

VERY BAD THINGS

LIZ: This is ridiculous.

FISHER: Government cutbacks.

LIZ: Why can't we do it through the mail?

FISHER: (patient) We missed the deadline.

LIZ: Can't we do it on the phone?

FISHER: I don't think so.

In front of them a middle-aged MEXICAN COUPLE make-out intensely while their chubby little THREE YEAR OLD stares at Liz.

LIZ: Why is this Kid staring at me?

FISHER: I'm not sure.

Liz pulls a note-pad out of her daypack.

LIZ: (reading from her notes) Did you send in all of the deposit checks?

FISHER: I think so.

LIZ: (pause) What do you mean, you think so?

FISHER: I sent a lot of checks, I'm not sure what all of them are.

LIZ: The wedding cake check?

FISHER: Sent it.

LIZ: Photographer?

FISHER: Sent it.

LIZ: Florist?

FISHER: Yup.

LIZ: Caterer?

FISHER: Yes.

LIZ: Hotel for my parents, the tent, the band, the Judge...

FISHER: (beat) I think I forgot the tent.

LIZ: (somewhat alarmed) You forgot the tent?

FISHER: I think so.

LIZ: Why?

FISHER: Why what?

LIZ: Why did you forget the tent check?

FISHER: I didn't mean to Liz. I'm sorry.

LIZ: You can't play around with these tent people.

FISHER: I'm not playing around. I forgot.

LIZ: What else have you forgot?

FISHER: How could I know what else I forgot?

LIZ: I'm working my ass off here. I've taken care of absolutely everything Keith.

FISHER: Because you wanted to. You wanted this to be your wedding not your parent's.

LIZ: Don't you dare.

FISHER: What?

LIZ: Don't you put this on me. Don't do it, don't do it, don't do it, don't...

A YOUNG TEENAGE COUPLE behind them stares at Liz, a bit confused.

FISHER: (trying to calm her) Stop it. I'm sorry.

LIZ: (trying to control herself) You know how important this is to my mother. You know that.

FISHER: I'm sorry. I'm sorry I forgot the tent. I don't think I forgot anything else.

LIZ: (not bitchy) I bet you didn't forget the bachelor party checks.

FISHER: Are we going to do this again?

LIZ: I'm just saying I bet those checks all found the mailboxes.

FISHER: I wouldn't know.

LIZ: It amazes me how organized you and your little fun bunch can be when it comes time to mobilize to Vegas.

FISHER: (patient) They organized this, not me. I have nothing to do with it.

LIZ: well it's bad timing.

FISHER: How do you figure?

LIZ: Right before the wedding?

FISHER: It's a bachelor party. You sort of have to do it before the wedding.

LIZ: I suppose Boyd is the creative force behind all this.

FISHER: He is.

LIZ: He's a moron.

FISHER: He's my friend. He's not a moron.

LIZ: David Boyd is a big sack of hot gas.

8 EXT. SANTA MONICA

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LIZ: Why do you feel the need to explore this side of your personality?

FISHER: What are you talking about?

LIZ: I'm talking about the kind of people you hang out with...about growing up, assuming responsibility of yourself.

FISHER: I asked you to marry me. I'm ready for marriage. That's responsibility. That's growth.

LIZ: I just think that at some point you're going to have to re-evaluate some of your friendships...

FISHER: Who else?

LIZ: Charles Moore for instants.

FISHER: You don't like Moore? Since when?

LIZ: It's not that I don't like him. But the wedding has really got me thinking and...I just keep myself opening up. Crowning. And I want you keeping up with me here.

FISHER: What does Moore have to do with your growing?

LIZ: I just don't see him in the big picture.

FISHER: I've known him since Cub Scouts.

LIZ: He's weird.

FISHER: He's quiet.

LIZ: He's weird.

FISHER: He just doesn't talk a lot.

LIZ: Why? What's his problem?

FISHER: He's a great chef.

LIZ: He's weird. And I expect more from you.

FISHER: You expect more what?

LIZ: You're going to be hungover for three days. Like those guys on "Oprah" that get drunk and have disgusting sex with prostitutes and then say their vows with the stench of cheap hotel whore sex all over them.

FISHER: Time out.

LIZ: It's vile!

People are staring.

FISHER: That's absurd.

LIZ: I've seen it on television.

FISHER: I'm not going to marry you with the smell of prostitutes on my body.

LIZ: (starts to cry) I am not common Keith. I am not common. I am a creature like no other and I will not be commoned! Is that too much to ask? (screaming) Is that too much to ask!?!

FISHER: You will not be common!!!

Finally, at the head of the line, Liz steps up to the clerk.

LIZ: Marriage license please.

12 EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING 12

Fisher and Liz emerge, start for the parking lot. Liz stops to look at Fisher, her eyes well with tears, vulnerable and apologetic.

LIZ: Do you love me?

FISHER: Of course.

LIZ: How much?

FISHER: With all my heart.

LIZ: (vulnerable) Kiss me...?

FISHER takes her into his arms, pulls her to him, kisses her hard, for all it's worth.