

I DO

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Overgrown and still. Birds twittering. Then --
The urgent GRUNTS and GASPS of rutting passion.
And behind a headstone --

Glorious, leather-clad butt cheeks, writhing wantonly in the grass. As a brazen-faced temptress, (JAZZ, 44) makes out with a stiff in a suit. (POSH CHARLIE, 46).

POSH CHARLIE
Happy Valentine's, gorgeous.

And out of nowhere, a four-inch, red platform shoe batters Jazz's arse.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
No!

As a half-crazed woman, in a frothy red dress, (ANGEL, 35) lets rip in a frenzy.

ANGEL
You will not fuck up the happiest day of my life!

And Posh Charlie scuttles off, zipping up his pants.

INT. TUMBLEDOWN CHURCH -- DAY

A spiky haired VICAR, (50's) anxiously paces the podium.
Before an expectant crowd of PUNKS, BIKERS AND STRAIGHTS.
As a DREAD-LOCKED GUITARIST, (40's) strikes up a VALENTINE LOVE SONG.

And Angel and Jazz crash in.

ANGEL (V.O.)
Not that 'getting hitched' was ever high on my to-do list.

Jazz promenades Angel down the aisle.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At least, not until I was ninety nine and infirm.

Angel and Jazz get into the groove, swinging their butts to the beat.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It wasn't that I was totally anti
marriage.

Posh Charlie, hunched in a pew, avoids Jazz's eyes as the women approach. And tightens his grip of a SMARTLY DRESSED WOMAN, (30'S) looking suspiciously like his wife.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For other people.

Jazz sucks her teeth aggressively at Posh Charlie as they pass.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just... The word 'Mrs' sounded
scarily grown-up.

A dangerously handsome, wild-eyed man, (JOEY, 38) dances a little foxtrot at the end of the aisle.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But men don't have to do that, do
they?

Joey pounces on Angel and they kiss with fiery abandon.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Change stuff.

The rattled vicar, pulls Joey off Angel and leads them both to the podium.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I think that's why I finally
married Joey.

Angel and Joey kneel before the vicar.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I mean, apart from giving him a
reason to remember Valentine's Day
for once.

She beams at Joey.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I just wanted him to grow up.

We pull back to see that painted brightly on the sole of
Joey's left shoe, clearly visible to the congregation --

-- are the letters: HE.

And on the right shoe: LP.

FADE OUT