

## DIVERTING DEVOTION

SULLY: Pete's my best friend Janice! You know that!

JANICE: I'm just saying, we already have four people on each side!

SULLY: Janice! I'm not going to scratch Pete, especially if I have to be standing up on the altar with your two brothers and your sister's dirt bag husband!

JANICE: Tony's not a dirt bag.

SULLY: I'm sorry, you're right, Tony's not a dirt bag, only certifiable good guys leave their wives on I-95 in the middle of a blizzard!

JANICE: Melanie dug herself that hole!

SULLY: Melanie was on crutches for ten days. Tony's a real prince. I can't believe your brothers didn't knock his teeth out.

JANICE: My brothers lift their asses off the couch? Right. Their heads would explode from the change in altitude.

SULLY: Which brings me back to my original point. If I gotta stand on the altar next to Dr. Frostbite and the "Ring Ding twins," I want somebody along with my brother, and Peter's my best friend.

JANICE: Then who am I going to get to be on my side?

SULLY: Why do you need anyone else? You got four!

JANICE: Because it needs to be even.

SULLY: What does?

JANICE: The sides! You can't have five on your side, four on mine.

SULLY: Why not?

JANICE: It wouldn't be even!

SULLY: So.

JANICE: Whatdya mean, "so?"

SULLY: I mean, so what if it's not even?

JANICE: It means everything!

SULLY: Define everything.

JANICE: How it looks. Organization. Symmetry. The pictures? We got one shot at this!! We're going to be looking at these the rest of our lives! It's gotta be even! It's gotta look right!

SULLY: What is right? And really, who cares how it looks?

JANICE: Yeah, you know something? You're right! Who cares how it looks? I must be crazy. What am I doing planning all of this? Nobody cares how it looks. Let's forget the flowers, forget the candles, forget the tuxes. Hell, forget my wedding dress... Let's get married in t-shirts and cut-offs!

SULLY: Janice—

JANICE: We'll have a cook-out, a pot-luck supper!! You can wear some flip-flops and a bandana while you work the grill! I'll tap the fifty kegs and my brothers will bring the beef jerky.

SULLY: Sounds like a plan! Janice, I was joking. I didn't mean to say I don't care how it looks. What I'm saying is, I think if symmetry is a big issue for you, you should just add somebody to your side then...

JANICE: You don't just "add" somebody! You don't just stick somebody up there because you have to!

SULLY: So I can tell your brothers to stay home?

JANICE: That's funny Steve. That's very funny. Family is different. Maybe we can have Peter do a reading!!

SULLY: I'm not going to half ass his participation with some crap role.

JANICE: Fine.

SULLY: Janice, our wedding is in eleven months. Can we please take a weekend off from discussing it?

JANICE: We could if my mother wasn't on my ass to finish it. We got to get the right space Steve. I'm not going to have this in my backyard. I know you think it would be better if we just "wung it," but believe it or not you can't just wing a wedding unless you're in Vegas and since we're not, it takes some plans. This stupid list. Can't he just do a reading? There's this letter from St. Paul to the Corinthians that—

SULLY: I'm telling you Janice, another second of this topic and I'm gonna give birth to a cow. I will! I can! Right here in the front seat! I'll lift legs to the dashboard and a baby mooster will come jettin' right outta my ass!

JANICE: That's a very endearing image.

SULLY: Janice?

JANICE: What?

SULLY: Are you mad?

JANICE: No.

SULLY: Sure?

JANICE: I'm sure.

SULLY: Your mother can wait for the list. You can't let it stress you out—it's—your mother can relax. Well, maybe that's stretching it...

JANICE: Alright. I'm sorry. I'm—I'm just all over the place. I'm sorry.

SULLY: It's okay. You look pretty.

JANICE: Thanks.