

Mother Of The Bride

Rayne (Sides)

A cozy corner spot with exposed brick and vintage furniture. Emily and RAYNE (mid-20s, Emily's best friend and maid of honor) sit across from each other, lattes in hand. Wedding magazines and fabric swatches are scattered across the table.

RAYNE

So the flowers are sorted, the cake is sorted... what's left to stress about?

EMILY

(laughing)

Nothing! That's the crazy part. Everything's actually coming together.

RAYNE

Look at you, zen bride. I'm impressed.

Emily pulls out her phone, scrolling through photos with a bright smile.

EMILY

David's parents have been amazing. His mom keeps sending me centerpiece ideas, and his dad

(beat)

he even offered to walk me down the aisle if I want.

She trails off, realizing what she's revealed.

RAYNE

(gently)

Still nothing from your mom?

EMILY

I sent the invitation. She knows when it is.

RAYNE

Em...

EMILY

(deflecting)

It's fine. Really. David's family has basically adopted me already.

EMILY

Mrs. Johnson treats me like her own daughter.

Rayne studies Emily's face. The forced brightness is obvious.

RAYNE

You know it's okay to be sad about it,
right?

Emily's smile falters for just a moment before she rallies.

EMILY

A few weeks from now, I'm marrying the
love of my life. I refuse to let
anything dim that.

She closes the magazines with finality, turning the focus.

EMILY

Now, did you pick up your dress from
alterations?

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