

## **BEV / STAN**

BEV. Wow. We're here. We're really going to do it, aren't we?

STAN. You bet we are. We've flown 2,500 miles. We're not turning back now. I mean, you still want to, right?

BEV. Are you kidding me? This is gonna *kill 'em*.

STAN. It's gonna wreck 'em! Can you see their faces when we come back – married?

BEV. I'm picturing it right now.

STAN. Me too.

*(They both get angry, satisfied looks on their faces.)*

What do you think they're doing right now?

BEV. What time is it?

STAN. If it's ten o'clock here, it's one o'clock there. Probably having lunch.

BEV. He's making her cut the edges off his sandwich. I'll bet she never expected *that!* Real men eat the crust.

STAN. And she's serving that tuna salad she always makes. And he's pretending to like it like I did for all those years.

BEV. Well, it serves them right.

STAN. *(devious)* If they only knew what we were about to do.

BEV. It would devastate them!

STAN. It would destroy them!

BEV. I hate them for what they did to you!

STAN. I hate them for what they did to *you!*

## **BEV / SANDY**

**SANDY.** We do Fairy Tale weddings, Victorian weddings, Gangster weddings, Star Trek weddings – in Klingon if you like – “jIH DaH maq SoH loDnal je be’nal.” (*pronounced* “GEE d-AH mock soCH londnal Jeh beh-nahl”) That’s, “I now pronounce you husband and wife.” We’ll marry you on horseback, on Harleys, in a helicopter over the Grand Canyon...

**BEV.** Over the Grand Canyon? I always wanted to see the Grand Canyon.

*(She grabs STAN’s sleeve.)*

Did you hear that, Stan? The Grand Canyon!

**SANDY.** There’s the Lady of the Lake ceremony where you get married on a 60-foot private yacht.

**BEV.** Can we get Elvis on the yacht, too?

**SANDY.** Sure.

*(glancing at STAN)*

If he’s willing to pay for it. Do you want the fat Elvis or the thin Elvis?

**BEV.** Oh, the thin, the thin.

**SANDY.** *(grabbing a brochure)* Okay, under the thin Elvis you have your choice of the army Elvis, the Hawaiian Elvis, the 1968 Comeback Elvis....

**BEV.** Oh, the Hawaiian Elvis! I always loved him. Will he sing, too?

**SANDY.** Will he sing? Whatever your little heart desires.

*(flipping through brochure)*

Hawaiian Elvis, Hawaiian Elvis. Here we go. Hawaiian Elvis comes with a full band, three back-up singers in grass skirts, luau pig roast, Polynesian dancers, tiki torches, fire eaters, hula lessons, flame throwers...

## **SANDY / STAN**

SANDY. (*big smile*) So, you must be so excited. This is your wedding day!

STAN. Aw, cut the crap.

SANDY. Thank you. It's exhausting.

STAN. Then why do you do it?

SANDY. People expect it.

STAN. Would it be too much to expect some sincerity too?

SANDY. Oh, give me a break, Stan. I've been doing this for 17 years. Can you imagine 17 years of watching people make the biggest mistake of their lives – with a big smile on my face?

STAN. You are seriously jaded.

SANDY. Twelve hours from now I'm gonna have them lined up out the door, half of them drunk, all of them "in love," whatever that means, and I'm going to have to put on my happy face and walk them down the aisle of eternal wedded bliss.

STAN. If you hate it so much, why do you do it?

SANDY. (*shrugs*) I'm a sucker for romance.

STAN. You ever been married?

SANDY. Four times. Fifth time's gonna be the charm, I can feel it. You strike me as a real romantic, too.

STAN. Yeah, right.

SANDY. Seriously, under all that anger beats the heart of a man in love.

STAN. I'm not angry.

SANDY. Yeah? And I'm not flaky.

## ELVIS

Ladies and gentlemen, live from Las Vegas, it's show time! Welcome to the wedding of two very special kids in love, uh –

ELVIS. Stan and Bev. Stan, bring that little lady on up here so we can celebrate your special day and your special union – Elvis style!

*(He sings a ballad as the King, then proceeds with the ceremony.)*

Now, Stan and Bev, you're *all shook up* in your love for one another. That's why we're here today. I know you've both spent some time in heartbreak hotel, we all have, but today, and every day forward, you're going to love each other tender, love each other sweet. Now, I'd like you to turn and face one another and look in each others eyes as you hold hands. Bev, will you have Stan to be your husband? Will you love him and comfort him, honor and keep him, and forsaking all others, forever be his hunk-a-hunk-of-burning-love?

## SANDY/LOU

Good morning. Are you with the Wells-Cannon party?

LOU. No, I'm here for the minister job.

*(SANDY looks confused.)*

We talked last night. I'm Lou DeGeorge. How do you do?

SANDY. You're Lou?

LOU. Yeah, I hope I'm not too early, but you said you had a wedding at 11:00 and I didn't want to be late. Nice chapel.

SANDY. You're Lou? Lou, who said on the phone that he can play Elvis?

LOU. That's right.

SANDY. *You* do Elvis?

LOU. Of course. I've been playing Elvis for 40 years. In fact, I was one of the very first Elvis impersonators on the Strip.

SANDY. That I believe.

LOU. Here, listen...

*(He sings as the King.)*

SANDY. That was terrible.

LOU. Well, it's early. I'm not warmed up. I'm not wearing my sideburns. I'm – I'm –

SANDY. At least 70 years old!

LOU. What, so that disqualifies me? This is age discrimination. You were much nicer on the phone last night.

SANDY. And you were much younger. Look, for most weddings, I don't care how old you are. But I was really hoping to hire someone who could do *all* my weddings, Elvis and non-Elvis, you know? When's the last time you played Elvis, anyway?

LOU. Five years ago?

*(She gives him a look.)*

Maybe longer. Do you want me to go?

SANDY. No! I've got a full day of weddings ahead of me. I need you.

LOU. *(music to his ears)* You do?

SANDY. Yes. We'll try it out today. And if it goes all right, maybe I can use you until I find a permanent minister.

## VANESSA / BRYCE

VANESSA. Who chose this chapel? Your agent or mine?

VANESSA. Whichever one it is, he's fired. Call Monte again.  
See how he's doing.

BRYCE. We just hung up.

VANESSA. You can't tell me the world isn't interested in this event. For God's sake, we're Vanessa Wells!

BRYCE. And Bryce Cannon!

VANESSA. Thirty years ago they would have killed for this story. They would have given anything to see us get together in real life.

VANESSA. We were America's sweethearts! With our skimpy wet suits. And our perfect bodies. And our windswept hair that never seemed to get wet even as we surfed 20-foot waves in pursuit of Russian spies and other traitors to the nation. The world couldn't get enough of us.

(VANESSA and BRYCE "surf" during the above.)

BRYCE. Agent 76!

VANESSA. And Agent 44!

BRYCE. We'd find our fans hiding in our dressing room closets.

VANESSA. In the trunks of our cars.

BRYCE. Underneath tables in restaurants.

VANESSA. Behind bushes.

BRYCE. Under piles of leaves!

VANESSA. We were on the cover of every magazine for years. All the interviews. The press events. The action figures. I can still hear the crowds calling out to us. Vanessa! Bryce! Can I have an autograph, *please*? That idiot show made us the biggest stars in the *world*.

BRYCE. And the mail we used to get! Do you know they had to hire a whole staff at the studio just to handle our mail?

## FIONA / MARVIN

FIONA.

Hey, baby. We all set to get married?

MARVIN. Yeah, I think so. You like the place?

FIONA. (*looking around*) Oh Marvin. It's like a dream. I never thought I'd be gettin' married in a place so classy. With a beautiful altar. And real flowers. And, oh my god, real pews! I wish Fist could see this. *He* wanted to marry me in a toilet stall. I'm so lucky I found you, Marvin.

MARVIN. We're lucky we found each other.

(*He takes her hand.*)

How come you took off the wedding dress, angel? You looked so nice in it.

FIONA. It just wasn't me, baby. The lace was itchin' me, and all that white was a nightmare, like I'd been sentenced to church for 100 years or somethin', you know?

MARVIN. Yeah.

FIONA. I'm tryin' to change for you, baby, I really am. Hey, did you notice before I said mother "F"-er. I stopped myself from sayin' the whole word.

MARVIN. I sure did. And I'm proud of you.

FIONA. It's just that I can't change too much at a time, or else I'm afraid my atoms might get too confused. And when your atoms get confused, there's no telling what might happen. I read all about it in *Ladies Home Journal*. People with confused atoms sometimes turn into hermaphrodites. (*pronounced "her-ma-phro-dit-ties."*) You know what that is? It's like a half-man, half-woman thing.

MARVIN. Oh, angel, I don't think that could happen.

FIONA. Well, just in case, I'm gonna take it slow, okay?

MARVIN. Okay.

FIONA. I mean, you still like me like this, right?

MARVIN. I love you like this.

## FIONA / FIST

FIONA. Are you outa your loser mind? I ain't marryin' you.

FIST. Yeah, ya are. You just got all confused in prison. You didn't have no men around ya, and ya met this guy and he was better than nothin' I guess, but daddy's back! So you don't have to go slummin' no more.

FIONA. I ain't slummin'!

FIST. Do you even know this guy?

FIONA. 'Course I do.

FIST. 'Cause I found out some stuff.

FIONA. Oh yeah? How?

FIST. On the computer. The internet.

FIONA. And how'd you do that seein's how you can't read?

FIST. I got my boys to do it for me. Whatever. Don't bust my balls. The thing is, Fiona, this guy's got a past.

FIONA. (*laughing*) Oh yeah?

FIST. Did you know he was an Eagle Scout?

FIONA. Yeah.

FIST. Did you know he teaches Sunday School?

FIONA. Yeah.

FIST. Did you know he volunteers at the *library*?

FIONA. Yeah. So what's your point?

FIST. This guy's gonna bore the shit out of you! Fiona, he writes a column on why zip codes is important.

FIONA. I never fully appreciated that before Marvin explained it to me.

FIST. He's a church-goin', rule-followin' do-gooder from Just Kill Me Already, Nebraska. What kind of life are you gonna have, huh? Fiona, you like excitement, danger, living on the edge. Just like me! But Zippy here, he's gonna put you a coma.



## MARVIN

MARVIN. Because Fist, she doesn't hate you, in spite of all the lousy things you've done over the years. In fact, she loves you. Yeah. Until me, you were the only person who ever really cared about her, even if it was in a highly unstable and often precarious way. And I could tell, even when she told me the bad stories about you, she missed you a lot.

*(FIST isn't sure how to respond to this unexpected news.)*

And Fiona, Fist didn't come here today to berate you OR to marry you. He came today to tell you that he's sorry about everything that has happened, and that he misses you and needs you as a friend. You two matter more to each other than you know, and it doesn't take a rocket scientist to see it. Fist is right, you do have ties that can't be broken. And I may be crazy, but my conscience will not allow me to stand here and watch you two just throw it all away!