

your Stag and Doe people that they can wait for us to finish.

ROB:

Amanda...

MANDY:

Do not "Amanda" me.

*JAY has tried calling to no avail. Now he's back cooking, having left his wallet aside. MANDY fills up her drink as BONNIE and DEE enter from the back. Bonnie has more bags of Stag and Doe supplies—rolls of tickets, etc.—and DEE is carrying a giant Texas Mickey bottle of Canadian Club.*

DEE:

IS THIS WHERE THE PARTY'S AT?

MANDY:

What are you doing here?

DEE:

Oh hi. That is quite the dress.

ROB:

Dee.

DEE:

So you did it this time, eh Robbie? Good on ya.

MANDY:

You gave us exclusive use of the hall—

BONNIE:

We're just dropping these off and leaving, OK? *(She starts towards the door.)*

BRAD:

Wait. There's a problem with their caterers.

DEE:

This just isn't your day, is it?

BRAD:

They're not going to be done by nine.

BONNIE:

What?

MANDY:

Your little party will have to wait.

BONNIE:

No, no, no, no, no. What's going on?

JAY:

They got held up.

MANDY:

By the cops!

JAY:

I know this isn't much comfort right now, but I

swear to you, the food is going to taste really, really good.

MANDY:

It doesn't matter how good it tastes if there's nobody to serve it.

*MANDY's phone rings—an obnoxious pop song ring tone—and ROB answers it.*

ROB:

Patrick, hey, what's the story?... One-twenty in a fifty?

JAY:

OK, in the event they don't make it, we can adjust the plan and serve dinner buffet-style.

MANDY:

Buffet? Are you kidding me?

BONNIE:

Could that happen on time?

JAY:

The food is pretty much on schedule, so—

ROB:

*(On the phone.)* Really? Does that count as possession or trafficking?

JAY:

Oh God.

MANDY:

Stop! Wait! Buffet? Are you joking me right now?

JAY:

I could set it up quick and they could come up one table at a time and just serve themselves.

MANDY:

This is my wedding, not a birthday party at the Lucky Dragon All-You-Can-Eat Chinese!

ROB:

*(Reporting to the room.)* One of them's being detained for questioning on charges of sex with a minor.

JAY:

Brody!

MANDY:

What kind of caterer are you?

ROB:

*(Phone again.)* Wow. Well, thanks for checking... Yeah! We will see you very very soon! *(He hangs up.)*

- JAY: OK. Buffet it is.
- MANDY: No, no, no! I do not agree to this!
- ROB: Sweetie, everybody's on their way.
- JAY: The two of you ladies can serve out there and Brad, you can be in here with me.
- BONNIE: What?
- DEE: No...
- MANDY: No way! This is unacceptable.
- JAY: I know it is. And I'm sorry. But if we need to be done by nine—
- MANDY: These people are not serving dinner at my wedding.
- BONNIE: Hey, "these people" are the ones who are letting you have dinner here in the first place.
- MANDY: Oh, come on.
- BONNIE: And "these people" have the key to the building.
- ROB: So?
- BONNIE: So "these people" will use it to lock the door until nine if "these people" have to.
- MANDY: Bonnie, why are you being such a bitch?
- BRAD: Why are you?
- ROB: What did you just call her?
- BRAD: Nothing.
- ROB: That's not what I heard, my friend.
- BRAD: Maybe you didn't hear me the first time. We're not friends. *(Gets up in ROB's face.)*

- ROB: Oh yeah?
- BRAD: Yeah!
- JOE: Boys, grow up!
- BONNIE: How much are you spending on this wedding, Mandy?
- MANDY: None of your business.
- BONNIE: Daddy paying for everything? Must be nice. So what's the going rate to save a wedding twice in one day?
- BRAD: What are you doing?
- BONNIE: Brad and Dee and I will serve at your wedding—for a price.
- MANDY: What?
- BRAD: No we won't.
- BONNIE: We're in a bit of a cash-flow crisis, remember?
- BRAD: I know. But I don't want their money.
- BONNIE: Oh so now you're going to be proud? Let me handle this.
- JOE: Bonnie, I'm not going out there.
- BONNIE: Shut, I'm sorry. *(To JAY.)* Can she stay in here?
- JAY: Can you cook?
- JOE: I guess so, but—
- JAY: Great, then you're my girl.
- From offstage in the reception hall, the sounds of the first early guests arriving.*
- ROB: *(Looking into the hall.)* Mandy honey, there's people here.

- MANDY: I can hear, Robert.
- ROB: Well, if we're doing the rest of those photos, we should probably go.
- MANDY: Are you in charge of this wedding now?
- ROB: No, I'm just—
- MANDY: I didn't think so.
- JAY: Here, chop this really fine and sprinkle it on those, OK?
- DEE: OK...
- MANDY: No, stop. I do not accept this.
- JAY: I know, I understand. I'll cut your bill in half. I'm so sorry for all the trouble.
- BONNIE: There you go. And for all our trouble, we'll take the other half.
- MANDY: What?
- BONNIE: For us to go out there and smile and serve your stupid guests this stupid food—no offence—that only seems fair. Your dad can write me a cheque before the end of the night.
- ROB: Honey... (*Peeking through the door; the sound of guests continues to grow.*)
- BONNIE: Sounds like they're here. And it sounds like they're hungry.
- MANDY: I'm not paying you half my food budget to stand behind a buffet.
- BONNIE: OK. That's your choice. See you at nine. (*She starts to exit.*)
- DEE: (*To JAY.*) I'd love to stay and chop, but you know how it is...

- MANDY: Wait! Stop! I planned everything down to the last detail and now it's half-way through my wedding and you guys are holding me hostage for, like— (*She looks to JAY.*)
- JAY: (*Quick math in his head.*) Uhh...six thousand dollars.
- BONNIE: Six thousand dollars? Is that all?
- MANDY: Is that all? Are you serious?
- ROB: Bonnie, come on.
- BONNIE: Are you saying you can't afford it?
- ROB: Oh, we can afford it.
- ERAD: Good for you.
- MANDY: It's not as if you'd be paying for it, Rob.
- DEE: Busted.
- BONNIE: Mandy, I know it seems like a lot of money, but you were spending it anyway.
- MANDY: But that was for waiters, and table service, in the tent, and—
- BONNIE: One bride to another, I'm just trying to help you out.
- MANDY: No you're not! You're just taking advantage of me! And none of this is my fault!
- BONNIE: You're right. It's not. I know how much this wedding means to you.
- MANDY: You're just saying that.
- BONNIE: You've been waiting your whole life for this.
- MANDY: Yeah, but it's not—