

wearing the change of clothes she brought for BONNIE. She is carrying BONNIE's original clothes in her hand.

START

ROB: Hey.

DEE: Oh. Hey.

ROB: You changed.

DEE: Yep.

ROB: Did you see Mandy out there?

DEE: No. Runaway bride? Taste of your own medicine?

*He starts to exit again and the message alert goes off on MANDY's phone. ROB finds it in her purse.*

ROB: Perfect! Umm... I think this is the first time we've been alone since... So I just want to say—

DEE: You know what, Robbie? Forget it.

ROB: I just want you to know that I didn't mean to hurt you.

DEE: Oh, well then...as long as you didn't mean to.

ROB: My timing wasn't ideal, but I think we both know it was probably for the best. You and me, we probably would have been divorced by now. And probably would have had kids and that would have been really messy. We were too young, we were together since high school, you were the only woman I'd ever been with—well, by the time it all went down, I guess Mandy too—but you knew that, right?

DEE: Yeah.

ROB: I just felt all this pressure from you and your family and my family to get married. So I popped the question and once you do that, it's like this rock, you know, like rolling down a hill, like a really big

*Stag and Doe*

rock, and it just gains momentum and suddenly you're planning a wedding and the rock is picking up speed and the only way to stop it is to step in front of it but I thought if I was just brave and did it, I could stop it from rolling all the way down the hill. So that's what I did, you know?

DEE: You're saying you stepped in front of the rock?

ROB: Yeah, I think so. Yeah.

DEE: OK. No, Robbie. You threw me in front of the rock. You threw me—wearing a wedding gown—in front of this rock while everyone we knew was watching, and you got in Mandy's get-away car and you drove away.

ROB: I didn't think you'd still be mad after all this time.

DEE: Well, that's funny, because I didn't think you'd still be such a moron after all this time, but what are you gonna do? Look, Rob, being left at the altar sucks. I do not recommend it. But I got up and I dusted myself off. And that was hard to do when I was the one stuck taking back the ring, returning the wedding shower gifts, selling the dress, feeling like I owed everybody who came to our Stag and Doe twenty bucks. Being a bridesmaid four times since then. Watching most of my friends have babies already. Nursing your mom when she was in the hospital. Spending New Year's Eve alone thinking maybe this year I'll meet someone. So yeah, you're right, Robbie—you might have saved us from making a huge mistake. But if you're under the impression that you were the one who took the hit, I suggest you take a second and think again.

ROB: I don't think I'm cut out for this.

DEE: For what?

ROB: Marriage.

- DEE: Now is a really bad time to figure that out.
- ROB: Is this, like, a sign? All of this? The wind storm? The caterers? The cake? Like, is God trying to tell me something?
- DEE: Believe it or not, Robbie, I think God has bigger stuff to worry about than your wedding cake.
- ROB: You haven't changed. I've missed you, Dee Dee. Can I have a hug?
- DEE: Excuse me?
- ROB: Can I? Is that weird? Sorry, that's weird. It's just... today's been crazy.
- DEE: Oh for the love of God, come here, you big baby.

*ROB hugs her, she half-heartedly hugs him back. MANDY opens the closet door a crack to watch, unseen by ROB and DEE.*

- ROB: I'm sorry, Dee Dee. That's all I meant to say. I'm sorry I threw you in front of the rock.
- DEE: OK. There we go.
- ROB: I just... I still... I...

End

*He kisses her. A hand-behind-head kiss that she can't immediately escape from. As that happens, JAY enters carrying a beer and a can of coke. MANDY disappears.*

- JAY: Sorry, there was a line for the bar. (He sees them.) Oh! There you go.

*The kiss ends; JAY leaves the beer on the counter by the door and exits.*

- DEE: No, no, no—wait. What the hell, Rob?
- ROB: I thought—I thought that you—