

Scene from: 1st Act - DJ is announcing the Bouquet and the garter toss:

DJ: Yes, don't cha just love her? But I digress. You know what time it is ladies? I should say, all you single ladies. That's right! It's the old "flower flinging" time! So, if all the eligible ladies would please migrate to the dance floor area, we will see which one of you, the flower of fate will choose!

Bunny will come up - of course if any audience members come up - it should be encouraged. If they don't - any extras should fill in. Cast involved should ad lib a bit to make this go smoothly -playing off whatever happens -At this point also -Harold, Mildred and Sheila should fade out of room. Then when ready

DJ: All right, are all you ladies ready? Are all you ladies really single?. Wow. O.K. Brenda ready?

BRENDA: *(with a little aggravation)* Yes!!

DJ: OK. No kicking, no biting, we want a nice clean fight. Ready? On the count of three. One... Two... Three!!!

Brenda tosses bouquet -fate will land it where it may -though hopefully Bunny will catch it.

DJ: *(to recipient)* And there's goes the luck lady with her "blossoms of bliss". Her "bouquet of belief". Good luck to you. Maybe someday soon, you'll be at your own reception. And just as a foot note, I am available for receptions, birthdays and barmitzvas. Keeping things moving, now it's the guy's turn. All you single guys, please make your way up here.

DJ: Do we have all the single guys up here? O.K. I can see why you're single. Just kidding of course. Fan-tastic. All right Edward, if you will do the honors.

DJ will play the "Stripper" as he removes garter (as per every reception we've ever been too). Brenda should of course, look none too happy. Perhaps a little ad-libbing here.

DJ: All right Eddie, are you ready? Are all you guys ready? On the count of three. Ready? One.... Two.... Two and a half... Three!! *(Garter is tossed)* All right! Thank you very much gentlemen!

Hopefully men will return to seats -except Throckmorton. Will remain standing -as if a statue.

DJ: There's goes the lucky guy with the gam-garter. You know sir, you now have a heavy obligation to fill now! That's right. You have to clear a spot on your rear view mirror! Maybe they'll fit over the fuzzy dice. *(Notices Throckmorton at this time)* Uh-oh. Looks like we a disappointed participant up here. We're sorry sir, but there's not enough garters to go 'round.

Throckmorton collapses to ground. -Stiffly, as if death was instant and gravity just now kicked in.

DJ: And he's down for the count!!

EDDIE: Hey partner, are you all right?

BRENDA: Oh great! A passed out drunk!

EDDIE: Hey buddy? Buddy? How you doin'?

BENNY: Doesn't look like he's doin' too well there Eddie.

BRENDA: He's just blotto! I swear, every wedding!

BENNY: Looks like he's got a nasty hole in his suit there.

EDDIE: *(opening coat)* Looks like he's got a nasty hole through his chest.

BENNY: Aw dude! Is that blood?

EDDIE: I'm 'fraid this feller's been shot.

BENNY: Shot?

BUNNY: Shot!

DJ: Shot?

MARY: Shot?

BRENDA: Oh just typical!

PARKER: Let's not jump to conclusions now. *(Going to body-checks pulse)* It could be anything. A mild lesion. A broken catsup packet... anything.

EDDIE: I think this fella needs a doctor.

DJ: Right. Do we have a Doctor in the house?

BRENDA: Where's my daddy? DADDY?!

PARKER: I think it's a little late for a doctor.

MARY: So what exactly is going on here? Someone has been shot? Who is he? Is he anyone? Does anyone know?

PARKER: OK people, back up. Give us some room here. Where's Mr. Montague?

HAROLD: *(coming in through doors)* Princess? What is it? What's wrong?

BRENDA: There's a dead guy on my dance floor! People are killing each other over my stupid garter!

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