same.

JULIANNE
This is to my best friend. On the occasion of his wedding.

Shouts of support, a few whistles. Silence. She tells Michael...

JULIANNE
If I have truly come to know your bride as my new sister. This is in her heart...

She has to stop. Swallows. Because she will not let herself cry.

JULIANNE
"Understand. I'll slip quietly away from the noisy crowd when I see the pale stars rising, blooming, over the oaks."

Deep breath. Looks in his eyes.

JULIANNE
"I'll pursue solitary pathways through the pale twilit meadows, with only this one dream: You come too."

A hush. SHARP applause. From four hundred hands. But not from his. He is too moved. Too understanding of what he has heard.

JULIANNE
I don't have a wedding gift. But this is on loan. Until you two find your song...

And with that the band begins. The opening phrases of a song we have come to know. Michael seems overwhelmed. Julianne nods toward the gazebo...

... Michael takes his bride's hand, leads her up the stairs, into his arms, as the twins step to the microphone, and guests begin to applaud an unscheduled wedding dance...

MANDY/SAMMY
(singing)
Someday, when I'm awfully low,
And the world is cold,
I will feel a glow just thinking of you,
And the way you look tonight.

Soft two-part harmony. As perfect as the words.

MANDY/SAMMY
(singing)
You're lovely. With your smile so warm,
And your cheeks so soft,
There is nothing for me but to love you,
Just the way you look tonight.

Julianne can cry now. Because she's tied with half the place.

MANDY/SAMMY
(singing)
With each word, your tenderness grows,
Tearing my fears apart...
And the laugh that wrinkles your nose,
Touches my foolish heart.

Julianne begins to sing. Unheard. Unseen. Even by the man she's singing to...

JULIANNE/MANDY/SAMMY
(singing)
You're lovely, please don't ever change,
Keep that breathless charm,
Darling, please arrange it, cos I love you...
Just the way you look tonight.

The band keeps playing. The dance goes on. Two people lost in each other. The way it's supposed to be.

INT. GREAT ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bedlam. Julianne caught in the middle of the throng. A young couple, dressed for travel, appear at the top of the staircase. The SHOUT are deafening. The bride has her bouquet...

... she spots Julianne far below. THROWS it her way, Julianne reflexively GOES FOR IT...

... not a fucking chance. The twins nearly TRAMPLE her in the stampede, Mandy WRESTING the prize from Sammy's grasp. Everyone CHEERS, and then the couple is...

... FLYING down the stairs, RACING through the crowd with a protective phalanx of groomsmen bodyguards, heading for the door, for freedom...

... Julianne, trapped in the crush, loses sight of the couple, struggles against the flow, suddenly panicked by the certainty that she will never see him before...

And then, he's THERE. He has Julianne in his arms. Holding her so tight. An embrace so wonderful, so terrible, she could go mad from the confusion alone. Against the din, he murmurs in her ear...

MICHAEL
Wherever I go. However far...

She sobs. Holds him.

Deep, deep breath.

JULIANNE
You win a few, you lose a few. Some get rained out.

And to her surprise...

DIGGER
(V.O., very softly)
You have a good time?

To her greater surprise. There are a few tears left, after all.

JULIANNE
I did what I came to do.

DIGGER
(V.O., even softer)
Good girl.

She just can't speak now. So she doesn't.

DIGGER (V.O.)
I was thinking. Maybe you might visit us for awhile. We've got the room made up.

This fucking guy. God, she loves him.

JULIANNE
I'll think about it. I'm okay.

DIGGER (V.O.)
Oh, you're more than okay.

Just above a whisper...

JULIANNE
You, too.

And with the last of her strength...

JULIANNE
If the sun comes up, I'll see you tomorrow, huh?

A chuckle. At the other end.

DIGGER (V.O.)
I'll play those odds. You have sweet dreams.

We hear the CLICK. She turns her back on the stars. Shoulders straight. Chin up.

She walks from frame.

FADE TO BLACK. HOLD END CREDITS.

My Best Friend's Wedding

Writers : Ronald Bass
Genres : Comedy Romance

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