

WITHOUT A HITCH

written by

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CLOSE ON: A SMART WATCH.

The alarm sounds. Immediately silenced. No snooze.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A freshly laundered, high-thread-count sheet being shaken out and floating lightly onto a bed. The watch-wearer's hands tuck tight hospital corners.

A stream of hot water being poured into coffee grounds in the top half of a Chemex carafe.

Same hands crafting a fall flower arrangement in a vase on a front entry table.

Newspapers and periodicals neatly arranged on a coffee table.

Invoices being printed. As soon as one hits the tray, the same hands grab it, folds it perfectly, and slides it into an envelope. Guest's name handwritten in perfect script before folding the top flap inside.

A broom sweeps a few leaves away from the porch of a storybook-gorgeous historic inn.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - DAY

The hands pull a gorgeous-looking bread pudding from the oven and place it on the stovetop.

The watch alarm chirps. The other hand silences it. And then we finally see who those productive hands belong to: SOPHIE YANEZ, 30s, great at her job, terrible at self-care.

SOPHIE

One step ahead of you.

She carries the bread pudding out to the

DINING ROOM

and places it on the buffet table, which is already loaded with pastries, fresh fruit, a warming tray of eggs, and more.

She adjusts a few of the serving utensils, so they're all perfectly lined up.

She stands, ready to greet the day – and the guests. But her pleased-with-herself moment is short-lived.

JACKSON EMERY, 30s, sidles up, carrying a mug of coffee. He's extremely well put together, but his eyes have a "just rolled out of bed" look. He'd probably be capable of hard work in a pinch but instead operates on his preferred currency: charm.

JACKSON

Nice job on the coffee this morning.

SOPHIE

Do you ever think of, I don't know, staying in for the evening?

JACKSON

Do you ever think of going out?

SOPHIE

I might if I could trust someone else around here to help with the morning chores.

Jackson gives her a "tough break" look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You could at least show up on time.

JACKSON

Who says I didn't?

As if on cue, the first breakfast guests of the morning enter, a spry couple in their 60s: MR. AND MRS. SULLIVAN.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Good morning, you two! I hope you slept well.

MR. SULLIVAN

Like a log!

JACKSON

Here, let me get that for you, Mrs. Sullivan.

Jackson hands his coffee to Sophie and jaunts over, pulls out the chair for Mrs. Sullivan to sit.

MRS. SULLIVAN

So thoughtful, Jackson, thank you.

JACKSON

Coffee with one sugar and a touch of cream, right?

She nods, pleased.

MRS. SULLIVAN
Only on vacation!

Jackson turns to get it only to see Sophie is right there with it already.

JACKSON
A win for either of us is—

SOPHIE
A win for the inn. I know.

Sophie hands over the coffee.

Jackson turns the charm back on and delivers the coffee. Sophie watches him chat up the Sullivans for a minute before retreating to the kitchen, defeated.

LATER

Sophie clears dishes. Through the double doors into the Foyer, she peeks at Jackson doing checkout for the Sullivans.

Mr. Sullivan hands him a nice wad of cash as a tip, which Jackson suavely pockets. Sophie grimaces, carries the load of dishes into the Kitchen.

KITCHEN

A sink full of soapy water and dishes. Sophie pulls one out, rinses it, adds it to the draining rack.

Jackson strolls in just in time for his and Sophie's watches to sound off in unison.

As if on cue, in walks ELEANOR JONES, 65, who has no time or patience for beating around the bush.

ELEANOR
The Sullivans seemed pleased with their stay.

JACKSON
I saw to it—

She holds up a hand. Not in the mood.

ELEANOR
What's left for the wedding party?

Sophie looks at Jackson faux-expectantly.

JACKSON
 ...Well, there's the room to be
 cleaned of course...

Sophie can barely stop her eyes from rolling. Eleanor frowns at Jackson, turns to Sophie.

SOPHIE
 Jackson's right. The Sullivans'
 room needs turnover, but I prepped
 everything else this morning.

ELEANOR
 Arrangements already in?

SOPHIE
 Of course.

Eleanor gives her a much-coveted smile. It's gone as quickly as it came, as she turns her eyes on Jackson.

ELEANOR
 Jackson, how about you take care of
 the Sullivan room while Sophie and
 I finish up the dishes here?

JACKSON
 I'd be happy to.

He saunters out as Eleanor joins Sophie at the sink and begins hand-drying the dishes in the rack.

ELEANOR
 Late again?

Sophie's poker face is well practiced.

SOPHIE
 I was busy getting things ready. I
 really wouldn't know.

ELEANOR
 You would, but it's respectable of
 you not to rat him out.

SOPHIE
 He really is great with the guests.

ELEANOR
 If he weren't, I'd have kicked him
 to the curb a long time ago. But he
 definitely has a skill set.

Silence for a beat, as Sophie continues with her work and Eleanor eyes her.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

This weekend is our big chance to get a slice of Mr. Lee's business.

SOPHIE

(teasing)

Oh, is that *this* weekend?

Eleanor chuckles, but then turns serious.

ELEANOR

I'm old, Sophie, and so's this inn. I don't want to spend my golden years pouring cash into something that's only giving back aching joints and worry lines. Got enough of those already.

SOPHIE

You can't pretend you don't love this place, Eleanor. And you know I do too.

ELEANOR

True, but I'd also love to let someone else manage it while I sit on a beach and rake in the cash.

Sophie's seen this carrot dangled for a while now.

SOPHIE

You know I want that. This place is my whole life.

ELEANOR

Jackson wants it too.

SOPHIE

(biting her tongue)

Sure.

ELEANOR

Still won't throw him under the bus, huh? Not sure he'd do the same. Either way, if this weekend goes off without a hitch, then I guess we'll see.

SOPHIE

I'm ready for it.

Eleanor pats her arm, then turns and walks out.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - DAY

An older-model hybrid car pulls up and parks.

Out steps ETHAN STONE, 30s: handsome in a hot-for-professor way, avoids drama like the plague, and bent on just making it through this week's events.

He looks up at the Inn, now decorated with a huge banner declaring, "COREY AND MARCUS ARE GETTING MARRIED!"

He shakes his head in amusement, grabs his suitcase out of the trunk, and heads inside.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - FOYER - DAY

Ethan enters and takes in the décor. Subtle wedding-themed touches have been added, as tasteful as the banner outside is gaudy. He's impressed — and a little relieved.

He walks up to the desk and is just about to ring the bell sitting on it when Sophie rushes to the desk.

SOPHIE

Hi there! Welcome to the Hummingbird Inn. I'm so sorry for making you wait.

ETHAN

I quite literally just walked through the door.

He smiles, and it's so genuine Sophie freezes for a moment.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Are you Sophie?

SOPHIE

Yes, that's me. And you, if I recall correctly, are Mr. Stone.

ETHAN

Whether I like it or not. But please, call me Ethan. We've spent enough time on the phone over the past few months, I think it's fair to put us on a first-name basis.

SOPHIE

Hopefully everything lives up to the grooms' very specific expectations.

ETHAN

Specific! Very nice way of putting it. I, on the other hand, have been referring to them behind their backs as a two-headed groomzilla.

Sophie laughs.

SOPHIE

I don't mind. It's been fun to get a peek into the famous Corey Lee's imagination.

ETHAN

I suppose when you plan weddings for a living, it makes sense that your own should be over the top. Still, I can't believe you agreed to put up that banner.

SOPHIE

It's my job to please.

ETHAN

To please or to coddle?

SOPHIE

Whatever works.

Ethan laughs. She reluctantly pulls her eyes away from him and to the computer with his check-in information.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're the first one here.

She grabs his key from the back wall, hands it over.

ETHAN

Yes, and as best man, the duty falls to me to pre-emptively apologize for any and all inappropriate behavior throughout the rest of the week.

Sophie raises an eyebrow.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Not mine! I plan to be on my very best behavior. Mostly.

Sophie chuckles. Ethan's pleased – he likes making her laugh.

The bell on the door rings as it opens. They both turn to see MIA CLARK, 34, looking unfairly stunning for having just finished a road trip. Ethan's smile fades; Sophie notices.

MIA
Maid of honor, reporting for duty!

ETHAN
Hi, Mia.

MIA
Don't look too happy to see me.

Ethan ignores the antagonism and smiles politely, but it doesn't reach his eyes.

MIA (CONT'D)
You ready for this?

ETHAN
As ready as I'm going to be.

She turns to Sophie for the first time.

MIA
Is my room ready? Mia Clark.

SOPHIE
Yes, Ms. Clark, let me get you checked in here.

She goes to the computer, which clearly shows Mia and Ethan are in two separate rooms. Sophie turns and retrieves Mia's key from the opposite side of the board.

Jackson enters, charm on.

JACKSON
Ms. Clark! Mr. Stone! Welcome back to the Hummingbird Inn! We're so glad to have you two staying with us again.

SOPHIE
Jackson, would you like to show our guests to their *rooms*?

JACKSON
Rooms?

Sophie gives him a look: "Yes and shut up about it."

SOPHIE
Mr. Stone is in the Sunflower Room, and Ms. Clark is in the Lilac Room.

JACKSON
Of course! Yes, right this way.

ETHAN
(to Mia)
You go ahead. I need to run back
out to my car.

Mia looks a little disappointed, but follows Jackson. Ethan loiters as Sophie watches.

SOPHIE
Your car?

ETHAN
Hm?

SOPHIE
You said you needed something from
your car?

Caught.

ETHAN
Oh, right.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
False alarm. Looks like I've got
everything I need right here.

Sophie gives him an understanding look. He grabs his suitcase.

SOPHIE
Come on, I'll show you to your room.

ETHAN
Thank you, Sophie.

He picks up his bag and follows her.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUNFLOWER, LILAC AND DAYLILY ROOMS

Sophie leads Ethan to the Sunflower Room.

SOPHIE
Here we are. If you need anything,
you can just dial zero, and you'll
get me or Jackson.

ETHAN
Is there a number to get just you?

Sophie laughs.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
I mean... He's very nice.

SOPHIE
Finally someone Jackson can't
charm. How delightful.

Her watch vibrates. Time for the next task.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
If you do need me, specifically,
I'm not hard to find. Enjoy your
stay, Mr. Stone.

ETHAN
Ethan. Remember?

SOPHIE
Right. Ethan.

She heads down the hallway, looks over her shoulder to spy Ethan keying into his room. A split-second after she turns back around, Ethan sneaks one more glance at her, then heads inside his room.

PEEPHOLE VIEW OF HALLWAY

Ethan closes the door to his room.

LILAC ROOM - DAY

Mia backs away from the peephole in her door. Her weekend is not off to a good start.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - DAY

A couple more cars pull up and park. Out steps the rest of the wedding party:

DAMIEN WALKER and LUCY ALLEN, 30s, still pretty new in their relationship, but super adorable together.

SCOTTIE EDWARDS (female) and BETSY COLLINS, 30s, married a few years, together a decade, still going strong.

KINGSTON and KATE DAVIS, 30s, just out of newlywed phase themselves. Kate has a tiny baby bump.

LUCY
Oh my gosh, this place is adorable!

DAMIEN

You're adorable.

She grins, and they kiss. Kingston and Kate share a "how cute" look. Scottie and Betsy won't be outdone though. Scottie twirls and dips Betsy, and they kiss.

Kingston looks a little jealous. Kate grabs his hand and pulls him toward the Inn.

KATE

Don't you worry, I've got a few tricks up my sleeve too. They just require privacy.

KINGSTON

Ooo.

The three couples head inside.

SUNFLOWER ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Ethan's steaming his dress shirts when there's a knock at the door. He turns off the steamer and goes to answer it. He pulls open the door to reveal Mia.

MIA

Hi.

ETHAN

Hello.

MIA

How's your room? I'm in the one we stayed in last time.

ETHAN

I'm sure Sophie would be willing to switch you-

MIA

It's not a problem. It's kind of nice. Reminds me of the good times.

She waits for his response, but doesn't get one.

MIA (CONT'D)

Sophie, huh? Hitting it off with the staff?

ETHAN

I'm not doing this, Mia.

MIA
Doing what?

ETHAN
We're here to support our friends
who are getting married.

She's crestfallen. He can see it, doesn't feel good about it,
but also isn't willing to bite.

MIA
Right. Just here to enjoy the
weekend. Got it.

ETHAN
I don't want to fight.

MIA
Neither do I. But I do need to talk
to you about the itinerary. Corey
and Marcus called this morning—

ETHAN
I really need to get these done
before the wrinkles set.

Mia bites her tongue.

MIA
Fine. You'll make sure *Sophie* has
the latest itinerary?

ETHAN
I already have.

Mia leaves. Ethan closes the door. He doesn't look proud of
that exchange.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUNFLOWER, LILAC AND DAYLILY ROOMS

Mia pauses a few steps down the hall, turns back around, like
she's thinking about going back, but then changes her mind
and keeps going.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - DAY

The garden is near peak fall colors. Sophie has a large
basket of hummingbird feeders and a huge jug of clear liquid
with a funnel. She finishes filling one of the feeders and
then places it on one of many hooks in the garden.

MIA (O.C.)
I thought hummingbird food was
supposed to be red.

Sophie glances up to see Mia, in a cocktail dress.

SOPHIE
Oh, that's a common misconception.
The red dye can actually be really
harmful.

MIA
Oh.

SOPHIE
The best thing for them, besides
actual nectar of course, is just
sugar syrup. So we make it in-house
and change it out every day, early
spring through late fall.

MIA
That seems like a lot of work.

SOPHIE
Sure, but it's worth it. Look.

She points across the garden. Mia's eyes go wide. There's a
hummingbird at another feeder. It drinks, then flits away.

MIA
Wow.

Sophie smiles, places a feeder on a hook and looks at Mia.

SOPHIE
Did you need something, Ms. Clark?
This can wait.

MIA
Corey and Marcus wanted me to check
to make sure the ballroom would be
available tomorrow afternoon.

SOPHIE
Of course. The inn belongs to them
now through Sunday morning.

MIA
They have us learning this
choreographed dance for the
reception. I know it's cheesy, but—

SOPHIE

The grooms get what the grooms want.

In different circumstances, Mia might be charmed by Sophie, but not in these ones.

MIA

Exactly. The instructor's scheduled to be here at 2 o'clock tomorrow. I imagine there will be some logistics to take care of.

SOPHIE

Jackson and I will be there.

MIA

Great.

There's an awkward pause, as Sophie waits for Mia to either leave or elaborate.

SOPHIE

Is there anything else?

MIA

Well... yes. There's one more project I'd like your help with.

SOPHIE

Of course. What can do I for you?

Mia hands over a sheet of paper.

MIA

Just a few things.

Sophie looks at the list, forces a smile.

SOPHIE

For you and Mr. Stone.

Mia's self-confidence falters a little.

MIA

Do you remember us from last time?
Ethan and me?

Sophie's starting to feel some pity for Mia.

SOPHIE

A little bit.

MIA
We had a nice time here. I thought
maybe...

SOPHIE
(sympathetic)
I understand.

Mia's walls go back up fast.

MIA
I'd like to keep this between you
and me. Will that be a problem?

SOPHIE
Of course not.

MIA
OK then.

Mia turns to leave but doesn't get far, as Jackson bursts
through the back door in a panic, barreling right into Mia.

JACKSON
Oh god! I'm so sorry!

They manage to right themselves.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

Mia looks ready to unleash a tirade, but something about
Jackson's panicked expression makes her hold back.

MIA
I think I'm more or less unscathed.

JACKSON
Are you sure?

Jackson reaches to straighten her hair, then catches himself.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I...

He looks to Sophie, panicked: "help me?" It is the least
smooth he's ever been.

SOPHIE
I think she's fine, Jackson. What's
going on?

He aims for all-business, but his eyes show trouble.

JACKSON

The photographer is here for the
grooms' *arrival event*.

SOPHIE

Arrival event?

Before Mia can elaborate, Ethan sprints into the garden.

ETHAN

(to Sophie)

There you are—

MIA

(to Ethan)

You said she had the latest
itinerary.

ETHAN

I thought she did.

MIA

Well, if you'd taken two minutes to
hear me out earlier instead of
blowing me off—

Jackson gives Sophie a look that asks, "Aren't you going to
do something?"

SOPHIE

I don't mean to interrupt, but what
exactly are we supposed to be doing
and when?

Mia turns to Sophie, impatient.

MIA

You're supposed to have little bags
or buckets or something, full of
rose petals for us to shower the
grooms when they arrive.

SOPHIE

OK, no problem. When are they
arriving?

ETHAN

("I'm so sorry")

I'd say we've got about 10 minutes?

Sophie plays it cool, but there's a bit of panic in her eyes.

SOPHIE
OK, great. We'll see you out front
in 10 minutes.

Mia walks away. Ethan dashes to Sophie.

ETHAN
I'm really sorry.

SOPHIE
It's fine. You'd better go get
ready. You know Mr. Lee will want
you all picture perfect.

ETHAN
You're sure there's nothing I can
do to help?

SOPHIE
Just that.

He nods, hurries away. As soon as he's out of earshot—

JACKSON
What the hell are we going to do?

SOPHIE
You're going to steal every single
rose from every room that doesn't
have someone currently in it and
from the dinner arrangements
tonight. That gives us...

She does some quick math on her watch.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
2400 petals, which should be enough.

JACKSON
How do you know that?

She ignores him.

SOPHIE
I'll get the decorative pails from
the Salazar wedding out of storage.
Meet me in the kitchen in three
minutes.

He's stunned.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Go!

They both sprint off in different directions.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUNFLOWER, LILAC AND DAYLILY ROOMS

Jackson pops out of the Daylily Room with an armful of several dozen roses and sprints down the hallway.

BASEMENT STORAGE AREA

Sophie dashes to the well-organized shelves, grabs a couple stacks of small, wedding-themed pails, then clomps back up the stairs.

KITCHEN

Sophie rips roses off their stems, dividing the petals into the pails.

Jackson rushes in, dumps more roses between them, and starts filling the buckets too.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - FRONT DRIVE - DAY

A luxury limo, decorated with wedding décor, the back window declaring, "WE'RE GETTING MARRIED!" with a big rainbow sash, slowly pulls up the drive.

The photographer directs everyone into position. Ethan and Mia are joined by the rest of the crew we met earlier: Damien & Lucy, Kate & Kingston, Scottie & Betsy.

Everyone else being coupled up is not lost on Ethan nor Mia.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All smiles.

It's not a request. Ethan grimaces. Jackson and Sophie dash out with the petal-filled pails. Sophie hands one to Ethan.

ETHAN

Can't believe you pulled this off.

Sophie smiles, then hands one to Mia.

MIA

Cutting it close.

ETHAN

All's well that ends well.

Sophie and Jackson finish handing out the pails and then retreat to the entrance. The limo pulls to a stop just as they turn back to watch. Jackson looks put out, but Sophie's just pleased they've managed it.

A driver and a valet pull open the limo's double doors. Simultaneously, COREY LEE and MARCUS LOPEZ step out, hand in hand, perfectly choreographed.

The photographer captures multiple PERFECT FRAMES of the happy couple being cheered by their friends and showered with petals as they walk toward the door.

It's the sort of thing you might expect for a departure rather than an arrival, but they pull it off with sheer chutzpah and joy.

They all file past Sophie and Jackson, holding open the doors. Ethan mouths "thank you" to Sophie. She nods. As soon as they're inside, Jackson drops his charm.

JACKSON

Hope you've got ideas for new
flower arrangements for dinner.

Sophie watches him stomp toward the door, pauses to take a breath, then puts on the charm and heads inside. Sophie trudges toward the back of the inn.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - DAY

Sophie cuts the last of the wildflowers in the garden, placing them in large white pails of water. Ethan comes through the archway and pauses a moment, taking in the scene.

She turns, jumps at the sight of him, drops the pail of flowers she was holding. He hurries to help her retrieve them.

ETHAN

I didn't meant to-

They reach for the same flower at the same time.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Startle you.

She lets go first.

SOPHIE

Sorry.

He puts the flower back in the pail.

ETHAN

No, I'm the one who came out here to apologize. Corey and Marcus keep making changes to the itinerary, and I hadn't checked my email. It was completely my fault.

SOPHIE

It was no trouble.

He gives her a skeptical look. She laughs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

OK, it was a little trouble, but it's what we do.

ETHAN

You're amazing. Thank you.

SOPHIE

You're welcome.

ETHAN

This whole week is a lot, but Corey and Marcus deserve it. We all want to see them happy.

SOPHIE

And so do we. We're honored they chose our little inn for their wedding. But that being said, if you do have that updated itinerary, I would appreciate a copy.

ETHAN

Yes, of course.

He pulls out his phone and taps a few times. A second later, her watch dings. She checks it.

SOPHIE

And there you are.

ETHAN

In your watch.

SOPHIE

If it's not there, it doesn't happen.

ETHAN

Glad to be there then.

The accidental flirtation hangs in the air, but they're both saved from acknowledging it by her watch vibrating.

SOPHIE

Time to start the dinner prep.

She starts gathering pails.

ETHAN

Can I help?

She laughs.

SOPHIE

Of course not. You're a guest.

ETHAN

Oh, does your watch have an app
that sprouts arms too?

He's teasing, but not wrong. Too many to carry in one trip.

SOPHIE

All right, fine. Thank you.

He picks up a pail full of flowers.

ETHAN

Least I can do after the earlier
shenanigans.

SOPHIE

But then we're even.

He gathers up the pails she can't, and they head inside. From
an upstairs window, Mia watches, fuming.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - DINING ROOM - DAY

Ethan and Sophie enter, arms still full, chatting amiably,
heading toward the Kitchen. Sophie manages to get the door
open, but STOPS SHORT. Ethan nearly barrels into her.

KITCHEN

Corey and Marcus are MID-MAKE-OUT against the counter,
clothes only half-buttoned at this point. They freeze,
surprised at their audience.

MARCUS

Oops.

ETHAN

Guys...

COREY

You can't blame me for wanting a
snack after the long drive.

He grabs at his fiancé, shameless.

SOPHIE

Um, I could have something sent to
your room, if you'd like?

Marcus starts buttoning up.

MARCUS

We'll get out of your hair, honey.

Corey whines at him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Come on.

He follows, but looks back.

COREY

Actually, if you could send up a
little something...

SOPHIE

Champagne and strawberries too
cliché?

COREY

Just cliché enough. Thanks...?

SOPHIE

Sophie.

COREY

Sophie.

He gestures to the wildflowers she's carrying.

COREY (CONT'D)

This wasn't what we specified for
the arrangements tonight.

SOPHIE

It wasn't, but it's probably the
last week for the wildflowers. I
thought we could take advantage.
Definitely more exclusive.

All three of them wait with bated breath for his reaction.

COREY

Well, I'm loving it, and I'm angry
I didn't think of it.

He gives an approving nod, winks at Ethan, and lets Marcus lead him out.

She sets down her flowers on the counter, and takes a deep breath of relief. Ethan follows suit.

ETHAN

You'll recall I did pre-emptively
apologize for such an incident.

Sophie laughs.

SOPHIE

This place tends to have that that
effect on people. Granted, not
usually in the kitchen, but...
Honestly, I'm just relieved he
liked the flowers.

They share a chuckle.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for your help.

ETHAN

My pleasure.

He sees himself out. Sophie allows herself a small, lust-lorn sigh, then gets to work on the flowers.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The flowers are now organized into gorgeous arrangements, on which Sophie is putting the final touches. Jackson strolls in, looking far more relaxed than Sophie.

SOPHIE

Oh, good. You can start on the
table settings.

He opens his mouth with an excuse, but she wheels on him with the kitchen shears in her hand.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So help me god, Jackson, if you say
a single word other than, "Sure,
Sophie, I'd be happy to"—

She snip-snips with the shears.

JACKSON

Fine. Geez.

He grabs a sheet of paper with the seating chart and the bundle of hand-calligraphied place cards. Sophie remembers something, pulls Mia's list from her back pocket—

SOPHIE

Wait.

She grabs the seating chart and a pencil out of her messier-by-the-minute hair, hesitates.

JACKSON

Clock's ticking.

Sophie adjusts the seating chart, putting Mia and Ethan next to each other. She hands it over to Jackson.

SOPHIE

There. Last-minute change.

JACKSON

Getting tired of that.

SOPHIE

Join the club.

He heads out into the Dining Room.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests all arrive, chatting away: Corey & Marcus, Scottie & Betsy, Mia, Damien & Lucy, Kate & Kingston, and Ethan.

They all move to their various places, but Ethan stops when he sees his card next to Mia's. Kingston across the table notices his reluctance to sit down.

KINGSTON

You all right, bud?

Ethan hesitates to answer, as Mia sits down at her spot.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)

Oh.

MIA

What's wrong?

Sophie and Jackson walk in with wine to serve.

ETHAN
I just... The last seating
arrangement I saw was a little
different. It's fine.

JACKSON
Is there a problem?

ETHAN
No, everything's fine.

MIA
The seating arrangement is
wrong.

Jackson looks at her for a beat, then—

JACKSON
Sophie?

Sophie pops over.

SOPHIE
Is everything OK?

ETHAN
Yes, absolutely.

JACKSON
Ms. Clark says the seating
arrangement is wrong.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
It's fine.

MIA
I wouldn't think following a simple
chart would be so difficult.

Sophie looks her straight in the eyes. Mia cowers just a tiny
bit. Sophie notices the other guests' eyes all landing on
them and forces an apologetic expression.

SOPHIE
I'm so sorry, I can certainly—

Ethan puts a hand on her arm. Mia manages to keep the steam
inside her ears.

ETHAN
It's no trouble, Sophie. Really.
We're all old friends here.

DAMIEN
Some older than others.

COREY
I'll drink to that!

MARCUS

Yes, let's get the night started
with a toast!

Marcus holds out his glass. Jackson quickly fills it, followed by the others on that side of the table, finishing with Kate's pour of sparkling cider.

Sophie starts with Ethan's and whispers a quick "thank you." He gives her a "no problem" wink. Kate sees it, registers it.

Ethan turns to see Marcus ready to toast. Sophie shrinks into the background.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

To finding someone to grow old with.

They all clink glasses and drink, then the conversation picks back up again. Sophie heads to the kitchen. Jackson follows.

JACKSON

(quietly)

What was that all about?

SOPHIE

(quietly)

Long story.

They disappear into the kitchen.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jackson and Sophie peek at the wedding party in the Dining Room, scraping clean their dessert plates and having a great time, despite the rocky start. Sophie glances at Jackson, sees him watching Mia, a strange look on his face.

SOPHIE

What's with you?

JACKSON

What?

She gives him a look.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Nothing.

Jackson turns around and eyes the huge pile of dishes, grimaces. Mia follows her gaze, looks equally unenthused.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Rock, paper, scissors for this or
 turn-down service?

Sophie sighs, but puts out her hands. Jackson follows.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 One, two, three, shoot.

Sophie's rock. Jackson's paper.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Yes!

SOPHIE
 Best of three?

JACKSON
 Too late now. Have fun.

He's out the door.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sophie, looking totally exhausted, enters the lobby with a duster to tidy up for the evening. She pauses when she hears voices coming from the LOUNGE.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)
 With all the wedding stuff, he's
 bound to start remembering how good
 you two were together.

Sophie knows she shouldn't, but she peeks around the vase she's dusting to see four women in the Lounge: Scottie, Betsy, Kate and Mia.

MIA
 He's avoiding me.

BETSY
 It's just been a hectic day.

MIA
 He's barely said a word to me. And
 the few he has said have been about
 the wedding.

SCOTTIE
 You know Ethan. When he gets down
 to business—

MIA
He's been talking to the girl who
works here plenty.

Sophie's eyes go wide. She tries to lean in closer.

KATE
She has seemed a little overly
friendly with him.

That hits Sophie, who in turn KNOCKS OVER THE VASE. It clatters
to the floor and SHATTERS. Sophie mouths, "Fuuuuuck."

Scottie, Betsy, Kate and Mia enter the room to see the mess –
and Sophie.

SOPHIE
I'm so sorry if I disturbed you.
I'm not usually so clumsy.

MIA
How long have you been there?

Betsy puts a hand on Mia's arm. She backs off.

SOPHIE
I just came in to dust a second ago.

BETSY
We were turning in anyway.

SOPHIE
Big day tomorrow. With the dance
rehearsal. Can I get you all
anything? Tea? A night cap? Extra
blankets or pillows?

She's trying too hard. It does not go unnoticed.

SCOTTIE
We're fine. Thanks. Goodnight.

SOPHIE
OK – goodnight.

The four women walk away. She holds her pleasant pose until
they're well out of earshot. Then she silently berates
herself and bends down to clean up the mess.

Mia sneaks back in.

MIA
I hope you haven't forgotten about
breakfast tomorrow.

SOPHIE

Of course not. Breakfast for two,
delivered to Mr. Stone's room, with
your name on it.

Mia gives a curt nod, then heads back toward the hall, but
pauses again.

MIA

Have the other one deliver it.

SOPHIE

Jackson?

MIA

Right.

Mia stalks off. Sophie takes a deep breath, goes back to
cleaning up.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAWN)

A golden yolk falls from a brown shell into a bowl.

Sophie stands at the counter, cracking eggs into a large
bowl. The clock on the wall reads just past 5:15 a.m. There's
a gentle knock on the doorframe. She turns to see Ethan.

ETHAN

Good morning.

She grins, but...

MEMORY HIT - INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

On Kate's face.

KATE

She has seemed a little overly
friendly with him.

RETURN TO SCENE

Sophie's grin fades fast.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry, we don't serve breakfast
until 8 a.m.

ETHAN

Oh, I know. I just couldn't sleep
and saw the light on in here.

SOPHIE

Is there something I can get for
you? Some tea maybe?

ETHAN

I don't think I'll be able to get
back to sleep, but if a coffee
wouldn't be too much trouble?

SOPHIE

Of course. I can bring it to your
room.

He searches her expression.

ETHAN

Is everything OK?

SOPHIE

I just have a lot to do.

ETHAN

Let me help.

SOPHIE

I hate to keep reminding you, but
you're a guest.

ETHAN

I could keep you company at the very
least? Unless you'd rather be alone.

She knows what the "right" answer is, but... he's hard to
resist.

SOPHIE

I guess you can stay while I make
your coffee at least. Have a seat.

He sits at a chair in the corner as she pulls out a one-cup
pourover, filter and mug, and then puts the kettle on.

Ethan takes in everything on the counter left to do.

ETHAN

Surely there's something I can do
to help. It feels a bit too 1950s
for me to sit here while you make
me coffee and breakfast.

Sophie looks around, then at her watch. There is a lot to do.

SOPHIE

Well... how are you with a whisk?

He stands and walks toward her, looking very serious. Her breath catches a little.

ETHAN

I am excellent with a whisk.

His serious expression cracks. She laughs.

SOPHIE

Well, in that case, maybe you can whisk together the pancake batter for me?

ETHAN

It would be my pleasure.

He washes his hands at the sink as she grabs the kettle and pours water over the coffee grounds. She puts the kettle down and tosses him a towel. He catches it, dries his hands, puts the towel over his shoulder.

She grabs a whisk and hands it to him. He takes his place at the pancake station.

SOPHIE

It's all mise en place, so just dump everything in, dry ingredients first, then wet, then whisk.

ETHAN

Easy enough.

He picks up the premeasured containers of flour, sugar, baking powder, salt, vanilla, eggs and milk and dumps them together.

Sophie glances over, not good at releasing control. He begins whisking. She finishes the coffee and then walks over to him. He looks up at her, proud of himself.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Voilà!

He whips the whisk out of the batter with flair — too much — it FLINGS some batter right onto her face.

Ethan is mortified.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

She starts laughing. He removes the towel from his shoulder and starts wiping spots of batter from her face.

SOPHIE
Good with a whisk, huh?

ETHAN
I suppose good is a relative term.
If you're going for distance, I'm
your man.

He puts his hand on her cheek to steady her while he wipes the last spot from near her lips. Time seems to slow for a moment...

Until Sophie's watch vibrates. The spell is broken. She takes the towel from him.

SOPHIE
Thanks.

ETHAN
Am I fired?

SOPHIE
Only because your coffee's ready.

She hands him his coffee. He looks a little forlorn.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
And because my boss would throttle
me if she found you back here.
We're not really supposed to
fraternize with guests.

He brightens a little.

ETHAN
I certainly wouldn't want you to
get in trouble.

He heads toward the door and pauses, considers whether or not to say what he wants to say.

SOPHIE
What is it?

ETHAN
It's just... I thought it was going
to be hard, being back here this
weekend. With... well, you know.

She nods.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

And in some respects it has been.
But in other ways... not so much.

He gives her a bashful smile.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, thank you for the coffee,
and the company.

He exits before she can find her voice. She leans back against the counter, in a modern-day swoon. But then her eyes drift to the counter, where Mia's list sits. Her mood fades.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUNFLOWER, LILAC AND DAYLILY ROOMS

Jackson pushes a cart bearing romantic breakfast for two down the hallway, stops outside the Sunflower Room, knocks.

LILAC ROOM

Mia, "no makeup" makeup and in only a thin silk robe, peeks out the peephole.

PEEPHOLE VIEW

Jackson knocks on the door again. No answer.

BACK TO MIA

Mia comes away from the door in a huff. She opens the door.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUNFLOWER, LILAC AND DAYLILY ROOMS

Mia pops her head out.

MIA

Hi there.

Jackson wheels around, gets a load of her, and takes a step back, like she's a goddess.

JACKSON

Ms. Clark... You look... radiant.

She's flattered. A little weirded out, but definitely flattered. She straightens up a little. Jackson comes to.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Sorry, that was inappropriate.
Please forgive me.

MIA
Forgiven. But I think you have the
wrong room.

He looks confused.

JACKSON
I was told Mr. Stone ordered—

MIA
Check the envelope.

He does as requested, grabbing the envelope leaning against
the vase. He pulls out the dining receipt, and sure enough,
it's labeled with Mia's name and room.

JACKSON
I'm so sorry.

She moves aside so he can push the cart into

LILAC ROOM

He leaves it by the table, then walks back to the door.

MIA
Thanks.

JACKSON
Of course. Sorry for the mix-up.

MIA
Your colleague seems to have Mr.
Stone on the brain quite a bit
these days.

JACKSON
I'll have a word with her.

MIA
Please do.

He bows slightly, then walks away. Mia closes the door. She
walks to the cart, stares daggers at the two entrees.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - DAY

Sophie walks out with her pitcher of simple syrup and a basket full of clean feeders. She stops short at the sight of Ethan on a bench, reading a book. She panics.

SOPHIE

What are you doing here?

He looks up, flashes a peaceful smile at her.

ETHAN

Just reading a bit. Enjoying the garden.

SOPHIE

You're supposed to be in your room!

He gives her a concerned look, gets up.

ETHAN

Oh, am I not supposed to be out here? I'm sorry.

SOPHIE

No, it's not that, it's just...

Sophie sees his confusion, racks her brain for a lie.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I mean if the grooms were looking for you.

He doesn't quite buy it, smiles but there's a hint of something disappointed there.

ETHAN

Don't worry, I've got my phone. Notifications on! No more surprises for you, I promise.

Sophie feels terrible making him feel bad, but...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'll get out of your way.

He walks back inside. She wants to tell him to stop, almost does, but lets him go.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - HALLWAY SUNFLOWER, LILAC AND DAYLILY ROOMS - DAY

Ethan turns into the hallway just as Mia is pushing the breakfast cart back into the hallway. Ethan sees the remnants of two meals, each half-eaten. He doesn't say anything, but Mia can't help herself.

MIA

There was a mistake with my order.

ETHAN

Looks like you made the best of it.

He keys into his room, closes the door. Mia looks like she might cry. She slams her door shut.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - BALLROOM - DAY

Betsy, Scottie, Damien, Lucy, Kate and Kingston congregate in various spots around the ballroom as Ethan, Jackson, Mia and Sophie stand listening to Corey and Marcus relating their vision for the dance to the Dance Coordinator, ALPHONSE.

Sophie takes furious notes on her phone.

COREY

So the archway, when "We can leave the Christmas lights up 'til January" plays, I want the white lights to change to rainbow lights, just for that lyric.

MARCUS

And we'll come under the archway just as that's happening.

COREY

And of course the fog machine at our feet.

ALPHONSE

Of course.

SOPHIE

Fog machine. Got it.

Ethan looks worried, but Sophie gives him a reassuring smile.

ETHAN

You're sure you can pull this off?

MIA

Pardon us if our confidence isn't too high with all the mix-ups lately.

ETHAN

That wasn't what I meant.

JACKSON

Don't worry a bit. I'll ensure there's proper oversight this time.

Sophie's tongue might bleed from how hard she's biting it.

MIA

Good.

There's a beat of something between Jackson and Mia. She breaks it off just as others are beginning to notice it.

MIA (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me.

Mia peels away from the group and heads toward Betsy, Scottie and Kate on the other side of the room.

ALPHONSE

(to Corey and Marcus)

Let's run through the blocking before I start with everyone else.

COREY

Perfect.

Ethan puts his hand on Sophie's arm.

ETHAN

May I speak with you for a moment?

SOPHIE

Of course.

Ethan walks toward the door. Sophie starts to follow, but Jackson grabs her arm.

JACKSON

Careful there.

Sophie rips her arm away.

SOPHIE

Oversight?

He looks like he might work his way to an apology, but she doesn't give him a chance. She joins Ethan at the door.

ETHAN

I hate to ask you, but I need a favor.

Betsy, Scottie, Kate and Mia watch in varying states of concern at Ethan and Sophie talking in close quarters.

SCOTTIE

The good news is, you two will be dancing together all afternoon.

BETSY

Romantic music, holding each other close...

Mia can't help but smile a little.

KATE

Could be exactly what you two need.

Back to Ethan and Sophie. His face is already apologizing. Sophie gives him a "what?" look.

ETHAN

I have to run some errands. Can you give Corey and Marcus my regrets? I'll have someone teach me the dance later.

SOPHIE

Are you kidding me right now?

ETHAN

I know, I'll owe you, I just...

Across the room, Alphonse claps his hands to get everyone's attention.

ALPHONSE

All right, everyone, let's take our places.

Ethan gives Sophie a desperate look.

SOPHIE

If you weren't a guest, I'd say no.

ETHAN

(as he's disappearing out the door)
You're a saint. An angel!

Sophie closes her eyes, trying to find some sense of calm, then turns around. Sophie walks up to Corey and Marcus.

SOPHIE

I'm afraid Mr. Stone just informed me he has some last-minute errands to run and won't be able to attend rehearsal.

COREY

What could be more important than this?

Some of the wedding party snickers behind their backs. Marcus shoots them a look, and they quiet down.

MARCUS

I'm sure whatever it is, he had a good reason. Maybe it's a surprise for you.

Mia does NOT look pleased.

COREY

How's he going to learn the dance?
How's Mia going to learn her part?

SOPHIE

Well, Jackson here can step in for now, and I'll take a video so Eth-Mr. Stone can learn it later.

She can feel Betsy and Scottie glaring at her, but she staunchly avoids their gazes.

KATE

Maybe you can schedule a separate, *private* rehearsal for Ms. Clark and Mr. Stone?

SOPHIE

Of course. That's a great idea.
We'll make it work.

MIA

When?

Sophie looks through her watch.

SOPHIE

I think there's a window of opportunity tomorrow morning.

Mia looks appeased. She turns to Corey and Marcus.

MIA

You two do not need to worry one bit about this, OK? Everything's going to be perfect.

Sophie looks around, spots Jackson across the ballroom.

SOPHIE

Jackson?

He comes over, looking unusually nervous.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Jackson, Ms. Carter, I believe you've already met.

MIA

(to Jackson)

Since we'll be spending the afternoon together, you might as well call me Mia.

Jackson nods dumbly. Mia shoots Sophie a look: "what's with him?" She just shrugs and smiles.

ALPHONSE

OK, can we get places now please?

Everyone moves into their formations. Jackson is frozen.

JACKSON

I'll be right back.

He scurries away behind the backdrop. Sophie forces a smile and hurry-walks over to him. She finds him, slugs his arm.

SOPHIE

(quietly)

What is with you?

JACKSON

Nothing!

She gives him a "tell me NOW" look. He's embarrassed, but tells her anyway.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Remember when I drove up to the city for that big karaoke thing on Halloween last year?

SOPHIE

I guess?

JACKSON

Well...

FLASHBACK - INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

In a dark alcove, past code-breaking numbers of people dancing, slightly off-key vocals reverberating, there's just enough light to see Jackson-as-Sexy-Dracula, MAKING OUT with a Harley Quinn-costumed Mia, against the graffiti'd wall.

RETURN TO SCENE

Sophie smacks his arm.

SOPHIE

Oh my god, Jackson!

JACKSON

I didn't recognize her! You know when you see someone out of context and it just doesn't compute?

Sophie can't decide whether to be frustrated or amused.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

After I ran into her-

SOPHIE

Nearly bowled her over.

JACKSON

It started to click. But it doesn't matter. She obviously doesn't remember me.

He looks a little hurt admitting it.

SOPHIE

Did you guys...?

JACKSON

No. Her friends came and pulled her away, and I couldn't find her the rest of the night.

FLASHBACK - INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Costumed versions of Kate, Scottie and Betsy pulling a reluctant but giggling Mia away from Jackson, back onto the dance floor. One last longing look from them both, and then the crowd swallows her.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jackson looks forlorn.

JACKSON

It must have been only a few weeks
after the break-up.

She grabs his arm hard.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Ow!

SOPHIE

Listen, you are Jackson, the King
of Charm, and I'm going to need you
to start acting like a normal human
who can hold his shit together
around a girl he likes, all right?

JACKSON

I don't know if I can!

She grabs his collar and pulls him down.

SOPHIE

Please know I mean this with all the
affection of someone who's known you
for a decade. Snap the hell out of
it, and go dance with the girl.

He pulls away, annoyed even though she's right.

JACKSON

Fine.

(straightening his shirt)

I can do this.

SOPHIE

You can do this.

He nods, steeling himself, then turns and heads to his place
with the group.

Sophie watches him interact for a moment, and he appears to
be acting more like his normal self. Mia even looks a little
charmed. Sophie opens her phone and starts recording.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - LILAC ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Mia lays on her bed, looking put out. There's a soft knock at
the door.

MIA
It's not locked. Come in and murder
me. Please.

Betsy and Scottie walk in. Mia lifts her head, just barely,
to see who's there. She rolls her eyes, her head dropping
back to the pillow.

MIA (CONT'D)
Guess you're not here to put me out
of my misery.

SCOTTIE
Even better.

BETSY
We have a plan.

MIA
It's too late. He hates me.

BETSY
You know that's not true.

MIA
Then what is it? Am I hideous? Am I
the actual plague incarnate? He'll
barely even look at me, let alone
have a conversation about anything
besides wedding details.

SCOTTIE
Maybe it's not talking you two need.

BETSY
Maybe you two just need to see each
other naked again.

MIA
What?

SCOTTIE
It works for us.

She puts an arm around Betsy, pulls her close. Betsy giggles.

MIA
Ugh, stop being happy in front of
me.

BETSY
Sorry.

SCOTTIE

Not sorry actually, but here.

She tosses a brochure on the bed. Mia picks them up.

MIA

Couples massages? You're forgetting one pretty major detail. We're not a couple anymore.

BETSY

Anymore yet!

SCOTTIE

(to Betsy)

You're so pretty.

Betsy fake-pouts.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

The point is, there will be a little mix-up of course, and you and Ethan will be booked into a room together. We'll make sure he's in there first, and then you'll end up in there by mistake, and voilà!

BETSY

Naked.

SCOTTIE

And right before your private rehearsal. So he'll be thinking about you naked, holding you close, and well, voilà.

BETSY

Naked.

Mia looks at the brochure. Worth a shot.

SCOTTIE

Now get your whiny ass out of bed and get ready. It's Party Night!

Betsy and Scottie each grab an arm, and Mia lets them pull her up, her spirits rising just a little.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

The wedding party is dressed to the nines, wearing silly wedding-themed hats, and ready to go. Only Ethan is missing.

Scottie and Betsy stand protectively on either side of Mia, who looks gorgeous.

Ethan walks in, dressed up as well.

ETHAN

Limo has just arrived! Everyone out!

COREY

Limo?

MARCUS

I told you he was planning something for you!

Corey grabs Ethan and gives him a big kiss, then heads on out, the rest of the group following behind, except Marcus, who stays, eyes on Ethan, who's not moving toward the door.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You coming?
(off his guilty look)
We asked you—

ETHAN

I know. It's been tougher than I expected.

MARCUS

Girl's still got it for you.

ETHAN

You know that ship sailed.

MARCUS

And shipwrecked.

ETHAN

Exactly. I'm just trying to minimize contact, avoid any drama.

MARCUS

What am I supposed to tell everyone?

ETHAN

Tell them I've got a migraine?

MARCUS

Look, I get it. It's awkward, and I want to cut you some slack. But don't mess this up for Corey, all right? You know how much it means to him. How much you mean to him.

ETHAN

I know. You guys are my best friends. Top priority.

MARCUS

All right.

Marcus gives Ethan's shoulder a squeeze, and then he puts on a party face and hurries out the door to the limo. Lightning flashes and thunder sounds outside.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sophie's busy with meal prep for tomorrow: putting the finishing touches on a strata to be refrigerated overnight. Rising dough for rolls sits on the counter too. And so does Mia's list.

Jackson enters, looks around. He's dressed to go out.

JACKSON

Looks like you've got everything under control here.

SOPHIE

Don't I always?

JACKSON

Great. I'm heading out then.

She looks out the window - it's raining hard.

SOPHIE

In this?

JACKSON

Karaoke waits for no man!

She rolls her eyes. He doesn't care. He exits.

She places plastic wrap over the trays of strata and slides them into the refrigerator. As she closes it, she hears distant music.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Sophie peeks her head in, spies Ethan looking at his phone, going through the choreographed dance moves on his own. His effort makes her smile, amused.

He turns, catches her eye, freezes. Sophie stifles a laugh.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry.

Ethan chuckles at himself, a little embarrassed.

ETHAN

No, you're not. How long have you been there?

SOPHIE

Not long. Looks like you're making good progress.

ETHAN

Would be a lot easier with a partner.

SOPHIE

Well, your rehearsal tomorrow should help.

ETHAN

Unless you wanted to help me now?

SOPHIE

Me?

ETHAN

You watched today's rehearsal. Sent me instructions and this very helpful video.

SOPHIE

I mean, yes, but...

ETHAN

If I'm doing it correctly, all you should have to do is follow my lead, right?

He holds out his hand. She looks at it for a second, can't bring herself to say no. She takes it. He starts the music on his phone, sets it down on one of the tables: Taylor Swift's song, "Lover."

As the music starts, they walk hand in hand behind the arch.

SOPHIE

We start, and then they'll be the last ones through the arch.

He leads her through the arch and onto the dance floor, where they waltz out to the corner.

STEREO SYSTEM

"We can leave the Christmas lights up 'til January. This is our place. We make the rules."

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The fog machines will turn on now, so they cover the floor just in time for haze lyric.

They waltz around the edges of the dance floor.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"And there's a dazzling haze, a mysterious way about you, dear. Have I known you twenty seconds or twenty years?"

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

They'll be slow-dancing in the middle, while you all waltz in a circle around them.

His eyes never leave her. It's a good thing he's leading, because her knees are weak.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"Can I go where you go? Can we always be this close? Forever and ever? And ah, take me out, and take me home. You're my, my, my, my lover."

He leads her back out to the corner of the floor.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"We could let our friends crash in the living room."

He leads her into a pirouette and then dips her toward the center of the floor.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"This is our place. We make the call."

He spins her out toward the center, where the couple will be.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"And I'm highly suspicious that everyone who sees you wants you."

She spins back into him.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"I've loved you three summers now, honey, but I want 'em all."

SOPHIE

You really did study that video.

He beams at her. They waltz around the outside of the floor again.

ETHAN

I wanted to impress.

SOPHIE

You did. I mean, you will.

STEREO SYSTEM

"Can I go where you go? Can we always be this close? Forever and ever. And ah, take me out, and take me home. You're my, my, my, my lover."

They stop, holding hands, and face center, the only time he's taken his eyes off her.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"Ladies and gentleman, will you please stand? With every guitar string scar on my hand, I take this magnetic force of a man to be my lover."

She sneaks a look at him. He sneaks one back.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"My heart's been borrowed and yours has been blue. All's well that ends well to end up with you. Swear to be overdramatic and true to my lover."

He spins her into him, then spins her out again.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"And you'll save all your dirtiest jokes for me. And at every table, I'll save you a seat, lover."

He kneels, pulling her onto his knee. She rises, pulls him back to standing, and they transition into a slow dance, high-school style.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"Can I go where you go?"

They close some of the already short distance between them.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)

"Can we always be this close? Forever and ever..."

They lean in, their lips gravitating toward each other until—

-a DROP OF WATER falls on Sophie's head. She looks up.

STEREO SYSTEM (CONT'D)
*"And ah, take me out, and take me
 home..."*

The source of the drip becomes the source of a waterfall,
 DRENCHING THEM BOTH.

SOPHIE
 Oh my god!

She sprints out of the ballroom. Ethan follows.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - NIGHT

Sophie's got her phone to her ear. Ethan trails behind her,
 trying to keep up.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Jackson's on stage, singing his heart out to a cheesy love
 ballad - and well, turns out he's got some actual pipes. The
 wedding party is waving their cell phones in the air,
 lighter-style. Mia sidles up to Lucy.

MIA
 Does he look familiar to you?

Lucy squints, shrugs. Jackson locks eyes with Mia for a small
 moment, then belts. The crowd goes wild.

On the table behind him, his phone buzzes. Sophie's call goes
 to voicemail. He's missed five calls.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - NIGHT

Sophie hangs up the phone. She lets out a frustrated yawp,
 then runs toward the shed.

ETHAN
 What are you doing?

SOPHIE
 Fixing the roof!

ETHAN
 What?

She hurries into the shed. Ethan follows.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

She uses her phone flashlight to find the ladder, tarp and toolbox, then pockets her phone and goes for it.

ETHAN

You can't go up there!

SOPHIE

No choice!

She carries the ladder past him, struggling with the tarp and toolbox. He leaps to action and grabs the other end, lightening her load.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - NIGHT

Together they set the ladder up against the building. The rain is picking up again, but Sophie's not fazed (or at least won't allow herself to be).

ETHAN

I'll go up.

Sophie gives him a "nuh-uh" look.

SOPHIE

Have YOU ever been up on a roof before?

ETHAN

Well... no. Have you?

SOPHIE

Several times. This place is a hundred years old! If it's still standing, there's a good chance I've already fixed it!

ETHAN

In the rain?

Well, no. She ignores the question.

SOPHIE

I'll be careful.

ETHAN

I'll come up with you.

SOPHIE

No way! Our insurance doesn't cover you!

ETHAN

This is insane!

SOPHIE

Do YOU want to tell Corey and
Marcus they can't have their
wedding reception in the ballroom?

He hesitates just long enough for her to start climbing, tarp
under her arm and toolbox in one hand.

ETHAN

I have to do something to help!

She looks back at him for a moment.

SOPHIE

You can catch me if I fall.

She grins, then keeps climbing. He shakes his head and holds
the ladder steady.

ROOFTOP

Sophie spots the loose shingles blowing up in the wind. She
heads over and examines. There's a patch of disintegrated
wood underneath them, surrounded by more woodrot.

SOPHIE

Shit!

She lays the tarp down. Pulls out a hammer and nails. Gets
the job done.

ON THE LADDER

She comes back down with the toolbox. She's pleased enough
with herself that she gets cocky, misses a step and slips.

She DROPS THE TOOLBOX.

SOPHIE

Watch out!

ON THE GROUND

Too late. It bonks Ethan on the top of the head. He stumbles
back, trips over a lawn ornament, and falls backwards.

Sophie hurries down, rushes to him. He's conscious but in
obvious pain. She helps him sit up.

SOPHIE

Oh god—

He reaches to the area where his head hurts, where it took the brunt of the toolbox. He brings his hand back. Uh oh.

It's COVERED IN BLOOD.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

ETHAN

I'm fine!

SOPHIE

You're bleeding!

ETHAN

Head wounds always bleed a lot; I probably just need a compress.

SOPHIE

You could have a concussion!

She pulls off her jacket, tries to wrap it around his head.

ETHAN

Did you get the roof tarped?

She nods, nearly in tears.

SOPHIE

We have to get you to the hospital.

ETHAN

Both of you?

She looks at him in a panic, but he smiles. It's a joke.

SOPHIE

That's not funny!

He winces. His head really does hurt, and the blood has soaked into his shirt, maybe in part due to the rain, but still.

ETHAN

I'm fine, really!

She's already calling 9-1-1 on her phone.

SOPHIE

Hi, yes, I need an ambulance at 100 Hummingbird Lane.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The DOCTOR stitches up the top of Ethan's head as Sophie looks on, still near tears.

SOPHIE

I'm so sorry.

ETHAN

Hey, you aimed for the perfect spot. Won't ruin my face or hair for pictures.

She laughs despite herself.

DOCTOR

You're not showing any signs of a concussion, which is great.

(to Sophie)

But if he starts to seem confused or dizzy, or experiences nausea or vomiting, anything weird... You bring him straight back, all right?

Sophie nods adamantly. Her watch displays a low battery notification, but she remains 100 percent focused on Ethan.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROOMS 1, 2, 3 - NIGHT

Sophie walks Ethan to his door. He keys in. Sophie opens her mouth to apologize, but he takes her hand.

ETHAN

If you do not stop apologizing, I am going to get that toolbox and drop it on my head again.

She opens her mouth to protest, but he gives her a warning look. She closes it. They stand in the doorway, neither quite sure what comes next.

SOPHIE

Should I call one of your friends?

ETHAN

I'd rather you didn't.

SOPHIE

The doctor said to watch out for symptoms. I don't think you should be alone.

ETHAN

I'm not.

She looks away, bashful.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I could put on a movie.

SOPHIE

A movie?

ETHAN

Remember those? You sit and watch them. They're meant to help people relax and enjoy themselves, I think?

SOPHIE

I haven't watched a movie in a long time... I really shouldn't...

ETHAN

Not even for a guest?

SOPHIE

Especially not for a guest.

She hesitates just long enough that Ethan's doubts rise.

ETHAN

Right, the fraternizing. I really am fine, Sophie. Thank you.

She sees his disappointment; it mirrors her own.

SOPHIE

Maybe just for a little bit?

She's surprised herself. Ethan grins.

ETHAN

You're sure?

SOPHIE

No... but I don't care.

He keys into his room, leads her in.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - SUNFLOWER ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Ethan and Sophie sit next to each other on the bed, on top of the covers, innocent. On the TV, *WHITE CHRISTMAS* plays.

SOPHIE

You're sure you don't need anything? Water, or a blanket?

ETHAN

Come to think of it, now that you've asked seven or eight times, maybe there is something.

SOPHIE

Anything.

He takes her hand.

ETHAN

Relax. Watch. Enjoy. That's all I want.

There's a moment, where they might kiss, if Sophie would just give herself permission. Ethan senses it, takes the pressure off by kissing her hand instead.

She leans against him, still holding his hand, and watches the movie.

LATER

About three-quarters of the way through. Ethan sneaks a glance at Sophie. Her eyes are closed, conked out. He smiles.

He reaches over and pulls the cover over her. In her sleep, she cuddles closer to him. He certainly doesn't mind.

On the bedside table is Sophie's phone, displaying a "low power mode" notification.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - SUNFLOWER ROOM - DAY

Sophie and Ethan are cuddled together, fast asleep.

There's a LOUD KNOCK on the door.

JACKSON (O.S.)

Housekeeping!

Sophie startles awake, but not in enough time to register what's happened before Jackson keys in. He freezes at the sight of Sophie and Ethan together.

Ethan opens his eyes, groggy. He groans a little, reaches up to his head, remembering last nights' events.

SOPHIE

Oh my god, what time is it?

She looks at her watch, taps it furiously. Dead.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Jackson looks genuinely shocked, and a little frazzled.

JACKSON

My apologies. I'll come back later.

He starts to close the door, then pauses.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Eleanor's here. Been looking for you, Sophie.

SOPHIE

What?

JACKSON

You might want to go see her when you're... done here.

He shuffles out. She grabs her phone. Also dead.

SOPHIE

Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no.

Grabs the clock. Almost 9 a.m.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

ETHAN

What can I do?

SOPHIE

Nothing, I have to go.

She hurries toward the door, pauses.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, your head...

ETHAN

It's fine.

She nods, exits, leaving Ethan alone.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - DAY

Eleanor stands in the kitchen, working to make breakfast. Sophie bursts in, completely disheveled.

ELEANOR
Good morning, Sophie.

SOPHIE
I'm so sorry. My watch died, and I overslept.

Eleanor ignores her excuses.

ELEANOR
I've called about the roof. Crew will be out in an hour to get it properly patched. Luckily it doesn't appear there was too much damage.

SOPHIE
OK, I can take care of that.

ELEANOR
How about you go take care of yourself first. Doesn't appear you're quite guest-ready.

Eleanor's not wrong, but it still hurts.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Jackson and I have things under control for now.

SOPHIE
Right. OK.

Sophie walks out, barely holding herself together.

LOBBY

Ethan walks in, looking a little disheveled himself. He starts toward the kitchen, but is stopped in his tracks by Kate popping in front of him. He doesn't look thrilled.

KATE
Good morning?

ETHAN
Hi.

She hands him his phone and an updated itinerary.

KATE

Everyone's been looking for you all morning.

ETHAN

Yeah, sorry. I overslept.

KATE

How's your head?

ETHAN

Oh, it's fine. Only a few stitches.

KATE

What? I thought you had a migraine?

Ethan remembers his excuse for missing the bachelor party.

ETHAN

Right. It's nothing. Long story.

KATE

Look, it's your prerogative what you do in your spare time, Ethan, but this is Corey and Marcus's weekend. Maybe you should think about your priorities?

She turns and walks away. He wants to be angry, but truth is, she's not wrong. Instead, he looks at the itinerary.

ETHAN

Wait, couples' massages?

Kate doesn't even turn around.

KATE

Deal with it!

They are not making this easy on him.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - BALLROOM - DAY

Eleanor stands in the ballroom, surveying the damage with Jackson. Sophie rushes in, looking freshly showered and dressed in new, clean clothes.

A couple of TEMP EMPLOYEES clear up sodden decorations.

SOPHIE

Sorry, I-

ELEANOR
Jackson filled me in.

Sophie takes a breath, tries to steady herself.

SOPHIE
I think we contained as much damage
as we could. I got the tarp up
within about ten minutes.

JACKSON
Must have been the spray. All the
inner tables had water damage, plus
the wedding party's table.

ELEANOR
And remind me which one of you
called an ambulance to take one of
our guests to the ER?

Shit.

SOPHIE
Yes. Ethan—

Eleanor shoots her a look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
—Mr. Stone insisted on helping. I
made him stay on the ground of
course, but the toolbox slipped,
and... well, no concussion, just a
few stitches.

ELEANOR
And his own personal night nurse.

Jackson snickers, but Eleanor shoots him a look. He shuts up.

SOPHIE
Nothing happened.

ELEANOR
Jackson, go confirm delivery times
for the replacement décor?

JACKSON
Of course.

He hurries out. Eleanor turns to Sophie.

ELEANOR
What the hell were you thinking?

Sophie's near tears.

SOPHIE
I don't know.

ELEANOR
I don't have many rules, Sophie,
and you're the one I thought I
could count on. Do I have it wrong?

SOPHIE
No! Of course you can count on me.

ELEANOR
All I know is, the one week I
really need you to be on your game,
this happens.

She gestures to room.

SOPHIE
Surely you can't blame me for the
roof failing on a 100-year-old inn.

ELEANOR
No, but your other shenanigans? Can
you imagine if Mr. Lee and Mr.
Lopez had seen this? That would
have been your fault. Missing the
breakfast rush? Also your fault.
Putting the inn's reputation at
risk on its biggest weekend ever?

Sophie can't think of anything to say.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Luckily Jackson picked up your
slack.

SOPHIE
Eleanor—

ELEANOR
It was a lot of pressure. Maybe
you're just not cut out for it.

Eleanor turns and walks toward the door.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
I'm putting Jackson in charge the
rest of the weekend.

SOPHIE
You're making a mistake.

Eleanor stops, turns, surprised at her audacity.

ELEANOR

We'll see.

She exits. Sophie looks at the mess. So much work to do. She won't break down. Not now. Instead, she begins cleaning up.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - FOYER - DAY

Sophie pushes a rolling trashcan full of ruined décor, Sophie beside her. Jackson steps into her path.

JACKSON

I can take this.

Sophie gives him a skeptical look.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The rooms all need towels restocked plus turndown service.

SOPHIE

You threw me under the bus.

JACKSON

I did not!

SOPHIE

Bullshit. I've never messed up, not once, and the one time I'm not on my game—

JACKSON

Injuring and then sleeping with one of our guests is a little more than "not on your game," wouldn't you think?

SOPHIE

First of all, I didn't *sleep* with him. I slept *next* to him! And second of all, it's the twenty-first century, and I am allowed to sleep next to or with whomever I want!

JACKSON

Certainly! Quite frankly, I think it'd be good for you! But if you're going to shirk your responsibilities around here to do so, then you've got to be ready to face the consequences.

He takes the trash can from her and pushes it toward the back door. Sophie throws a silent tantrum, then collects herself. Work to do.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROOMS 1, 2 AND 3

Sophie pushes a cart of fresh towels into the hallway. She pauses to knock at Room 1, Ethan's room. The door opens, but it's not Ethan.

It's Mia. In a robe. Only a robe.

Sophie can't find any words to spit out.

MIA

Did you need something?

SOPHIE

Towels.

MIA

You need towels?

Sophie manages to shake her head, holds out a bundle of fresh towels.

MIA (CONT'D)

Oh. Good. Thanks.

Mia takes them.

SOPHIE

Will you be needing anything else?

MIA

Not from you.

Mia offers a cruel smile as she closes the door, leaving Sophie stunned outside. She pushes the cart down the hallway as fast as she can, like she's trying to escape.

SUNFLOWER ROOM

Inside Ethan's room, two MASSAGE THERAPISTS are packing up their tables and gear. Mia tosses the towels on the bed and stares daggers at the bathroom door.

MIA

You can come out any time, Ethan.

ETHAN (O.S.)

I'm good. Thanks.

The massage therapists exchange an awkward glance. Mia catches it.

MIA
How long does it take?

They speed up, head to the door and pause. Mia glares.

MIA (CONT'D)
You really think you're getting a
tip after conducting one massage
for the price of two?

SUNFLOWER BATHROOM

Ethan sits fully clothed on the closed toilet, reading a book.

MIA (O.S.)
And a mediocre one at that! Do I
look relaxed to you?!

He can't help an amused smile. A RAP-RAP-RAP at the door wipes the grin away.

ETHAN
Yes?

MIA (O.S.)
(through the door)
We're supposed to be downstairs in
thirty minutes.

ETHAN
See you there.

He goes back to his novel.

SUNFLOWER ROOM

Mia stares at the door for a second, but the wind's gone out of her sails. She gives the door a vindictive look, grabs the extra towels, and stomps out, slamming the door behind her.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Sophie bursts in behind the now-empty towel cart—
—only to find Corey and Marcus half-clothed, making out.
Sophie's been through too much to keep it professional.

SOPHIE
Guys, come on! This room is
employees only!

They are sorry-not-sorry, more tired of getting caught.

MARCUS
We're just having a little pre-
wedding fun.

SOPHIE
Well, if you don't start having
your pre-wedding fun in your own
room, then we may have to...

She's not sure what exactly.

MARCUS
To...?

Corey puts a hand on his arm.

COREY
Is everything OK, honey?

Just being asked is enough to trigger tears, as much as she
hates it.

SOPHIE
It's just been a rough morning.

Corey and Marcus exchange a look. Sophie panics.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Please, I don't want you worrying
about a thing, Mr. Lee.
Everything's on schedule, and the
wedding's going to be so beautiful.
And of course it would be.

COREY
I'm not worried about any of that.
As long as I've got my husband at
the end of it all, I'm happy.

MARCUS
He's lying, but he's sweet.

Sophie manages a laugh.

COREY
What I am worried about is my
guests letting their personal drama
create trouble for you.

A beat while she considers, but no, she won't throw anyone under the bus. She wipes away her tears and forces a smile.

SOPHIE

I'm just being silly. I appreciate your kindness, but I just need to focus on my job, which is making sure you two have an amazing wedding.

Corey wants to say more, but Marcus stops him.

MARCUS

Come on, we'd better get back to the itinerary. Leave her be. She's a big girl.

SOPHIE

I am.

Corey gives her a quick but refreshing hug, then he and Marcus leave. Sophie does feel a little bit better. At least enough to continue with the chores.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - KITCHEN - DAY

Sophie and Jackson work together, in silence, to prep the dishes. Eleanor walks in to oversee.

ELEANOR

Everything under control?

SOPHIE

Yes.

JACKSON

Yes.

Sophie looks at Jackson, remembers who's in charge.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

ELEANOR

Look, it's all hands on deck. We've had enough drama. Guests are going to start trickling in any minute.

Sophie nods. She knows all this. Jackson's looking smug.

JACKSON

I was just going over the rest of the menu plan and dinner service with Sophie. She's aware of what's left to do.

ELEANOR
 Sophie, you need any help in here?

She shakes her head.

SOPHIE
 No, I'm fine.

Eleanor nods, pats her shoulder in a pitying way. She and Jackson exit.

LOUNGE - DAY (LATER)

The wedding party is sprinkled throughout, mingling with guests and each other.

They're all having a grand time – except Ethan, whose eyes keep darting toward the kitchen, hoping to catch a glimpse of Sophie, even though he and Mia are engaged in a conversation with an OLDER COUPLE.

The conversation ends, and the couple move on. Mia watches him watching the kitchen, then elbows him.

ETHAN
 Ow!

MIA
 Are you here or not?

Final straw. He gets up.

ETHAN
 (to group)
 Please excuse me.

He exits to the Foyer.

FOYER

He looks around, sees the coast is clear – or so he thinks – and sneaks into the Kitchen. Jackson is quietly dusting in the corner sees and follows.

KITCHEN

Sophie is putting the finishing touches on the desserts for the pre-wedding guests – beautifully frosted mini-cupcakes, topped with fresh fruit and a bit of gold leaf.

ETHAN

Hey.

She turns, sees who it is, forces a polite expression, but turns her eyes back to the cupcakes.

SOPHIE

Did you need something, Mr. Stone?

Ethan's a little surprised, but carries on.

ETHAN

I've been looking for you all day.

He reaches for Sophie, but she twists away under the guise of getting another sheet of gold leaf.

SOPHIE

Maybe not all day.

ETHAN

What?

She takes a moment, pushes her own feelings down. She turns and looks at Ethan.

SOPHIE

This place has always had this magical way of bringing love to the surface, whether it's new or old or even dormant. I've seen it hundreds of times. And as an employee here, it's my job to support that however I can. So I'm happy for you.

ETHAN

What are you talking about?

Tears threaten. She turns away.

SOPHIE

Sorry, I just need to focus on my job right now. There's a lot to do to keep the grooms happy.

He moves toward her, puts a hand on her arm. There's nowhere for her to go, but half of her doesn't want to go anyway.

ETHAN

And what about you? Are you happy?

Her pain switches to anger. She refuses to look at him, focusing on placing gold leaf on the cupcakes.

SOPHIE
I'm afraid this area is for
employees only.

ETHAN
Sophie...

SOPHIE
If you need anything, just dial
zero, and one of the inn's
employees will be happy to help.

Ethan's totally lost, but he can see now isn't the time.

ETHAN
I'm sorry if there was something I
did... The last thing I'd ever want
is to hurt you.

Sophie can't answer. He leaves. Sophie takes a deep breath
and fans her eyes and takes some deep breaths.

FOYER

Jackson sees Ethan trudging back through, pulls Mia's list
out of his pocket.

JACKSON
Mr. Stone?

Ethan stops, surprised.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
There's something I think you
should see. I found it in the
kitchen this morning.

He holds out Mia's list. Ethan takes it. Jackson hurries out.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - LILAC ROOM - DAY

Scottie, Betsy, Lucy, Kate and Mia are gathered on the bed,
drinking champagne (or sparkling water in Kate's case) and
gossiping.

SCOTTIE
So it worked?

MIA
I don't know about worked, but he
was cordial at least.

BETSY
That's something!

There's a sharp knock on the door, startling them.

Mia gets up to answer — it's Ethan. A nice surprise.

MIA
Hi.

ETHAN
We need to talk. Now.

She sees the list in his hand. Her face falls. Lucy, Betsy and Scottie get up, offer Kate a hand.

BETSY
We should go.

ETHAN
Actually, you can stay, since you four are just as much a part of the problem.

He turns his attention back to Mia.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
I don't know what you did or said to Sophie, but the fact of the matter is we — you and I — are done. There is nothing left here. And the fact that you would both sabotage my life and cause pain to an innocent person is unacceptable.

Mia is taken aback, but guilty.

MIA
Ethan—

ETHAN
No. We are done. We'll get through today, pretending for the sake of Corey and Marcus, and then I don't want to see you or speak to you for a very, very long time.

He sets the piece of paper down on the table with a harsh thwack, then walks away, leaving Mia standing in the doorway, in shock.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Sophie's finishing her makeup, changed into her wedding outfit. She gives herself a onceover. She looks sad. She forces a smile, almost gets there, but not quite. Her watch buzzes. Time to go.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - FOYER - DAY

Sophie walks in to be met by Jackson in a panic.

JACKSON
Everything's gone to hell! You've got to do something!

SOPHIE
Whoa, whoa, whoa. What's going on?

Jackson hands her a list.

JACKSON
Please help.

Jackson grabs her shoulders, surprising her.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I am begging you.

Sophie's never seen him like this.

SOPHIE
Fine.

She looks at the list...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Shit.

JACKSON
I'm going to go call every flower vendor I can.

He sprints off. Sophie turns to call after him but runs directly into Mia - WITH HER SUITCASE - wearing big sunglasses that hide her eyes.

SOPHIE
Ms. Clark?

MIA
Out of my way. There's a car waiting.

SOPHIE
Waiting for what?

MIA
For me! I'm leaving.

SOPHIE
You can't leave – you're the maid
of honor!

She wheels around on Sophie, who takes a step back.

MIA
They'll live. You win. I'm out of
here.

SOPHIE
I win? What are you talking about?

MIA
You told Ethan about what I had you
do! And you sabotaged me every step
of the way anyway!

SOPHIE
I didn't, I swear!

MIA
You can have him! He's yours! He
wants nothing to do with me!

Sophie sees Mia's in real pain here. She reaches out
tentatively, puts her hand on her arm.

SOPHIE
Can we talk? Please?

Mia rolls her eyes, but she's tired herself out with her
tantrum.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - LILAC ROOM - DAY

Sophie and Mia sit on the bed. Sophie gets Mia a box of
tissues, which she takes.

SOPHIE
I thought you and Ethan had...

Mia shakes her head.

MIA

Nothing happened. The group had scheduled these dumb couple's massages. Ethan spent the whole time locked in his bathroom.

SOPHIE

Oh... I'm sorry?

Mia rolls her eyes at Sophie still trying to be nice.

MIA

I know I've been acting crazy.

SOPHIE

I hate that term. It's sexist, and anyone who tells you otherwise is a puppet of the patriarchy.

MIA

Wow.

Sophie shrugs.

MIA (CONT'D)

Fine. What would you call it?

SOPHIE

I would call it... grief and confusion, maybe?

Mia considers.

MIA

That's actually pretty accurate.

Mia looks away, gives into her need to talk about it.

MIA (CONT'D)

We've barely spoken since we broke up. I hurt him. But I kind of thought maybe the wedding would bring us back together, and maybe he'd realize that he missed me too.

SOPHIE

You guys never had, like, a post-mortem?

MIA

No.

SOPHIE

So you never got any sort of closure.

MIA

Anytime I want to talk about our relationship, he just shuts down.

SOPHIE

That's not OK.

MIA

It's not?

SOPHIE

Of course it's not. Look, I don't know what happened between you two, and I don't need to. But what I do know is that what you're feeling is valid.

MIA

I just don't want him to hate me. We were together for three years. And I screwed up. I did. And I understand now it's time to let go and move on. But I just... haven't been able to.

SOPHIE

Well, for what it's worth, I think you deserve to talk with Ethan. And if it really is over, then I also think maybe someone should teach you how to use Bumble.

Mia laughs. Sophie manages a smile. Mia wipes her eyes with a tissue.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So... will you stay?

MIA

I guess. Corey would never forgive me if I left, and that means Marcus wouldn't either.

SOPHIE

Great! Because I need a favor. Several actually.

MIA

From me?

SOPHIE

Yes, you're the maid of honor,
remember?

Sophie shows her the list.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

If we don't fix everything on this
list in the next two hours, Corey
and Marcus won't get the wedding
they think they're getting.

Mia looks horrified. Her eyes go back to the list.

MIA

OK, I can take care of this, and
this.

SOPHIE

Brilliant.

Sophie hops up and offers her hand for a high-five. Mia rolls
her eyes, but gives her the high-five anyway.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - GARDEN - DAY

Sophie is on a ladder, clipping branches with brilliant-
colored leaves and placing them in large baskets.

ETHAN (O.C.)

They still allow you up on ladders
after the other night?

She turns and sees Ethan, a mix of forlorn and hopeful.

SOPHIE

Hi.

ETHAN

Sophie, I need to apologize-

She puts up a hand to stop him.

SOPHIE

You need to talk to Mia.

ETHAN

Excuse me?

SOPHIE

You guys were together a long time,
and you've been treating her like
she's crazy, but she's not. She's
hurting. And you're making it worse.

ETHAN

You don't understand—

SOPHIE

Can you honestly say you've been
fair to her?

Some guilt seeps into Ethan's expression.

ETHAN

You're right.

Sophie hops down from the ladder, places the clippings into a
basket.

SOPHIE

I usually am. Not always. But
usually.

She forces a smile. He wants to go to her, but doesn't let
himself.

ETHAN

I am sorry for putting you in the
middle of all of it.

SOPHIE

It hasn't been all bad.

She gathers up the basket and starts to walk toward the door,
but pauses, turns back.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I do have one more question for you.
(off Ethan's hopeful look)
How are Corey and Marcus with
surprises?

ETHAN

Well, depends on whether it's at
good surprise or a bad surprise.

She sets down the basket and pulls up a list on her watch.

SOPHIE

Well, I have a whole list of bad surprises here I'm trying to transform into good surprises. Like, for instance, remember that storm?

ETHAN

How could I forget?

SOPHIE

Right. Well, I'm trying to take the bad surprise of, the storm ruined the rest of the fresh roses from our local vendor and it's too late to order from another region, into the good surprise of gorgeous autumn branches full of leaves at peak brilliance.

Ethan smiles at her, charmed all over again.

ETHAN

They'll love that one.

SOPHIE

Great.

(gesturing to baskets)

So want to take these into the kitchen for me?

ETHAN

(teasing)

Oh, you're letting me help now?

SOPHIE

Desperate times, desperate measures, etc., etc.

ETHAN

May I see the rest of the list?

She nods. He moves beside her, takes her wrist, swipes through the list on her watch while Sophie tries to ignore how close he is.

SOPHIE

Mia's handling switching out the tulle on the tables.

ETHAN

I can replace the lights on the archway that shorted out.

SOPHIE

Great.

The conversation's done, but neither really wants to move. Before either of them can break, Jackson sprints into the garden, out of breath, even more panicked.

JACKSON

The stereo system.

SOPHIE

What?

JACKSON

Fried.

SOPHIE

No.

JACKSON

Yes.

ETHAN

The dance.

SOPHIE

Oh my god, the dance!

JACKSON

That's it. We're done for.

There's a moment of silence.

ETHAN

Wait, wait, wait. Kingston and Lucy said you did karaoke the other night.

JACKSON

Yes, back when everything was going fine! I'm allowed a night out!

ETHAN

They said you were great.

Sophie's following. Jackson is not, but he is flattered.

JACKSON

Well, thank you—

SOPHIE

(to Ethan)

Do you think they'd let us borrow the equipment?

ETHAN

I'm on it.

Sophie grins.

SOPHIE

The dance is back on!

Sophie grabs Jackson, and Ethan grabs the baskets of branches.

JACKSON

What?

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - BALLROOM - DAY

Ethan walks in with a tray of flower/branch arrangements. Mia's on the last table, removing the silver tulle and replacing it with gorgeous golden threaded tulle. He walks toward her, sets the tray on the table.

MIA

Oh, those look spectacular!

ETHAN

They do.

Mia grabs one and places it in the center of the table. They stand back and admire.

MIA

Even better than what they planned.

There's a small pause as the elephant in the room stomps in.

ETHAN

I'm sorry.

MIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

They both laugh.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I haven't been fair to you.

MIA

I get it. I hurt you. And if I hadn't done what I did, I just... I can't help thinking maybe we would still be together.

ETHAN

But Mia, do you ever think about why you did what you did? Really?

MIA

I mean...

ETHAN

We weren't happy. We kept trying to ignore our problems, but the truth of the matter was, we weren't happy. Honestly, it felt like an opportunity.

Mia's look: "Ouch." He sees it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

God, I know it sounds awful to say. I think I was content to let you carry the guilt, because it meant I didn't have to acknowledge my role in any of it. But I pushed you away. I know I did. And how I treated you... That wasn't fair, Mia. I really am sorry.

MIA

Me too.

ETHAN

Do you think we could forgive each other? And ourselves on top of it?

MIA

I'd like that.

ETHAN

Me too.

He pulls her into a hug, the kind that says goodbye to something old and hello to something new at the same time.

From the other side of the room, Jackson and Sophie enter just in time to see their embrace. Sophie looks stung, but keeps her professional composure.

Kingston, Damien, Eleanor, and the KARAOKE BAR OWNER follow, hefting in their equipment. Mia and Ethan part.

MIA

Let's get these arrangements done, and then we can do the archway.

ETHAN

Sounds good.

They each grab an arrangement and take them to new tables.

ELEANOR

Right over there on the platform,
boys.

They carry the equipment over, start setting it up.

Sophie's eyes drift to Ethan and Mia working together. Mia catches Sophie's eye, gives her a little thumbs up. Sophie returns the gesture, but ouch. Eleanor notices.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

You all right, hon?

SOPHIE

I'm good.

She refocuses her attention on Jackson, who is staring, terrified, at the platform where he's expected to perform.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You've done karaoke a million
times. You'll be great.

JACKSON

It's different.

Sophie grabs both his shoulders, forces him to look at her.

SOPHIE

I've heard you sing. I've never told
you this, because your ego is big
enough already, but you're amazing.
You're going to blow them away.

JACKSON

Really?

SOPHIE

Really.

Eleanor shakes her head at them, heads up to the stage.

ELEANOR

Come on, let's run it through.

Eleanor leads the way. Jackson takes a deep breath, straightens up, then follows. Sophie sneaks back out.

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - DAY

Guests are arriving and parking in droves. Sophie stands outside, welcoming them, ushering them in.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Corey and Marcus stand in front of an OFFICIANT, surrounded by their guests in rustic wooden chairs adorned with golden bows and autumn leaves. The trees sprinkle them with beautiful leaves. Couldn't have planned it better.

OFFICIANT

Do you, Marcus, take Corey, to be your lawfully wedded husband?

MARCUS

I do.

Corey does a little dance of excitement. Everyone chuckles. Marcus gazes at him, full of love.

OFFICIANT

And do you, Corey, take Marcus to be your lawfully wedded husband?

COREY

Absolutely.

OFFICIANT

Then by the power vested in me, I now pronounce you married! You may—

Too late, they're already kissing.

OFFICIANT (CONT'D)

Well, there you go.

Everyone cheers.

They turn to the crowd and cheer back as they walk down the aisle, hands clasped.

Ethan holds out his arm to Mia, who takes it, and they follow them together, followed by Damien and Lucy, Kate and Kingston, and Scottie and Betsy.

Sophie watches them, headset on.

SOPHIE

(into headset)

Couple's on the move.

Mia sees her, gives a little wave. Sophie waves back.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Everyone is seated at tables around the ballroom. Jackson stands on the platform. Sophie stands at the microphone.

Sophie looks to Jackson. He's nervous, but nods.

SOPHIE
 (into mic)
 May I present to you for the first
 time, Corey and Marcus Lee-Lopez!

Sophie steps off the platform and hits the button on the karaoke machine. The opening strains of Lover fill the room. Jackson steps to the mic.

JACKSON
 (singing)
 "We could leave the Christmas
 lights up 'til January..."

Corey and Marcus come through the archway, which flashes a rainbow of colors, before switching back to white. Just what they wanted.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 "This is our place. We make the
 rules."

The rest of the wedding party duos filter beneath the archway. The fog starts filling the floor.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 "And there's a dazzling haze, a
 mysterious way about you, dear.
 Have I known you twenty seconds or
 twenty years?"

The wedding party moves through the routine, just as Sophie and Ethan had. Ethan's trying to be in the moment, but his eyes keep darting around the room for Sophie.

Mia sees it, whispers to him during a dip.

MIA
 Get through the song, bud. Then you
 can go find your girl.

He lifts her back up, gives her a thankful look. They make it through the rest of the dance, fading away to the edges of the room as Corey and Marcus end up dancing in the middle of the room by themselves.

Corey and Marcus kiss as the song ends; the room goes wild.

Sophie claps, smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

As the applause shifts to mingling, Ethan's focus drifts from Corey and Marcus back to where Sophie had been standing, but she's not there.

MIA (CONT'D)

Go find her.

ETHAN

I don't know where to start.

Mia's eyes track toward Jackson, putting the mic back on the stand. He pushes a few buttons on the karaoke machine, and it starts playing party music.

MIA

I've got an idea.

ETHAN

Uh oh.

She smacks him, then heads toward Jackson.

KITCHEN

Sophie's cleaning up when Jackson rushes in.

JACKSON

There you are!

Sophie looks exhausted.

SOPHIE

What now?

JACKSON

Wind blew down some of the hummingbird feeders in the garden. Glass everywhere. I'd help, but someone has to man the karaoke machine...

SOPHIE

Right. I'll take care of it.

She heads out.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

There are twinkle lights on in the garden now. Between that and the falling leaves, it looks like something out of a fairytale. Complete with Ethan as Prince Charming, standing in the center, waiting nervously.

A moment, then Sophie enters. She freezes, seeing Ethan.

SOPHIE

Hi.

ETHAN

Hi.

She realizes it was a set up, tries to stifle a smile, fails.

SOPHIE

You'd better be careful. Jackson said there was broken glass over there.

ETHAN

As long as there are no ladders or toolboxes involved, I'll risk it.

They move toward each other, almost without realizing it, like magnets.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

And even then, I might have anyway.

He reaches her, and they just look at each other for a moment. She breaks first, laughs. He holds out a hand.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

May I have this dance?

SOPHIE

There's no music.

ETHAN

It was never about the music.

Takes her breath away, takes her hand, pulls her close. They slow dance together under the lights and the falling leaves.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - HALLWAY OVERLOOKING GARDEN - NIGHT

Mia and Jackson watch through the window as Sophie and Ethan dance. It's a bittersweet moment for Mia. Jackson sees it.

JACKSON
Are you OK?

She turns and looks at him.

MIA
Yeah. But I think I could be
better.

She grabs his hand and leads him away, looking like he's won the lottery.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Ethan twirls Sophie, then dips her, like in the routine. Pulls her back up, closer now. She gives in, kisses him.

CLANG. They turn to see Corey and Marcus. Corey just kicked over a bucket. The newlyweds laugh, shushing each other, loudly attempting to be quiet. Joint at the lips, they sneak into the shed. Ethan shakes his head.

ETHAN
I'll get them.

Sophie shakes her head.

SOPHIE
Let them be. You can tell them
later it was my wedding present.

They go back to dancing, and then back to kissing.

INT. HUMMINGBIRD INN - FOYER - DAY

Sophie and Eleanor man the desk for checkout. Kingston and Kate sign their receipt. Sophie hands them a small satchel, emblazoned with a "C & M."

SOPHIE
Compliments of the newlyweds. I
hope you enjoyed your stay.

KINGSTON
Very much so.

KATE
Thanks, Sophie.

There's a bit of an apology in her expression. Sophie gives her an "it's all good" smile. They exit.

Eleanor checks her watch.

ELEANOR
Where is Jackson? He's missed
almost the entire checkout. Just
two left, right?

Sophie checks the computer, though she doesn't need to.

SOPHIE
That's right. Just Mr. Stone and
Ms. Clark.

ELEANOR
I see.

Jackson comes hurrying into the foyer, looking disheveled,
and, on second glance, are those last night's clothes?

JACKSON
I'm so sorry.

ELEANOR
Oh, for god's sake. What is with
you two this week?

He joins Sophie behind the desk.

JACKSON
I just overslept, that's all.

Sophie points to his button-up shirt, which is off by one
button. He looks down, eyes wide, and quickly fixes the
problem. Shoots her a grateful look.

Before Eleanor can scold him further, Mia walks in, looking
gorgeous – and content.

She saunters up to the counter, eyes on Jackson. He grins
back, totally smitten. Sophie doesn't have any trouble
putting two and two together.

SOPHIE
Good morning, Ms. Clark.

MIA
Indeed.

Jackson blushes.

JACKSON
Ms. Clark.

She beams at him. Eleanor sees it, rolls her eyes. Sophie leans over the counter to Sophie.

MIA

I don't think I'm going to need that lesson on Bumble after all.

SOPHIE

Well, if you ever do.

They smile at each other in a way that says everything.

JACKSON

Do you perhaps need help with your luggage?

They turn to see one small carry-on-sized bag.

MIA

That would be great.

Jackson scurries around the counter and grabs it for her, escorts her out.

ELEANOR

Guess that just leaves Mr. Stone.

SOPHIE

Guess so.

ELEANOR

I can take it from here. You go start your day off.

Eleanor gives her a look that says it's not a request. Sophie takes off her badge and puts it in a drawer.

SOPHIE

I guess I'll see you tomorrow?

ELEANOR

You know, you're going to have a lot more responsibilities around here, so, why don't you take an extra day to recuperate.

SOPHIE

What?

ELEANOR

Jackson came clean. About everything.

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

And sure, you had a minor lapse in judgment, but then again, I got a few good looks at Mr. Stone myself in the last couple of days, and I can't say I wouldn't have had the exact same lapse in judgment two or three decades ago.

Sophie tries not to blush, fails.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

And besides, the truth of the matter is, with Mr. Lee pledging to make us his number one recommended wedding inn, I can't afford not to have my event coordinator... and general manager around.

SOPHIE

Are you serious?

Eleanor grins like a canary-filled cat. Sophie's ecstatic, but then...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And Jackson?

ELEANOR

Assistant Manager of Guest Services.

SOPHIE

That's perfect.

Eleanor walks to the window, pulls open the curtain to reveal Jackson backed up against Mia's car by Mia's hips and lips.

ELEANOR

You mean the guy who's making out with one of our guests currently?

SOPHIE

Hey, she looks like a pretty satisfied customer to me.

Eleanor shuts the curtain.

ELEANOR

Fine, but you two had better be on your game for next weekend, got it? I won't be around to save your butts this time.

SOPHIE

Where are you going?

An OLDER GENTLEMAN, a wedding guest, pokes his head in.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Ready, darling?

Eleanor refuses to be sheepish and walks toward him.

ELEANOR
I'll be back in a week. Don't screw things up.

SOPHIE
Yes, ma'am.

Eleanor takes the man's arm, and they head out together. Jackson come back in, looking even more ruffled than before, and his buttons are messed up again.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You done?

She points to his buttons again. He sheepishly fixes them.

JACKSON
I guess congratulations are in order.

SOPHIE
Are you mad?

He shrugs.

JACKSON
Don't think I can manage that right now. Ask me tomorrow.

SOPHIE
Well, I'm off duty now, so...

JACKSON
You don't want to stay?

SOPHIE
I'm not great at goodbyes.

ETHAN (O.C.)
What about "see you soon"?

She turns to see Ethan.

SOPHIE
Hi.

ETHAN

You know, I was thinking about sticking around town for a couple days to recover from the wedding week. I don't suppose there are any open rooms?

Jackson checks the computer.

JACKSON

Looks like we might have an opening, but I need to confer with the general manager.

He looks to Sophie for confirmation. She nods.

ETHAN

That's great news.

Sophie comes around and pulls him into a kiss, and not a polite one.

JACKSON

I mean this with all due respect, but, seeing as we do have several open at the moment, would you two please get a room?

ETHAN

Gladly.

He pulls her back down the hall.

JACKSON

Don't think I'm making you two breakfast tomorrow! You're on your own!

They don't hear him. He shakes his head, but he's smiling.

FADE OUT.