

ALAN

Alright, don't panic. How do you want to handle this? Back door? Fire escape? Or I could throw a jacket over your head and rush you out like a mob informant.

WALDEN

No, it's fine. We're all adults. Come on, let's get this over with.

WALDEN HEADS TOWARDS ZOEY FOLLOWED BY ALAN AND LYNDSEY.

ALAN

(TO LYNDSEY) If I was in the mob, I would just shoot the guy with the jacket over his head.

LYNDSEY

If you were in the mob, you'd be the informant.

ANGLE ON: THE HOST STAND AS WALDEN, ALAN AND LYNDSEY APPROACH.

WALDEN

Hi, Zoey.

ZOEY

Oh, Walden. Hi. (THEN) Hello, Lyndsey. Alan.

THEY AD-LIB "HELLOS."

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Um... this is my friend Peter.

PETER

(TO WALDEN, AS THEY SHAKE) I've heard
a lot about you.

WALDEN

Funny, I heard nothing about you until
the day I proposed to Zoey.

AN AWKWARD BEAT, THEN:

LYNDSEY

Hey, is that a new dress? It's
lovely.

WALDEN

Yeah. It would have looked good on
our bridesmaids.

ZOEY

Walden, please.

WALDEN

I'm sorry. You're right. I apologize.

ALAN

There you go. Everybody's happy. (TO
ZOEY) Nice to see you. (TO PETER)
Nice to meet you. And I recommend the
chicken Milanese.

WALDEN

Which would have been great at our
wedding.

ON THEIR REACTIONS, WE:

CUT TO: