

WHO WEARS WHITE TO A WEDDING

written by

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EXT. PARK - DAY

JENNIFER, 23, a perky fake red head with a hint of crazy in her eye, attempts to jog in the park. Covered in sweat, while wearing a full face of makeup, Jennifer keeps moving at a slow, but deliberate pace.

As other, more experienced joggers run by her, Jennifer remains unfazed. Her eyes dart from person to person in the park until she finds her intended target.

Jennifer ducks behind a tree, crouching down to catch her breath. She wipes her forehead with her sleeve, attempting not to mess up her makeup.

From her pocket, she pulls out a mini bottle of breath spray. She sprays it in her mouth. Not prepared for the taste, Jennifer begins to gag and spits up into the grass.

Regaining her composure, Jennifer calms down, checks her breath, wipes her mouth, and stands up with all the grace of a baby elephant.

She peeks from behind the tree and sees a tall dark haired man walking towards her.

IAN, 25, an above average attractive man with a slight smirk, walks slowly, accounting for RUPERT.

Rupert is Ian's pet turtle. A slightly more animated turtle, he scurries along, as Ian holds his leash.

Jennifer takes a deep breath and jogs out from behind the tree. Attempting to avoid eye contact she carefully runs straight into Ian, barely missing Rupert.

Startled, Ian lets go of Rupert's leash. Jennifer falls to the ground and yelps in pain, holding on tight to her ankle. Rupert waddles over to Jennifer, biting her already injured ankle.

IAN

Rupert!!!

Ian lunges an inch forward to grab Rupert's leash. Rupert stares at the idiot before him, while Jennifer remains on the ground clutching her ankle. After getting Rupert back in his sight, Ian turns to look at Jennifer.

IAN (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

JENNIFER

Yeah I'm okay.

Jennifer attempts to stand back up, putting weight on her ankle. The movement is short lived as she crumples back to the ground, howling in pain.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh God... Nope that was a lie. I am in horrible pain.

Ian leans down to help Jennifer. They make direct eye contact for the first time. Ian instantly feels a connection to Jennifer as a singular tear falls from her eye. Her ankle turns a strange shade of fuchsia as they stare at each other.

IAN

Hi.

JENNIFER

Hey.

IAN

I'm Ian. Ian McMillin.

JENNIFER

Nice to meet you. I'm Jennifer. Jennifer Stanley. I'm usually more upright than this.

IAN

Upright is over rated.

Ian smiles longingly at Jennifer, she attempts to match his gaze, but fails as a sharp pain hits her.

JENNIFER

I'm so sorry. I'd love to continue talking to you but I think I should go to the hospital.

Jennifer references her foot, as Rupert inches slightly closer to inspect the situation,

IAN

I can take you.

JENNIFER

Really?

IAN

Yeah. I mean I've got nothing else going on today.

JENNIFER

Well that turtle looks pretty time consuming.

IAN
You look pretty time consuming...

JENNIFER
What?

IAN
Yeah! I'll totally take you to the
emergency room!

Ian helps Jennifer up and they limp into the afternoon together.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Jennifer sits across from Ian at a cafeteria table. Jennifer's leg is propped up on a chair next to Rupert, who is happily chomping on a leaf of lettuce. Jennifer eats her lime Jell-O, while Ian stares at her, his cherry Jell-O untouched.

JENNIFER
Pretty weird first date, huh?

IAN
So this is a date?

Jennifer smiles slyly and steals a spoonful of Ian's Jell-O.

JENNIFER
It is now.

INT. CAFE - ONE WEEK LATER

Jennifer and Ian sit at a cafe table sipping coffee and talking. Ian nervously puts his hand over Jennifer's, he smiles. Jennifer blushes and goes back to her coffee.

INT. MUSEUM - ONE MONTH LATER

Jennifer and Ian hold hands as walk up to a painting of dogs playing poker. They stare at it. Ian steps forward, looks intently at the painting, sighs, shakes his head, and steps back to Jennifer.

JENNIFER
What was that?

IAN
I'm appreciating the art.

JENNIFER

It's ironic, dogs playing poker
isn't actually art...

IAN

But look at the brush strokes, and
the intricacies of the playing
cards, and...

JENNIFER

And you sound like a doofus. Now if
they were dogs playing UNO it would
be a totally different story.

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - THREE MONTHS LATER

Jennifer sits at a poorly constructed IKEA dinner table.
Rupert naps in the corner on top of a STAR magazine. Ian
comes out of his tiny kitchen holding what looks like a very
small burnt chicken in a pan.

Ian sets the pan on to the table, Jennifer eyes the dinner
nervously.

JENNIFER

How long did you cook that chicken
for?

IAN

Oh it's not chicken. It's quail.

JENNIFER

Why quail?

IAN

Because it's fancy. Also I thought
it would be easier than chicken.

JENNIFER

And?

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - ONE HOUR LATER

Jennifer and Ian sit at Ian's table eating a pizza.

EXT. PARK - FIVE MONTHS LATER

Jennifer walks Rupert as Ian runs up to her holding a water
bottle. He hands the water bottle to Jennifer, she unscrews
the cap and takes a sip.

As Jennifer drinks, Ian takes a ring box out of his pocket, gets down on one knee, and proposes. Jennifer looks down, sees the ring, and spits the water she has in her mouth out on Ian's face.

A newly wet Ian stands up, as Jennifer apologizes profusely. Ian simply takes the ring and places it on Jennifer's finger. She hugs him, dropping Rupert's leash.

Ian lets go of the hug to chase after the slow moving Rupert as Jennifer gazes at her new sparkly engagement ring.

INT. JENNIFER'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - ONE YEAR LATER

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Jennifer sits in her childhood bed wearing "BRIDE TO BE" pajamas.

The walls are covered in posters of Justin Timberlake, Stephen Sondheim, Edward Norton, Brad Pitt, Robert Redford, and the cast of Degrassi.

Jennifer casually flips through a bridal magazine, as a knock is heard on the door.

DONNA, 50, a drunk five time divorcé with a tasteful amount of botox, glides into Jennifer's bedroom. Holding a photo album in one hand and a half full martini glass in the other, Donna makes her way onto the bed.

Jennifer puts her magazine aside and stares at her mother. Donna takes a long sip of her martini, clears her throat, and begins...

DONNA

You know what the happiest day of my life was?

JENNIFER

When you had me?

DONNA

No dear. That might have actually been the worst day of my life. I was never quite the same down there after that.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry...

DONNA

You should be. Anyway the happiest day of my life was the day I got married.

JENNIFER

You've been married five times.

DONNA

Exactly dear. I've had five greatest days of my life. When I married your father I thought that everything would be perfect. You know our wedding was marvelous.

Donna flips open the photo album and looks for a specific picture. She find one of her, 30 years younger, wearing the poofiest wedding dress imaginable. She shows it to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

You look really happy.

BABUSHKA SOFFA (O.S.)

She was up until the divorce.

DONNA

Mother could you shut up?

BABUSHKA SOFFA, 73, an eccentric looking old woman, with a thick Russian accent, enters Jennifer's bedroom. Followed behind by RACHEL, 27, a plain and tired looking woman that vaguely resembles Jennifer. Both woman walk over to the bed, Babushka Soffa sits down on the bed, as Rachel sits at Jennifer's desk.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

I could if I had a daughter who didn't disappoint me.

DONNA

I am a successful children's book author mother.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

You're books teach the small ones how to not bother their parents when they are busy drinking.

DONNA

Well I learn from the best... Any way Jennifer, I was that happy at all my weddings. And you will be too.

JENNIFER

At my wedding. My singular wedding.

DONNA

Oh that is where you are wrong my dear.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

Have I ever told you of our family curse?

JENNIFER

No...

DONNA

Perfect. Many years ago in a small village located in Eastern Europe your great great great great great grandmother Sofie was getting married.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

That's who I was named after.

JENNIFER

But your name is Sofa?

BABUSHKA SOFFA

I know... She had the good sense to change it. So Sofie's betrothed was a strapping young bear tamer named Ivan. Their love was strong and true, like one of the oxen that was given to his family as part of Sofie's dowery. Everything was wonderful except that Ivan's mother hated Sofie. She was a real witch.

JENNIFER

Do you mean bitch?

DONNA

No, she means witch. That woman was an actual witch.

JENNIFER

Mom, witches aren't real...

DONNA

They are in the eastern European country side. Anyway, Ivan's witch mother, Olga didn't want Ivan to marry Sofie so she threatened her with a curse.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

Olga said that if Sofie went through with marrying Ivan, every other marriage in her family bloodline would end horribly.

JENNIFER

Horribly? Like divorce?

RACHEL

Divorce.

DONNA

Exile.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

Beheading, you know the common marriage endings.

JENNIFER

So did Sofie get married?

DONNA

Oh she got married alright.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

Sofie wanted to prove that Olga didn't scare her so she had the most extravagant wedding you can imagine. There were hundreds of donkeys, all the potatoes you can eat, and the amount of vodka they had out weighed the guest count. It was the perfect wedding.

JENNIFER

Okay, great. So grandma Sofie had the perfect wedding and then everything went wrong?

DONNA

Yes. After a few years of marriage and several children, grandpa Ivan ran off.

JENNIFER

With another woman?

BABUSHKA SOFFA

With a donkey.

JENNIFER

He left his wife for a Donkey? I find it hard to believe that he would leave Sofie for a donkey.

BABUSHKA SOFFA

Believe me if you'd seen your grandmother Sofie you'd know a donkey was a step up.

DONNA

Why must you question everything?

JENNIFER

Okay fine. So grandma Sofie's marriage ended but that doesn't mean "the curse" is a real thing.

DONNA

Then how do you explain all of her daughters' marriages ending horribly? Sofie wanted to make sure their marriages would be unbreakable and she wanted everyone to know so she planed the most incredible weddings for each of her daughters and they all ended horribly. The same went down from generation to generation.

RACHEL

That's why I became a divorce attorney. I'm going to make millions off of our first cousins alone.

JENNIFER

Well that's not going to happen to my marriage.

DONNA

If you say so dear. Good luck at your first wedding.

Donna stands up. Finishes off her martini and leaves the room, along with Babushka Soffa and Rachel. Jennifer sits on her bed, dumbfounded.