

Who Loves the Lovemakers?

Written for Television by:
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EPISODE ONE:

PILOT

WHO LOVES THE LOVEMAKERS?

OPEN ON:

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - DAY.

A VAST, open VINEYARD. ACRES of LAND. Stretches as far as the eyes can see.

A MANSION sits before this plot of land. Among it, a sizable WEDDING VENUE along with a BARN. Complete with dogs roaming free.

Backing into view: A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING. WHITE ROSES everywhere.

We back in over the shoulder of: VALERIE (30s). We only see the back of her head, it's a beautiful head of hair. Long. Straight. Brunette with a tint of DARK RED.

A HAPPY COUPLE stands on the altar being WED. We cannot make out what they're saying, only smiles.

MAGGIE (mid 20s) goes in for the SNAPSHOT, captures the smiles.

Valerie looks upon the beautiful COUPLE with disdain.

VALERIE

I hate love.

She clutches her clipboard. She wears a headset and sunglasses, which make her look like a Secret Service Agent.

Behind her we see: REBECCA and DEVIN (late 20s, early 30s).

Devin looks like a male model and Rebecca the happiest married woman alive takes this comment as a sleight.

REBECCA

Sweetheart, you may have picked the wrong profession.

Valerie throws her a look of annoyance.

DEVIN

You do not hate love, you just hate men. Which is understandable.

REBECCA

You just need to get back in the game, Val.

VALERIE
I need a vacation is what I need.

DEVIN
Don't we all, girl.

They all look on a beat.

Valerie wears cynicism while Devin and Rebecca admire the display of love.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Isn't it gorgeous? I wonder who the decorator was for this wedding. I bet he's a fucking genius.

Devin and Rebecca smile and platonically hold each other. Val can't help but roll her eyes at that.

Valerie hears RADIO CHATTER in her ear. She answers the call.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Semen in the punch bowl?

VALERIE
More fires to put out, per usual.

DEVIN
Have fun, Val gal.

REBECCA
Good luck.

Valerie matter of factly marches off.

DEVIN
Home girl needs to get laid.

REBECCA
Preach...

EXT. ALTAR - WEDDING VENUE - CONT.

Maggie does her level best to bunch the BRIDE, GROOM, their DOG, the FLOWER GIRL and the RING BEARER together for a photo.

MAGGIE
Okay, guys, just scrunch in for me if you--

The dog TAKES OFF--

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Maggie stumbles as she chases after the dog--

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!

The KIDS both DART from the staged photo and attack Maggie as she's on the ground.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Ugh...

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - CONT.

JEREMY (30s) and CLEMENTINE (30s) set up their work areas beneath the canopy of a LARGE TENT. Jeremy sets up the bar while Clem fixes up her TURNTABLE.

CLEMENTINE

You know this couple?

JEREMY

It's a small town, but it's not that small.

CLEMENTINE

You're right, I didn't give a fuck about them anyway.

Jeremy lightly chuckles and shakes his head.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Just another suburban, straight white couple bringing the government into their bed.

JEREMY

Who knew a married woman could be so cynical about the institution of marriage?

CLEMENTINE

Just the hetero ones.

Jeremy laughs to himself again.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Get em smashed enough to fill up this tip jar, ya heard?

JEREMY

As if that's my only purpose in
life.

Clementine throws him a look as if to say, "attaboy"

INT. CATERING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

JUAN (20s) and MELINDA (20s) slave away in a hectic KITCHEN.

JUAN

Another hundred thousand orders of
chicken, just like last week.

MELINDA

Does anybody ever order the salmon?

JUAN

The fuck do you think?

Beat.

JUAN (CONT'D)

White people and their chicken with
asparagus...

MELINDA

Don't forget the mashed potatoes.

Juan rolls his eyes.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

How'd it go with your girl last
week?

JUAN

Exactly what it was: last week's
girl.

MELINDA

Heard that.

JUAN

Anything on the horizon for you?

MELINDA

You already know.

JUAN

Flavor of the week?

MELINDA

One day. But today is not that day.

JUAN

We're young. Who needs it, anyhow?

MELINDA

White people who don't care about seasoning.

JUAN

Predicarlo, predicarlo, mi amiga.

They both smile as they rapidly prepare plates over the sounds of clanking and occasional SHOUTING.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie stomps with dread toward her fire she must put out.

MARGARET and ALFRED (60s, 70s) stand incredulously before the BEST MAN passed out on top of the WEDDING CAKE. DESTROYED.

Wedding cake absolutely caked on his nice TUX. Practically dead to the world, reeking of tequila.

MARGARET

We found him like this.

ALFRED

Fix it.

VALERIE

I think the cake is toast.

MARGARET

We need him cleaned up and a backup cake, pronto. Get on it.

VALERIE

(feigning optimism)

I'll... see what I can.. conjure up!

Margaret and Alfred pompously march off.

Valerie waits until they're out of view before she buries her face in her hands and stifles a nervous breakdown.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Devin indistinctly chats away happily with WEDDING GUESTS.

Rebecca watches him live his best life from afar wearing just the stupidest smile.

Devin gestures flamboyantly at the decorations around him.

Valerie suddenly appears at her side. Dead inside. Her face telegraphs it.

REBECCA

I can only imagine what it was this time.

VALERIE

You can't and won't believe it. I just-- you cannot make this shit up.

REBECCA

Lay it on me, sis.

Rebecca gulps down her tin of water.

VALERIE

The Best Man passed out on the wedding cake. And the owners had the gall to tell me I had to clean the mess.

REBECCA

The cake or the drunk?

VALERIE

Yes.

Rebecca can't contain her laughter. She nearly spits out her water.

REBECCA

So, what'd you do?

Valerie side-glances her, with a nefarious smirk.

SNAP CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - PREVIOUS.

Flashback to--

Valerie SLAMS on the SHOWER, BLASTING cake off of the now partially sobered up BEST MAN. SOAKING his TUX.

She gives no fucks.

BEST MAN

What the SHIT?!

VALERIE
Get your drunk ass back out there!

BEST MAN
You fucking bitch!

He comes to his senses. Rubs his eyes. A realization.

BEST MAN (CONT'D)
Wait... you're--

VALERIE
Yeah. I'm her.

She tosses a TOWEL that envelops his face.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna say it again.

BEST MAN
I can't believe you're--

VALERIE
Let's calm down.

He makes a feeble attempt to dry himself off.

BEST MAN
He's not gonna believe it when he
sees you either--

VALERIE
Not another word from you.

Her stance is the embodiment of her impatience.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
You owe me a new cake, you dumb
trashcan.

He looks in awe of her audaciousness.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CATERING STATION - LATER.

Juan and Melinda prepare plates to take out when--

A CONFUSED DELIVERY DRIVER approaches them bearing a gift.

DRIVER
Package for the bride and groom?

Melinda tosses a confused glance to Juan who shares it.

MELINDA
Thanks...do we owe you anything?

DRIVER
Nope. All through the app.

The Driver leaves it with them, turns on his heel and leaves.

JUAN
What the hell is this?

He slowly opens the box.

POV up from CAKE: Juan and Melinda look inside, then at each other. Then back at the cake. They're slightly horrified.

MELINDA
Uh...is this for real?

Juan nods, but with uncertainty.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
Should we... do we still...?

Juan shrugs.

SNAP BACK TO:

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - PRESENT.

Valerie stands a bit taller. Her pride showing.

Rebecca revels in it.

REBECCA
Look at you...

Valerie shrugs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Did he actually buy the cake?

VALERIE
I had to improvise.

REBECCA
Do I wanna know what that actually means?

Valerie gives her a knowing glance. Uh oh...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Is the cake cutting just gonna be a complete disaster, or...?

VALERIE

You tell me. You planned this mess. Is the cake gonna make it in time, or did I fumble it?

Rebecca checks her phone. Phone face: 3:57

REBECCA

Cutting's supposed to be at 4. So unless your cake gets here within the next--

Rebecca glances over to find--

JUAN and MELINDA wheeling in the NEW CAKE.

It's significantly SMALLER and has NEW WRITING on it. Almost Like a BIRTHDAY CAKE.

The WEDDING FIGURINES are from the DESTROYED CAKE, and they're BROKEN. The BRIDE missing her HEAD and the GROOM CUT IN HALF.

Rebecca face-palms.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Are you trying to get fired?

Valerie can't wipe the shit-eating smirk off her face.

OVER TO:

JUAN AND MELINDA.

JUAN

Who approved this new cake?

MELINDA

Apparently Valerie.

JUAN

There's no shot in hell Alfred and Margaret--

MELINDA

Oh, I know. Believe me, I know...

Juan scoffs and shakes his head.

JUAN

Dios mio...

Melinda almost cracks a smile.

The cake arrives at the HAPPY COUPLE.

MELINDA

Enjoy.

JUAN

Buen provecho.

They both nod, curt, slink away.

The NEWLYWEDS glance down at the writing. It reads:

HAPPY DAY, SLUNT.

They look horrified to one another.

The GROOM has a realization...

INT. PARTY TENT - MOMENTS LATER.

Jeremy crafts cocktails for guests while Clem non-chalantly scratches on the TURNTABLE playing mindless party music.

Clem leans over to Jeremy so he can hear--

CLEMENTINE

Did you hear about the dumbass who wrecked the cake?

JEREMY

Word travels fast.

CLEMENTINE

Why I had pie at my wedding.

JEREMY

I don't go in for sweets.

CLEMENTINE

Who the fuck cares about cake, anyway? Not like anyone gets to eat it. Just gets smeared all over the two love-birds regardless.

Jeremy shrugs and nods, touche.

JEREMY

Embarrassing for the best man to ruin his boy's wedding.

CLEMENTINE

I wouldn't say it's ruined. Only a mild catastrophe.

JEREMY

The bride's face screams otherwise.

Jeremy nods his head for Clem to look the Bride's way--

The very PISSED off BRIDE folds her arms and scowls at the WEDDING PARTY and various guests dancing their asses off.

Clementine bursts into laughter.

Jeremy smiles as he pours, shakes up another drink.

MOVE TO:

Devin can't help but sneak out onto the dance floor. He's feeling himself, slaying it.

Valerie, amused with herself, views from afar.

Margaret and Alfred stomp up to her.

MARGARET

The bride and groom have a grievance with your replacement cake.

VALERIE

I didn't purchase the cake. Nor did I have anything to do with what was written on it.

MARGARET

We tasked you with doing it. You were responsible.

VALERIE

I ensured there would be a cake, I never said I would procure it.

MARGARET

Well then, who did?

VALERIE

The best man! I made him do it. I'm not at fault for what that entailed. You wanted me to fix it, I fixed it. It's not my duty to--

ALFRED

You are the quarterback of this wedding. It is your duty.

Margaret points sharply at her.

MARGARET

Thin ice, missy.

They tread away from her.

Valerie makes a jerking off motion at them as they walk away.

She chuckles to herself and shakes her head.

Rebecca softly approaches her when all is safe.

REBECCA

Fired?

Valerie affirms the negative.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

How could you possibly keep your job after that?

VALERIE

They know I'm too valuable. I'm un-fire-able.

REBECCA

I don't know how you do it.

VALERIE

I suck a mean dick.

Rebecca looks shocked over to her.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

God, I'm kidding, Rebecca. Who do you think I am?

REBECCA

I don't know how you contain all that audacity.

Valerie shrugs.

Maggie slides in next to them. She takes random, abrupt photos.

MAGGIE

What's goin' on over here?

REBECCA

Val gives good head to keep her job.

MAGGIE

Huh! Nice.

VALERIE

Yeah, how do you keep yours?

MAGGIE

I shoot the family, frame the kids, and hang them all!

Maggie sticks her tongue at her cheek as she floats away.

She sneaks two pictures of Rebecca and Valerie as she does.

REBECCA

Really?

VALERIE

Don't let her fool you. I saw that on a meme once.

Valerie shrugs at that too.

OVER TO:

DEVIN ON THE DANCEFLOOR.

He's feelin' himself. So much that he calls Maggie over--

DEVIN

Get your ass over here, girlfran!

Maggie dances up to him with moves of her own.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

I look so good tonight, you gotta snag a freeze-frame of this beautiful bod.

She presents the camera--

MAGGIE
 Somebody's aplomb tonight... smile
 big, runway king!

She snaps the pic and dances away.

Devin then shows off his moves to an INTERESTED MAN (20s). He matches the energy.

Devin dances his way over to him.

BACK TO:

VALERIE.

She stands confidently until--

The BRIDE marches her way. She's a woman possessed. On a mission.

BRIDE
 Am I to understand you're the one
 who got us that treacherous cake?!

VALERIE
 You guys had a viable cake before
 your wedding party decided to act
 like animals rather than upstanding
 adults.

BRIDE
 I don't want to be a bride-zilla or
 a Karen, but your replacement was
 unacceptable.

VALERIE
 You do realize that I made him buy
 the new cake, right? That's on
 homeboy's neanderthal best man.

BRIDE
 I'm gonna make sure that none of my
 friends ever use your wedding
 venue.

VALERIE
 I have a hard time seeing that you
 have friends, let alone that you or
 them would find someone who'd wanna
 marry any of you.

BRIDE

Is this about your own shit? Did you decide to make my big day about you and Craig?

Valerie shuts down. Maggie captures the moment from afar.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know about you and Craig.

Valerie lets the guilt sink in a beat.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be the bigger person because you've already made your decision to be a vindictive little bitch rather than to just let the past be the past. Think about that the next time you want to trash someone else's most important day of their lives.

The Bride's about to storm off before--

BRIDE (CONT'D)

Oh, and one other thing. You're the slunt, you slunt. That's all you'll ever be.

She resumes storming off.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)
Trailer trash...

We hang on Valerie's shocked face. Mouth agape. Speechless.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - LATER.

The GROOM, CRAIG (30s) approaches Jeremy, clearly distraught.

CRAIG

Pour me something strong.

JEREMY

Don't have to tell me twice.

Jeremy hardly measures it out. A healthy pour. More than a double.

CRAIG

Hopefully this isn't a sign of things to come.

JEREMY

Can only go up from here, right?

Craig shrugs. Maybe he's right.

Jeremy slides him the glass.

Craig gulps it down. Jeremy watches him intently as he does.

OVER TO:

CLEM DJING.

An extra tatted up WEDDING GOER approaches her DJ Booth.

Clem glances up and is tempted to look away, but does a double take. She's kinda cute...

WEDDING GOER

Are you gonna play the playlist
I've heard a hundred times over, or
can we spice things up a bit?

Clem is taken aback by the audacity.

CLEMENTINE

I am bound by matrimonial law to
play all the songs that get white
people on the dance floor.

WEDDING GOER

I understand completely.

Beat as they both smile coyly.

CLEMENTINE

Does this wedding music snob have a
name?

WEDDING GOER

Gem.

CLEMENTINE

Jen?

GEM

No, Gem. Like, stone.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, I'm Clementine. Y'know, like--

GEM

The fruit.

CLEMENTINE
Yeah, and please no Eternal
Sunshine references.

GEM
You've probably heard them all by
now.

CLEMENTINE
There's really only one, but yes.

They chuckle to themselves.

Clem extends her hand for a formal handshake.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
It's nice to meet you.

GEM
Nice meeting you.

They smile to one another.

Maggie sneaks a photo of this.

CLEMENTINE
There's a nice little tip jar right
here that might help with your
conundrum.

GEM
My conundrum?

CLEMENTINE
Of hearing the same shit over and
over during wedding season.

GEM
Oh, right. Heh.

Gem pops in a nice little bill.

CLEMENTINE
I'm not saying it'll happen, but it
increases your chances.

GEM
That's all I can ask, I suppose.

Clem smiles and nods to her.

CLEMENTINE
I gotchu.

Gem smiles back, she backs up, dancing backwards towards the crowded dance floor.

Clementine cracks up as she does.

Jeremy appears at her side.

JEREMY

How do you pull like that?

CLEMENTINE

They smell the serial monogamy on me. I'm telling you, women are turned on by the ring.

JEREMY

How annoying...

Jeremy returns to his post.

CLEMENTINE

Tell me about it. I can't even fuck around anymore.

JEREMY

You love wifey, though.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah... god damn it!!! Why do I have to love my stupid wife?!? Ugh. I hate monogamy, my beautiful hetero friend.

Clem jokingly throws a fit.

Jeremy bursts out laughing as he pours yet another Jack and Coke.

OVER TO--

Valerie approaches Maggie.

VALERIE

Do you really have to take pictures of everything?

MAGGIE

Everything! Absolutely everything.

Maggie shoots a quick picture in her face and scoots away.

Valerie winces, temporarily blinded.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER.

Juan and Melinda finish cleaning their stations.

JUAN

Is it too early to join them yet? I could go for a nice, post-shift beer.

MELINDA

You really wanna party with the white people?

JUAN

I never said they were bad, just basic as fuck.

Melinda chuckles.

MELINDA

Shit, I could use a drink myself.

JUAN

C'mon, might as well. It's free.

MELINDA

Jeremy hooks you up like that?

JUAN

It's an open bar, isn't it?

MELINDA

We gotta change outta these unis. I cannot be seen like this.

JUAN

When I used to work at the restaurant, we would just turn our shirts inside out.

MELINDA

You never brought a change a clothes with yo nasty ass?

Juan bursts out laughing.

JUAN

What am I gonna do, shower?

MELINDA

There's a whole ass mansion just up the hill!

JUAN

Marg and Alfredo would have a cow.

MELINDA

Now the whites got you talkin' like them.

JUAN

Shut up.

Juan playfully shoves her as they lightly chuckle together.

INT. PARTY TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie groups the wedding party together and snaps a photo of them.

Jeremy zones out until--

Valerie appears at the bar.

VALERIE

Give me tequila. Lots of tequila.

Jeremy laughs and shakes his head.

JEREMY

Drinking on the job and sabotaging the wedding. You like to live life on the edge.

VALERIE

Behold my life's work. I don't fuck around.

Jeremy scoffs, smiles, searches for a proper tequila.

JEREMY

I don't wanna say you did this to yourself, but--

VALERIE

Yeah, please don't say it.

Beat as Jeremy pours her healthy pour with a heavy hand.

He pours himself one as well.

JEREMY

Cheers.

They clink glasses and throw em back.

VALERIE

Cheers.

The two barely grimace. Like pros.

Maggie sneaks in a photo from afar...

JEREMY

Craig's demeanor was disconcerting.

VALERIE

I couldn't care less what he thinks
or feels.

JEREMY

Wow!

(laughs)

Harsh!

Valerie shrugs.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you know each
other.

VALERIE

Yeah... know... knew, more like.

JEREMY

She hates you.

VALERIE

No shit, detective! You think?!

Jeremy laughs.

JEREMY

Hey, it's none of my business, but-

-

VALERIE

But, you're gonna make it your
business.

JEREMY

Who am I, if not a bartender or a
deeply unqualified therapist?

VALERIE

You would be an asshole to pry.

JEREMY

Ouch.

VALERIE

I'm only fucking with you.

Jeremy cocks a brow at that.

Valerie stares directly into his soul.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Well, I'd better get back to it.

JEREMY

Yeah, don't you have a job to do?
What's there left to do after
ruining the whole wedding?

Jeremy playfully smiles at her. She tries to hide her smirk as she turns away, disappearing into the crowd.

WE RETURN TO:

REBECCA AND DEVIN.

REBECCA

Don't think I didn't see you!

DEVIN

Whaaaaat?!

REBECCA

I saw you dancing with that guy.

DEVIN

Oh, stop.

REBECCA

How'd it go?

DEVIN

I got his number. And his Insta.

REBECCA

And...?

DEVIN

And, what? We're gonna keep in
touch, I guess.

REBECCA

I see you, Dev.

DEVIN

And I see you, married girl.
Borriinnngggg.

Rebecca lightly smacks him.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
So, what else did your elf eyes
see?

REBECCA
Maybe a certain bartender with a
certain wedding disaster artist.

DEVIN
Shut up...

Rebecca nods knowingly.

Devin acts like it's the scandal of the century.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
No...

REBECCA
Yup...

DEVIN
They'd better not ruin the whole
dynamic.

REBECCA
You think it would?

DEVIN
I know it would. You know it always
does. Sneaky links in a wedding
company, are you kidding?

REBECCA
Who's to say your man wouldn't ruin
things. Maybe he'll be back next
week marrying his man.

DEVIN
Stop it!!!

Rebecca laughs and playfully shoves him.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
You're the worst.

REBECCA
Hey I'm not the one with blackmail
photos.

DEVIN
No! She wouldn't!

Rebecca just nods.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Must she document everything?!

REBECCA
A scandalous mistress, this one.

Maggie leans in seemingly outta nowhere--

MAGGIE
It's no wonder you don't have a
Mister Right, mister mistress.

Maggie winks, then--

Shazam! She vanishes.

Devin looks aghast at Rebecca who shrugs.

WE MOVE TO:

VALERIE.

Craig wants to approach her, but sees Maggie beats him to her. He thinks better of it.

VALERIE
Did you get the cutting of the
cake?

MAGGIE
Yeah, the birthday cake, right?

VALERIE
You know that's not my fault.

MAGGIE
I know, I'm just joshin' ya.

Beat.

VALERIE
Maggie. Be honest with me. Did you
always want to be a wedding
photographer?

MAGGIE
Did I always want to capture two
people who want to bring the
government into their bed as a
freeze frame? Couldn't be me. No.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I wanna snap photos of stunning vistas, naked models with umbrella drinks on yachts and various phallic rock formations. But, for now, this will do.

VALERIE

Can you be serious with me just this once?

Maggie sighs.

MAGGIE

What's both fleeting and eternal simultaneously?

Valerie's not gonna answer. She wants the answer.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

A wedding.

Valerie lets that sink in a beat.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm here to immortalize the fleeting moments, such that they're not so fleeting for those involved down the road.

(Beat)

It's not the end-all, be-all, but if I can capture the happy, then I'll be happy.

Maggie winks at her, kisses her cheek, and darts off.

Valerie shakes her head, coming back down to Earth.

Craig comes back into focus, now able to make his move...

She stands off to the side, arms folded. She watches the dancers. She'd rather people watch than dance herself.

Craig waddles over to her.

CRAIG

I didn't think I'd see you here.

VALERIE

You really didn't think you'd see me, a wedding coordinator, at the only wedding venue in town that isn't some denominational fucking monstrosity?

(scoffs)

VALERIE (CONT'D)
How could you not have known?

CRAIG
I don't know, Val...I-- I dunno.
Please, don't make this a lecture.

Beat.

VALERIE
Seriously. Why pick this venue?

CRAIG
She picked the venue.

VALERIE
Of course she did.

Beat.

CRAIG
It's good to see you, though.

VALERIE
Yeah, you too, but...Let's not make
it a whole thing.

Craig looks inquisitive.

CRAIG
How have you been doing?

VALERIE
You know me. I'm always happy.

Craig pauses to smile, but it's melancholy.

CRAIG
I'm glad to hear that.

Jeremy POV: he spots Craig talking to Valerie. He raises a brow and looks to Clem. She joins him in the brow raising.

Back to-- VAL and CRAIG.

VALERIE
I hope you two are happy, too.

CRAIG
Thanks, Val. That means a lot.
Really.

He smiles but looks down.

An awkward beat.

VALERIE
Don't you wanna join in the
dancing?

CRAIG
You know I love talking with you.

Valerie wants to roll her eyes. She somehow contains herself.

VALERIE
Enjoy your big day.

CRAIG
Thanks, I have been.

Val smiles and nods. Lets him be.

Craig sits with his thoughts.

EXT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER.

Juan and Melinda sit just outside the tent, next to boxes, piles of trash, and various other excess items.

Jeremy sneaks out bearing TWO BEERS. He hands them to Juan and Mel before slipping back in.

JUAN
Jeremy, my man, you da best!

MELINDA
Appreciate you!

They look to one another.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
Cheers.

JUAN
Salud.

They clink the beers and gulp them down.

Share in a laugh together.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Told you the post-shift beer is
clutch.

MELINDA
Never doubted it for a second.

They both enjoy their beers as they admire the stars above.

JUAN
Do you believe in God?

MELINDA
Come on. We just started drinking!

They laugh.

JUAN
No, I'm serious.

MELINDA
I'm serious too, get me drunker!

Juan laughs, but presses the issue.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
I don't know, do you?

JUAN
When I look up at the stars, I can't help but think there had to be something divine that put them all there. You either believe in what was planned or you believe it was all randomness. There's no in-between. It's hard to imagine something was always there. No real beginning. It just was. Who can do that, but a God?

MELINDA
I guess that's true.
(beat)
Suffice it to say, I don't know. No one can ever know. The dead may not even know. So, how can I possibly say?

JUAN
So you did find an in-between.
There goes that.

Juan laughs.

MELINDA
Don't go saying that love is all like that, too.

JUAN
I wasn't gonna go there, you went there!

Juan playfully shoves her.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Nah, you can't plan love.

Melinda drinks her beer, looks at Juan, then ruminates.

Back inside: the TENT.

WEDDING GUESTS all drink, dance, and are merry.

Valerie sneaks up on Maggie.

VALERIE
Mags. What would you do if you were
in a...
(makes a triangle with her
fingers)
Triangular...situation?

MAGGIE
Who has the most money?

Valerie looks on with a puzzled stare.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
That's how I got through
photography school. Sugar daddy.
Yup. Paid my way.

She throws up a peace sign, snags two pictures of her, and
glides away.

Valerie just stands, baffled.

WE MOVE OVER TO--

Rebecca smiles as she embraces a drunk Devin.

SNAP TO:

A GLASS TINGS.

CRAIG (O.S.)
Excuse me, everyone. I have an
announcement to make.

Craig sports a microphone and a champagne glass, drunkenly
takes the stage.

All attention redirects to him.

Clem quiets the music.

He raises the glass in a toasting manner.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I love you, babe. I love you so
much. You know that.

The Bride smiles and opens her heart to be melted.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
But I can't keep kidding myself
anymore.

Her smile vanishes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Val...

Valerie looks up in horror.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I'm still in love with you.

Her mouth opens in shock.

Maggie slowly raises her camera to eye-level...

Our Bride's heart turns to ash.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I didn't know it until I saw you
here again. I never got over you,
and I knew I never would.

Valerie can't contain her disbelief.

The Bride could kill someone right now.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
We devoted so much of ourselves to
each other, it's difficult to
imagine just tossing that away.

The Bride storms up to the stage.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I'm not trying to win you back or
anything, but I just had to tell
you my truth. I love you. I never
stopped loving you, and I never
will.

Valerie wants so badly to crawl in a hole...

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Part of me can't believe I even
went on with this wedding, but here
I am. I thought I could keep it
inside, but-- I had to let it out.

Craig looks down, ashamed.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
My therapist said I have to be more
honest about my feelings.

Craig turns to his Bride.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Babe, I'm sorry, I--

She rips the microphone from his hand. She also swipes the
champagne flute--

FLINGS IT in his FACE--

His FACE DRENCHED from the CHAMPAGNE, dripping--

She then SLAMS the MICROPHONE on the ground--

MIC FEEDBACK fills everyone's ears.

GROANS from the CROWD can be heard.

Craig stands ashamed on stage as the Bride stomps off.

He sheepishly looks up, finds Valerie's eyes--

We hang on Valerie's dumbfounded face as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END PILOT.

Credits.