

Kym slams open the master bedroom door and finds her older sister, RACHEL, trying on her wedding dress with the help of her best friend EMMA. Radiant and sexy, Rachel glows like an angel in her creamy white and gold sari. Emma has pins in her mouth and a tape measure around her neck.

KYM

Oh my god, you are just mi-nute!

RACHEL

Kymmie!

EMMA

(to Kym)

You can't smoke in here--

Rachel and Kym squeal and embrace. Rachel is slightly awkward as Emma frantically tries to keep the billowing fabric from combustion.

KYM

Ow!

RACHEL

I have pins all over me. You look great!

KYM

I'm fat. Rehab makes you fat. All the vending machines. Look at you, missy! I'd swear to god you were puking again!

RACHEL

Hah!

EMMA

Kym!

KYM

Emma!

(To Rachel)

No seriously, you're so tiny it's like you're Asian. Dad wants us to sleep in the same room so you'll be able to watch me while he's asleep

and I won't sneak out of the house  
and blow dealers and shoot heroin.

RACHEL  
Dad did not say "blow dealers."

KYM  
I told him I'd just sleep in  
Ethan's room.

Beat.

RACHEL  
You can always shoot up in the tree  
house.

Kym laughs. A little too loud.

EMMA  
Kym, I'm not remotely surprised  
you're starting your drama already,  
however it's Rachel's wedding and  
this week it's about her.

KYM  
Emma, you still have your tiny core  
of rage! What a relief.

Kym flops on the bed and gazes adoringly at her sister for a  
moment. Rachel beams back.

KYM  
So are you an actual shrink yet?  
Even though you're like twelve  
years old?

EMMA  
Psychology. Not psychiatry. You  
know the difference, right?

KYM  
You should prescribe something  
soothing for Emma. Like Vicodin.

RACHEL  
I will have my PhD. in a year and a  
half. And psychologists don't get  
prescription pads, right Kym?

KYM

They do in Guam.

RACHEL

Would you please put that out? Emma designed this dress and there's forty-seven yards of it and I'll go up like the Hindenburg.

Kym takes a last drag even though she's down to the filter, then flushes the butt down the toilet in the tiny bathroom.

KYM

(over the flushing toilet)

Since when are you a designer, Emma?

EMMA

A while.

RACHEL

She has this great little boutique in Greenwich. She says things like "you need a fabulous jersey pant."

KYM

That's so great. I think I heard that. Isn't this your fifth incarnation or something? Weren't you an actress? All the N.E.D.'s in the hospital were actresses...

EMMA

N.E.D.s?

RACHEL

Non-specified Eating Disorder.

KYM

...they were constantly doing leg lifts under the sheets.

RACHEL

Angela Paylin is coming to the wedding.

KYM

(right on top of her)

I ate so much cookie dough and did

so many whip-its with Angela  
Paylin.

RACHEL

I know. And she confessed to you  
her secret Elvis Stoyko fantasy. I  
spied on you.

KYM

Oh my god...

EMMA

Elvis Stoyko the figure skater?

RACHEL

In her fantasy, she was wearing her  
hair up and very serious,  
responsible eyeglasses, because she  
was a world renowned judge at the  
Winter Olympics for Men's Figure  
Skating. And Elvis Stoyko was  
skating in the finals to "Could It  
Be Magic" for the gold medal. And  
just when Barry Manilow is singing  
"Now/ Now/ Now and hold on fast..."  
there's this electric connection  
between them and he stops in the  
middle of his triple lutz...axel...

KYM

And he skates over to the judges  
table, all panting and sweaty, with  
his spangly Neil Diamond shirt open  
to the chest...

RACHEL

There is silence as he stops in  
front of her, their eyes lock, and  
he reaches for her hand... and  
Angela takes it!

KYM

To the roar of the crowd and the  
shock of the Olympic judges!

(MORE)

KYM (cont'd)

And he pulls her out of her chair,  
undoes her hair, and they skate as  
a pair to the rest of the song!

RACHEL

And he gets disqualified but he  
doesn't care!

EMMA

Where'd she get the skates from?

They collapse in laughter. Kym studies her ass in the mirror.

KYM

I should call her right this  
second. Is she really coming? Who  
are all these energetic young  
people decorating the house?

EMMA

She's got everyone she knows  
pulling elf duty.

KYM

(squinting at her ass)  
What about me? What am I doing?

Rachel and Emma exchange a look.

KYM

Hello?

RACHEL

Well, I think you'll be assisting  
on floral detail. I want everything  
all drippy and luxurious and Mom's  
a little bit tasteful--

KYM

--Mom's in charge of flowers?

RACHEL

--and I don't want to upset her.

EMMA

(to Kym)

And you're such a diplomat.

KYM

I am. I'm like Kofi Annan. In rehab they said I was the maternal hub of my peer group. I was always the referee for softball.

Rachel snorts.

KYM

I was. I was the only one who could convince the methamphetamine freaks that no one was chasing them when they ran around the bases.

EMMA

It's softball. Someone was chasing them.

KYM

Whatever. They have trust issues in the first place. I'm going downstairs to find Olive and get some unconditional love.

Kym swans out of the room.

KYM

Anyway, I'm doing some lighting. I already got the candles and everything.

Rachel and Emma share a look.

KYM (CONT'D)

Forget Mom and me and the fucking flowers.

9 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

9

Kym crosses the hall to ETHAN'S ROOM and opens the door.

KYM

Speaking of dawgs, when am I going to meet this fiancée of yours anyway?

RACHEL VOICE OFF

He went to get stuff with Kieran.  
They'll be back.

10 INT. ETHAN'S ROOM. DAY.

10

A little boy's bedroom. Pale blue. A single bed, a window,  
some games. Some stuff in boxes. Not a mausoleum.

Kym enters Ethan's room. She stands there looking around.

She takes a moment...