

*Stag and Doe*

JAY: *(Finishing up the Jell-o cocktail.)* This is either going to be undrinkable or it's going to be the signature cocktail at every wedding I do for the rest of the summer.

*ROB enters.*

ROB: Did Mandy come in here?

JAY: She went that way.

ROB: Thanks. *(He gets to the door and stops.)* Looking good, Dee Dee.

DEE: Go find your wife, Robbie.

*ROB exits.*

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JAY: *(Offering DEE some of the cocktail.)* Here, try that.

DEE: *(She does.)* Mmmm!

JAY: It's all right?

DEE: How do you do that?

JAY: I have magic powers. Hey, do you want a real drink?

DEE: Sure, that'd be great.

JAY: What's your poison?

DEE: *(Goes to get money out of her purse.)* I'm easy—whatever you're having.

JAY: No, no, no, no, no. I owe you one. Seriously, what do you want?

DEE: A beer?

*JAY receives a text message. He checks it and laughs.*

What's that?

JAY: Oh sorry, somebody just sent me a picture.

DEE: Oh yeah? Your girlfriend? Wife?

JAY: Ha! No, my mom. It's just my son getting ready for bed.

DEE: Your son?

JAY: Yeah, see?

DEE: Oh my God! Look at those pyjamas!

JAY: Yeah, he's really into ninjas right now.

DEE: Oh my God, he's so cute.

JAY: He's pretty darn cute.

DEE: That's crazy—he looks just like you.

JAY: I know.

DEE: Like, the spitting image.

JAY: Yeah.

DEE: So cute.

JAY: Are you saying I'm cute?

DEE: No, I'm saying he's cute.

JAY: But he looks exactly like me...

DEE: Well, OK, but he's like, what? Six years old?

JAY: He's five. But if he's cute and he looks just like me...

DEE: I think that means that you're cute in the way that a five year old is cute.

JAY: I'll take it. *(He heads for the door.)* Beer, right? Thanks for all your help earlier.

*Stag and Doe*

DEE: No problem.

JAY: *(He's at the door.)* And Dee? You look really... You clean up real good!

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*He exits. DEE sneaks another taste of the cocktail as BONNIE enters with the clothes in her hand.*

BONNIE: Hey. Sorry. These don't really fit me.

DEE: Are you calling me fat?

BONNIE: No, I'm calling myself fat. I told myself I was going to lose weight for the wedding, but instead I've been eating my stress about the dress.

DEE: Do you want me to run home and get you something else?

BONNIE: No, it's OK, there are people here already. I need to get out front to work the door. *(Points at DEE's dress.)* Umm...is that thing stretch?

DEE: What, this?

BONNIE: Can I wear that?

DEE: You hussy!

BONNIE: Please? Sorry! Please?

DEE: Fine. But hurry up—Jay's buying me a beer.

BONNIE: Well, well, well!

DEE: No. I don't know. Maybe.

BONNIE: Should I let you keep that on?

DEE: Nah, it did what I needed it to do.

*They exit to the washrooms. We hear ROB's voice.*

ROB: *(Offstage.)* Mandy?