

**THE RECEPTION**

by Erin Lavik  
43 Burroughs Street  
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130  
617-258-0397  
erin@mit.edu

## THE RECEPTION

### Cast of Characters

Ruth, 45, twice widowed  
Sally, 30, wife of Ron who is a good friend of the groom  
Keats, 28, bridesmaid  
Bea, 30, single  
Dick, 40, a self proclaimed ladies' man  
Jack, the waiter  
The wedding DJ (a disembodied voice)

*the setting: a round table at the reception of RUPERT and DELILAH'S wedding. Everything is very tasteful and expensive. The table has a tablecloth down to the ground to facilitate the hiding of things.*

*RUTH, all in black, sits at the table with a martini.*

RUTH

*(to unseen guests)*

Hello, Janet. You're looking good. Hello, Margaret. Yes, well you know I can't say no to Rupert. It is his wedding, after all. Hello, Harold. No, Rupert didn't blackmail me; I'm here of my own free will. *(Drippingly)* You know I so love weddings. George, Rebecca. Yes. I'm here. Wonderful ceremony, wasn't it? Ha ha. Well, toddle to your tables. I'm sure I'll see you later. *(Grumpy)* Waiter. Waiter!

*JACK comes over.*

JACK

You called?

RUTH

Could I get another?

JACK

Coming right up.

RUTH

Thank God. It's going to be a long night. Actually, if you could keep them coming, and ask no questions, I promise you'll be very well rewarded. Very well rewarded. Agreed?

JACK

Yes ma'am.

*JACK exits.*

KEATS

Is this table 13?

RUTH

Indeed it is. Welcome to the dredges. I'm Ruth.

KEATS

Keats.

RUTH

Like the poet?

KEATS

Yep. My parents had a thing for the Romantics. My brother's Coleridge.

RUTH

Of course he is.

KEATS

He tried to play it as Mr. Cool in school, but they still kicked the crud out of him. You know that whole business about what's in a name? If anyone ever asked me what's in a name, I'd tell them complete and utter humiliation. Especially if you're named Coleridge. Keats is at least passable.

RUTH

I'll keep that in mind. Shouldn't you be with the other bridesmaids?

KEATS

And asphyxiate on the fumes from their hairdos? No thanks.

RUTH

They kicked you out?

KEATS

All I did was mention a case I was working on where this guy was hanging people by their intestines and everyone got all touchy. It's really impressive, actually. It's not easy to disembowel someone.

RUTH

I expect not. So, you're a cop?

KEATS

Just a tech. In the medical examiner's office.

RUTH

That explains the strange pungency. For a moment I worried the gin might be bad.

KEATS

Nope, it's me. Well, the formaldehyde, really. It just never seems to fade. The other bridesmaids weren't too keen on that either.

RUTH

How petty of them. So, you're not a cop?

KEATS

Nope.

RUTH

Thank God.

BEA

Hello. Is this table 13?

KEATS

Yes.

BEA

What's that smell?

RUTH

The gin.

BEA

Oh. So this is the single person's table?

KEATS

One of them. The cool one's over there. See? You can tell it's cool 'cause they're all on their cell phones. I bet they're just blabbing to each other. Have you ever looked at the brain of someone with long term exposure to radiation? I hear it can get pretty wild. I can't wait 'till I get my hands on one of those cell phone freaks after another 20 years. It's gonna be a field day.

BEA

Oh. *(Pause)* Are there going to be any men at this table?

RUTH

Judging by the dearth of men at the ceremony, it's none too likely.

BEA

You can't be serious. It's a wedding. Everyone meets someone at a wedding. I'm wearing a new dress. There are supposed to be men. I'm here. Where are the men?

RUTH

Down, sister. Down.

KEATS

You have got to rethink your priorities. Men are a complete waste. All they ever do is want to change you. Make you stop working 'till 2 am, make you start wearing perfume and makeup and stop talking about your work. And just when you think they can't ask for more, they ask you to stop working in the morgue.

RUTH

The insensitivity.

BEA

Change? Change is good. We all need to change. Heck, I'm ready. All my friends are married and they function as twos. Two. I'm a one. I'm the odd member... the looming, terrible odd number. The one left out.... All I want is to have someone so I can have a life. When the world changes, so should we, and the world went off and got married. So I here, ready to change. Ready to follow the tide.... and I think I'm marooned at table 13.

*JACK enters.*

JACK

I must apologize for the wait. I brought you three to try and make up for it.

RUTH

You're a dear.

BEA

Hi. Are you single?

JACK

Yes.

BEA

Will you marry me and catch the tide?

JACK

I believe someone is calling me to the kitchen.

*JACK hustles off.*

RUTH

Here, honey, you need this more than I.

*RUTH hands one of her martinis to BEA.*

BEA

So, you're a bridesmaid. Why aren't you over with them?

KEATS

I was explaining the finer points of decomposition and...

BEA

It's no loss. They're horrible. One of them said I looked like a bloated tomato in this dress. Can you believe that? It's supposed to be form fitting. That's the style.

KEATS

That's what you get when you buy into some fashion magazine's idea of perfection.

BEA

I look like a bloated vegetable?

KEATS

Exactly.

BEA

I am never getting married.

RUTH

Oh, for God's sake, pull it together. Marriage is hardly a solution to life's bumpier roads. Both my dear husbands are with their maker now, and they were wonderful in their time, but honey, I promise you can feel more alone with a man than without.

*SALLY comes up to them.*

SALLY

Hello. May I join you?

RUTH

I'd say yes, but this is apparently the defective single person's table and you've got a wedding ring there.

BEA

Everyone is married but me.

KEATS

Don't mind her. You know, speaking of perfection I had the case once where this chick tried to do at home liposuction with a Hoover and a bottle of Scotch...

SALLY

*(turning to go)*

Never mind.

RUTH

Wait, wait, wait. Join us. Please. Martini?

SALLY

That sounds awfully good.

*SALLY downs the martini.*

Ah. Just about hit the spot. Another might be right on target.

RUTH

Waiter!

JACK

Right away.

*JACK brings three more martinis. SALLY downs another.*

RUTH

What is your name?

JACK

Jack.

RUTH

Thank you, Jack. You're a peach.

JACK

Thank you. Would you like me to see if I can do something about that smell? Perhaps there's some fungus in the centerpiece. I'll just exchange it with another....

*JACK picks up the centerpiece.*

KEATS

You should try a whiff of a guy who's been in a dumpster for a month. Everything liquefies. Poke him the wrong way and organs just squirt right out. And it smells, whoa boy.... Nothing's as bad as old, sticky, liquid-oozing organs.

RUTH

I think I'll be needing another drink. Several.

KEATS

You should see the liver of someone with sclerosis. It's all green and brown and splotchy....

RUTH

Unless I'm mistaken, I'm not likely to have to see my liver in my lifetime, so bottom's up.

JACK

I'll get those drinks. And a new centerpiece. This is very troubling. They don't usually do this.

KEATS

Troubling, indeed. Want to know what's troubling? One time we didn't get a body. Just an arm. Severed with a kitchen knife at the shoulder.

SALLY

Really? And then what happened?

RUTH

Ok, look. This is empty, already?

JACK

I'll be right back.

BEA

Well this is just perfect. I'm trapped at an all women's table, and on top of it all, one of them's got this morbid fascination with death.

RUTH

As opposed to the non-morbid fascination with death?

SALLY

It's far more fun than my table.

RUTH

We do aim to please. And which table are you at?

SALLY

Four. My husband's one of Rupert's friends. They're all over there. See them? See how happy they are? They don't even know I'm gone, and I don't even know what they're talking about but there's a limit to the number of times I can hear the lesbian chicken story. And then there's one about a goatmobile. I'm just not asking about that one.

JACK

*(returning)*

Your drink.

RUTH

*(taking the drink from JACK)*

Thank you, darling. I'm sorry we're such trouble.

JACK

It's no trouble at all. I'm afraid I wasn't able to obtain another centerpiece. I guess it's smell still lingers.

BEA

I thought it was the gin.

JACK

But it's a new bottle.

RUTH

It's not important. *(Whispering)* It's not really the gin.

BEA

It's horrible.

SALLY

Breathe through your mouth. What happened to the arm? Did you find the body?

KEATS

Not yet. I ran the path on it. The owner's not necessarily kaput. The cut was really clean and cauterized. Probably a 6 inch knife heated in a camp fire judging from the traces of soot. From the angle it looked to be self-induced. Generally, that's not a good sign of mental stability.

BEA

I think I'm going to be sick.

KEATS

He could be anywhere. A one-armed crazy man.

RUTH

There's someone for you to marry.

BEA

Oh, stop it. Could I have one of those?

*BEA belts the drink.*

Now I feel worse. How can you drink that?

RUTH

With style, darling. Always with style.

JACK

Would you like something else?

BEA

A Shirley Temple?

JACK

Of course.

*JACK exits.*

SALLY

You must have seen all sorts of exciting things in the morgue.

KEATS

You don't even know the half of it. There was this time when we kept finding livers....

RUTH

I think the bridesmaids are calling you over for photos.

KEATS

I guess I should go. Never be a bridesmaid. It's just plain gross.

*KEATS rises to go just as JACK enters. SHE knocks him down.  
BEA catches his tray.*

BEA

Thank you.

KEATS

Are you all right? I'm so sorry. I'm always doing that.

JACK

Really? (*Sniff, sniff, sniff*) Is that....

KEATS

Yes.

JACK

I was afraid the hors d'oeuvres had rotted.

KEATS

Thanks. Sorry I pancaked you.

JACK

I didn't... I'm sorry. You missed the photo.

KEATS

It's no loss.

JACK

It most certainly is. I am sorry. *(Pause)* Can I get you anything?

KEATS

I'm fine.

JACK

Of course.

*JACK exits.*

BEA

He was flirting with you! You talk about some severed hand, knock him down, and he was flirting! I can't believe it.

KEATS

He was not. Really?

BEA

I'm sure it didn't mean anything.

*KEATS opens her mouth to say something, but thinks the better of it.*

*(to SALLY)* Can I see your ring?

SALLY

Here.

*SALLY hands it to her.*

BEA

Oh, wow. Wow. Wow. Wow. It's really wonderful.

SALLY

Try it on.

BEA

Really?

SALLY

Sure. Are you drinking that one?

RUTH

Be my guest.

BEA

Wow. It's so shiny and.... hmmm. It's a little tight. It's um.

KEATS

Stuck.

BEA

It is not. I just need some ice water or something. It's not stuck. Absolutely not. It's coming off. Off, damn you, off!

*DICK comes strolling up.*

DICK

Well, hello ladies. Looks like we're all together here at the swinging single's table, eh? (*Seeing BEA with the ring*) This is the single's table, isn't ladies? God, I love weddings, don't you?

RUTH

Jack, hon, we're going to need the whole bottle over here.

DICK

I see you're the kidder at this table. I always love a sense of humor in a woman.

KEATS

You make the vapid bridesmaids look attractive.

DICK

And they are an attractive bunch, but those groomsmen put up a hell of a fight. That one over there took a few good swings at me.

SALLY

That's my husband.

DICK

A little thing like you? Married? I get that all the time, but I'm not biting. Where's the ring?

BEA

Here! Right here. It's hers. I can't get it off. But it's hers.

DICK

Look, darling, I know I'm a great guy, but I never flirt with married women, no matter how much they'd like it. It's just too hard on the health.

RUTH

Then pretend we're all married and heave ho.

DICK

And part with such a beautiful creature as this one? Never. My dear, may I have this dance?

SALLY

There's no dancing.

BEA

I'll dance.

DICK

There's dancing anywhere there are beautiful people in love.

SALLY

Right. But, sadly, there's no music, and I can't dance without music.

DICK

We'll make our own music. What do you say?

*DICK puts the moves on SALLY. SHE tries to fend him off.*

RUTH

Get out of here, now.

DICK

I was talking to the lady, toots. Take a hike. I think the old hag table is over that way.

WEDDING DJ

And let's welcome the lovely couple, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Forsythe the Fourth into the reception hall.

*CLAPPING is heard.*

RUTH

Old hag? I'll make you an old hag.

*RUTH hits him with her purse.*

DICK

Ow! You cow!

*DICK grabs his chest, seizes up, has a heart attack, and keels over, dead.*

BEA

Oh, my God! He's dead.

RUTH

Hide him.

*RUTH shoves the body under the table.*

KEATS

Wow. I've never seen the actual act of death before.

BEA

You killed him! You killed my husband to be!

KEATS

Please. He didn't even deserve to be called human much less husband.

BEA

But it's murder, all the same.

RUTH

Well, I think I'll go powder my nose.

BEA

*(grabbing RUTH)*

We can't just flee the scene of the crime.

RUTH

Crime? I saw no crime. Good bye.

SALLY

I don't think it was your purse that killed him.

RUTH

A woman with a record can't take chances.

KEATS

You've got a record?

RUTH

Both my husbands died a little earlier than expected. But I was cleared of all charges.

KEATS

How'd they die?

BEA

You killed two husbands? You killed two, and I can't get one? This is so unfair. I hope they throw the book at you.

RUTH

I didn't kill them. They just both happened to like rock climbing and both, well, fell. It was tragic, and I was exonerated. But this is, well... let's just say I'd rather not have another run in with the D.A. D.A.'s are very suspicious people. So, I'll be going....

BEA

No way. I'm not letting a killer go free.

RUTH

If I'm the killer, you all are my accomplices. Do you want to go to jail?

BEA

I can't. I simply can't. I'd never get married.

RUTH

Then let me go. Good bye, it was so nice meeting you all.

SALLY

Sit. If you run, they'll never buy that it was an accident. Now, no one's seen anything, right?

KEATS

No.

SALLY

*(grabbing KEATS and pulling her back to her chair)*

All right, then. We need a plan. I've got it! In this Dick Francis mystery I read... I've read them all, actually, but in this one..... this really would be easier if the dead body was a horse, but I think we can improvise. Oh, this is so exciting. First, someone has to check the body and see if he has any incriminating marks.

KEATS

Oooo, ooo, oooo! I've never been involved so soon after like this. It's all a little new to me.

BEA

It's new to all of us.

KEATS

Someone got a flashlight? It's dark down here.

RUTH

Here. Go ahead.

KEATS

Thanks.

*SHE dives under the table.*

Wow, he's still warm. This is so wild.... Oh, my God!

SALLY

What?

KEATS

He's matched herringbone to tweed. How tasteless.

*JACK comes up.*

JACK

Ladies, forgive me. Your meal.

KEATS (FROM BELOW)

I don't see anything.

SALLY

Keep looking. I need that earring.

KEATS (BELOW)

You're earring? What? Why your earring? I mean, considering we've got a....

*THEY kick her vigorously.*

Ow! Ow! Hey! Well that's the last time I crawl under a table to check out...

*KEATS reappears and sees JACK*

An earring. Hi.

JACK

Hello.

KEATS

*KEATS tosses one of her earrings under the table.*

I'm just looking for an earring.

JACK

It's a good thing to look for.

KEATS

It is, and as a free, independent woman I can look for an earring any time I'd like.

JACK

Of course you can.

KEATS

That's right. Of course I can.

SALLY

I really hate to interrupt, but we really do need to find that earring.

RUTH

And. Jack, I think we all need several drinks. Is that possible? Please, say it is.

JACK

No worries. Coming right up.

*JACK exits.*

SALLY

Anything incriminating down there?

KEATS

You know, I'm just an assistant. I'm not really qualified to make a full blown analysis of a crime scene.

SALLY

Well, here you are the expert, so what do you see?

KEATS

I can just do a visual inspection, but it looks clean. I'd really like to extract his heart, but I'd say he had an old fashioned heart attack. The question is did we cause it? But, I don't see any contusions from the purse.

SALLY

Excellent. Then all we have to do is remove the body to the lobby at a point when we won't draw much attention, call the ambulance, and explain the heart attack.

RUTH

I don't want any part of the explanation.

SALLY

I think it's better for all concerned if the woman with a record is not involved.

RUTH

I was exonerated on all charges. Technically, I don't have a record.

WEDDING DJ

All right, ladies. It's time to mix things up with the bouquet toss. Let's have all the single ladies on the dance floor.

RUTH

Now, if I was going to kill someone...

BEA

Come on.

RUTH

There is a dead body under our table and your still this obsessed about getting married?

BEA

You killed my best chance. Now, I've got to work twice as hard. I'm going.

*BEA exits, returns.*

I haven't forgotten about the ring. I'm sure it'll come off any time now.

*BEA exits.*

SALLY

A diversion! Here's our chance.

RUTH

Let's just escape while we can.

SALLY

Every time they escape in the books they get caught.

RUTH

They get caught no matter what in those books. No more books. Let's run for it.

SALLY

No. You run and I'll scream.

RUTH

Are you insane?

SALLY

I'm not an accomplice if there's no crime. No body, no crime. No crime, no jail time.

WEDDING DJ

Come on ladies. I see you over there at table 13. You're single. Make your way over and vie for the bouquet. Come on ladies, we all know you're looking for Mr. Right.

KEATS

Hey, you loud mouthed bozo, go peddle your moronic misogynistic talk somewhere else. Mr. Right is dead.

WEDDING DJ

Someone's a little bit lonely, aren't they?

KEATS

Someone's removing your spleen with a shrimp fork and wrapping it around your head if you don't move it along and leave us alone.

WEDDING DJ

And now back to the toss...

SALLY

Grab the body and we're going.

KEATS

All right, Mr. Wrong, you're going for a ride.

SALLY

Just lift him up and....

WEDDING DJ

And that's a good, high toss and it's going, it's going....

*THE BOUQUET slams down on table 13.*

Right to table 13.

BEA

It's mine!

*BEA charges forward and pounces on the bouquet.*

RUTH

Retreat! Retreat!

*SALLY and KEATS shove the body under the table. BEA climbs up on the table.*

BEA

I got it. I got it! It's all mine. All mine! I'm getting married!

WEDDING DJ

I'm sorry, but the bouquet's for a single woman. You've got a wedding ring. You'll have to give it back.

BEA

But I am single, and no one is getting this bouquet.

WEDDING DJ

Let's not make this harder than it already is. Give it back, nice and easy.

BEA

Over my dead body.

RUTH

If you don't cough it up and get your pathetic petunia off this table I will insure you that your dead body will be made available. I've already got one under my belt and I'm just getting started.

BEA

You can kill me but you'll never take my dream.

WEDDING DJ

Somebody grab the crazy married woman and retrieve the bouquet!

*THERE is the sound of CRAZY women rushing forward yelling  
"GET HER"*

BEA

I will not be taken alive! It's my bouquet.

*BEA races from the stage at high speed. YELLING "She's going  
to the gazebo!" follows her.*

*THE OTHER WOMEN take their seats.*

RUTH

I never thought it would end like this. Arrested for murder at a horrible wedding. I even keep thinking I see cops everywhere. I never should have come.

KEATS

Why did you?

RUTH

In truth, blackmail. My nephew, Rupert the groom, claims to have gotten hold of some from my husband's ropes that appear to show signs of tampering. When he finds out about the body at his wedding, he'll never give them back.

SALLY

No one's come for us yet. We may have pulled it off.

KEATS

Except the body's still under the table.

SALLY

Details.

JACK

*(coming over with a bottle of gin)*

Ladies, a bottle of gin and some advice.

*KEATS smiles at him, then pulls herself together.*

RUTH

We're goners.

JACK

Why? Dick's never looked better, but you'd better be more subtle with your next attempt to dispose of him.

*BEA comes running by followed by screaming.*

BEA

Get away from me, you animals! I earned this bouquet! Get away!

JACK

Right. What you need is an easy way to just slide the body out of the room and out of sight.

SALLY

So, how do we whisk it away?

JACK

With the wedding cake. The photographer's on a very tight schedule, so it's almost time for the cutting. It gets wheeled out, the piece is cut, and back goes the cake to the kitchen, right by here.

SALLY

This is perfect. It's just like Agatha Christie.

RUTH

Where they always find the killer. Bottom's up. I'm doomed.

JACK

Once the body's in the kitchen, an ambulance can subtly come around to the loading dock out back.

SALLY

It's genius.

RUTH

It's risky. Everyone will be looking at the cake.

SALLY

We need a diversion.

JACK

I'll leave that to you all. I'll go make sure everything's ready with the cake then check back.

*JACK exits.*

KEATS

*(snapping out of her daze with JACK gone)*

I've got an idea.

RUTH

What?

KEATS

Well, this morning I got my hair done with the bridal party. You know, I still think hairspray smells much worse than formaldehyde and is much more toxic, especially in the quantities we were using.

RUTH

Am I supposed to be caring, because I'm not.

KEATS

Patience, grasshopper. While suffering through the bridesmaid ordeal, I heard Delilah say if Rupert smeared cake all over her Bobby Brown encrusted face, that she'd try to disembowel him. That might be a good diversion.

SALLY

It'll get attention.

RUTH

You can count on that. But Rupert's not stupid, he's not going to take out his bride on their wedding day.

SALLY

She's right. Unless his best man.... I'll be right back.

*SALLY exits. BEA enters in a shambles.*

BEA

Can you believe those women? Those cows. Those dogs. Look what they've done to me. Torn my dress, pulled my hair... I'm bruised and battered and (*yelling towards the side*) I want blood. You hear me you overdressed, desperate cows? Watch your backs 'cause I'm not through with you yet! (*Talking again with the table.*) All for a stupid bouquet. Really. A bunch of flowers signifying nothing. (*Yelling offstage*) You hear that? It signifies. Nothing. Nothing, I tell you. (*Addressing the table*) This is the worst wedding I've ever been to.

RUTH

You can say that again.

KEATS

I don't know.

BEA

Have you been snorting that God-awful foul smelling gin? We've got a dead body, I'm still single, and my dress is ruined. How can this possibly be a good wedding?

RUTH

I can't take much more of this. Somebody kill me. Never mind. I'll probably get blamed for that, too.

JACK

*(returning)*

The cake's all ready, but we have an added bit of excitement.

*SALLY returns.*

There's a policeman's ball next door. This place is teeming with cops.

RUTH

I'm completely doomed.

SALLY

Is it clear in the kitchen?

JACK

Looks it.

SALLY

Then we just have to stick to the plan. There will definitely be a diversion.

JACK

All right. Just slide the body in on the way back to the kitchen.

RUTH

*(finishing off her drink)*

Here's to a crazy plan to save our hides.

BEA

I can't participate. I've never killed anyone. I've got a clean record. As long as you don't count bugs. They don't count, do they? Or poodles, but that was an accident.

SALLY

Then just stand to the side, out of the way. We can't afford to mess this one up.

BEA

Fine.

*BEA sits down.*

SALLY

Good. All right, ladies. Take your places. Ruth, Keats, you're on the haul and slide duty.

KEATS

Roger, that. Haul and slide.

SALLY

Here it comes.... get ready.... on my call....

*JACK returns with the cake. It's a 3 tiered one on a cart covered with a long table cloth. (Frosted styrofoam would make a fine cake. It must be mobile.)*

WEDDING DJ

And its time for the cake cutting. Let's have the wedding party up at the front...

BEA

That cow can't have gotten the bouquet!

*BEA stands up in horror and her chair trips JACK.*

JACK

AH!

WEDDING DJ

Oh, my God! Not the cake!

*THE CART shoots forward, RUTH stops it. THE CAKE moves.*

SALLY

I've got it.

*SALLY lunges, grabbing the cake, she loses balance, spinning with it.*

BEA

I mean, can you just believe it? As if she would ever get married. She has no manners, no style, and can you believe those shoes?

RUTH

*(to KEATS)*

Now! Here's our chance.

*KEATS and RUTH hoist DICK up and drop him on the cart rather than under it.*

All right, go.

KEATS

Cop!

RUTH

Turn, turn.

KEATS

The body's sliding.

RUTH

Watch out for the cake! Go left.

KEATS

Left!

RUTH

No, right!

*RUTH and KEATS fly all about the stage in and out of SALLY and JACK with the body. THEY continue yelling as above until they end up stage right. Just as they're about to exit.*

RUTH

Cop! Cop, cop, cop, cop, cop, cop, cop.....

*SHE and KEATS charge from SR to SL and exit.*

BEA

Oh, my God!

*BEA goes after THEM.*

*JACK leaps up and grabs the cake from SALLY. HE stumbles with it to the table.*

JACK

Where's the cart?

*RUTH, BEA, and KEATS return.*

SALLY

Where's the body?

KEATS

We lost it. I've never lost one before.

RUTH

We were running from the cop and we hit the ice sculpture and he flew off.

SALLY

Where'd he go?

BEA

I went to stop him, but took off too quickly. I'm always losing men. It's just so pathetic.

WEDDING DJ

Well, well, well. It's looks like we've had quite a bit of excitement folks, but all's well. Yes, sir. So, let's just wheel that pretty little cake over here and get on with the cutting.

JACK

I'd better go.

SALLY

Don't worry. We'll find the body.

KEATS

You know, I hope Jen finds it. She's the one who kicked me out. She said no one wants to be around someone who works in a morgue. Someone has to work there.

SALLY

No one is finding the body but us.

RUTH

You've got to admit it would be a great way to ruin a wedding. Hey, here's a body! Dead! Ha ha.

BEA

It has to be under one of the tables.

SALLY

You go left, Keats, Ruth, over there, I'll take over here.

KEATS

First one to find the body gets the prize.

RUTH

An all expense paid trip up the river.

BEA

I've always wanted to take a cruise.

SALLY

Spread out.

*EVERYONE exits.*

WEDDING DJ

And ladies and gentlemen, the lovely couple have cut their first piece of cake. And she feeds him and he... oh, my god, he's shoved it in her face.

And she's beating him with her bouquet! And there goes the cake and now the bridesmaids are joining in. Everyone's piling on.... they're pushing and shoving.... it's like an English football match over there. Lace and silk and frosting are flying everywhere. Oh, the horror. The carnage. Oh, the humanity. I've never seen anything like it.... oh, great God above...

*BEA returns, smiling with the bouquet, triumphant. RUTH and KEATS return with DICK. SALLY and JACK enter.*

WEDDING DJ CONT.

But wait! What a brilliant idea! Dancing. Just look at those lovely men and women on the dance floor. Dance! Everyone dance!

*RUTH and KEATS look shocked. RUTH starts dragging DICK around the dance floor.*

RUTH

*(to SALLY)*

Do something. He's really heavy.

JACK

I'll go get a cart. Keep dancing.

*JACK exits.*

SALLY

Right. May I cut in?

*SALLY dances with DICK. Then KEATS. JACK returns.*

JACK

We've got a problem. The cops are in every exit. I think they know something's up.

SALLY

What do we do?

BEA

I've got an idea. Here, guard the bouquet with your life.

*BEA cuts in and dances with DICK, then speaks very loudly so all can hear.*

You are SUCH a wonderful dancer. Ha ha. You like my dress? You should have seen it before this evening's festivities. Yes, I did take

lessons. You should see me tango. What's that? You're heart? Are you all right? Richard? Richard, darling?

*SHE drops him.*

Oh my God! He's had a heart attack! Someone call the paramedics! Help! Help!

WEDDING DJ

Great Scott! Get the paramedics! The police! Ambulance. Someone! Help! What a tragedy this has become! Cake everywhere and a dead man. I just can't take it. It's too much!

JACK

Here, help me get him to the lobby! The ambulance's been called!

*THEY carry DICK off.*

WEDDING DJ

In light of these recent events, the reception will be moved to the terrace where there will be less smashed wedding cake and fewer dead bodies. Thank you for attending Rupert and Delilah's wedding.

*THE LIGHTS dim.*

*THE GROUP returns.*

SALLY

Where'd everyone go?

JACK

The terrace.

RUTH

So we're off the hook?

SALLY

Looks like it. Well, done.

BEA

I figured all I really wanted was the bouquet and a dance with a man, and I got both, so it worked out well. Here's your ring. It came off in the lobby.

SALLY

Thanks.

KEATS

So, what now?

RUTH

Which countries don't have extradition treaties with the US? Better safe than sorry, you know.

BEA

I saw a cute officer at the policeman's ball. I'm going to crash.

SALLY

Have fun. I'm going to find Ron. It looked like he got some cake, and a wedding is never complete without some. Good bye.

RUTH

Bye.

*SALLY, RUTH and BEA exit.*

JACK

You were brilliant. I've never seen anyone haul a body around like that before.

KEATS

Really? You should have seen the time I pulled one from the South Bend River.... water logged bodies are really heavy and bloated and this one had been filled with....

*JACK kisses her.*

He was all grey and his eyes were bugging out and...

*KEATS kisses JACK.*

JACK

Would you care to dance?

KEATS

You know, I love my job and I don't care that I stink and I live for gross things. It's my life.

JACK

If you want to hear about gross things, I'll tell you what was in that chowder.

*JACK and KEATS dance as the lights go down.*

*The End*