

- BONNIE: Well, do the ceremony today and the reception tomorrow.
- MANDY: *(Her voice from in the closet.)* Absolutely not!
- BRAD: So let me get this straight. You're asking—
- MANDY: Robert, turn! *(He does. She reappears.)* We have to have our wedding reception here, you guys. Tonight. It's our only option.
- BONNIE: Sorry, Mandy. No can do.
- BRAD: Bonnie, it's their wedding, maybe we should—
- BONNIE: Nope. We booked this hall a year ago.
- MANDY: Well, I booked my tent a year ago. Shit happens, Bonnie.
- BONNIE: Sure does. You know, that's funny coming from you.
- MANDY: That's in the past! I wish you guys would get over it.
- ROB: Ladies.
- BRAD: What are you talking about?
- DEE: *DEE enters with an LCBO bag containing four big bottles of booze, reading a very long receipt.*
- BONNIE: Look how many Air Miles I got!
- ROB: Dee!
- MANDY: *(Still facing the other way.)* Dee Dee?
- DEE: *(Shrinking back into the closet.)* What is she doing here?
- BRAD: Cute hair, Mandy! Looks great.
- ROB: What's going on?

- BONNIE: I'll tell you later.
- DEE: How's your wedding day going, Robbie?
- ROB: *(He turns.)* Fine thanks.
- DEE: Sorry to hear about your tent.
- ROB: How did you know?
- DEE: Liquor Store. Bad news travels fast. So what's up? You want to use the hall?
- ROB: Well, I think maybe Mandy was thinking that if it's possible for Bonnie and Brad to find another venue, or reschedule to another night then maybe we could...you know...
- MANDY: Robert! Turn!
- DEE: *He obeys.*
- DEE: Good boy.
- MANDY: *(Reappearing.)* You guys have to let us have the hall tonight. You have to.
- DEE: They have to?
- MANDY: Listen, Dee, I don't know if I've ever had a chance to tell you how sorry I am for what happened.
- DEE: I'm pretty sure you could have found a chance in the past—oh, what's it been now?—seven years, Amanda.
- MANDY: I know this is bad timing, but I am really sorry and I hope we can be friends.
- DEE: Ha!
- BRAD: Hold up. You're Robbie?
- ROB: Rob.

BRAD: No, you're the guy who...?

ROB: Yeah.

BRAD: (To DEE.) And he left you at the altar for...?

DEE: Yeah.

BRAD: OK! Well! It was nice having you folks. And I hope everything works out for you today wherever you wind up having your wedding—or not having your wedding—but I'm gonna have to ask you to get the hell out of here.

ROB: Come on, my friend!

BRAD: I'm not your friend. I make a point of not being friends with complete assholes.

ROB: Who are you calling an asshole?

BRAD: You.

ROB: Oh yeah?

DEE: Boys.

MANDY: We need to use this hall, you guys.

BONNIE: So do we.

MANDY: But it's my wedding day.

BONNIE: It's my Stag and Doe.

MANDY: A wedding trumps a Stag and Doe.

BONNIE: Oh, does it? Let me just check my wedding rule book.

MANDY: I would do it for you, Bonnie.

DEE: Somehow I have a really hard time believing that.

BONNIE: The answer is no. It's not going to happen, Amanda.

ROB: Whoa, whoa, whoa, time out. What are these games doing here?

ROB: As ROB takes over, MANDY ducks back into the closet, giving him the freedom to turn.

BRAD: What do you think?

ROB: You doing a 50/50 too?

BRAD: No, a raffle.

ROB: And you're selling alcohol.

BRAD: No man, we're having a tea party.

ROB: You're selling alcohol for profit?

BRAD: It's a Stag and Doe, yes. What's your point?

ROB: Mandy, you saw an ad for it in the paper?

MANDY: This week, yeah.

ROB: Huh! This place doesn't have a permit anymore.

BRAD: I know, I got a Special Occasions Permit. It's fine. (He pulls it out from his pocket.)

ROB: Ohhh. But that's a Private Event SOP. That's for invite-only events. You can't advertise.

BRAD: If you don't advertise, how are people supposed to know about it?

ROB: And that only permits the sale of alcohol to cover your costs, not make a profit.

BONNIE: Then what's the point?

ROB: And unless you have a Municipal Raffle License you're not showing me, you're not permitted to run a lottery or play games of chance. Bam! I can shut this thing down.

BRAD: What? This is the permit they sold me.

DEE: Sorry Robbie, but YOU can shut this thing down? Who died and made you king?

ROB: The AGCO: Alcohol and Gaming Commission of Ontario. I work for them.

MANDY: You used to work for them, Rob. You got laid off.

ROB: My contract ended!

MANDY: You covered a mat leave!

ROB: Not now, OK? I'm trying to save our wedding. I still have Denise's number, I call this in, she comes this afternoon, puts an end to this and every future Stag and Doe in this place. Hall's free. Case closed. We win. Mandy, call the caterer and tell him to come here—we're having ourselves a wedding.

*He gets out his cell phone and looks for Denise's number. MANDY does the same, for the caterer.*

BRAD: What the hell, man?

BONNIE: Hold up. Did you say caterer?

ROB: Yeah.

BONNIE: Cooking in this kitchen?

MANDY: That's the idea.

BONNIE: Oh, didn't you hear the news? Some guy from the Health Unit made a surprise inspection last week. This kitchen's not up to code.

MANDY: What?

BONNIE: Yeah, something about the lack of separate food prep and dishwashing areas. Lorraine from the United Church Women called me about it because if the town doesn't install a new sink by the time

of our wedding, the UCW's going to need to use another certified kitchen to make the meal. The Health Inspector gave this place a red light, so if your caterer cooks in here, I would be forced to call it in.

MANDY: Are you kidding me?

BONNIE: It's a public safety concern, Mandy. We don't want anyone getting sick.

MANDY: Then what is that food doing there?

DEE: We're living on the edge. So...great! You can all throw the book at each other. Wrap the whole thing up in red tape, there's no Stag and Doe, no wedding, and what's the good of that? I do not know why I am even saying this, but is there any way you can share the hall?

MANDY: What do you mean, share?

DEE: I mean, "share". It might be a new concept to you, Mandy. You probably missed that day of Kindergarten.

MANDY: We're not sharing the hall.

DEE: You got a better idea? No calling this Denise person. No calling the Health Unit. Everybody plays nice.

MANDY: There's no way!

ROB: Mandy, hear her out. What's our schedule for the day?

MANDY: Robert, I have told you a million times!

ROB: Ceremony at three. Cocktails at five. Dinner at six. Speeches at eight. Dance at ten.

DEE: What would you say to a dance at nine?

MANDY: No! Speeches are scheduled between eight and ten.