

THE PURSUIT

by
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INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - SUNRISE

Panoramic windows surround an expensive loft apartment. A modern bachelor pad - expertly decorated, but barely lived-in - fit for a tenant with a tragically imbalanced work life.

We follow a trail of alcohol-fueled decisions across the bedroom floor. A pair of stilettos. A man's tie. His pants. A cocktail dress. And a purse with the contents spilled everywhere. We arrive on A MAN AND A WOMAN, mid-coitus.

JACK, 27, a handsome, charming workaholic, is in full throes with a spectacular-looking SARAH, 23.

TIGHT ON A RINGING IPHONE: "INCOMING CALL - MATT"

He looks over at the phone, annoyed.

JACK
(sotto)
Nope. Not biting, Matt.

She mistakes this for dirty talk.

SARAH
Ohhh, yes, bite me! Call me Matt again!

Jack looks down, a little confused.

JACK
What? No. In the morning, my friends sometimes --

She flips over.

SARAH
I LOVE role play! I'm Matt, your little power bottom.

JACK
Can you maybe express your excitement differently?

ON THE IPHONE AGAIN: "INCOMING CALL - BAILEY"

His frustration escalates.

JACK (CONT'D)
(shouting at the phone)
You terrorists! I know what you're doing!

SARAH

Yes! I'm your sex terrorist!
Waterboard me with your dick! USA!
USA!

JACK

Whatever you told me you did for a
living, you were definitely lying.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PEPE'S DINER - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY, 27, smart, girl-next-door pretty, and MATT, 26, goofy and lovable, laugh inside a Manhattan diner. Her speakerphone goes to Jack's voicemail.

BAILEY

This is a lesson, Jack. Don't
humblebrag about being "stuck" at a
party with models. There will be
morning-after consequences.

Matt eats an ENORMOUS STACK OF PANCAKES. Surgical. Like a lion feasting on a freshly-downed gazelle.

MATT

Two voicemails? That doesn't feel
like consequences.

Across from them sits BRIAN, 27, an African-American, alpha corporate lawyer, sporting an expertly-tailored suit.

BRIAN

(picking up his phone)
Matt's right. This needs to
escalate.

MATT

(motioning to the waiter)
Can I get another short stack,
please? Extra butter.
(a long, thoughtful beat)
And waffles.

BRIAN

(hushed, serious tone)
Arthur? This is Jack's boss. I need
to speak with him immediately.

They laugh, prank in progress. Bailey dials him again.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

ON THE IPHONE AGAIN: "INCOMING CALL - BAILEY"

Jack, furious, tries to continue with Sarah. SUDDENLY, a KNOCK on the front door. His phone is still ringing. It's a symphony of interruption.

JACK
FUCK! Fuck you! Fuck all of you!

SARAH
Fuck me first! Fuck me first!

JACK
Please stop talking!

The knocking continues at his front door. Overwhelmed, he finally gives up and climbs off Sarah, answering Bailey's call en route to the front door.

JACK (CONT'D)
WHAT!

BAILEY (O.S.)
You sound out of breath. Everything okay?

SARAH (B.G.)
Do you have a vibrator I can borrow?

JACK
Borrow?!

He opens the front door to reveal, ARTHUR, 60s, Jack's gruff, old-school doorman.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sure. Behind the mirror, next to the used syringes.

Off Arthur's surprised look -

We pull back to reveal Jack is TOTALLY NAKED at the door. He yanks a magazine off a nearby table, covering himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
Arthur. Hi. Hello! Good morning.

Arthur stares straight ahead.

ARTHUR
Morning, sir. You have an urgent
call.

Arthur hands Jack the phone. He now has one on both ears. The
magazine DROPS on the floor. And he's naked again.

JACK
(dour, professional voice)
This is Jack Carter.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PEPE'S DINER - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
Is she a model slash actress,
actress slash waitress, or waitress
slash stripper?

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs his head in defeat. Brian, Bailey and Matt laugh
riotously. Mission accomplished.

JACK
She asked me to waterboard her with
my penis. I'm thinking hooker slash
serial killer.

ARTHUR
Will that be all, sir?

JACK
I promise this won't happen again.

ARTHUR
Don't make promises naked.

Arthur reclaims the phone and exits, wiping it aggressively
with a Wet One, as Jack moves back into the bedroom. Sarah
lays eagerly on the edge of the bed, holding her left breast.

SARAH
Would you rather have two dick-
sized nipples or one nipple-sized
dick?
(off his look)
I know! Double-edged jeopardy,
right?

He shakes his head in dismay on his way to the bathroom.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack wraps a towel around his waist. Against the mirror is a WEDDING INVITATION for *Amanda and Craig*.

JACK
(back into his phone)
What are you mouth breathers doing
up so early?

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PEPE'S DINER - MORNING

Bailey keeps it on speakerphone. The tone shifting to a conversation amongst old friends.

BRIAN
Checking in on your morning wood.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

JACK
Wake up, cup of coffee, then call
Jack to ask about the blood flow to
his penis. Completely normal.

BAILEY
I don't understand erections. When
Steve's asleep, he turns our sheets
into a fully-functioning storm
shelter.

She drapes a napkin over her raised pointer finger.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
But give him one glass of whiskey,
and it's like trying to put a
drawstring back through sweatpants.

The napkin falls softly to the table.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Jack exits the bathroom and glances at a cluster of old photographs of the crew in college. Bailey's MUCH CUTER now.

JACK
Hang that picture of you from
Freshmen Formal next to the bed.
That'll soften him up.
(a beat)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

How are you still dating Steve?
That guy is a human litter box.

SARAH (B.G.)

Do you have a cat!? I LOVE cats.

Jack jumps, having momentarily forgotten Sarah was still in the apartment. She makes purring noises, looking for a cat.

INT. NEW YORK CITY PEPE'S DINER - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY

How would you know? You'd have to actually come home to meet him.

JACK

He Instagram'd a photo from your great aunt's funeral.

BAILEY

At least he was there.

JACK

With the caption "Things I'll Do for a BJ."

MATT

I'd love to see the rest of that list.

BAILEY

We've been dating for eight months. Get on board.

BRIAN

You wore a fedora for eight months. Did we get on board with that?

BAILEY

It was a trilby. And I'm told it looked very fancy.

JACK

Chlamydia's a fancy word, too. But it's still an STD.

She ignores.

BAILEY

We called with a purpose. Amanda threatened to donkey punch you if you're not here tomorrow.

JACK
Donkey punch!? Isn't it time
someone told her -

BAILEY
- it's too funny to correct her.
But she's right. You miss
everything else. Don't be the only
best friend to miss her wedding.

Matt folds a pancake in half, eating it like a slice of pizza.

MATT
(mouth very full)
You haven't been home in four
years, guy.

JACK
Let me guess, Matt. Second stack of
pancakes? Full lower back sweat?

BRIAN
His fingers are sweating! I've
actually never seen that before.

Matt, holding eye contact with Brian, wipes the back of his
fingers on his napkin.

JACK
I'll be there. I promise. I slept
in the office three times this week
so I could take a 10:30 AM flight
today -
(a beat)
- plus, Bailey's giving a speech
tonight, and she is to public
speaking what Katrina was to New
Orleans.

BAILEY
My speech will be fine.

JACK
New Orleans is still not fine. I'm
hanging up. Matt, save some food
for me.

As Jack hangs up, there's some shouting on his side -

SARAH (O.S.)
Who THE FUCK is Katrina?

A loud crashing sound. The phone cuts out.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PEPE'S DINER - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

MATT

(pretending to be Jack)
Save some food for me, Matt. As long as it's gluten-free and locally sourced.

He stands, popping the collar on his shirt and yelling to no one in particular.

MATT (CONT'D)

You guys don't compost here!?
Ridiculous!

As part of the impression, he smashes his entire tray of garbage into a tiny trash can, which spills everywhere. Snapping out of the bit, he looks awkwardly back at Bailey and Brian, and kneels down to clean up the mess.

MATT (CONT'D)

(garbage in hand)
No way Jack shows. I'll go Vegan for a month if he makes it.

BRIAN

Vegan!? And I'll go Caucasian for the month.

Bailey reads a text on her iPhone.

BAILEY

Amanda needs me. Maid of honor duty.

BRIAN

Lunch at the hotel?

BAILEY

Noon. And no more bow ties, Brian. You're neither a professional athlete nor a gay man.

She exits. Brian and Matt remain seated.

BRIAN

Why does she still call Jack our "best friend?" He hasn't been back to New York this decade.

MATT

Because we met in middle school, and that means we're stuck with each other.

BRIAN
(fiddling with his phone)
I work more than he does. I just
chose a better city to do it in.

Brian watches as Matt shovels in a HUGE bite of waffles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
How the hell did I get stuck with
you?

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT LOBBY - MORNING

Jack, clad in a sharp suit, exits the elevator. Arthur stands
at the front desk. Jack approaches. It's uncomfortable.

JACK
OK! I'm about to take my first
vacation day in four years.

ARTHUR
Congratulations?

JACK
Yea. I think my friends may have
forgotten what I look like.

Arthur looks sideways at Jack.

ARTHUR
Must be nice.

A long, pregnant pause.

JACK
I'm sorry I showed you my penis.

ARTHUR
Not the first time.

JACK
No. No, it wasn't.

They both breathe in the awkwardness. Jack checks his WATCH.
It's flashy. Expensive.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can you make sure that girl
upstairs gets home safely and never
comes back?

Arthur smiles, as Jack exits to a beautiful morning.

EXT. NYC STREET - FRONT DOOR TO A HAIR SALON

As Bailey approaches, an UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE drips on her from an AC unit above. Disgusted, she goes to wipe it off, when SUDDENLY, a homeless man jumps in her way and screams "OBAMA! STOCK MARKET! CHANGE!" He then blares terribly into a saxophone. Startled, she bolts into the salon.

INT. NYC HAIR SALON

AMANDA, the bride-to-be, 27, attractive, no shortage of self-confidence, sits in a chair getting her nails done by two AESTHETICIANS, who speak quickly in Korean.

BAILEY

Sorry I'm late. It's like the god damn Hunger Games out there. Is everything okay?

AMANDA

Of course.

BAILEY

Your text said "Help. I need you here immediately."

AMANDA

I find sending texts with extreme language prompts a more desirable response time.

Amanda's mouth morphs into a huge, ventriloquist-style fake smile. She speaks, but her lips don't move.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Although, these Korean women are definitely talking about me.

Bailey adopts the same ventriloquist mouth, glancing down at the aestheticians.

BAILEY

No they're not.

AESTHETICIAN

(in perfect, non-accented English)

Yes we are! Look at her toes! Like her foot has hemorrhoids!

OTHER AESTHETICIAN

The big one looks like an old man's testicle!

BAILEY
I stand corrected.

Amanda scoffs, shifting her attention to a big bruise on Bailey's thigh. She frowns.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
(a coy smile)
Morning sex. Or as Steve calls it,
"plundering."

AMANDA
That bruise is from you hitting
rock bottom. I can't believe I'm
paying \$220 for his place setting.

BAILEY
Do you have any idea how hard it is
to find a decent guy?

AMANDA
He farted on your mom at a dinner
party.

BAILEY
I like him.

AMANDA
He wore Crocs to that same dinner
party.

BAILEY
He's handsome. Has a great job.
He's funny.

AMANDA
Buying you condoms as an April Fools
joke doesn't make him "funny."

BAILEY
I'm 27, which is like 50 in
Manhattan years. If I'm too picky,
I'll never find a life partner for
The Magnificents.

AMANDA
Please don't tell me you named your
boobs.

BAILEY
Then we should move on.

AMANDA

Ok. Yes. You had more of a heavysset milk maid thing going on in college. And I'll be the first to point out that your "overalls" phase is a stain on our friendship. Speaking of which -

BAILEY

I think you're getting sidetracked here.

AMANDA

My point is, you outgrew all that. You're a funny, beautiful, intelligent woman. You live in Manhattan, home to the best food in the world. And you're telling me you want to eat Hot Pockets for the rest of your life?

BAILEY

Are you calling Steve a Hot Pocket?

AMANDA

I'm calling him a 30-year-old man who still uses Pert Plus.

BAILEY

Ok! I get it!

AMANDA

Come on! Grab life by the tits and motorboat it!

Amanda makes a motor-boating motion, though she looks more like a sneezing horse.

BAILEY

(sotto)

That's a wildly inaccurate use of that phrase, but OK. More motor-boating of life's tits. Got it.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Elevator doors open as Jack bombs out into the lobby. He glances down at his watch. 7:45 AM.

AN E-MAIL FROM DARREN ON JACK'S PHONE

"Need you in my office immediately.

Sent from my computer. Please excuse any typos."

JACK

(sotto)

Damn it, Darren. Your computer has a fucking keyboard. I will NOT excuse your typos.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - JACK'S OFFICE

Jack places his bag, some folders, and THE WEDDING INVITATION down on a meticulously organized desk.

Reaching for a notebook, he RIPS the elbow of his shirt. Any other day he'd be bothered, but this isn't any other day.

JACK

It's fine. I hate this shirt anyway.

He exits for Darren's office.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - DARREN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack's boss, DARREN, early 40s, sits in a spectacular corner office overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge. The walls feature awards, art, and portraits with at least three different sets of ex-wives and children. An alpha-male workaholic whose personal life has suffered greatly in the name of his career.

DARREN

Have a seat.

Jack smiles at the manic photo collage, and stops on the most recent, a picture of Darren holding a big fish. He took the photo himself, he's alone, and he looks fucking miserable.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I don't think I've ever seen you smile. You look uglier when you smile.

JACK

You really killed that solo fishing trip.

Darren cranes his neck to see the picture.

DARREN

Not solo. I went with my \$10m yacht.

(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

You done jerking off over there? 24 hours for legal requests and this deal is done.

JACK

You serious!?! This is huge for you.

DARREN

Huge for us, Jack. Long day ahead. Hope you packed an overnight bag.

Jack's smile fades into a look of disappointment.

DARREN (CONT'D)

You constipated?

JACK

You're fucking with me, right? I'm about to leave for the airport.

Darren stares.

JACK (CONT'D)

My best friend's wedding in NY?

Darren continues staring.

JACK (CONT'D)

We spoke about it yesterday afternoon? You told me to "always wear protection with bridesmaids because they're 'super fertile' at weddings?"

DARREN

You should consider yourself lucky this deal came up. Marriage is a social welfare program called permanent female unemployment.

Jack, slightly amused, studies the various family photos of Darren failing to heed his own advice.

DARREN (CONT'D)

You get married, your wife gets fat-

Darren points to picture of him looking miserable with a fat woman on the wall.

DARREN (CONT'D)

- you spend all your energy trying not to cheat on her. You finally do, she catches you, divorces you, and takes half your money.

He picks up a set of dumbbells.

DARREN (CONT'D)

She then spends that money losing all the weight. Now, she's 32, hot, and financially stable without ever changing out of her sweatpants.

JACK

You realize I'm not the one getting married right?

Darren abruptly drops the dumbbells. They smash into the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)

This one's different. Long story, but I have to be there.

DARREN

Sounds like a short, shitty story.

A beat.

JACK

I'm giving the bride away.

Darren glares at Jack, like someone just farted in his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Her dad passed away junior year of college. I made a promise that, no matter what, I'd be there to walk her down the aisle.

DARREN

And you never slept with this girl?

Darren pauses. He's perceptive and registers Jack's conflict.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Know why you're my hand-picked successor? You're me, fifteen years ago. Ambitious. Smart. And willing to sacrifice anything. You've been clawing at me for six months, looking for an opportunity to get the other partners' attention. This is it. This is the game-changer. And you're asking me for a day off?

A beat.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I have an off-site meeting with our outside counsel. If you have those projections done by lunch, you can take the 3:15 to JFK.

JACK

(smiling)

Deal. And seriously, congrats. Big win. For us.

DARREN

(exiting)

The next time one of these invitations shits itself onto your fridge, think about your priorities. I didn't buy you a \$12,000 watch so you could keep track of wasting my time.

We cut to Jack's watch again. A gift from Darren.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - DARREN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK'S PHONE - GROUP TEXT TO BAILEY, AMANDA, MATT AND BRIAN

"Just got hit with a bit more work. Switched my flight to 3:15. I get in at midnight. Someone send me a video of Bailey's toast! The speech, not the food, Matt."

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL ROOM - AMANDA'S SUITE

Amanda stands in front of a mirror, trying a series of poses to add even more cleavage to her wedding dress. Bailey looks on, stupefied. Her phone buzzes with Jack's text.

BAILEY

Guess who's skipping the rehearsal dinner.

AMANDA

If he misses the most important day of my life I'll Danza Slap that motherfucker.

Off Bailey's look -

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You know. Show him "Who's the Boss." With my fist.

BAILEY

Oh. That actually isn't with your -
you know what? Nevermind.

In the background, Brian, very much wearing a bowtie, reads
the Wall Street Journal.

BRIAN

Is this really the most important
day of your life? America's divorce
rate is 53%, which means there's a
53% chance you'll look back on this
weekend and say "fuck that guy."

BAILEY

Again, why are the boys sleeping
here tonight?

AMANDA

I want some company the night
before I get hitched. It'll be just
like old times!

BRIAN

Except Bailey has a boyfriend now,
so hopefully less crying.

He reaches into his breast pocket for his phone. A look of
panic comes over his face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Matt! MATT! ARE YOU USING MY PHONE
IN THE BATHTUB AGAIN!?

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt lounges in a bubble bath, BLATANTLY using Brian's phone.

MATT

...No...

He smiles, satisfied with his response.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL ROOM - AMANDA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Brian grabs the room phone and dials his cell.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings LOUD in Matt's hand. Startled, he DROPS it in
the bath tub. There's a long silence.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL ROOM - AMANDA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

You dropped it, didn't you?

Off Matt's look -

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - JACK'S OFFICE

A time lapse of Jack working. Checking his flight status. Typing. Making phone calls. Eager to get on that airplane.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack fiddles with his watch. It's now 4:30 PM. He's not on a flight to New York, and he's looking a little stressed.

JACK

Bobby! Did you get me on that red eye?

Jack's assistant, BOBBY, fresh out of college, bounds into the office like a golden retriever.

BOBBY

Yes! 9:40 out of SFO.

Jack's gaze moves to a group of photos, hidden behind a fresh stack of papers. They're just like the ones in his apartment, except he's absent in every one of them. The group skiing. At a birthday party. A big dinner. An intentional reminder that he's missed a lot of memories. Tonight, he'll miss another.

Jack gets up, a little flustered, and in the process rips through the other elbow on his shirt.

JACK

(looking skyward)

Are you fu-. Nope, you know what?

He RIPS both sleeves off, leaving him with an improvised short sleeve button down. He heads to the bathroom.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

Jack approaches the sink and leans down to splash some water on his face. As he rises back up, instead of Jack we see -

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

- Bailey rising from the sink. Stunning in a black dress. Definitely more than girl-next-door pretty.

She looks to wipe her hands, but no towel is available. Behind her, a BATHROOM ATTENDANT stands next to an oversized tip jar, taunting her with a paper napkin. They stare at one another uncomfortably, Bailey's hands dripping at her side.

BAILEY

I say this with the greatest respect and appreciation for the job you do. But it's a miracle at all that people wash their hands after using the bathroom. We should celebrate it. Do we really want to make that number even smaller by charging a fee?

The Bathroom Attendant stares, dangling the paper towel just over the edge of the tip jar. Defeated, Bailey smiles politely and drops in some money.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - BAR - REHEARSAL DINNER

Brian stands alongside Bailey's boyfriend, STEVE, 30, a meathead former D-3 athlete turned Wall Street douche, as he tries to order a drink from a HIPSTER MIXOLOGIST. He's a tornado of entitlement. And he's definitely wearing pastels.

STEVE

(gesticulating maniacally)
Can I just...a vodka. Excuse me?
Guy dressed like a 19th-century pharmacist for no reason?

Steve notices Bailey and Matt approaching. Matt, sporting a red cardigan and a clip-on tie, is sweating profusely.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yo, babe! How 'bout some Irish Car Bombs?

BAILEY

I'll pass. The last time we took Car Bombs you told my friend her bindi was "retro-Asian chic."

STEVE

Priya needs to learn how to take a compliment. That red dot thing was DOPE.

Brian looks at Bailey and vigorously shakes his head. Behind them, Matt lets out a really long, loud, labored breath.

BRIAN
It's drunk Mr. Rogers!

Amanda's adorable eight-year-old niece, CASSANDRA, approaches the group and tugs on Matt's sweater.

CASSANDRA
Can we dance again later?

MATT
(hands on knees)
Once I find an oxygen tank,
absolutely.

CASSANDRA
(shining smile)
I hope you feel better. My mom's a
nurse and she says asthma affects
everyone differently.

Brian shoots an inquisitive look.

BRIAN
Oh. That's sweet. But you're
confusing asthma with a gross
indifference towards exercise.

BAILEY
He looked like Winnie the Pooh on
muscle relaxers out there.

MATT
(nodding to Cassandra)
She's like a spider monkey.

Cassandra exits, smiling at Matt. She loves her new friend.

STEVE (B.G.)
(throwing up his arms)
Whoa! A big ice cube! How unique!

BAILEY
(turning around)
Do you need some help?

STEVE
I got it! I don't need help
ordering a drink from a man who
wears suspenders AND a belt.

Matt tries to remove his cardigan, but can't work the buttons with his fingers.

MATT

It's like a Chinese finger trap!
Can you get me some water?

STEVE (B.G.)

As long as you like it with candied
fucking vegetables! COME ON!

Steve finally storms off, yelling over his shoulder -

STEVE (CONT'D)

YES! I KNOW HOW ACCESSIBLE
WILLIAMSBURG IS FROM THE L TRAIN,
THANK YOU!

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL RECEPTION HALL - BAR - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

People like Steve are why I'm pro-
choice. Where do you find these
guys?

BAILEY

This one? Starbucks.

BRIAN

You met at Starbucks?

BAILEY

Ah, no. I confused him with a guy I
met at Starbucks.

BRIAN

So you're in an eight-month
relationship because you have a bad
short term memory?

BAILEY

Well, when you put it that way. Yes.

BRIAN

I dated a girl in college for six
months because she had an Adderall
prescription.

BAILEY

How was that?

BRIAN

Intense. Efficient. My jaw is sore just thinking about it.

Amanda approaches. She's got a HUGE SCOTCH in hand. Bailey offers a look of judgment.

AMANDA

What? My soon-to-be-mother-in-law is giving a speech in five minutes.
(looks over her shoulder)
She just asked me when "we're" having a baby. We're sharing her son, not my fucking uterus.

Like a magic trick, Amanda removes her phone from her cleavage. Brian flashes a "where-did-that-come-from?" look.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(typing)
Speaking of female body parts -

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - JACK'S OFFICE

Jack leans back in his chair, reviewing a text from Amanda.

"Totally fine if you can't make it! Just need to let my dad know you had a really important business deal come up."

Jack looks terrified. His phone buzzes again.

"Shit! I just remembered he died when I was in college and my best friend promised to walk me down the aisle in his place. Get your fucking ass on the airplane."

JACK

Bobby! What time does my car get here for the airport?

Bobby hustles in excitedly.

BOBBY

45 minutes.

JACK

Ok. Good. Plenty of time.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL DOORWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Bailey and Brian stand at the door.

BRIAN
How's the toast coming?

BAILEY
Work in progress.

BRIAN
May I suggest a quick joke to open,
a dash of self-deprecation,
finished with heartfelt sentiment?

He doesn't have her attention. She watches Amanda and Craig dance happily.

BAILEY
I want a love like that.

BRIAN
Bailey. You're my best friend.
Well, second best friend. That
wildebeest over there is my best
friend.

They look over to Matt, who struggles to reach an itch on his back. After several unsuccessful attempts, he resorts to grinding against the wall like a bear.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
But it's time to stop being such a
pussy.

BAILEY
What?

BRIAN
You heard me. You're the girl every
guy dreams of bringing home to Mom.
The only one who doesn't know that
is you.

Bailey looks on, surprised by his honesty.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I was born in Brooklyn.

She gives a knowing look. Brooklyn's hip!

BRIAN (CONT'D)
No. Before it was cool for white
people.

Her look disappears.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And last month I made Junior Partner at my firm. It's 2013. No more look of judgment from society if we don't get married, have kids and buy a house before we hit 30. We can wake up every day and do whatever the fuck we want. If you're unhappy right now, it's your own damn fault.

A wry smile from Bailey.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't ever let having good stop you from finding great.

BAILEY

Thanks. I mean it.

She heads back inside.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Across the hall, Brian notices an attractive GIRL taking a picture of herself, making the all-too-familiar duck face.

BRIAN

(delighted)

Oh! Can I take that for you?

GIRL

Yes! Thank you!

He takes the phone and chucks it across the lobby.

BRIAN

Nothing is more embarrassing than a selfie. You're social networking your loneliness.

She stares at him, speechless. He takes a wad of cash out of his pocket.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

There's an Apple store across the street.

(sotto)

Found that out the hard way. Thank you, Matt.

He moves a step closer, handing her the money.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I have to go watch my friend hold
200 people hostage with a black
dress and a microphone. Find me
when you're back.

He turns and walks down the hall, leaving her surprised,
offended, and maybe a little turned on.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack's a man on a mission.

JACK

Bobby! I am EN FUEGO. Maybe thirty
minutes left and I'm -

BOBBY

Your car is downstairs.

JACK

What! What time is it?

BOBBY

You take off in two hours.

Jack notices Bobby has ripped the sleeves off his shirt.

JACK

Bobby, I appreciate the support but-

Bobby has a GIANT smile plastered across his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

- Your mom ever make you wear a
helmet as a kid?

Bobby continues smiling, not getting it. Jack thinks for a
moment. Decision time. He FaceTimes Brian.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

About to re-enter the reception, Brian answers. We intercut
between the office and the rehearsal dinner.

BRIAN

Heard you're going red eye now?

JACK

How do you always have all my
travel information?!

BRIAN

Bobby sends it to me. He loves me!

Jack, furious, looks out to Bobby.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - BOBBY'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

(whispering, terrified)
He threatened my family.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

What's your excuse this time?
Darren lose an anal bead or
something? I knew the only reason
he hired you was those small hands.

Jack briefly looks down at his hands. Are they small?

JACK

I've been on this deal non-stop for
six months. This couldn't come on a
worse weekend.

BRIAN

I'm a lawyer and you're an
investment banker. It's always a
bad weekend.

JACK

And my upside is huge when we
close. Bonus, promotion. All of it.
Am I insane to be leaving for a
wedding?

BRIAN

Jobs like ours, the rewards are
big. But they make life messy.

JACK

If I choose wrong here, I could
lose everything.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brian's glance moves to the reception hall, where Bailey and
Amanda share a laugh together.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
In more ways than one.

Jack stares. Hearing him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're the only one who can say how important this deal is. You'll do what's right for you.

Bobby ducks his head in.

BOBBY
If you want to make that flight, you need to go.

JACK
Do you just vomit bad news all day?
(to Brian)
I have to finish up here.

He closes the FaceTime window.

JUST THEN:

JACK'S COMPUTER SCREEN - A NEW E-MAIL FROM DARREN

*"New numbers from accounting attached. Need these done ASAP!
Sent From Darren's BRAND NEW iPhone 6 That No One Else Has"*

JACK (CONT'D)
FUCK!

He grabs a football off his shelf and whips it at the wall. Taking a hard bounce, it flies back and knocks over his coffee, spilling it all over himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
DOUBLE FUCK!

Two sleeves gone, and now a giant coffee stain. He stands up, a physical and emotional wreck.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL RECEPTION HALL - TABLE

Brian returns to the table, as Bailey settles in next to Steve.

STEVE
(breathing in deeply, as
if outside)
I love a good wedding. They make me
so nostalgic.

Bailey smiles, pleasantly surprised by the sentiment.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(sotto to Brian, but loud
enough so Bailey hears)
Feels like it was just yesterday I
nailed that bridesmaid in the
bathroom at my brother's wedding.

Bailey stares at Steve, utterly appalled.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What? It was before we met.

Glasses clink in the background. Time for her toast.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I'm sixty-five percent sure it was
before we met.

BAILEY
(exiting)
Ah? Thanks for that trip down
memory lane. I have to give this
toast now.

Steve winks back at Brian and Matt, thinking he nailed it. He
didn't.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - JACK'S OFFICE

Jack sits at his desk, SHIRTLESS. He looks miserable. And
ridiculous.

JACK
Bobby! Darren just sent me another
45 minutes of work. What's the
absolute latest I can leave and
still make this flight?

BOBBY
Honestly? Ten minutes ago.

Jack stares at the e-mail from Darren. Then at the wedding
invitation. His two choices.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - DANCE FLOOR

BAILEY

Thanks to all of you for coming.
You know it's a classy evening when
you have to pay more for the drinks
going out than coming in.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - THEIR TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Brian laughs audibly. And alone. A few confused partygoers
look in his direction. He looks around awkwardly, as if the
laugh came from someone else.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY

The bathroom attendant. You have to
pay a dollar to wash your hands.
The drinks are free.

Dead silence from the crowd. Amanda and her fiancée CRAIG, 28
and obscenely good-looking, look on, concerned.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

(clears her throat)

Anyway. I can't believe it was only
two years ago that Amanda and Craig
met at brunch. I have shoes I've
owned longer and don't wear
anymore, but I guess it's enough
time to pick a life partner.

Bailey laughs uncomfortably. The crowd's starting to turn on
her. Desperate, she looks around the room and catches eyes
with Brian, who smiles.

She then watches as Steve EXITS THE ROOM. No respect. That's
it.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

At that brunch two years ago, she
pointed at Craig from across the
room and said to me, "I think I'd
like to meet him." Whether it was
the bacon on his plate or his good
looks, we'll never know.

She gets her first laugh from the crowd.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - THEIR TABLE - CONTINUOUS

MATT

I remember that brunch. Definitely
the bacon.

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY

But she stood up, walked right over
to his table, and sat down. It
wasn't until recently, maybe just
now, actually, that I realized
Amanda is the happiest person I
know because she knows what she
wants and she goes out and gets it.
Amanda never settles.

She's actually doing it.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

I'm so thrilled that Amanda found
Craig.

(a beat, realizing)

Or maybe she took him for herself.

The girls connect eyes. Amanda smiles.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

The French tell us that, now and
then, we must pause in the pursuit
of happiness and just be happy.

(raising her glass)

À votre santé!

INT. GANSEVOORT RECEPTION HALL - THEIR TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Bailey charges past Brian on her way to find Steve.

BRIAN

The French tell us absolutely
nothing, by the way.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bailey finds Steve, just outside the bathroom.

STEVE

(swilling a vodka)

Wanna join me? I have a pretty good
track record in wedding bathrooms.

She looks him up and down one last time, and starts laughing.

BAILEY

Yeah. We're done.

(opening the bathroom door
for him)

Now, you can literally go fuck
yourself.

She exits down the hallway, a big smile on her face.

EXTENDED CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - AMANDA'S SUITE - SUNRISE

Bailey and Amanda fast asleep in bed. Brian on the couch,
still wearing his bowtie, clutching a throw pillow between
his legs. Matt curled up on the floor covered in Snickers
wrappers. Beer bottles, empty mini-bar nips, and a half-eaten
box of pizza litter the room.

The PHONE rings. No one moves. It continues to ring.

Bailey, begrudgingly, reaches out an arm to answer, the rest
of her body still frozen in bed.

FRONT DESK (O.C.)

Good morning. This is your 6:30 AM
wake up call.

BAILEY

What? I didn't...Why would I ever
schedule that?

She slams down the phone. Then, a LOUD KNOCK on the door.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Brian! Answer the door!

BRIAN

Die slow, Bailey!

AMANDA

(face down in her pillow)

If you don't answer the door, I'm
giving you the rustiest trombone
ever.

Brian, suddenly very awake, jumps to his feet.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Works every time. Tetanus is a
nightmare.

Brian opens the door to REVEAL:

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

A WAITER with a GIANT ROOM SERVICE SPREAD.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

I think you have the wrong room.

MATT

(still sleeping, but
delivered like Rain Man)
10 strips crispy bacon, 6 pancakes,
1 pound assorted fruit, 3 muffins,
2 danishes, 5 bagels, fat free
cream cheese and coffee. \$127 plus
gratuity.

The waiter wheels in the spread and hands Brian the bill.

WAITER

\$127 plus gratuity, please.

AMANDA

(to the waiter)
Do you want the rusty Trombone,
asshole?

BAILEY

Wow! That actually kind of works.

Brian signs as the waiter, horrified, exits. He collapses like a rag doll onto the couch. Finally, some quiet.

Then, another KNOCK on the door. Amanda flies out of bed, heated. She opens it to reveal -

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

A FAT PLUMBER, carrying a MASSIVE COMPLEMENT OF TOOLS.

PLUMBER

I understand you had some sort of
fecal emergency?

He inhales deeply bracing for the worst.

PLUMBER (CONT'D)

Show me the crime scene.

INT. GANSEVOORT HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

She slams the door without hesitation. Suddenly, the FAX MACHINE starts blaring the classic AOL dial-up tune.

BAILEY

Is that a fucking fax machine?

It spews out dozens of pictures of FAT BAILEY from college. The phone starts ringing again. Everyone is officially awake.

Another KNOCK at the door. A collective groan from the group. It's Matt's turn. And he yanks it open to reveal:

JACK. With a huge smile on his face.

MATT

Yes! Brian's going Caucasian for the month!

Not the greeting Jack was expecting.

JACK

You got room for one more in here?

Hearing his voice, the remaining three hustle over.

BRIAN

(legitimately curious)
Where did you find a plumber
at 6:30 AM?

BAILEY

(throwing a crumpled
photo at him)
I look like a bag of donuts!

*
*
*
*

AMANDA

Your boss let you leave?

JACK

Sort of.

They all look on, expectantly.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's a short, shitty story.

INT. NYC CHURCH - AFTERNOON

The BRIDAL PARTY stands just outside closed chapel doors, ready to start the ceremony.

AMANDA

I want to make sure I'm
understanding this correctly. You
just left?

JACK

One of our analysts finished up the numbers for me. And I'm on a 7:00 AM flight back to San Francisco tomorrow.

BAILEY

You're not worried about Darren?

JACK

He'll be fine. For the first time in six years, I picked my life over my job. No room for cash in your coffin, right?

BRIAN

Sounds like a ransom note from a stripper.

MATT

They're called prostitutes, Brian.

BRIAN

Matt. Again. There is a HUGE difference between those two things.

MATT

I've heard that before, but no one has given me concrete examples.

The doors to the chapel open. Matt and Brian look at Amanda, hesitating.

AMANDA

HEY! FLOWER GIRLS! WALK!

They look back to Jack, oozing with the kind of mumbling, faux-sincerity men offer when they're not comfortable sharing their emotions -

BRIAN

It's great to have you back.
Really nice shirt/tie combo.

MATT

Seriously, you look super handsome. Happy you're home.

The guys begrudgingly move forward, showering the aisle with rose petals.

INT. NYC CHURCH - WEDDING CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Brian stops next to a GUY wearing jeans. He leans in -

BRIAN
(whispering)
Oh my god. Are you Brett Favre?

GUY
Uh, no?

BRIAN
Then put a fucking suit on. This is
a wedding, not a Wrangler Jeans
commercial.

The wedding party follows behind them.

INT. NYC CHURCH - JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Bailey, maid-of-honor and last in line, locks arms with the
BEST MAN. Exactly the kind of guy she usually dates.

BEST MAN
You smell awesome.

BAILEY
Next time, maybe say hello before
you sniff someone.

He smiles, mistaking this for flirtation.

BEST MAN
Hello. You smell awesome.

BAILEY
Not interested. Start walking.

Amanda smiles at Bailey's newfound confidence. Jack, piqued
by her bravado, cocks his head just a bit.

As Bailey walks down the aisle, she looks back over her
shoulder. There's a moment with Jack. Not a big one. Nothing
heavy-handed. But there's a moment, with just a little eye
contact, that might suggest something more.

INT. NYC CHURCH - JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

The doors to the chapel close. Amanda and Jack stand alone.

AMANDA
Friends like that are worth all the
heartache it took to get you here.
Thank you for keeping your promise.

He smiles.

JACK
Feels good to be back. Even if it
is just for 24 hours.

Jack reaches for his phone.

AMANDA
(hissing under her breath)
Are you kidding me?

JACK
One last glance. Just to make sure
everything -

His eyes go WIDE.

Just then, the doors OPEN. The congregation looks back
expectantly. Here Comes the Bride echoes throughout.

C/U ON JACK'S PHONE - E-MAIL FROM DARREN

*You're fired. Locks changed on your company-owned penthouse.
Don't bother coming back.*

INT. NYC CHURCH - CHAPEL ENTRANCE

Jack looks at Amanda. Stunned.

JACK
I think I just moved back to New
York.

We hold tight on Jack and Amanda's faces, as we:

FADE OUT.