

**BRIDEZILLA VS. DEER**

FADE IN:

INT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

1981. PRINCESS DIANA AND PRINCE CHARLES exchange wedding vows.

CLOSE ON A SMALL GIRL'S HAND PRESSED AGAINST A TV SCREEN. We widen to reveal...

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

JANE WEINSTEIN (6), cute, bright, Mensa-smart, is glued to the vintage wood-paneled color RCA.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

From the moment I saw Princess Di say, "yes" to Prince Charles, I knew I wanted a wedding just like hers...down to the doilies. And nothing was going to get in my way...

Jane's younger brother, IRWIN (4) just as cute, innocent, crawls in, pushing a fire truck. He looks at his salivating sister, picks up the remote sitting on a LA-Z-BOY and aims it at the TV.

The wedding switches to Sesame Street. Irwin jumps up, clapping at Oscar's singing. Jane's face turns sour.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

HERB WEINSTEIN (40s), Jewish, caring, tax attorney type, enters. Before he can take his hat off, Irwin bolts through the foyer - scared out of his mind.

An inhuman scream follows him. The source - little Jane. Irwin runs around Herb, almost knocking him over. Irwin zooms out the door. Jane stops at the doorway.

She picks up the cat sitting by an umbrella stand...and launches him. From outside, we hear Irwin and the cat scream.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

IDA (40s), Jewish, pretty, smart, how Jane will look when she's older takes a challah out of the oven. Herb drinks his coffee and reads his newspaper at the table. Jane studies the headlines about President Reagan.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)  
Step one for the perfect wedding begins  
with the right man. My father. He has to  
pay for it after all.

Jane studies her dad.

YOUNG JANE  
Daddy?

HERB  
Hmm?

YOUNG JANE  
Are we Democrats or Republicans?

Ida looks up surprised. Herb folds down his newspaper,  
not quite believing his six-year-old is talking politics.

HERB  
We're Republicans, Jane.

Jane breathes a sigh of relief.

HERB  
Something on your mind, honey?

YOUNG JANE  
I'm relieved. I know a lot of  
people at temple are Democrats. I  
wanted to know if we were.

HERB  
Why?

YOUNG JANE  
Because. The Democrats raise  
taxes. That leaves us with less  
money. And I calculate, with  
inflation, that if I were to get  
married at 29, you will need a  
good \$250,000 for my wedding.

Herb and Ida look at Jane, shell-shocked.

YOUNG JANE  
We can't afford any slip-ups.

Jane goes back to her cereal.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Young Jane attends various weddings - Jewish, Catholic,  
Buddhist...

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

I case studied every ceremony. Every gown...

- Jane's family congratulates a BRIDE and GROOM. Jane takes the bride's hand, inspects her ring.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

...every ring...every appetizer...

- Jane takes a shrimp appetizer. She doesn't like it, spits it out.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

1982. A wedding. Jane (7), - in a puke teal green flower girl dress - walks down the aisle, tossing flower petals.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

...when it came time for my wedding, I was going to be ready.

She runs out of flowers half-way down, thinks quickly and whips a flower-covered hat off of a FEMALE GUEST.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

I wasn't going to be shunned like my Aunt Hazel - forever the black sheep of the family for having the audacity to elope. What a waste of a registry.

She rips petals off the hat and tosses.

EXT. BANQUET HALL - LATER

The Bridesmaids and Jane wave good-bye to the BRIDE AND GROOM, who drive off in a matching TEAL CAMARO. A string of beer cans trail from behind.

Jane hears a noise in the bushes. She leaves the group to inspect the bush. It twists and turns. Something whimpers.

Jane parts it.

A FAWN lies tangled in left-over twine and beer cans. The twine has been pulled so taut, that it is cutting into its ankle.

Jane stoops down and works her tiny fingers in and out of the string, finally freeing the deer. She notices a white tuft of fur in a heart shape by its hoof.

IT LEAPS UP AND DARTS TOWARD THE WOODS. The fawn turns and grabs one more look at Jane.

She slowly waves, then rushes back to the wedding party.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JANE sits in bed brushing a BRIDAL BARBIE while IDA(35), Jane's mother sits at the edge.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

I was going to have a wedding like  
Hazel's sister.

YOUNG JANE

Mommy, tell me about your wedding again.

Ida fidgets. HERB (40s), Jane's father, walks past her bedroom, rolls his eyes.

IDA

Jane, it's getting late.

Jane sticks her lower lip out.

IDA

It was like a fairy tale, honey.  
We were married on Long Island  
Sound at sunset. The harbor lights  
twinkled like stars. The red from  
the sun formed an outline around  
your father that made him glow.

(reminisces)

He was so handsome.

YOUNG JANE

Who cares about Daddy? Tell me about the  
Godiva chocolate-covered strawberries.

Ida raises an eyebrow. Jane folds her arms, ready to listen.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

Love? Schmove. Nobody remembers the  
first or last time you say, "I love  
you." But have a fabulously outrageous  
wedding and you have something People  
Magazine would be proud to crash...And  
that my friends, is a wedding.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Present day. Jane (29) lies in her pristine white canopy bed. She lifts her green eye mask, tosses her aside her curly locks, leans across a sea of bridal magazines lying on the bed...finally finding what she's looking for - the cordless phone.

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Answering is STEVEN LOWENSTEIN (30), balding, whiny, conservative, nebbish. She so doesn't belong with him.

STEVEN

Mommy?

(INTERCUT)

JANE

(rolls eyes)

No, Steven, it's Jane.

STEVEN sits upright in the bed... stretches his arm out and knocks an ornate framed photograph of an older woman off his nightstand to the floor. Mommy. It's cracked.

STEVEN

Jaaaaane. I wasn't referring to my actual mother you know, I heard that was the latest street term for your gal. And you know I'm all about the street cred.

JANE, wearing camisole and panties, enters her bathroom. She opens her mouth, studying her teeth the way an owner would examine her horse.

JANE

Yeah street cred. I think my gums are receding. Maybe the photographer can re-touch them.

STEVEN nervously bites his lip, finally gets the nerve...

STEVEN

Jane, I was speaking with Mother - about our wedding song.

JANE'S hand quivers.

JANE

Really. Our wedding song? The one we spent a month learning to rhumba to? That song?

STEVEN folds his lips in, then blurts it out.

STEVEN

Yes. She thought *Isn't She Lovely?*  
really isn't about the two of us.

JANE takes a deep, deep breath.

JANE

Dear, don't you know that it's bad  
luck to speak to your mommy before  
the wedding?

STEVEN

It thought it was bad luck to see  
the bride?

JANE

Now who's the wedding expert here?

STEVEN

You are.

JANE

That's right. Now be a good groom  
and make sure to pick up the  
bridal party gifts. Muah.

She hangs up, then runs to her nightstand, pulls out a  
ring box. She opens it. She kisses the most garish gold  
and diamond-crusted wedding band ever to grace the  
screen. She smiles.

And stops in front of the window.

JANE'S POV.

The backyard of the building. A 12-POINT WHITE TAIL BUCK  
stares up at her.

Jane rubs her eyes and looks again. It's gone.

EXT. MANHATTAN OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Rush hour. Jane, dressed in business clothes, hops out of  
a cab. She's followed by two slick advertising  
"creatives," COLIN and JEFF (early 20s).

Her cell phone rings...*The Wedding March* of course.

JANE

Yessss, Mom?

(INTERCUT)

IDA sits at her kitchen table. Herb waves for her not to say anything.

IDA  
Jane, honey, there's something I need to talk to you about.

JANE walks up the stairs.

JANE  
This isn't about having our rehearsal dinner on the Sabbath again? God will understand.

IDA  
No, no, no. There was something else...

JANE looks at her watch.

JANE  
It'll have to wait until tonight. I have a meeting. Muah.

Jane hangs up. IDA shifts in her chair, looks at Herb.

IDA  
She has a meeting.

HERB  
Might be safer to send her an e-mail. You know her temper.

Ida bites her finger.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

They pass by the security desk. Jane stops to look at a large photo of herself on a tripod. It's a faux cover of Adweek Magazine. Jane's on the cover. The headline celebrates that she is "ADWOMAN OF THE YEAR."

INT. BOARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Jeff and Colin stand in front of a ledge filled with television story boards for jock itch powder, a crusty, white-haired CLIENT (71) leans back in his chair.

He drums his fingers on the table, taking it all in, twirls his chair around a few times, then stops.

Oblivious, Jane fiddles with her I Phone, sending an email.

The burn in says, "Donatella, are we a go on the doves?"

JEFF

(yells)

Jane!

Jane drops her I Phone to the floor...catches it with one superheroine-like move. The guys look at her nervously. Jane composes herself...confident smile appears.

COLIN

Charlie, is uncomfortable  
with the concepts.

Jane thinks, then flashes her "Colgate" smile.

JANE

Now, Charlie I know you may think the  
concept is a little out there...

She walks to the front of the boardroom table.

CHARLIE

I think they're shit.

Jane approaches Charlie, sits on the coffee table and  
crosses her legs.

JANE

How about we turn a "neggy" into a  
positive, hmmm. With Tivo and god  
knows what else causing people to  
skip past commercials, the boys  
here have created an absolutely  
brilliant concept...a commercial  
so bad...

The guys flinch at the word.

JANE

...so unbelievably horrendous...to  
the point our target can't believe  
their eyes or ears that they'll be  
forced to pay attention.

Charlie is stunned, but begins to understand. Jane leans  
over him. She's got him in the palm of her hand.

JANE

People will talk. They'll  
blog...You tube it...a commercial  
for Pop's Cola so unbelievably bad  
that it will take over the left  
and right side of their brains.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

And you know what that means,  
Charlie...

She leans in close enough to kiss the old goat.

JANE

Sales. Go shoot this shitty spot,  
Charlie. Because if you don't, you're  
going to keep me from my rehearsal  
dinner. And Charlie, you don't want to  
do that do you?

We can see the fright in Charlie's eyes.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Jane races out of the building. The guys chase her.

JANE

You owe me! Nothing less than the Rosenthal  
China off my registry will do!

She jumps into a cab.

EXT. JANE'S BUILDING - LATE MORNING

New York's Upper East Side. Jane jumps out of the cab and  
dashes past a DOORMAN, WALTER (65), kind, southern.

WALTER

Ready for your big day, Miss Jane?

JANE

I've been ready all my life, Walter.

She enters a revolving door, thinks, then spins back  
around to Walter.

JANE

Walter, I have one eency-weency,  
teeny-tiny favor.

LATER

CLOSE ON JANE. Walter struggles.

JANE

I really do appreciate this.

WALTER

Anything for you, Miss Jane.

Walter struggles to carry a mannequin - a perfect replica of Jane - dressed in a Vera Wang wedding gown.

JANE

Can you try not to drag my train?

Sweat runs down Walter's face.

Without a thought, Jane flies through the revolving door. Walter gets stuck and struggles with the mannequin.

The doorman pounds desperately on the door.

EXT. JANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sleek convertible. MAXINE JACKSON (28) a stylish, hip, African-American woman sits in the passenger side. She lifts her over-sized designer sunglasses and jumps out.

Jane turns to Walter, still trying to hold himself and the mannequin up.

She rushes Maxine and hugs her. They separate just as quickly.

JANE

Maxine, pre-big event zit check.

They study each other's faces...thumbs in position, ready to pop.

MAXINE

We are locked and loaded for all photo ops, girl!

Jane squeals again. They hop into her car.

MAXINE

You sure you're okay to drive? Mr. Hertz wants his car back in one piece.

JANE

Be for real. I haven't had wedding jitters since I was eight. Cold feet are for the weak, my friend.

Jane takes a faded clipping of Diana's wedding and tapes it carefully to the driver's blinder.

The two drive off with a mannequin standing in the back seat.

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