

Double Booked

A Play in Two Acts by,
Mark aloysius Kenneally

Inspired by true events... (well, at least a couple of them).

For Nikki

"Love and death are two uninvited guests. Nobody knows when they come, but both do the same work. One takes the heart, and the other takes its beat." – Nishan Panwar

“A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers.” – Eddie Cantor

“Mawage. Mawage is what brings us together today.” – If you can’t place this quote... there’s a distinct possibility you might not enjoy this play.

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CHARACTERS: (In order of appearance: 9* roles – 6F, 2M)

RILEY: The grieving widow. (30, F)

BIANCA: The fully-resolute bride. (25, F)

HARPER: The semi-dutiful maid-of-honor. (26, F)

KRISTA/KATY WELSH*: Competitive twins. Krista is an overwhelmed funeral director and Katy is a bitter wedding planner. (Both 35, Both F, *Both should be played by same actress.)

FATHER AIDEN: The absent-minded priest. (63, M)

MS. REBECCA: The panic-stricken secretary. (54, F)

ADDISON: The flirty-flighty best friend. (33, F)

GRAYSON: The philandering best man. (38, M)

TIME: Saturday, November 14, 2015 from 11:30AM – 1:15PM

PLACE: The nave, aisles, and front vestibule of an otherwise non-descript Catholic church. Also, a priest's parish office.

ACT ONE/SCENE ONE

Scene One: The Nave

(At rise, RILEY is alone onstage, seated in the downstage left front pew of the nave, on the aisle, directly behind the imaginary crossing transept on the lip of the stage apron. She is gently sobbing into the frilly-lace handkerchief that she clutches with both hands. A few moments with just the soft SOUND of RILEY'S tears. Then, suddenly, BIANCA and HARPER BURST into the upstage nave and start to stomp down the center aisle towards said imaginary crossing transept. BIANCA, dressed in her wedding gown, leads the way while HARPER trails behind, frantically trying to maintain the desperate grasp she barely has ahold of BIANCA'S wedding dress train. BIANCA is oblivious to both the difficulty HARPER is enduring and the fact that RILEY is sobbing or even there in the first place.)

BIANCA

I cannot believe he's late to MY wedding!

HARPER *(Giggles)*

You mean the BOTH of your weddin—

(BIANCA spins around and gets right in HARPER'S face.)

BIANCA

WHAT?!

HARPER

You mean to YOUR wedding.

BIANCA

Of course, I mean to MY wedding! *(A beat)* Is anybody else in the world getting married today?!

HARPER

Doubt it. *(A beat)* Pretty sure ‘the world’ got your memo.

BIANCA

Yeah, well, they better’ve! *(A beat)* ‘Cause this is MY special day!

(BIANCA spins around and starts to head down the rest of the aisle towards the imaginary crossing transept again. HARPER sighs and then follows her, grasping at the train again as she hurries to try and match BIANCA’S frantic pace. Just before they both reach the apron, BIANCA spins back around again to get back in HARPER’S face.)

BIANCA *(Cont’d)*

MINE! MINE! MINE!

HARPER

I’m sorry, I missed that, whose did you say—

BIANCA

MINE!

HARPER

Oh, yeah. *(A beat. HARPER smirks.)* Seriously, Bianca... *(A beat. HARPER sighs.)* Everybody knows it’s your wedding day. *(A beat)* And I do mean... EVERY... BODY. *(A slight pause)* For crying out loud, I bet the indigenous Babongo forest pygmies of Gabon, Africa even know.

BIANCA

Well, they better! *(BIANCA scoffs.)* All that extra postage.

HARPER *(Nods)*

Not to mention the fact that I bet it’s dang near impossible to even track down a post office equipped to handle that whole, you know... two chickens and a rainstick conversion rate.

BIANCA *(Sighs)*

Yet one more reason I had to self-address every RSVP.

HARPER

Because... you wanted chickens at your wedding?

BIANCA *(Shrugs)*

Well... I don’t *not* want chickens at my wedding. *(Then, to clarify)* So long as they bring gifts.

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

I think they are the gifts.

(A beat. Then BIANCA starts spinning around in search of the absent groom again, taking HARPER and the wedding dress train along for the ride.)

BIANCA

GOD! WHERE ON EARTH COULD JESSE BE?! SERIOUSLY! WHERE COULD MY STUPID, IDIOT, BOY-CHILD OF A GROOM POSSIBLY BE RIGHT NOW... INSTEAD OF... RIGHT... HERE?!

HARPER

Witness Protection?

BIANCA (*Ignoring HARPER*)

HOW COULD HE NOT BE HERE YET?! HE'S KNOWS IT'S MY WEDDING DAY!

(HARPER manages to still clutch onto the train as she continues to spin around.)

HARPER (*Off the cuff*)

Maybe he does know. *(A beat)* Maybe that's the problem.

(BIANCA stops on a dime and turns around and gets back in HARPER'S face again.)

BIANCA

WHAT?!

HARPER

I said...

(A slight pause. Then HARPER frantically starts looking around in all directions.)

HARPER (*Cont'd*)

Where is he?!

(HARPER starts spinning around, taking the wedding dress train with her as she goes.)

BIANCA

HARPER?! STOP IT! STOP SPINNING!

(HARPER instantly freezes in her tracks and then immediately gets tangled up in the dress and starts wobbling around on account of her sudden dizziness.)

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

Talk about your easier said than done. Don't you know that once you start spinning, there's nothing harder than trying to—

(HARPER immediately topples over and falls headfirst into one of the pews.)

HARPER *(Cont'd, as she goes down)*

Uh-oh.

BIANCA *(Gasps)*

Don't you dare let my wedding dress train touch the ground—

(Instantly, the wedding dress train HARPER pulled down into one of the pews with her also manages to yank BIANCA back down into the pew in front of HARPER'S.)

BIANCA *(Cont'd, as she goes down)*

OOOOOOW!

(BIANCA and HARPER disappear from view. RILEY slowly stops sobbing and turns to look back at the now non-existent bride and her equally absent maid-of-honor. A long pause. Then BIANCA suddenly pops up in her pew.)

RILEY *(Startled)*

AGH!

HARPER *(Still unseen)*

Bianca? You do know...

BIANCA *(Sighs; without looking back)*

What?

(HARPER pops up suddenly in the pew right behind BIANCA.)

RILEY *(Doubly-startled)*

AGH!

(A beat as both BIANCA and HARPER stare up at RILEY. Off their looks, RILEY immediately turns back around and then buries her head back into the handkerchief and recommences her sobbing session.)

BIANCA *(To HARPER; ignoring RILEY)*

What?

HARPER

Huh?

BIANCA

You said, “You do know...” I do know what?

HARPER

What?

BIANCA (*Sighs*)

You said I do know. What do I do know?

HARPER

Uh... Pat... I'd like to buy a vowel.

BIANCA

TELL ME WHAT I DO KNOW!

HARPER

Oh! Right! You do know that your wedding dress train's not the American flag, right? It's really not that big a deal if it touches the ground, Bianca. (*A beat. HARPER guffaws.*) Matter of fact, it's a wedding dress train. It's supposed to trail the dress, not hover around and float creepily above it in mid-air.

BIANCA

So, then... that means... you DID let my train touch the ground?

HARPER

Of course, not!

BIANCA

Good. (*A beat*) 'Cause otherwise I'd have to burn the whole stinkin' dress to the ground.

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

Relax, Bianca. You're getting married. (*A beat*) There's gonna be tons of times you wish you'd just burned the whole wedding dress to the ground. That's what marriage is all about.

BIANCA

It better not be.

HARPER

Isn't it one of your vows?

BIANCA

No!

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

Well, it should be. (*A beat*) Maybe one of Jesse's vows.

(*BIANCA turns back to glare at HARPER.*)

HARPER (*Cont'd*)

Or not.

BIANCA (*Sighs*)

Honestly, Harper. Why isn't Jesse here yet?! (*A beat*) How am I supposed to get married without a groom?!

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

Did you ask Google?

BIANCA

You're my maid-of-honor, Harper.

HARPER

Meaning?

BIANCA

Meaning that asking Google should have been the very first thing *you* did.

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

But I still have dial-up.

BIANCA (*Scoffs*)

No, you don't. Nobody does. I don't even think there is such a thing as dial-up, anymore. That means... that... dial-up's no longer a valid excuse.

HARPER

Don't tell that to my boss.

BIANCA

Why not? What... is dial-up your sick-day excuse?

HARPER

It is now.

BIANCA

What was it before?

HARPER

My hangover-day excuse.

BIANCA (*Scoffs*)

You're gonna get fired one of these days if you keep that up.

HARPER

Fingers crossed. *(A beat)* Actually, more than likely, I was probably already fired months ago.

BIANCA

Why wouldn't you already know that?

HARPER

'Cause I'll probably be retired before I finally receive their quote-unquote termination email.

BIANCA

I told you before, that dial-up-slow-Internet excuse just doesn't fly anymore.

HARPER

And I told you before... just don't tell my boss.

(A beat. BIANCA shakes her head and looks around the expanse of the nave again.)

BIANCA

Okay, now I'm serious! Why the hell isn't Jesse here yet, Harper?!

HARPER

Do you really want me to venture another guess?

(BIANCA buries her head in her hands as HARPER stands up and quickly moves into BIANCA'S pew, dragging the wedding dress train from one pew to the next as she goes.)

BIANCA *(Without looking up)*

You're still not letting it touch the ground, are you?

(HARPER drags the rest of the train over into the pew she now shares with BIANCA.)

HARPER *(Through clinched teeth)*

'Course not.

(HARPER wads the oversized wedding train up into a massive ball in her hands.)

HARPER *(Cont'd)*

I'm paying extra close attention this time.

BIANCA

What kind of attention were you paying before?

HARPER *(Shrugs)*

The phoning-it-in kind, I guess.

(BIANCA finally looks up at HARPER. HARPER pathetically tries to hide the wadded up ball of wedding dress train behind her in the pew.)

HARPER *(Sighs, then cont'd)*
Relax, I'm just kidding. *(A beat)* Seriously, Bianca? I'm your maid-of-honor. *(A beat)* I eat. Breathe. And sleep this wedding dress train.

BIANCA
What about when you go to the bathroom?

(A beat. HARPER stares at BIANCA, cautiously.)

HARPER
What about what when I go to the bathroom?

BIANCA
Well, you still take my wedding dress train with you every time you go, right?

HARPER
Ew.

BIANCA
So, you don't?!

HARPER
You've never noticed before whether or not it was gone?

BIANCA *(Shrugs)*
Well, I did feel something before. But I thought it was just a draft.

HARPER *(Giggles)*
Trust me, Bianca, you would've noticed. *(Scoffs)* Your train's not that long.

BIANCA *(Sighs)*
Then I guess we better put on that train extension.

HARPER *(Gasps)*
Extension?! My, God, woman, you're out of control.

BIANCA
But you just said—

HARPER
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE! IT'S LONG ENOUGH!

BIANCA

What made you change your mind?

HARPER

The fact that I'm pretty sure the weight alone has already jeopardized my chance to bear children.

BIANCA

I'm still not convinced. I think—

HARPER

Bianca! It's long enough that you had to ask me whether or not I take it with me when I go to the bathroom.

BIANCA

Well... *(A long pause)* So... *(A longer pause)* Do you?

HARPER

Yes.

BIANCA

Harper?

HARPER *(Sighs)*

Well, at first, I did. *(A beat)* But then the stall door broke.

BIANCA

How?

(HARPER scoffs then points down at her own dress.)

HARPER

The little, plastic hooks on the stall door never stood a chance.

BIANCA

So, then what do you do with the train now?

HARPER

Now he just stands guard.

BIANCA

He?

HARPER *(Nods)*

Uh-huh. *(A beat)* Thomas.

BIANCA (*Sighs*)

Really, Harper? Thomas... the Train?

HARPER (*To clarify*)

Nope. (*A beat*) Thomas the Wedding Dress Train.

BIANCA

Why would you call him that?

HARPER

To avoid the lawsuit.

BIANCA

But couldn't you think of something a little shorter than Thomas the Wedding Dress Train?

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

Well, if you want, you can just call him Tom.

BIANCA

Tom the Wedding Dress Train?

HARPER

Kind of just rolls off the tongue, doesn't it?

BIANCA

Not in the least. (*A beat*) But then again, neither does Thomas the Wedding Dress Train.

(*BIANCA sighs*) Why on Earth would you name my wedding dress train after that stupid kid's show anyway?

HARPER

Because "SpongeDress, SquareTrain" was already taken.

BIANCA

By who?

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

I dunno. Probably some other poor soul who roped her own dumb friend into being her bridesmaid today.

BIANCA

SOMEBODY ELSE IS GETTING MARRIED TODAY?!

HARPER

Tomorrow! Getting married tomorrow! (*A long pause*) My God, woman.

(*A very long silence. BIANCA sighs then shrugs.*)

BIANCA

Ah, what does it matter anymore, anyways? Suddenly I couldn't care less who else is getting married today... because... apparently... I'm not.

HARPER

Oh good, in that case her name is Suzy and she's—

BIANCA

DEAD! SHE IS SOOOOOOOO DEAD! I'M GONNA FIND THIS SUZY-BIT—

HARPER *(Shakes her head)*

There is no Suzy.

BIANCA

What?

HARPER

I was just kidding, Bianca. There is no Suzy. Calm down.

BIANCA

CALM DOWN?! IT'S MY WEDDING DAY AND MY GROOM IS MISSING?! DID YOU SERIOUSLY JUST TELL ME TO CALM DOWN?!

HARPER

Yeah, but not about that. By all means, go ballistic about that. *(A beat)* I was just talking about the non-existent Suzy. There's no need to get enraged about her because there is no her. There is only you. *(HARPER sighs.)* This is your special day. *(A beat)* Yours and yours alone.

BIANCA *(Softly, to herself)*

Mine and mine alone.

(BIANCA starts crying while RILEY continues to sob by herself in the first pew. HARPER looks at BIANCA crying beside her and then up at RILEY crying in the front pew. Then HARPER looks back down at BIANCA as tears begin to well up in her own eyes.)

HARPER *(Hostile; to her own eyes)*

Don't even think about it. *(A beat)* I'm serious. *(A beat)* Don't you do it. *(A beat)* Don't. *(A beat)* You. *(A beat)* Dare.

(HARPER aggressively wipes a single tear away from her eye and then sticks two fingers directly in her face, so they're mere centimeters away from touching her eyeballs.)

HARPER *(Cont'd; to her eyeballs)*

You wanna get poked again? Huh? Do ya? Huh? Huh? *(A beat. HARPER scoffs.)* Oh, you think I'm bluffing, you beady little bastards? Don't even tempt me! I drink Visine for breakfast, you weepy, little crybabies. I'm not kidding. Don't think I won't pour shampoo, lemon juice, and Tabasco sauce all up inside your stupid, dumb lids. *(A beat)* I'll go *Clockwork Orange* on the pair of you. *(A beat)* I'll sidestep the cornea, blow past the iris, burrow through the lens, tunnel underneath the retina, wade through the vitreous gel, and then finally get all up inside your gritty, yellow, little macula. *(A beat)* Yeah, that's right. I said it. The macula. *(A beat)* Ma...cu... I—

(BIANCA instantly stops crying and looks up at HARPER.)

BIANCA
Who are you talking to?

HARPER *(Sighs)*
Just a couple of sneaky, little bandwagon-jumpers.

BIANCA
How do you know so much about the inner workings of the human eye?

HARPER
Wikipedia. I like to toy with my emotions.

(BIANCA wipes the tears from her own eyes and then smirks at HARPER again.)

BIANCA *(Grins)*
I knew it.

HARPER
You knew what?

BIANCA
I knew that deep, down inside... you're actually just another hopeless roman—

HARPER *(Overly-aggressive)*
OH, SO NOW YOU'RE TAKING THEIR SIDE!

BIANCA
Don't take this the wrong way, Harper, but you got some serious issues.

HARPER
There's a right way to take that?

BIANCA
'Course there is.

HARPER

Then consider my breath duly bated.

BIANCA
It's pronounced al-co-hol.

HARPER
It's frowned on to mix alcohol with this particular type of medication.

BIANCA
Oh. So, that means that now you're not gonna drink today?

(A long silence. Then HARPER and BIANCA burst out laughing.)

BIANCA *(Sighs; cont'd)*
Okay. Okay. But then do you, at least, you know, think you might be due for another dose?

HARPER *(Gasps and looks off in the distance)*
Did you just hear that?!

BIANCA
I love answering my own rhetorical questions. *(A beat)* Why don't you just take your pills again?

HARPER
I would. *(A beat)* But I can't.

BIANCA
Awww. *(A beat)* 'Cause it's supposed to only be all about me, today?

HARPER *(Scoffs)*
Nope. *(A beat)* 'Cause those evil, little voices already hid 'em.

BIANCA
Of course, they did.

HARPER
And I think we better just go ahead and change the subject now, before it's too late. If there's one thing the voices hate... it's when people interrupt them to talk behind their backs while they're trying to talk inside my head.

BIANCA *(Sighs)*
Fine. *(A long pause)* Then let's get back to talking about the only thing we should be talking about today, anyway.

(A beat. BIANCA points to herself and HARPER nods and sighs.)

BIANCA (*Sighs; cont'd*)

I cannot believe he's still not here! (*A beat*) What time is it, anyway?

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

Yeah, right. As if. (*A beat*) You think I own a watch to match this dress?

BIANCA

Oh, so now you don't like your dress?

HARPER

What's not to love? (*A beat*) Wait. Don't answer that.

BIANCA

But I'm the one who picked it out.

HARPER

No, I was talking to the voices again.

BIANCA

Oh, so they hate the dress, too?

HARPER

It's not that. (*A beat. HARPER looks up.*) Oh, wait. Yeah... it's that.

BIANCA (*Scoffs*)

Everybody's a critic.

HARPER

But I don't hate the dress, Bianca. It's just that I had a very difficult time trying to find anything to go with... meringue.

BIANCA (*Shrugs*)

What does it matter? My one special day and my stinkin' groom still hasn't even bothered to show up. (*A beat. BIANCA sighs.*) Yup. It's official. My wedding's completely ruined. (*A long silence*) And to top it off... I can't even put the blame entirely on Jesse this time. (*A beat*) Lord knows I want to, though. I really, really, really do. (*A beat*) But I just can't.

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

I guess there's a first time for everything. (*A long silence*) But wait. Why not?

BIANCA

Because this was all my idea.

HARPER

Duh. (*A beat*) You basically had to keep Jesse in a choke hold to get him down on one knee.

BIANCA

No, I didn't.

HARPER

I thought you did.

BIANCA

No. It was a half nelson.

HARPER

Oh. Right. (*A long pause*) Well, at least it wasn't a full.

BIANCA

But I wasn't talking about the proposal. I wasn't even talking about the wedding.

HARPER

So there really is a first time for everything!

BIANCA

I was talking about taking this to the utmost extremes.

HARPER

Oh. Never mind. I guess you are still talking about the wedding.

BIANCA

Not exactly. I'm talking about the week before.

HARPER

But you were still talking about the wedding a week before. You were still talking about the wedding every day for the last 26 years before.

BIANCA

I'm only 25.

HARPER

What's your point?

BIANCA

I'm talking about it being bad luck to see the groom before I walk down the aisle.

HARPER

Yeah, the day of.

BIANCA

Right. But what'd I just say about taking this to extremes?

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

Okay, so then if you decided it was bad luck to see Jesse at all during the entire week before the wedding, then why're you so freaked out you still haven't seen him today?

BIANCA

BECAUSE NOW'S IT'S NOT THE WEEK BEFORE, IT'S THE DAY OF! AND YET HE'S STILL NOT HERE!!!

HARPER

But doesn't today technically still count as part of the week bef—

BIANCA

NO! (*A long silence as BIANCA tries to calm herself down.*) I can't believe he's not here, yet. It's like he doesn't even care.

HARPER

Oh. Don't say that, sweetie. I'm sure Jesse still cares about the wedding.

(*BIANCA turns away from HARPER.*)

BIANCA

The wedding, Harper? Still? Really?

HARPER (*Sighs*)

Oh, my—Okay, fine, your wedding. (*Under her breath*) Pronoun Nazi.

BIANCA

I heard that.

HARPER

That was the voices again.

BIANCA

Is that your excuse for everything?

HARPER

No. Just for anything that might get otherwise me in trouble.

(*BIANCA turns back to look at HARPER with tears in her eyes again. HARPER points to her own eyes.*)

HARPER (*Cont'd*)

Please don't get them started again, Bianca.

BIANCA (*Softly*)

Seriously, Harper... how could he still not be here?

(HARPER offers no response. A long silence. BIANCA sighs and then quickly stands up and exits the pew into the aisle again. HARPER is instantly back on her feet assuming her role behind the bride in the aisle too, gripping onto the not-quite unfurled train again, though not quite as delicately. BIANCA crosses back downstage towards the crossing transcript again while HARPER maintains her trailing pace. BIANCA approaches and then collapses down next to RILEY in the front pew. HARPER remains in the aisle with the wedding dress train. BIANCA puts her head in her hands and immediately starts crying, while RILEY continues crying beside her. Then BIANCA notices RILEY'S handkerchief and begins to stare intently at it. After a few moments, HARPER notices BIANCA eyeing RILEY'S handkerchief. Almost as if she knows what BIANCA is thinking about doing, HARPER nods her approval. Another pause. Then BIANCA nods back and reaches in front of RILEY'S still lowered head and slowly starts to try to stealthily pull the handkerchief away from her. A beat. Suddenly RILEY looks up at BIANCA. BIANCA immediately lets go of the handkerchief and tries to look nonchalant and innocent. RILEY continues to stare at BIANCA for a few more moments and then lowers her head and begins sobbing into the handkerchief again. Another long moment. Then BIANCA stealthily goes for RILEY'S handkerchief again. This time she manages to pull the handkerchief a bit further before RILEY looks up again. Again, BIANCA immediately drops hold of the handkerchief and again tries to appear nonchalant and innocent. Another long moment as RILEY continues eyeing BIANCA. Another long moment and then RILEY buries her head back into the handkerchief again. BIANCA starts to go for the handkerchief once more but then RILEY pulls it to her face and blows her nose directly into it. Hard. And loud. RILEY'S nose might or might not even honk. BIANCA and HARPER look on in horror as RILEY buries her face fully in the handkerchief again.)

BIANCA

Nah. Never mind. Keep it.

(BIANCA stands up and quickly starts to make her way back up the aisle again while HARPER jumps up and chases her and finally catches her train again and proceeds to start to follow her upstage towards the vestibule again. As they go...)

HARPER

Are you sure you don't want it anymore?

BIANCA

Shut up.

HARPER

Not really all that much snot.

BIANCA

I'm serious.

HARPER

It didn't even look too... gooey.

(BIANCA gets right back in HARPER'S face again.)

HARPER *(Cont'd)*

Not in the face!

(A long pause. Then, as if she suddenly had a change of heart, BIANCA sighs and then crosses back downstage in front of HARPER, and once again, starts to re-approach the pew RILEY still occupies.)

BIANCA *(As she crosses)*

So, then I guess it's true after all.

(HARPER hurries to catch up.)

HARPER *(As she catches up)*

What is?

(BIANCA throws her hands up in the air.)

BIANCA

I guess all Jesse really does care about is some stupid football game.

HARPER *(Gasps)*

Oh! What's the score?

BIANCA

WHAT?!

(BIANCA spins back around to face HARPER again, right next to RILEY'S pew again. Meanwhile, RILEY continues crying softly into her handkerchief.)

HARPER

Nothing! Nothing!

(RILEY instantly stops crying and looks up at BIANCA and HARPER.)

RILEY *(Off the cuff)*

Nope, not anymore, it's not. Now it's 7-nothing.

HARPER

Yes!

RILEY

They're the nothing.

HARPER

No!

(RILEY nods.)

BIANCA *(To RILEY)*

You've been here even longer than we have. How could you possibly know the score to some stupid football game?

(RILEY shrugs. ON CUE: A small earbud falls out of RILEY'S ear. She quickly retrieves and replaces it. Then, as if nothing had happened, RILEY buries her face back in her handkerchief and recommences her sobbing again.)

BIANCA

Don't cry. It's just a football game.

HARPER *(Scoffs)*

Tell that to Jesse.

BIANCA

For your sake, I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that.

HARPER

I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear it either.

BIANCA

You should pretend I didn't hear it!

HARPER

That sounds like a plan, too.

BIANCA

You should pretend you didn't say it!

HARPER

You know, Bianca... Sometimes you give it a lot more credit than it deserves.

BIANCA

What?

HARPER

My brain.

BIANCA

You're probably right. *(A beat)* Except about the sometimes.

HARPER

What sometimes?

BIANCA *(Sighs)*

Forget sometimes. In fact, forget everything. Especially forget what you just said about Jesse.

HARPER

What'd I just said about Jesse?

BIANCA

I forgot.

RILEY *(Sighs, then scoffs)*

Liar. *(A beat)* She said, "Tell that to Jesse."

BIANCA

SHUT UP AND KEEP CRYING!

HARPER

At the same time?

BIANCA

YES!

HARPER

And I thought stopping spinning was tough. But shutting up and crying's like trying to rub your stomach and pat your head—

BIANCA

HARPER?! LOOK AT ME!

HARPER *(At a loss)*

You're... beautiful?

BIANCA

Look me in the face and say that!

HARPER

I am.

(No, she's not.)

BIANCA

No, you're not.

(A long pause)

HARPER *(Sighs)*

Can't you at least ask me to do that at the reception after I've gotten a few shots in me?

BIANCA

I thought you weren't gonna drink because of the medication.

HARPER *(Shrugs and sighs)*

Isn't it enough that I swear to not operate any large farm equipment?

BIANCA

The point is... I'm hideous! My make-up's all over the place!

HARPER

Oh. Well, yeah, sure, there's that.

(BIANCA glares at HARPER.)

RILEY

There's a load off. I thought maybe that was the look you were aiming for.

(BIANCA glares at RILEY. A long pause. HARPER offers a nervous giggle.)

HARPER *(To BIANCA)*

Relax, Bianca, there's still time to fix your make-up.

(BIANCA glares at HARPER.)

BIANCA

How do you figure? Isn't the wedding supposed to start like any second now?

RILEY *(Scoffs)*

Without a groom?

BIANCA

BUTT OUT AND CRY!

(RILEY complies, though disingenuously.)

HARPER *(Shrugs)*

Bianca, how would I know what time the wedding's supposed to start? *(HARPER holds up her bare wrist.)* Unless you really, really, really wanted me to clash.

BIANCA

Trust me!

HARPER

Like I did when you told me my maid-of-honor dress was stunning?

BIANCA

Yes!

RILEY

Well, I know I, for one, am stunned.

(A slight pause)

BIANCA

Who are you, anyway?

HARPER

Obviously, she's someone who likes to cry at weddings.

BIANCA

Everyone cries at weddings.

RILEY

'Specially the ones where the groom's a no-show.

(A long pause. Then BIANCA slowly turns to face and then takes a step towards RILEY.)

HARPER *(To RILEY)*

Run! Run!

(A beat. Then RILEY immediately buries her face back in her handkerchief again but does not start crying this time. BIANCA turns back to face HARPER again.)

HARPER *(Cont'd)*

Oh. She's good.

(BIANCA cracks her knuckles.)

BIANCA

She's lucky I'm wearing white.

HARPER

And she's wearing black.

BIANCA

Why would that be lucky?

HARPER

I don't know. Just tryin' to fit in.

BIANCA

WHERE IS HE, HARPER?! WHERE?! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, WHERE?!

HARPER

Maybe he thinks he's still got a sliver of a window of time because he's not supposed to see you before you walk down the aisle, anyway.

BIANCA

So that means it's okay that he's not even here at the church yet at all?! (*A beat*) On our stinkin', stupid wedding day?!

RILEY

Ah... love.

HARPER

I thought you said it was *your* wedding day.

BIANCA (*Shakes her head*)

I will stab you right through your stupid, meringue cleavage.

HARPER (*Looks down at her bridesmaid dress*)

Talk about adding insult to injury.

BIANCA

I thought you said you loved that dress.

RILEY

That was probably before you pointed out her whipped egg and sugar boobs.

BIANCA

For your information, they complement her eyes.

HARPER

You said the exact, same thing about my Spanx.

BIANCA

Yup. And here I was not even knowing they designed leggings in bloodshot red.

HARPER

Well, you're the one who scheduled your bachelorette party for the night before the wedding!

BIANCA

No, I'm not. You are.

HARPER

Yeah, but you should have known better than to let me schedule it. For God's sake, I'm the one who uninstalled the calendar app off my phone just to make more room for Candy Crush.

BIANCA

You don't think you could've had both of them on there at the same time?

HARPER

Well, I couldn't spare the memory space. *(A beat)* After all... it is a Saga.

BIANCA

But you could have, at least, saved some of that Red Bull for today's hangover.

HARPER

I did.

BIANCA

Minus the vodka.

HARPER

Red Bull minus vodka tastes like cough syrup... minus vodka.

BIANCA

What does Red Bull taste like with vodka?

RILEY and HARPER

NyQuil.

(HARPER and RILEY nod in unison.)

BIANCA

NyQuil with vodka?

HARPER *(Gasps)*

What're you? Suicidal?!

(Off HARPER'S remarks, RILEY buries her face in her handkerchief again and recommences her crying session.)

BIANCA

What's her problem?

HARPER *(Shrugs)*

Maybe she prefers her NyQuil with gin. *(A beat)* Or maybe she just really digs them comas.

(BIANCA looks back towards the upstage vestibule entrance again. A long pause. Then BIANCA sighs very audibly.)

BIANCA

Why hasn't that stupid football game ended by now?

HARPER

Oh. I think it has by now. *(A beat. HARPER holds up her bare arm again.)* 'Course, I'd know for sure if I really wanted to look gaudy. *(A long moment. HARPER sighs.)* Come on, we got to get you hidden again. I'm sure Jesse will be here at any second now.

BIANCA *(Shaking her head)*

That moronic game better be over by now. For his sake. *(A beat)* For the both of them.

HARPER

For the both of—

(BIANCA makes a fist and squeezes tightly. HARPER nods and then both she and BIANCA turn around and start to walk back up the aisle towards the vestibule again.)

RILEY *(Calling back)*

'Course, there could be overtime.

(BIANCA and HARPER freeze in their tracks. HARPER winces while BIANCA turns back to face RILEY.)

BIANCA

Really?

RILEY

Yeah. But I doubt it.

BIANCA *(Sighs)*

Oh, thank God!

(RILEY pushes her other earbud with one finger.)

RILEY

Oh, wait. *(A beat)* Yup. Overtime.

BIANCA

What happened to all that doubt?

RILEY
It's called a Hail Mary.

(RILEY looks over at a statue of the Virgin Mary.)

RILEY *(Cont'd)*
No offense.

(BIANCA throws her arms up in the air again.)

BIANCA
Well, that settles it, now my wedding's definitely, officially, 100 percent... ruined!

(A long pause. BIANCA shakes her head and then starts tearing up again.)

HARPER
I'm so, so, so, so, very, very sorry, Bianca. I really, really, really am.

(HARPER gives BIANCA a great, big bear hug. BIANCA nearly collapses into HARPER'S arms and then holds on tight to her maid-of-honor. A long silence.)

RILEY
Sure, I'd buy that.

HARPER
Thanks. *(A beat)* That being the case...

(HARPER instantly lets go of BIANCA and crosses back over to RILEY, still holding onto the train of BIANCA'S wedding dress as she goes. BIANCA nearly collapses to the ground but quickly recovers in time to watch HARPER plop down next to RILEY.)

HARPER *(Cont'd, to RILEY)*
May I?

(RILEY offers HARPER her other earbud. HARPER starts to put it in her ear.)

BIANCA
Harper!

HARPER
Right! Sorry! *(Sighs. To RILEY)* Guess I'll havta just catch the highlights.

(HARPER hands RILEY back the earbud and quickly gets up to rejoin BIANCA, taking the balled-up wedding dress train with her, just not too carefully this time.)

BIANCA

How could this day possibly get any worse?

HARPER

I suppose you want it to start raining.

(Suddenly, RILEY sees something offstage that causes her to burst into tears again.)

BIANCA

Now, what's her problem?

HARPER *(Shrugs)*

They musta scored again.

(Suddenly, a large unopen casket on casters rolls across the upstage vestibule area just behind BIANCA and HARPER. They both turn to see the casket first, and then RILEY also turns back in time to react to the SOUND of the casket bumping into—and coming to rest just in front of—the large crucifix upstage right. RILEY immediately recommences her hysterical crying into the handkerchief bit. HARPER leans in close to whisper to BIANCA.)

HARPER

Boy. That poor handkerchief's sure been through the ringer.

BIANCA

What's that doing in here?!

HARPER

Most people keep them in the breast pocket of their blazers.

BIANCA

Huh?

HARPER

'Course, she's not wearing a blazer, so maybe she keeps hers in her—

BIANCA

Not the stupid handkerchief!

HARPER *(Shakes her head)*

That poor, poor tear-rag.

BIANCA

Not that! The coffin! What's that coffin doin' in here?!

HARPER

Oh. Good question. (*A beat*) And perhaps an even better question is... do you want that on the side of the bride or the groom?

BIANCA
I don't know who's in there!

HARPER (*Nods*)
Groom's side, then.

BIANCA
I don't want it on either side!

HARPER
So, you want it to just stay there in the middle of the aisle? Might be a tad bit in your way when you walk down th—

BIANCA
I don't want it in here at all. I didn't invite it!

HARPER
But how can you be so sure?

BIANCA (*Sighs*)
Well... where's his RSVP?

HARPER (*Shrugs*)
Could be inside.

BIANCA
Okay. So, then, go find out.

HARPER
It's your wedding!

BIANCA
Exactly. And you're my maid-of-honor.

HARPER
Call me old-fashioned, but I think coffin scrounging's sorta more of a bride-to-be kinda thing.

BIANCA
Says who?

HARPER (*Shrugs*)
I dunno. Maybe... David?

BIANCA
David? David who?

HARPER
Bridal?

BIANCA
Seriously, Harper! What's that doin' in here?

HARPER
I dunno. But, hey, look on the bright side.

BIANCA
The bright side of death?

HARPER
Yeah. *(A beat)* Well... *(A beat)* We are in a church.

BIANCA
Oh. So. You're talking about the afterlife?

HARPER
No, I'm talking about the fact that it's one less thank-you card you havta write.

BIANCA
That's a lousy bright side.

HARPER *(Indicates the coffin)*
Yeah. Well. Think how he feels.

BIANCA
He doesn't feel anything anymore.

HARPER
But how can you be so sure? Actually, personally, I've always found those things super comfy.

BIANCA
Since when?

HARPER
Remember our senior year Halloween party that we had in that graveyard?

BIANCA *(Sighs)*
Oh, yeah. I forgot. You and what's-his-name... Brad... something.

HARPER

Mitchell. (*A beat*) Bradley Mitchell. (*A slight pause*) Man, talk about your six feet under.

BIANCA

Ew! Sick!

HARPER

Yup. And sore.

BIANCA

I mean now! You're sick, now!

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

Said the girl who invited a dead guy to her wedding.

BIANCA

I didn't invite him! I don't even know what that coffin's even doing here in the first place!

HARPER

I guess it's true what they say, it's never too late to pay your respects to the bride and groom.

BIANCA

Nobody says that.

HARPER (*Nods*)

It'll catch on.

BIANCA (*Sighs*)

You pay your respects at a funeral, not at a wedding.

HARPER

Oh. Well. I guess that's what they mean by that whole two birds, one stone thing.

BIANCA

That is so not what that means.

HARPER

So, then why else did you invite your rotting corpse-buddy?

BIANCA

I told you! I didn't invite him!

HARPER

Then how do you even know he's a he?

BIANCA

I don't! But it doesn't even matter who's in that coffin! The point is, I don't even know anyone who's died recently.

HARPER

What about the groom?

BIANCA

What about Jesse?

HARPER

Well? Doesn't 'Dead inside' still count?

BIANCA

NO!

HARPER

In that case, maybe it's empty. And maybe someone just thought a coffin would make a good wedding gift.

BIANCA

What kind of a sick, morbid freak would think of something like that?

HARPER

A vampire?

BIANCA

What?

HARPER (*Shrugs*)

It's the thought that counts.

BIANCA

That's a sick thought.

HARPER

Not to a vampire, it's not. To a vampire, it's just a bed. And who doesn't like new bedding as a wedding gift.

BIANCA

ME!

HARPER

Picky. Picky. Picky.

BIANCA

Just 'cause I don't want a dead guy's bedroom set doesn't mean I'm picky!

HARPER
Technically, that still counts.

BIANCA
No, it doesn't!

HARPER
I think there's even a picture of it in the dictionary.

(A beat. HARPER points at BIANCA'S face.)

HARPER *(Cont'd)*
Yeah, it looks just like that.

BIANCA
Stop playing games. *(A beat)* I'm sick of this.

HARPER
So, then, you changed your mind? Now you want to keep it?

BIANCA
WHAT?! NO!

HARPER
Like I said... picky.

BIANCA *(Sighs)*
It's not picky to not want a coffin as a wedding gift.

HARPER *(Shrugs)*
I guess it wasn't on the registry list.

BIANCA
OF COURSE, NOT!

HARPER
You're sure? Maybe Jesse put it on there. You know, as a gag gift.

BIANCA
HE BETTER NOT HAVE!

HARPER
Well, I'm sure they probably got some sort of a return policy.

BIANCA *(Scoffs)*

Who does? Morticians-R-Us?

HARPER

How else can those mom-and-pops honestly expect to compete against Amazon?

BIANCA

I'm serious, Harper! I don't want that in here! *(A beat)* And I already told you, I don't even know who that is!

HARPER

Right. And I already told you, that's why we've established it's going to go on the groom's side.

BIANCA

I DON'T WANT IT ON EITHER SIDE! I DON'T WANT A DEAD PERSON AT MY WEDDING! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHO WHEELED THAT ATROCIOUS MONSTROSITY IN HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

KRISTA *(Offstage)*

SORRY! SORRY! SORRY ABOUT THAT! MY BAD!

BIANCA

Wait a sec. I know that voice. *(To HARPER)* You know who I think that is?

HARPER

Satan?

BIANCA

Close. *(A beat)* My wedding planner.

(A beat. Then KRISTA enters the upstage vestibule and approaches the coffin. She investigates it to make sure there are no nicks or scratches on it. Once she is satisfied...)

KRISTA

Whew! *(Waves off the coffin)* Not that I hear you complaining.

(KRISTA looks up at the crucifix.)

KRISTA *(Cont'd)*

Thanks for the divine intervention.

(KRISTA turns and starts to cross downstage towards RILEY, whose head is still buried in the handkerchief. BIANCA and HARPER stare blankly at KRISTA as she crosses past them both without pausing to acknowledge their presence or even their existence.)

KRISTA *(To RILEY)*

Are you okay, Riley? I'm so sorry that happened. The pulley attached to the back of the hearse just snapped out of the blue, and suddenly... *(Nervous giggle)* Man, he was just off to the races! I didn't even know a coffin could catch air under the tires like that! I mean, he really went sailing, you should have seen—You know what, never mind, it's not important. What's important is that no one was hurt...

(KRISTA looks back at the coffin.)

KRISTA *(Sighs, cont'd)*

No offense.

(KRISTA turns back towards RILEY.)

KRISTA *(Cont'd)*

Well, at least no one else was hurt.

(As soon as she approaches RILEY'S pew, KRISTA takes a seat right next to her and puts her arm around her to comfort her.)

KRISTA *(Cont'd)*

Well, that and the fact that the lid remained shut. *(Nervous giggle)* My God, can you imagine if it didn't?! I mean, think about if it had just popped open and his body then plopped out and rolled around on the—

(RILEY instantly stops crying and looks up to offer KRISTA a death stare.)

KRISTA *(Cont'd)*

Too soon? *(A beat)* Right. Of course. Anyway, I—

BIANCA

HEY!

(A beat. KRISTA and RILEY turn around and stare at BIANCA and HARPER. A beat. Then KRISTA and RILEY both shrug in unison and turn back to face each other.)

BIANCA *(Cont'd)*

HEY!

KRISTA *(Sotto voce, to RILEY)*

I know funerals don't have dress codes, but don't you think your friend's overdoing it, just a bit?

RILEY *(Biting)*

She's not my friend.

BIANCA

KATY!

KRISTA *(To RILEY)*

Makes sense since she doesn't even know your name.

BIANCA

KATY!

(BIANCA stomps down the aisle towards KRISTA and RILEY with HARPER staying close behind with a tight grip on the balled-up train in her hands.)

KRISTA *(To RILEY)*

But, apparently, she sure thinks she does.

(BIANCA and HARPER arrive next to KRISTA and RILEY'S pew.)

BIANCA *(To KRISTA)*

What are you doing?

KRISTA *(To RILEY)*

Doesn't know your name or that you're grieving. *(A beat)* No wonder she's not your friend.

BIANCA *(Ignoring RILEY, to KRISTA)*

What are you doing, Katy? It's me! It's Bianca. You know, the bride? *(A beat)* As in, the one getting married today.

HARPER

Well, assuming the groom ever bothers to show u—

BIANCA *(To HARPER)*

SSSHHH!

(BIANCA turns back to look at KRISTA. A slight pause. BIANCA sighs and reaches into her bra inside her wedding dress and removes a check and starts waving it around in the air in close proximity to KRISTA'S face.)

BIANCA *(Cont'd)*

As long as you already forgot who I am or even why you're here, you might as well just go ahead and forget about this chec—

(KRISTA snatches the check out of BIANCA'S hand and stands up with open arms.)

KRISTA

Of course, I remember you...

(KRISTA looks down at the check in her hand in search of a name.)

KRISTA (*Cont'd*)

Bianca... and this is your...

HARPER

Wedding day.

KRISTA (*To HARPER*)

Yeah. I would've figured that out on my own.

HARPER

Oh, really? (*A beat*) 'Cause the dress sure didn't ring any bells. (*A beat*) That and the fact that it's not written on the check.

KRISTA (*To BIANCA*)

I like her.

BIANCA

What are we gonna do, Katy?

HARPER (*To KRISTA*)

She's talkin' to you.

KRISTA (*To BIANCA*)

I REALLY like her.

RILEY

But her name's Krista, not—

KRISTA (*Quickly*)

That's right, it is.

BIANCA

But I thought it was—

KRISTA (*More quickly*)

It's both. My name is Krista Katy.

BIANCA (*Indicating RILEY*)

And so, are you here for me or are you here for her?

KRISTA

Yes.

HARPER (*Scoffs*)

Talk about burning the candle at both—

KRISTA

You have no idea.

BIANCA

What are we going to do about—

KRISTA

I'll take care of it.

RILEY

But what about—

KRISTA

I'll take of that, too. I promise. I'll take care of the both of you.

(KRISTA stands up and quickly starts to cross back upstage towards the vestibule.)

HARPER *(Shakes her head)*

Man. A wedding planner and a funeral director. Talk 'bout putting the final nail in the coffin.

(RILEY immediately starts wailing hysterically into the handkerchief again. HARPER puts her hand over her mouth as BIANCA and RILEY look on with their mouths agape. Lightning quick blackout. End of Act One/Scene One.)

ACT ONE/SCENE TWO

Scene Two: The Parish Office

(At rise, FATHER AIDEN is seated in his office going over several papers on his desk. After a few moments, MS. REBECCA bursts into his office.)

MS. REBECCA

Father Aiden! Father Aiden! We have a scheduling mishap of epic proportions! The wedding we have planned for this afternoon has somehow been scheduled to begin at exactly the same time—

FATHER AIDEN *(Without looking up)*

Come in.

MS. REBECCA

What?

FATHER AIDEN *(Without looking up)*

Come in, Sister Margaret.

MS. REBECCA *(Sighs)*

I'm not Sister Margaret, Father.

FATHER AIDEN (*Without looking up*)
Come in, Sister Ruth.

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs*)
I'm not Sister Ruth either, Father.

FATHER AIDEN (*Without looking up*)
I'm running out of Sisters.

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs*)
It's me, Father, it's Ms. Rebecca.

FATHER AIDEN (*Without looking up*)
Oh. Ms. Rebecca. Yes, of course... come in... *you*.

MS. REBECCA
I'm already in, Father.

(*FATHER AIDEN finally looks up from his papers at MS. REBECCA.*)

FATHER AIDEN
That was quick.

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs*)
Thank you, Father.

FATHER AIDEN (*Scoffs and shakes his head*)
You kids with your Fitbits.

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs*)
You remember that wedding we have planned in a little while, Father?

FATHER AIDEN (*Scoffs*)
Have you met me?

MS. REBECCA
Right. Of course. (*Sighs*) You're officiating a wedding this afternoon.

FATHER AIDEN
Oh, that's wonderful. Weddings certainly are lovely, aren't they?

MS. REBECCA
Yeah. Unless they've been double booked with a funeral.

FATHER AIDEN (*Chuckles*)

Oh, wow. What a nightmare that would be.

MS. REBECCA

Yes, Father.

FATHER AIDEN

Can you imagine the absolute chaos that would create?

MS. REBECCA

I don't have to. And neither do you.

FATHER AIDEN (*Chuckles*)

Yeah, you're right. That would never happen so why should we waste our time thinking about such frivolous nonsense.

MS. REBECCA

No, Father, we don't have to imagine it because all that absolute chaos is just about to arrive.

FATHER AIDEN (*Chuckles*)

What on God's green earth are you talking about, my dear?

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs*)

That's why I've been trying to tell you, Father. That wedding we have planned has—

FATHER AIDEN

Awe, aren't weddings lovely?

MS. REBECCA

This one won't be.

FATHER AIDEN

Oh? Why not? (*A beat*) Ugly bride?

MS. REBECCA

Well...

(*MS. REBECCA shakes her head to clear that image from her mind.*)

MS. REBECCA (*Cont'd*)

That's irrelevant. But what's very relevant, Father, is that the wedding has somehow—

FATHER AIDEN

Awe, aren't weddi—

MS. REBECCA

Father?! Focus!

FATHER AIDEN

Sorry.

MS. REBECCA

Today's wedding has been double booked with a funeral!

FATHER AIDEN

Oh, I see. My. My. My. That is certainly terrible, indeed. *(A beat)* Wait... WHAT?!

MS. REBECCA

Yes, exactly, Father.

(A long pause)

FATHER AIDEN *(Shakes his head)*

A wedding and a funeral scheduled to proceed at the same, exact time?

MS. REBECCA

Right! So what are we gonna do, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Well, there's only one thing I can think to do about that interesting little scenario.

MS. REBECCA

And what's that, Father?

(FATHER AIDEN nods solemnly and then quickly drops to the ground and starts crawling under his desk.)

MS. REBECCA *(Cont'd)*

FATHER?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

FATHER AIDEN

Oh, uh, nothing, nothing. I, uh... I'm just looking for the contact lens I dropped.

MS. REBECCA

Since when do you wear contact lenses, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Since my glasses broke.

MS. REBECCA

But since when do you even have a problem with your eyesight at all, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Since I needed a fairly legitimate-sounding reason to hide under my desk.

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs*)

Father, we can't just hide in the hopes this problem will just go away all on its own.

FATHER AIDEN (*Scoffs*)

Speak for yourself. You're talking to the priest who dug a fifteen-mile tunnel under the confessional booth with nothing more than a communion spoon.

MS. REBECCA

What could have possibly made you do that, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Clearly, you've never had to hear Mrs. Wintersby go on and on about her nine grandchildren and her thirteen great-grandchildren.

MS. REBECCA (*Scoffs*)

Yeah, right. As if. Who else do you think answers the parish phone every time she calls, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Fair enough, Ms. Rebecca. But it's a weekly confession.

MS. REBECCA

Yeah, well, she calls daily.

FATHER AIDEN

No, she doesn't.

(A long pause. MS. REBECCA nods.)

FATHER AIDEN (*Cont'd*)

Wanna borrow my spoon?

MS. REBECCA

No thanks, Father, I'll just stick with my earbuds.

FATHER AIDEN

Boy, I sure wish I had thought of those first. But, hey, at least while I was tunneling under, I finally managed to pinpoint the parish's sewage-drainage problem.

MS. REBECCA

So, you finally fixed it?

FATHER AIDEN (*Scoffs*)

No. I didn't say it was a communion plunger, did I?

(FATHER AIDEN keeps crawling until the majority of his body is hidden from view underneath his desk.)

MS. REBECCA

FATHER AIDEN!

FATHER AIDEN

Get your own hiding place.

MS. REBECCA

No, Father. Please?

FATHER AIDEN

Okay, fine. *(A beat)* But we're gonna havta squeeze in extra tight.

(MS. REBECCA crosses over and starts trying to pull FATHER AIDEN out from under his desk by his legs.)

FATHER AIDEN *(Cont'd)*

Not that tight!

MS. REBECCA

I'm not comin' in, I'm tryin' to get you out!

FATHER AIDEN

Well, stop it! *(A long pause)* I'm serious, please let go, Ms. Rebecca. *(A shorter pause)* You know I'm ticklish.

MS. REBECCA

I'm not gonna let go until you come back out here so we can figure this out together, Father.

FATHER AIDEN *(Feebly)*

But I don't wanna be a wheelbarrow.

(MS. REBECCA keeps tugging at FATHER AIDEN'S legs.)

MS. REBECCA

This will not just go away on its own, Father.

FATHER AIDEN

Please don't make a wish. *(A beat)* Oh look, my contact.

(Suddenly, KRISTA bursts into the office to see MS. REBECCA tugging at FATHER AIDEN'S legs. KRISTA gasps and then quickly closes the door again without stepping inside. MS. REBECCA instantly lets go of FATHER AIDEN'S legs.)

FATHER AIDEN *(Cont'd)*

I certainly hope that wasn't what you wished for.

(FATHER AIDEN crawls backwards out from under his desk. MS. REBECCA returns to the door to the office and opens it to see that KRISTA is no longer in sight. Then MS. REBECCA closes the door again and turns back to face FATHER AIDEN again. FATHER AIDEN collapses into the chair behind his desk again.)

MS. REBECCA

What are we going to do, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Well... I guess we could always go ahead and do one of those... what are the kids calling 'em nowadays... a mash... up?

(A long pause)

MS. REBECCA

Seriously, Father? A wedding/funeral combo?

FATHER AIDEN *(Nods)*

You got a better idea?

MS. REBECCA

No. But I sure wish you did, Father.

FATHER AIDEN

I do.

MS. REBECCA

Oh, thank God!

(FATHER AIDEN nods. A slight pause)

FATHER AIDEN

It's right under here.

(FATHER AIDEN drops to the ground and starts to crawl under his desk again. MS. REBECCA quickly stands up and lifts the desk as if it were a feather and quickly moves it out of the way so that FATHER AIDEN no longer has any cover. FATHER AIDEN stands up and stares blankly at MS. REBECCA.)

FATHER AIDEN (*Cont'd*)

My goodness, woman! (*A beat*) Suddenly I get why you were so persistent about me building that parish gym.

(*MS. REBECCA nods silently and then returns to her seat across from FATHER AIDEN.*)

FATHER AIDEN (*Cont'd*)

So, then, what now, She-Hulk?

MS. REBECCA (*Sighs, then shrugs*)

I guess it's a wedding and funeral mash-up.

FATHER AIDEN

Sure. Why not? A wed-eral.

MS. REBECCA

A wed-eral?

FATHER AIDEN

Well, would you prefer we called it a fun-ding? Personally, I think that gives off the wrong impression, but then again, if you ask the father of the bride what he thinks, I bet you he'd go for a funding.

MS. REBECCA

You'd bet me? Priests don't gamble, do they, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

What're you, a narc?

MS. REBECCA

I beg your pardon, Father.

FATHER AIDEN

Forget it.

MS. REBECCA

But do you honestly think both sides will go for a wed-eral, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Well, I'm pretty sure you won't hear any complaints out of at least one of them.

MS. REBECCA (*Shakes her head*)

Oh, Father.

FATHER AIDEN

Oh, yourself. (*Pointing up to the Heavens*) I bet I made him laugh.

MS. REBECCA

I think he might be laughing more at you than with you, Father.

FATHER AIDEN (*Scoffs*)

You said the same thing about my behavior at the Christmas party.

MS. REBECCA

Yeah, but you do remember why, right, Father?

FATHER AIDEN (*Sighs then nods*)

Yeah. Because I drank a little too much communal wine and started tossing the Baby Jesus around like a football.

MS. REBECCA

No, that wasn't when.

FATHER AIDEN

It wasn't?

MS. REBECCA (*Shakes her head*)

It was only after you spiked him.

FATHER AIDEN

Oh, yeah. Whoops. I forgot about that.

MS. REBECCA

You might have, Father, but I'm pretty sure they never will.

FATHER AIDEN (*Sighs*)

Well, yeah, but that's just 'cause nuns hold grudges. I think it's actually an official part of their job description.

MS. REBECCA

I wasn't talking about the nuns, Father.

FATHER AIDEN

Who, then?

MS. REBECCA

Our children's choir.

FATHER AIDEN (*Gasps*)

Oh, God.

MS. REBECCA

Yeah. That's exactly what they said.

FATHER AIDEN

I'm gonna be sick.

MS. REBECCA

Yeah. They said that too.

(FATHER AIDEN puts his head in his hands.)

FATHER AIDEN

They did?

MS. REBECCA

Well, I'm not positive; it was hard to make out all the words between the screams.

(FATHER AIDEN shakes his head and then looks back up to the Heavens.)

FATHER AIDEN

Now I know where the Sisters got their grudge-holding abilities.

(Suddenly we HEAR a loud series of knocks on the parish door. FATHER AIDEN collapses to the ground and covers his head.)

FATHER AIDEN *(To God)*

Father, forgive me, for I know not what I do!

(MS. REBECCA sighs, shakes her head, and then crosses and opens the parish office door to reveal KRISTA, again, but now completely out of breath.)

MS. REBECCA

Ah. Ms. Welsh. Glad to see you again. *(A beat)* Oh. I'm sorry, "glad" is a bad choice of words given the circumstances, but—

(Still struggling and barely able to catch her breath, KRISTA points offstage.)

MS. REBECCA *(Cont'd)*

Yes, indeed. Father Aiden and I will be out there in a matter of moments to begin the funeral procession. Again, very sorry for the loss suffered by your client—

(KRISTA shakes her head vehemently and points offstage again, still out of breath.)

MS. REBECCA *(Cont'd)*

Yes, as I said, we'll be beginning the funeral procession very shortly. And please excuse the way you saw me and Father Aiden writhing around on the ground like that before. It was just that—

FATHER AIDEN

I dropped my contact lens. *(A beat)* While we were in the middle of a game of *Twister*. *(A beat. Then, off MS. REBECCA'S look of horror.)* Prayer *Twister*.

(MS. REBECCA shakes her head. Then KRISTA shakes her head even more vehemently and points offstage again, still out of breath. MS. REBECCA turns back to look at FATHER AIDEN.)

MS. REBECCA

Now I get how they felt when they used to try to figure out what *Lassie* was trying to say.

(MS. REBECCA turns back to address KRISTA once again.)

MS. REBECCA *(Cont'd)*

What's that, *Lassie*? *(A beat)* The funeral's stuck in a well?

(KRISTA shakes her head again and finally catches her breath.)

KRISTA

You gotta get out there! Do you not hear them?! I thought I could handle them both, but now I know I can't. What started off as just a simp—Look, the point is, they've gotten completely out of control!

MS. REBECCA

But I don't hear anything.

FATHER AIDEN

Me neither.

(On Cue: we instantly HEAR the SOUND of wedding music BLARING from every direction. MS. REBECCA and FATHER AIDEN cover their ears, while KRISTA merely shakes her head. Then the wedding MUSIC is abruptly shut off.)

FATHER AIDEN *(Cont'd)*

You see? Nothing. *(A beat)* And let me tell you both something... nothing is quite as sweet and blissful as the sound of silen—

(Suddenly the silence is broken by the SOUND of the somber MUSIC you might hear at a funeral.)

KRISTA *(Sighs)*

That sounds more like the sweet, blissful sound of two betta fish stuck together in the same tank.

(The wedding MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then the funeral MUSIC starts up again.)

FATHER AIDEN

You know who liked fish, don't you? *(A beat)* Jesus.

(KRISTA turns to face MS. REBECCA.)

KRISTA

Is he all right?

MS. REBECCA

Do you really expect me to answer that?

KRISTA

Well? What're you both going to do about this?

MS. REBECCA

We have a plan, right, Father?

(FATHER AIDEN silently nods. Then the funeral MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the wedding MUSIC starts up again.)

KRISTA

I certainly hope so...

(The wedding MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then the funeral MUSIC starts up again. KRISTA sighs, stands up, and shakes her head.)

KRISTA *(Cont'd)*

Or else this church better have some seriously hefty fire insurance.

(The funeral MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the wedding MUSIC starts up again. KRISTA sighs again, more audibly, then quickly exits the office and the stage. A beat. Then the funeral MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the wedding MUSIC starts up again. MS. REBECCA turns to face FATHER AIDEN again.)

MS. REBECCA

We do, don't we, Father?

FATHER AIDEN

Of course, we have fire protec—

MS. REBECCA

NO! We have a plan, right?

FATHER AIDEN

Oh. Yes, of course. I thought we already discussed and decided on one.

MS. REBECCA *(Sighs)*
The wed-eral?

FATHER AIDEN
Sure. What could go wrong with that?

(The wedding MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the funeral MUSIC starts up again.)

MS. REBECCA
By the sounds of—

FATHER AIDEN
Wait! Don't tell me! *(A beat)* Rain? No, no, wait... that's too easy. *(A beat)* Food poisoning?

MS. REBECCA
Well, actually, I was gonna say... EVERYTHING!

FATHER AIDEN
Ms. Rebecca?!

MS. REBECCA
Yes, Father?

FATHER AIDEN
Just this once, for a change... *(A long pause)* How 'bout a little spoiler alert.

MS. REBECCA *(Sighs)*
That's it. I'm gonna petition the Sisters to cut the cable cord.

FATHER AIDEN
You wouldn't dare!

MS. REBECCA
Sorry, but I think I've got to, Father.

FATHER AIDEN
But... but... but... the Kardashians?

MS. REBECCA
Sorry, Father. But I've got no choice if you still think the best course of action for today is a wedding/funeral mash-up.

(The funeral MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the wedding MUSIC starts up again.)

FATHER AIDEN

I told you, I'm open to suggestions. You got a better idea?

(The wedding MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the funeral MUSIC starts up again.)

MS. REBECCA

Sadly, no, Father. I don't. And even more sadly is the fact that neither do you.

FATHER AIDEN

Well, there is that one.

(The funeral MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the wedding MUSIC starts up again.)

MS. REBECCA

Oh, no.

FATHER AIDEN

And by "Oh, no," I think you mean—

MS. REBECCA

I mean, oh, no.

FATHER AIDEN

But I also hear just a slight tinge of—

MS. REBECCA

No, you don't, Father. You hear, "Oh, no."

(A beat. FATHER AIDEN nods and then dives to the ground again and hurries over to his newly relocated desk and starts crawling underneath it as MS. REBECCA hurries over and starts to lift it high up in the air again. The wedding MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the funeral MUSIC starts up again.)

MS. REBECCA

Stop it, Father. We established this plan won't work.

FATHER AIDEN

But that was before I heard just how much better the acoustics are under here.

MS. REBECCA *(Sighs)*

No, Father.

(The funeral MUSIC is shut off abruptly and then, after a few moments, the wedding MUSIC starts up again.)

FATHER AIDEN
You see what I mean?

MS. REBECCA
I don't hear anything different.

BIANCA *(Offstage)*
AAAGGGHHH!

(MS. REBECCA drops the desk abruptly and then hurries out of the office and then offstage. A long pause. Then FATHER AIDEN slowly gets to his feet.)

FATHER AIDEN
How 'bout now?

RILEY *(Offstage)*
AAAGGGHHH!

FATHER AIDEN *(Nods)*
You see? It was much better down there.

(FATHER AIDEN nods and eyes the desk again as the lights slowly fade. End of Act One/Scene Two.)

ACT ONE/SCENE THREE

Scene Three: Back in the Nave

(At rise, back in the nave, it's practically pandemonium. BIANCA and RILEY stand between the casket and are shoving it back and forth between themselves. They also take turns battling it out over control of the sound system. When RILEY has control of the casket, she plugs her iPhone into a large speaker and funeral MUSIC PLAYS. Then RILEY shoves the casket towards BIANCA. When BIANCA is in command of the casket, she unplugs RILEY'S iPhone and plugs in her own and wedding MUSIC PLAYS instead of the funeral MUSIC. Then BIANCA slings the casket back over at RILEY. This exchange repeats several times. Meanwhile, HARPER stands near BIANCA and periodically helps her with the casket and the sound system while RILEY acts alone. After a few instances of give-and-take with just the SOUNDS of either the wedding or the funeral MUSIC, RILEY wins control again. However, just before she switches out the MUSIC again and sends the coffin back over to BIANCA...)

RILEY

I TOLD YOU, MY HUSBAND'S BODY HAS EVERY RIGHT TO BE HERE FOR HIS OWN FUNERAL!

(RILEY changes out the iPhones and funeral MUSIC plays instead of the wedding MUSIC. Then RILEY shoves the coffin back over at HARPER and BIANCA. BIANCA catches the coffin.)

BIANCA
AND I TOLD YOU, I DON'T WANT THAT THING IN HERE WHILE I'M TAKING MY VOWS!

(BIANCA immediately changes out the iPhones again, so the funeral MUSIC is cut short and replaced by the wedding MUSIC again. Then BIANCA shoves the coffin back over towards RILEY while HARPER silently cheers her on. Then RILEY catches the coffin.)

RILEY
AND I TOLD YOU, YOU'LL TAKE YOUR VOWS OVER MY DEAD BODY!

(RILEY immediately changes out the iPhones again, so the wedding MUSIC is silenced and then quickly replaced by the funeral MUSIC again. Then RILEY shoves the coffin back over towards BIANCA again.)

BIANCA
AND I TOLD YOU, YOUR DEAD BODY IS THE ONLY THING STANDING IN THE WAY OF ME TAKING MY VOWS!

(A beat. BIANCA catches the coffin. A slight pause. Then BIANCA quickly changes out the iPhones again, so the funeral MUSIC is silenced and then quickly replaced by the wedding MUSIC again. Then BIANCA shoves the coffin back at RILEY.)

HARPER *(To BIANCA)*
This is just a suggestion, but next time... you wanna play a little reception music for a change. This wedding march doesn't have a beat you can dance to. Got any Justin—

(RILEY catches the coffin.)

BIANCA
SHUT UP, HARPER!

(RILEY changes out the iPhones again and the wedding MUSIC ceases and then RILEY plugs her iPhone back in and funeral MUSIC recommences. Then RILEY shoves the coffin back over at BIANCA.)

HARPER *(Scoffs, then shakes her head)*
At the reception, I really hope they take requests.

