

Just then, BRIT MANLEY, the daughter of Haitian immigrants and Samantha's smart, kind, and annoyingly put together ex-BFF, enters wearing a tacky veil. A group of YOUNG WOMEN (who are all wearing the same dress with the words "BRIDE TRIBE") follow Brit inside. They are pleasantly drunk, not Samantha drunk.

Samantha clocks this and stands up. She knows enough to be humiliated. The room starts spinning.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to Felicia)

I should have laid off the chicken parm.

FELICIA

I told you. It's all about timing.

BERYL (26), one of the members of the bride tribe, whispers to one of the other bridesmaids.

BERYL

Oh my god. This is awkward.

OTHER BRIDESMAID

But also a little funny?

BERYL

Totes.

Brit rips her veil off and stashes it in her bag. Samantha sees this. They make eye contact. It is not exactly warm.

EXT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Samantha leans against the wall, fanning herself. Brit looks worried.

BRIT

Back from New York?

SAMANTHA

Yeap. I'm living with Carol.
We're like *Grey Gardens* on acid.

BRIT

I'm glad rehab didn't affect your sense of humor.

SAMANTHA

It was mandatory so my office wouldn't sue, that's how it was. But obviously it was totally pointless because I can control my drinking. When I want to.

A beat. No one believes this, not even Samantha to some extent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

So you and Joel are getting married?

(then)

I saw you hide the veil, dude.

BRIT

Beryl forced me to wear it. And this wasn't the way I wanted to tell you.

Felicia pokes her head out of the backdoor of Hugh O'Neills.

FELICIA

That's adorable.

BRIT

Always a pleasure, Felicia.

SAMANTHA

You know, me and Joel were supposed to get married, but then my dad got sick and Joel abandoned me.

BRIT

Or you left him to move to New York and expected him to wait forever.

SAMANTHA

I guess I didn't realize my best friend was going to steal from me.

FELICIA

Oh, snap!

BRIT

Is that really the story you've been telling yourself?

SAMANTHA

What am I supposed to think?

BRIT

If anyone is to blame for bringing Joel and me together, it's you.

SAMANTHA

You've always wanted what I have.

BRIT

What you had.

(then)

We bent over fucking backwards trying to help you after everything that happened, but no, you chose to go right back to the bar, even after getting your stomach pumped a thousand times.

SAMANTHA

You don't understand.

BRIT

Because you don't want me to.
That's how you keep everyone out.

Samantha winces like she's been kicked in the face.

BRIT (CONT'D)

(to Felicia)

Could you give us a minute alone?

FELICIA

No chance in hell.

SAMATHA

It's fine. I'm okay.

FELICIA

Fine.

(to Brit)

Bye Prissy Bitch.

Felicia heads back into Hugh O'Neills.

BRIT

Why do you surround yourself with
people who don't care about you?

SAMANTHA

Here we go again. Always trying to
fix me.

BRIT

And obviously I've failed.

SAMANTHA

You've never accepted me for me.

BRIT

Because this isn't my best
friend. This is just... booze.

Ouch. Brit puts her hand on Samantha's shoulder.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Why don't you let me give you a
ride home in the party bus?

Samantha smiles. It looks like she's going to accept Brit's
kind offer.

SAMANTHA

Screw you and your party bus,
you... betrayer!

Samantha removes Brit's hand from her shoulder and makes a beeline for the Volvo which is parked behind the party bus.

BRIT

Please let me drive you home. I'm
begging you.

SAMANTHA

It's fine! I drive better drunk
than sober.

Brit tries to snatch away Samantha's keys, to no avail.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

STOP TRYING TO CHANGE THE
VERY ESSENCE OF WHO I AM!

Samantha gets into the driver's seat. She looks over her shoulder to back up, but accidentally puts the car in drive, SMASHING INTO THE BACK OF BRIT'S PARTY BUS.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Now we're even! That's why I
did that... on purpose.

Samantha then backs up and smashes into a telephone pole. The airbags inflate and Samantha hits her head.

EXT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - PARKING LOT - LATER

JOEL LAVOIE (26), Samantha's humble, unaffected ex-high school sweetheart, peers down at Samantha wearing a firefighter uniform. A fire truck is parked behind him, his fellow firemen looking on like, "WTF?"

SAMANTHA

Fuuuuuck me.
(then, to Brit)
You had to call him? And all of
his hot friends?

BRIT

Actually I called the cops.

SAMANTHA

Y'all had nothing better to do
in this here small town than to
show up for this?

BRIT

(to Joel)
Good luck.