

A-BOMB WEDDING
Jonathan Dorf

Cast of Characters

WILL, early twenties and searching

JENNIFER, slightly older and neurotically organized

(A twenty-four hour convenience store. An empty checkout counter is up center, the cashier nowhere to be seen. A "Help Wanted" sign hangs somewhere. WILL, early twenties, wearing a bulging sweater, grabs a box of Oreos. JENNIFER, a year or so older, a bulging windbreaker pinned to her sweatshirt, grabs the same box of Oreos.)

WILL

(lets go)

Excuse me.

JENNIFER

It looks like the last box.

WILL

You take it.

JENNIFER

(shoving the Oreos at him)

No. Please, you take them.

(They both resist taking the Oreos and after shoving them one way and then the other, the box falls.)

WILL

They're yours now.

(Jennifer pushes the box away with her foot. Will picks up the box, shakes it lightly, and dusts it off with his hand.)

Maybe if we put them back the cashier won't notice there's anything wrong with them.

(He puts them back. Both go through the motions of shopping, surreptitiously eyeing each other and looking for the cashier. Jennifer goes so far as to fill her basket with food before giving up and putting it all back. Beat)

JENNIFER

I'm sorry. I'm on a schedule.

(She unzips her windbreaker, revealing an odd device tied to her by a vest.)

WILL

What the hell is that?

JENNIFER

It's a tactical nuclear weapon. Could you finish your shopping and go, please?

WILL

That is a nuclear weapon?

JENNIFER

Is there some reason you came to this store, or were you just planning to drop cookies and browse?

WILL

You're kidding. That's a nuclear weapon?

JENNIFER

Did I stutter?

WILL

No . . . it's just . . . this is so funny. Check this out.

(He takes off his sweater. A similar device is strapped to his chest.)

Is this coincidence or what?

JENNIFER

(points at the device on Will's chest)

What is that?

WILL

It's a nuclear weapon. That's the coincidence. I'm wearing one too. Don't worry, I don't think it's like showing up at the prom with the same dress.

JENNIFER

That is not a nuclear weapon.

WILL

Is too. I made it myself.

JENNIFER

It's kind of . . . small. And it doesn't look like mine.

WILL

All right—I didn't make it myself. I got it mail order from some out of work scientist in Russia. Sorry, I wanted you to think I made it myself.

JENNIFER

That was some kind of line? "I made it myself." I should have known. Stay away from me. Pig.

WILL

Fine. I'll stay by cookies and cereals, you go over to frozen foods.

JENNIFER

Why should I go to frozen foods? It's cold over there.

WILL

Then I'll go.

JENNIFER

And hold it over my head? I don't think so.

(She goes to the frozen foods section. Will sits on a pile of cereal boxes.)

That is willful destruction of property.

WILL

Fine. I'll stay on my side, you stay on your side. We don't even have to talk to each other.

JENNIFER

I'm putting you on notice. Talk to me, and I'll press this button

(waves button)

and blow us both up.

WILL

(waves a button of his own)

Yeah, well don't try anything.

(beat)

I wonder where the cashier is.

JENNIFER

(beat)

Do you need money? Are you holding up the convenience store?

WILL

No. You?

JENNIFER

No.

WILL

I'm here to take hostages.

Like what you see? Hit the back button and follow the instructions to order a perusal copy of the full script!