

Rosie/Robbie Audition Scene

ROBBIE

(Offstage.)

Hey, Grandma, can I come down yet?

ROSIE

Just a second!

Text

THE WEDDING SINGER

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ROBBIE

We better get moving. I don't want to be late for my own wedding...

ROSIE

O.K., come on down!

(ROBBIE enters in his tux.)

Surprise! It's your wedding present!

ROBBIE

(Hops on the bed.)

Wow! A queen size bed! Thanks, grandma!

ROSIE

Oh, not just any queen size bed! Gotta quarter?

(ROBBIE hands her a quarter. She puts it in a slot next to the headboard and the bed begins to vibrate. Her voice vibrates with the bed.)

I bought it off of the Hackensack Motel Six! Don't worry, it's been disinfected.

(The bed stops vibrating. She sighs.)

Whoa, that takes me back. You and Linda are gonna have some wedding night on this thing! And then, maybe you can finish writing the song for my anniversary party...I came up with some words, maybe you could set them to music? After you get back from your honeymoon, of course.

(She hands him a piece of folded up paper. He takes it.)

ROBBIE

Sure thing. I hope fifty years from now Linda and I will be as happy as you and Grandpa are.

ROSIE

Of course you will be, sweetheart. You're a born romantic, just like your father was. And I know your parents, God rest their souls, will be looking down on you today as you start your new life.

(Pause.)

So...tell me, Robbie...are you nervous?

ROBBIE

A little, but I'll be fine. I'm around weddings all the time.

ROSIE

Not about the wedding. About the wedding night. Will this be your first time with the sexual intercourse?

ROBBIE

Hey, let's not talk about this.

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THE WEDDING SINGER

ROSIE

Now, there's nothing to be ashamed about. You know before I married your grandfather, I had already been with eight men.

ROBBIE

You know, that's not something I really wanna know about.

ROSIE

That was a lot back then. That would be like two hundred men today.

HOLLY

So the girls are taking up a collection for Robbie. We're gonna send him a fruit basket. Something nice, with kiwis.

JULIA

You know, he even wrote Linda a song? And now she'll never hear it.

HOLLY

After Glen pops the question tonight, you're gonna have to start thinking about wedding music.

JULIA

Let's not jump the gun.

ANGIE

(Offstage.)

Julia, honey, are you in there?

JULIA

Is my mom still here?

ANGIE

(Enters, sees JULIA.)

You disappeared on me.

JULIA

Look, mom, thanks for bringing my dress to work on such short notice. But I kind of need some space right now.

ANGIE

(To HOLLY.)

She's having one of her freak-outs.

(To JULIA.)

Look sweetheart, there are only two reasons why a man takes a woman out to a nice place like Il Carousel. It's either to propose to her or to break up with her someplace where she can't make a scene.

JULIA

You think Glen's going to dump me?

HOLLY

Nice work, Aunt Angie.

#5 – "Pop!"

ANGIE

Of course not. But in the off chance that Glen doesn't pop the question, you just have to give him a little nudge. Try a little wink, a little smile, a little fake pregnancy...

JULIA

I don't think that would work with Glen. He's a lot smarter than Dad.

(To HOLLY.)

What if I've wasted four years of my life?

HOLLY

You and Glen are fine! Right Aunt Angie?

ANGIE

Of course! There's not a doubt in my mind!

HOLLY

Trust us, tonight is the night!

SAMMY

Dude?

(He claps twice and the lights pop on.)

Me and George, we've been getting kind of worried. You don't seem to be bouncing back from this so good.

GEORGE

So we came over to cheer you up. Although it seems like what you need is not so much "cheering up" as "anti-psychotic medication".

ROBBIE

Linda was right to dump me. I haven't done anything since high school.

GEORGE

Forget her! We have a gig tonight. The McDonnough Wedding?

SAMMY

(Sees something in ROBBIE's hand.)

What is that thing?

ROBBIE

Let go. Mine

(SAMMY tries to pull the plastic bride out of ROBBIE's hand. ROBBIE won't let go.)

GEORGE

(Trying to calm them down.)

Guys...Sammy...

(SAMMY pulls ROBBIE out of the bed and onto the floor, finally prying the bride away from ROBBIE's vice-like grip. He examines the little statuette.)

SAMMY

It's the plastic bride from the top of the wedding cake.

ROBBIE

It looks just like Linda. Only much, much smaller.

GEORGE

O.K., this is even worse than I thought: Robbie is suffering from post-traumatic perception syndrome.

SAMMY

What?

GEORGE

It's what happened to Luke on "General Hospital" after he saw his sister thrown off Stefano's yacht and eaten by seals. Robbie might not be able to perform for several years.

SAMMY

What do you mean? This is a critical summer for the band! What are we gonna do without our lead singer? I am not going back to work at the Orange Julius.

(To ROBBIE.)

Look, Robbie...

ROBBIE

Whatever you have to say, I don't want to hear it.

SAMMY

I found this note taped onto your basement door. I took the liberty of reading it, and I think it really puts things in perspective.

GLEN

Word up, mofos!

(ROBBIE and JULIA pull apart quickly.)

THE WEDDING SINGER

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JULIA

Glen! How did you know...

GLEN

I was next door picking you up a little present.

JULIA

You shouldn't see my dress before the wedding! It's bad luck!

GLEN

Why don't you let me worry about our luck, baby?

JULIA

(Awkward beat.)

Um Glen, this is Robbie—

GLEN

Oh, yeah. I've heard all about the Robster. Thanks for helping Julia out. I owe you one.

ROBBIE

(Still dazed.)

Hey Glen. I kissed her but it didn't mean anything.

GLEN

Kissed who?

(A pregnant beat, then...)

HOLLY

Me.

GLEN

Who hasn't?

ROBBIE

I gotta go.

(Incredibly uncomfortable, ROBBIE turns and gives HOLLY a formal handshake. He and JULIA share an awkward hug. ROBBIE lamely gives GLEN five and hurries off.)

GLEN

(To JULIA.)

So anyway, I got you this new gadget. It's called a CD Player. It cost like nine hundred bucks. But your fiancé moved more paper last month than anyone on the desk, so I got a sweet little bonus.

JULIA

Wow, that's great, Glen, congrats...you're like an expert in junk bonds.

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THE WEDDING SINGER

GLEN

(Slightly patronizing.)

They're not "junk bonds", Jules. They're "high-yield debt instruments".

JULIA

(Pause.)

Oh, sorry. Well, um, thanks for the present.

(GLEN's phone rings.)

GLEN

Hold on, I gotta take this...

(GLEN answers the phone.)

Guglia.

(He crosses upstage. HOLLY and JULIA cross down.)