

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.

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.

- DEE: No problem.
- JAY: (He's at the door.) And Dee? You look really... You clean up real good.
- BONNIE: He exits. DEE sneaks another taste of the cocktail.
BONNIE enters with the clothes in her hand.
- DEE: Hey. Sorry. These don't really fit me.
- BONNIE: Are you calling me fat?
- DEE: 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.
- BONNIE: Do you want me to run home and get you something else?
- DEE: 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?
- BONNIE: What, this?
- DEE: Can I wear that?
- BONNIE: You hussy!
- DEE: Please? Sorry! Please?
- BONNIE: Fine. But hurry up—Jay's buying me a beer.
- DEE: Well, well, well!
- BONNIE: No. I don't know. Maybe.
- DEE: Should I let you keep that on?
- BONNIE: Nah, it did what I needed it to do.
- DEE: They exit to the washrooms. We hear ROB's voice.
- ROB: (Offstage.) MANDY?

- MANDY enters from the back. She spots the Jell-o cocktail on the counter, tries it.
- (Off, but closer.) AMANDA?
- Mandy? Where'd you go?
- JAY enters to get his wallet, which he left aside earlier.
- Hey my friend, have you seen Mandy?
- JAY: Didn't she go that way?
- ROB: She's not out there.
- JAY: Sorry—don't know. Wasn't Dee in here?
- BRAD enters from the hall with the big bottle of rye and a roll of raffle tickets.
- ROB: Did you see Mandy out there?
- BRAD: Not since her little speech. Hey, you want to buy a raffle ticket...my friend?
- ROB: Very funny. (He exits into the reception hall.)
- BRAD: What about you?
- JAY: No thanks. I wouldn't have any use for that.
- BRAD: Well, that's perfect! See, some guy named Scott won this thing at a Stag and Doe a couple years ago and the next weekend, he got engaged. But he kept it and raffled it off at his Stag and Doe and my buddy Matt won and now Matt is married to Jenn. Then I won it at their Stag and Doe and I was shopping for an engagement ring two weeks later. Winning