

***SOMETHING  
VERY BAD  
IS GOING TO  
HAPPEN***

*EPIISODE ONE*

***“NEVER GET ON ONE KNEE”***

*WRITTEN BY HALEY Z. BOSTON*

*Netflix Draft*  
*6.18.24*

*UPSIDE DOWN PICTURES*  
*NETFLIX*

A WEDDING BAND plays the song "SHOUT" by THE ISLEY BROTHERS. We enter mid-song, late to the party. OPEN ON:

**INT. SOMERHOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

We've been dropped into - A WEDDING IN FULL SWING, in a decadent ballroom, in the dead of winter.

We're in the middle of the dance floor, surrounded by **WEDDING GUESTS**, and they're doing *the thing you do* to this song. You know the thing, where you crouch down during this part:

*A little bit softer now... a little bit softer now... A little bit softer now... a little bit softer now...*

Once the people crouch down to the music, we can see -

A stunning table with an enormous, elegant, *perfect WEDDING CAKE* on top... positioned in front of breathtaking floor-to-ceiling windows, looking out on a SNOWY PARADISE.

We're not going to leave this shot. We won't see the scope of the space. That's for the FINALE. This is only a tease. And our view of the wedding cake is obscured again when -

All the guests rise, to this part of the song:

*A little bit louder now... a little bit louder now... a little bit louder now... a little bit louder now...*

And the guests are ROWDY and DRUNK and SWEATY and ALIVE. This is the most fun wedding you've ever seen. You wish your wedding was this fucking fun. Look at everyone!

They DANCE and DANCE, packed in, young, old and everything in between. We watch them for longer than feels necessary. Then -

A HARSH JUMP CUT - on *the same shot* - only now it's -

**Silent.** Later. No music.

*... Only the sound of someone SHOUTING (per the song)... wailing... screaming... choking for breath between sobs -*

*The table has been knocked over. The cake is on the floor. The wind howls outside, snow falling in buckets.*

A **RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND** licks frosting off the fallen Bride and Groom cake-toppers...

OFF SOMEONE'S LONG, DRAWN-OUT WAIL OF GRIEF - WE CUT TO -

**INT. CAR (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY**

A WOMAN'S LEFT HAND ON A STEERING WHEEL - ENGAGEMENT RING SPARKLING IN THE LIGHT. A BIG, STUNNING DIAMOND.

CHYRON: **ONE WEEK EARLIER**

THEN: **SIX DAYS UNTIL "I DO"**

This hand belongs to **RACHEL HARKIN** (29) - our hero. She's sharp as a sushi knife, but if you dig deep enough, you'll see she's all dismembered inside.

And, actually, you don't have to dig that far.

Rachel's driving. It's morning and sunny out. We're leaving a metropolitan area, on a highway, heading out of town.

Rachel's kind of dozing... like, just a little. But she's driving, so that's not great.

Her fiancée, **NICKY CUNNINGHAM** (32), is in the passenger seat, looking out the window, lost in thought. He's earnest and lovable. You'll see.

There's standstill traffic up ahead.

We're going a *touch* too fast for comfort... And Rachel's eyes are staying closed for a *touch* too long...

Nicky's oblivious. He's looking at a passing outlet mall.

But. We're going too fast, rapidly approaching the stopped cars up ahead. And Rachel's eyes are closed. *OH GOD* -

NICKY

I used to go to that mall as a kid.  
On the way to go visit Grandmother.

Rachel opens her eyes with just enough time. She hits the brake, narrowly avoiding disaster.

Nicky instinctively grips the dashboard. Rachel recovers, feeling a flash of hot blood through her body.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Are you [okay] -

RACHEL

Sorry -

NICKY (CONT'D)

Do you want to switch? -

RACHEL

Maybe we could stop soon -