

**DOUBLE OCCUPANCY 2**  
**Wedding Bells & Blue Suede Shoes**  
by Tony Schwartz & Marylou Ambrose

Copyright 2012, by Tony Schwartz & Marylou Ambrose

**PERFORMANCE LICENSE**

This play is the property of Tonylou Productions, 612 Blooming Grove Rd., Hawley, PA. All professional and amateur theater companies must pay a royalty to Tonylou Productions before performing this play. This includes public readings, performances given for charity, and performances where no admission is charged. The following notice must appear on all programs and advertising: "Produced by special arrangement with Tonylou Productions, Blooming Grove, PA." In addition, the authors' names must appear on all programs and advertising.

All other rights, including television and radio broadcasting and motion picture rights, are controlled by Tonylou Productions. Photocopying or reproducing all or part of this script in any way is forbidden.

Royalties for *Double Occupancy 2: Wedding Bells & Blue Suede Shoes* are **\$65.00 per performance**, payable by check, money order, or credit card to Tonylou Productions. A single review copy of the script may be purchased for **\$13.50**.

Please address all inquiries to: Tonylou Productions, c/o Tony Schwartz, 612 Blooming Grove Rd., Hawley, PA 18428. Phone: 570-226-6207. Email: [tonylou@ptd.net](mailto:tonylou@ptd.net).

**[www.tonylouproductions.com](http://www.tonylouproductions.com)**

*Double Occupancy 2: Wedding Bells & Blue Suede Shoes* was first presented by Tonylou Productions at Ehrhardt's Waterfront Banquet Center, Tafton, PA, opening on August 26, 2012. It was directed by Tony Schwartz. The cast was as follows:

STANLEY COHEN.....	Tony Schwartz
HELEN COOPER.....	Marylou Ambrose
STEPHANIE.....	Kelly Anne Walsh
REV. ELVIS.....	Greg Koren
RABBI JEFFREY FINKELSTEIN.....	Randy Hennig
RICHIE.....	Chris Paparazzo

**CHARACTERS:**

STANLEY COHEN (Jewish, mid 70s)

HELEN COOPER (lapsed Catholic, mid 70s)

STEPHANIE FINKELSTEIN (30-40)

REV. ELVIS (35-55)

RABBI JEFFREY FINKELSTEIN (35-50)

RICHIE WEBSTER (12)

**SETTING:**

The Elvis Chapel of Love in a Las Vegas hotel/casino. Spring or summer.

## Double Occupancy 2

### Wedding Bells & Blue Suede Shoes

#### Act 1

*Lights up: The setting is the "Elvis Chapel of Love" in a Las Vegas hotel/casino. A wedding arbor decorated with artificial flowers stands upstage center. A table or desk with desk chair and two facing chairs is at stage left. The desk holds a phone, papers, pens, brochures, a large bible, and a large folder or wedding book. Various Elvis-themed decorations adorn the walls, giving an overall tacky effect. A candelabra stands on a table near the arbor. After a few seconds, Stanley and Helen wander into the chapel from a door on stage right and look around. Helen, carrying a brochure, walks in excited. Stanley lags behind, skeptical. Helen's enthusiasm quickly drains as she looks around.*

HELEN: *(feigning enthusiasm)* Why, it's . . . it's . . . exactly the way I pictured it.

STANLEY: It's exactly the way *I* pictured it, too. Only worse! I told you . . . .

HELEN: Okay, I admit, it doesn't look as nice as the picture. *(looking at brochure in her hand)* But it's not the wedding that's important, it's the marriage.

STANLEY: The wedding is just as important. I wanted us to get a good start. That's why I wanted a "real" wedding. But this, this is a joke.

HELEN: This is *not* a joke! This is a real chapel with a real reverend.

STANLEY: Who's dressed like Elvis.

HELEN: That doesn't make him any less "holy."

STANLEY: Tell that to my son-in-law, the rabbi.

HELEN: At least we're not getting married in a Catholic church. That should make him happy.

STANLEY: *(sarcastically)* Oh yeah. . . . getting married in the Elvis Chapel of Love is much more traditional than a Catholic church.

HELEN: Jews have something against Elvis?

STANLEY: Absolutely not! *(realizes tension and goes to Helen, puts his arm around her, and tries to defuse the situation)* As you know, I myself am a hunka hunka burnin' love.

HELEN: *(rolling her eyes, but feels bad, too)* Yes you are, Stanley. So come on, it'll be fun. You'll see . . .

STANLEY: Look at this place! It's so . . . so . . .

HELEN: *(looking around the room with expression of defeat)* Tacky?

STANLEY: Ha! That's putting it mildly.

HELEN: But Stanley, we're both huge fans of "The King." And we both agreed to . . .

STANLEY: *(interrupts her)* . . . have some fun and involve Elvis somehow. But this is ridiculous. I wanted to go to Memphis. I wanted to get married in a traditional setting, with a traditional ceremony. I wanted to tour Graceland as part of our honeymoon. But *noooo* . . . *you* had a better idea. And just what was that better idea?

HELEN: *(sighing)* I thought it would be nice to get married on a senior bus trip, since that was the way we spent our first night together.

STANLEY: What a trip that was!

HELEN: And getting married on another bus trip with our retirement village travel group, means all our friends are here to celebrate with us.

STANLEY: All *your* friends, not mine. This is *your* travel group.

HELEN: That's not true and you know it. You like this group. They're your friends, too.

STANLEY: Oh yeah? Then where are all my "friends"? All out there in the casino, fighting over the same slot machine.

HELEN: They love that Wheel of Fortune game.

STANLEY: The question is, will they be able to tear themselves away from it long enough to help us celebrate?

HELEN: I admit, you've got a point. The last time I saw our group leader, *(insert real person's name from audience)*, she was plugged into the slot machine with her free play card. It looked like she was hooked up to life support!

STANLEY: Yeah, well something or someone will have to support her after she pisses away her whole Social Security check. And what about me? What am I supposed to do here? I don't gamble.

HELEN: Neither do I. But there are lots of other things to do in Vegas, Stanley.

STANLEY: Are you giving me permission to go see naked showgirls?

HELEN: Absolutely not!

STANLEY: *(shrugging)* It was worth a shot.

HELEN: *(playfully)* I could be your naked showgirl, Stanley.

STANLEY: Ooooooh . . . I'll get you one of those feathered hats and a set of pasties.

HELEN: Oh great. I'll look like a plucked chicken.

STANLEY: *(getting frisky)* Not to me. To me, you'd look like one hot chick. *(pinches her butt. She leaps and gives him a playful slap.)*

HELEN: Not now, Stanley, we're having an argument.

STANLEY: So let's kiss and make up!

HELEN: Not now, Stanley, we're busy. And you're starting to give me a headache.

STANLEY: Traditionally, Helen, you're supposed to use that excuse *after* the ceremony. I'll bet you'd look pretty sexy in pasties. Just don't end up on the front page of the community newspaper again, like the time you were arrested for being a hooker.

HELEN: Oh Stanley, don't start that again. For the last time, my knitting group, The Happy Hookers, had me "arrested" for one of those fundraisers where your friends pay bail money to get you out of "jail," and then the money goes to charity.

STANLEY: Yeah, and it made the front page and sent my daughter, Stephanie, through the roof.

HELEN: Yeah, there I was, on the front page of the Peaceful Acres Retirement Village newspaper.

STANLEY: I still say that name "Peaceful Acres" sounds like a cemetery, not a retirement village.

HELEN: Oh stop! Anyway, there I was, on the front page, huge picture of me in handcuffs and the headline reading, "Happy Hooker Arrested."

STANLEY: And when Stephanie saw it, she only looked at the picture and headline. She didn't read the story. Next thing we know, she's trying to break us up because she thinks her father has taken up with a retired prostitute!

HELEN: (*playfully*) You ain't seen nothin' yet, baby. Wait till tonight. Remember, we booked the Boom Boom Room Honeymoon Suite here at the Wooden Nickel Casino. I can't wait to see it!

STANLEY: I can't wait to see it either. Any place that makes you sign a waiver releasing them from responsibility for any bodily injury you may sustain in their room has got to be a wild place! I wonder what's in there?

HELEN: We'll find out soon enough. And I'll be your Happy Hooker, Stanley, if you want me to be. (*getting lovey dovey*) And remember, Stanley, no one needs to know. What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

STANLEY: Sounds good to me!

*They embrace and are about to kiss when Stephanie enters.*

STEPHANIE: There you are! I've been looking all over this casino for you two.

STANLEY: Yup (*looking around unhappily*), here we are.

STEPHANIE: I thought you were going to be in the chapel. What is this place, an Elvis museum?

HELEN: No, Steph, this *is* the chapel.

STEPHANIE: Yeah, right. So, where's the chapel?

STANLEY: You're in it.

STEPHANIE: You're kidding, right?

STANLEY & HELEN: Nope.

STEPHANIE: (*jokingly*) So -- who's going to marry you, Elvis? (*laughs*)

STANLEY & HELEN: Yup!

STEPHANIE: Huh? I thought he was dead!

STANLEY: Yes, Elvis has left the building -- permanently.

HELEN: The reverend is an Elvis impersonator, Steph. It's a common thing in Vegas.

STEPHANIE: Does this mean there are Elvis *rabbis*, too?

STANLEY: No, it ruins the costume if he puts on a yarmulke.

HELEN: Actually, we're supposed to be meeting the reverend right now, but he's late. We were supposed to go over a few details with him before the wedding this afternoon.

STANLEY: With a little luck, Reverend Elvis left the building, too.

HELEN: Don't start, Stanley! I thought we were done with this.

STANLEY: Done? I'm just getting started.

STEPHANIE: (*Stephanie is in total disbelief. She has a blank stare.*) Jeffrey is going to flip out when he hears this. Being a rabbi, he's not thrilled about this mixed marriage to begin with. When he hears Elvis is performing the ceremony, he's going to get all shook up.

STANLEY: Good one, Steph.

STEPHANIE: What did I say?

HELEN: Never mind. So where *is* my future son-in-law, the rabbi? Isn't he supposed to be watching my grandson, Richie?

STEPHANIE: I left them in the video arcade. You know Jeffrey doesn't approve of gambling. Although Richie seems to. He was disappointed when he found out kids can't be on the gaming floor.

HELEN: Well, I should hope not.

STANLEY: Don't fool yourself, Helen. When it comes to gambling, that kid is already a pro.

HELEN: What are you talking about?

STANLEY: Remember when I had to babysit him? He wanted to play a game. I suggested Monopoly. Instead, he grabs his backpack and pulls out a deck of cards, poker chips, a pair of dice, and a miniature roulette wheel!

HELEN: Well, every kid needs a hobby.

STANLEY: Are you out of your mind? This kid has a problem! His after school program is going to be Gamblers Anonymous!

HELEN: That's not funny, Stanley.

STANLEY: Who's laughing? He took me for 20 bucks!

STEPHANIE: If he really does have a problem, perhaps Jeffrey can council him.

HELEN: There's nothing wrong with my grandson! He's just way too smart for his age, so he likes grown-up games.

STANLEY: With grown-up games, comes grown up problems.

HELEN: You're wrong! I'm not going to discuss this here.

STEPHANIE: Where are his parents, anyway?

HELEN: They're accountants. It's April, their busiest time of the year. They simply couldn't get away. And we didn't want to postpone our wedding.

STANLEY: Yeah, so, H & R Blockheads decided the kid should come along with us for the wedding. That way, they have some piece and quiet, while I'm tormented by Richie the High Roller!

HELEN: (*indignant*) Well! Maybe you don't want to marry into a family of blockheads and high rollers!

STANLEY: (*backpeddling*) I'm sorry, I apologize. It's just that every time we go on a senior bus trip, some disaster seems to happen. Remember the last time?

STEPHANIE: Who can forget?

HELEN: There we were, after our first romantic night together in a motel room, when we overslept and missed the bus – all because of a Stanley's Viagra overdose!

STANLEY: You weren't complaining at the time.

STEPHANIE: (*slightly embarrassed*) Too much information, guys.

HELEN: (*ignoring Stephanie, obviously enjoying telling the story*) Before we could come up with Plan B, a bank robbery occurred outside, and the police said we couldn't leave the building. As if this weren't bad enough, a priest bursts into our room!

STANLEY: Only the priest turned out to be a bankrobber who held us hostage!

HELEN: Then Stephanie barges into our room to see what we're up to and becomes a hostage, too!

STANLEY: The bankrobber tells us we're all going to die. No witnesses. But we got the upper hand on him!

STEPHANIE: (*laughing*) Yeah, by the time we were done with that bankrobber, we not only captured him, he was begging to go back to prison!

REV. ELVIS: *(He opens a large folder or wedding book and begins to take papers out.)*  
Well, we have three packages, but most people want the best. So let's start with our super deluxe package, the "Viva Las Vegas Package"!

HELEN: Ooooooh, that one sounds nice.

STANLEY: That one sounds expensive.

HELEN: What do you get with that package, Reverend Elvis?

REV. ELVIS: Well, it includes a 10-minute wedding ceremony performed by Yours Truly, a customized sermon, background music provided by a strolling accordion player, and Yours Truly again, singing "Viva Las Vegas," "Love Me Tender," and an Elvis hit of your request -- if I know it.

HELEN: *(stars in her eyes, trance-like)* Ooooooh, that sounds nice . . .

REV. ELVIS: But wait! There's more!!

STANLEY: I can't wait to hear.

REV. ELVIS: There's also a chorus line, consisting of Yours Truly and an Ann Margaret impersonator!

STANLEY: On second thought, I can wait.

REV. ELVIS: Wearing fishnet stockings.

STANLEY: Who, you or Ann Margaret?

HELEN: Stanley, stop interrupting! It sounds so romantic, Reverend Elvis.

REV. ELVIS: But wait, there's more! You also get a gift basket with \$25 worth of free play at the slot machines and a complimentary bottle of champagne along with cheese, crackers, and fruit!

STANLEY: *(looking at the picture in the folder)* That looks like Velveeta, Saltines, and two oranges.

REV. ELVIS: *(hurriedly)* Uh . . . you also get a place of honor at the head of the buffet line and an autographed photo of the happy couple, with Yours Truly and the Ann Margaret impersonator.

HELEN: *(still trance-like)* Ooooooh, that sounds nice . . .

REV. ELVIS: But wait, there's more!

STANLEY: Let me guess, Ginsu knives?

REV. ELVIS: No, (*contemplates it*) but that's not a bad idea. Let me make a note (*writes idea down on a sticky note*). Actually, you also get, for the wedding night, a sexy red, "You're My Teddy Bear" teddy for the little lady to wear!

*Helen immediately snaps out of her trance, while Stanley snaps into one.*

HELEN: A sexy red teddy for *me* to wear?

STANLEY: Ooooooh, that sounds nice . . .

HELEN: Yeah, it'll go great with the pasties you were talking about earlier.

REV. ELVIS: What Stanley chooses to wear is his business. What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas!

HELEN: No, no, the pasties weren't for him -- but I'm picturing it right now. (*she laughs and smacks Stanley in the arm.*) Pay attention, Stanley. All this sounds wonderful, Reverend Elvis. We'll take it.

STANLEY: Wait a minute! How much does all this cost?

REV. ELVIS: It's yours today, for the low, low price of only \$500!

STANLEY: What??!! For \$500 it better come with a *naked* Ann Margaret *juggling* the Ginsu knives.

HELEN: Stanley! Reverend Elvis, that *is* a bit more than we planned to spend. Let's hear package number 2.

REV. ELVIS: Well, that would be the "Love Me Tender Package."

HELEN: Ohhhhh, that sounds nice . . .

STANLEY: So did the last one till we heard the price. What's in this package number 2?

REV. ELVIS: Wait till you hear this! Package number 2 includes a 5-minute wedding ceremony and a quickie 2-minute sermonette by Yours Truly.

STANLEY: Good. I always fall asleep during the sermon anyway.

HELEN: You'd fall asleep at your own wedding?

REV. ELVIS: I've never lost a groom yet. It also includes recorded background music with Yours Truly singing "Love Me Tender," a gift basket with \$10 worth of free play at the slot machines, a bottle of wine, and gourmet peanuts.

HELEN: That does sound more in our price range.

REV. ELVIS: But wait, there's more!

STANLEY: Why am I not surprised?

REV. ELVIS: There's also an autographed photo of the happy couple with Yours Truly and a letter of congratulations from Ann Margaret's second cousin, twice removed.

STANLEY: A keepsake to leave our grandchildren.

REV. ELVIS: Absolutely! It's a collector's item.

STANLEY: I'm almost afraid to ask: How much does package number 2 cost?

REV. ELVIS: It's yours today for the low, low price of only \$250!

HELEN: What do you think, Stanley?

STANLEY: I think I want to hear about package number 3.

REV. ELVIS: Well, most people never get that far, but somehow, I knew we were going to today. All right, package number 3 is our "Heartbreak Hotel Econo Package."

STANLEY: Now we're talking. Would "Yours Truly" like to tell us about it?

HELEN: I'm not sure I want to hear.

REV. ELVIS: Well, it includes just the basics. A 3-minute wedding ceremony, performed by Yours . . . *(looks at Stanley)* performed by me, a CD playing Wayne Newton's greatest hits as background music, and an Ann Margaret blow-up doll propped up in the corner as your maid of honor. All this for the low, low . . . *low* price of only \$49.99.

*Helen's jaw drops. Stanley looks like he's actually considering package number 3.*

STANLEY: What, no gift basket?

HELEN: *(quickly)* We'll take package number 2.

REV. ELVIS: We also have a package number 4 called the "It's Now or Never Package" for shotgun weddings, but you two may have missed the boat on that one.

HELEN: Yeah, that ship sailed 30 years ago.

STANLEY: Speak for yourself, Helen. Men have been known father children well into their nineties.

HELEN: *(sarcastically)* One Viagra prescription and he's ready to repopulate the world.

REV. ELVIS: Okay, you two lovebirds. We can worry about constipating the marriage later. Let's get through the ceremony first. So, what package is it going to be?

*Stanley and Helen look at each other and shrug.*

HELEN: I think we've agreed on package number 2, haven't we Stanley?

*Stanley is in deep thought.*

HELEN: *(nudges him)* Stanley?

STANLEY: I'm thinking it over! Does the blow-up doll in package number 3 come with an air compressor?

REV. ELVIS: I'm afraid not.

HELEN: We'll go with package number 2.

STANLEY: How about we just get the airline package to Graceland.

HELEN: Stanley!

STANLEY: Look, Helen, how do we know if, after we spend all this money, we're even legally married?

REV. ELVIS: I resemble that!

HELEN: You mean you resent that.

REV. ELVIS: Right. Look, I have all the legal documentation to prove that I'm certified to marry anyone in the state of Nevada. In the eyes of the law, you'll be married.

STANLEY: How about in the eyes of God?

REV. ELVIS: Absolutely!

STANLEY: Really? Do you have legal documentation from him, too?

HELEN: Stanley, that's enough! This is supposed to be the happiest day of our lives and you're ruining it.

STANLEY: Well, it's certainly one day *I'll* never forget.

REV. ELVIS: That's the spirit!

STANLEY: Shut up.

HELEN: No, you shut up! You've said more than enough already. Now, will it be package number 2, Stanley, or a ticket for *one* to Graceland?

STANLEY: Helen, you wouldn't go without me, would you?

HELEN: Not me, *you*!!!!

STANLEY: (*resigned*) Package number 2 . . .

REV. ELVIS: Great choice! I just need to go in the backroom and make sure I have the gift basket. You two lovebirds just relax and I'll be right back. Kiss and make out.

HELEN: You mean make up?

REV. ELVIS: Right! Be right back. (*Rev. Elvis goes through door on stage left.*)

STANLEY: (*Stanley tries to smooch Helen.*) You heard the preacher, pucker up!

HELEN: I'm not puckering anything. You want to kiss something? You can kiss my . . .

*The door opens and Stephanie barges in, interrupting Helen's sentence.*

STEPHANIE: We've got big trouble!

HELEN: Now what?

STEPHANIE: One minute we were all playing video games, and the next, Richie was gone!

STANLEY: Gone where?

STEPHANIE: We didn't know. We were in a panic. Then a voice came over the loudspeaker asking for the parents of Richie Webster to come and pick him up at the security office.

HELEN: Oh my God! Where is he? Is he all right?

STANLEY: Actually, that's what I'm here about. I've got few last-minute details to discuss with Elvis, here.

REV. ELVIS: I thought we had everything settled.

STANLEY: Helen had everything settled. I'm still *unsettled*.

REV. ELVIS: Probably just last-minute wedding jitters. I see it all the time. Take an Alka-Seltzer.

STANLEY: I'm not worried about the marriage. I'm worried about the price.

REV. ELVIS: I *thought* you might want to upgrade!

STANLEY: I want to downgrade.

REV. ELVIS: You want the cheapo Heartbreak Hotel package?

RICHIE: Grams is gonna kill ya.

STANLEY: No! But I think we can negotiate the price on the package we agreed on.

REV. ELVIS: (*firmly*) No negotiations.

JEFFREY: There's always room for negotiations.

STANLEY: That's my son-in-law!

RICHIE: Hey pops, if you need a few bucks . . . (*reaches into his pocket*)

STANLEY: Stay out of this.

*All the men are downstage center. They don't see Helen and Stephanie walk in. The two women stay upstage and listen to the conversation unnoticed.*

JEFFREY: Now, how much was the price you agreed on?

REV. ELVIS: \$250.

STANLEY: Helen agreed. I didn't.

JEFFREY: And what's the price of your cheapest package?

REV. ELVIS: \$49.99.

JEFFREY: Sounds like a hell of a deal.

STANLEY: Not really. Even *I* had to draw the line at the inflatable bridesmaid.

RICHIE: (*suddenly interested*) Is that something for the pool?

JEFFREY: (*to Richie*) Never mind the blow-up bridal party! (*to Stanley and Rev. Elvis*) Now, back to business. \$250 vs. \$49.99. I think there's room for compromise.

REV. ELVIS: (*to Stanley*) Mr. Cohen, you saw how excited your bride-to-be was over this package. Do you really want to break her heart?

STANLEY: No, but no need to break the bank either. Now come on, you can do better than \$250!

HELEN: (*angry, she's heard enough*) Stanley Cohen! Are you here complaining about the price?

STANLEY: (*uh oh*) Complaining? No. Negotiating? Maybe.

STEPHANIE: Daddy, how could you? You are so cheap!

RICHIE: I'll say!

STEPHANIE: (*to Richie*) Did he offer to take you to Sea World, too?

RICHIE: What?

STEPHANIE: Just don't go.

HELEN: Stanley, I'm really hurt.

STANLEY: Helen, I'm just trying to save us a few bucks, that's all.

HELEN: We don't need to save a few bucks. We've got plenty of money. We don't go anywhere, we don't do anything. In fact, the only place we go is to the bank to make another deposit.

JEFFREY: You can never have too much for a rainy day, Helen.

HELEN: You stay out of this.

STEPHANIE: Right, stay out of this, Jeffrey.

REV. ELVIS: Look, you two, no fighting. Please. There'll be plenty of time for fighting after the ceremony.

ALL: Shut up!

STANLEY: Helen, be reasonable!

HELEN: Stanley, I'm not putting up with this. I never ask you to spend money on me, but this is our wedding. What are we saving for?

STANLEY: Read the papers, Helen. We may be heading for another Great Depression.

HELEN: You're right about that!

STANLEY: What's that supposed to mean?

HELEN: I mean, I want an annulment!

STANLEY: You can't have an annulment. We're not married yet!

HELEN: Okay, then I want a divorce!

JEFFREY: You can't. You're Catholic!

STEPHANIE: It doesn't matter! You're not married yet!

RICHIE: Hey Grams, have you thought about a hit man?

HELEN: I don't need an annulment. I don't need a divorce. And I don't need a hit man, although that one is tempting. I don't need to get married at all!

STANLEY: Helen, what are you saying?

HELEN: The wedding is off! *(she runs out)*

STEPHANIE: *(calls after her)* Helen, wait. *(to others)* She shouldn't be alone. Come on, Jeffrey.

*Stephanie & Jeffrey run after Helen.*

STANLEY: *(his head is spinning)* How did this happen?

RICHIE: Nice negotiating, Pops. Don't you think you should go after her?

STANLEY: Right! *(he runs out)*

RICHIE: *(to self)* They're all gone. Now it's time to put my plan into action and get on that gaming floor! *(Richie runs out)*

REV. ELVIS: (*distraught, he sinks into chair, pulls a flask out of his pocket, and takes a drink*) Of all the Elvis Chapels in all the world, these loony tunes had to walk into mine. And they're crazier than before. I should have stayed in prison where it was safe!

*Takes another hit from the flask, then exits, stage left.*

*Lights out. End of Act 1.*

STEPHANIE: Where *is* Richie? Daddy -- Jeffrey, and I ran after Helen. We left Richie with you. So, where is he? And, come to think of it, where's Jeffrey? He was right behind me.

STANLEY: Helen, if you were about to ask me to marry you, I accept.

HELEN: STANLEY, WHERE IS MY GRANDSON!?

*Stanley knows he's not getting his answer. He tries to get up several times, but can't. So he crawls on his hands and knees over to a chair and uses it for support to get back on his feet.*

STANLEY: Helen, I'm sure he's okay. You're worrying . . .

HELEN: *(cuts him off; then grabs him by the shirt and begins shaking him)* I leave my grandson with you, assuming you can handle the responsibility of keeping an eye on a 12-year-old. But noooooooooooooooooo!

STANLEY: Helen, can I say something?

HELEN: No!

STANLEY: In my defense, if memory serves me right, *you* ran out, with Stephanie and Jeffrey chasing after you.

HELEN: Right! That left you with Richie!

STANLEY: Okay, but you left Richie first! And, in the heat of the moment, upset that the woman I love was about to leave me at the altar, I ran out, too, after you!

HELEN: *(relenting)* Okay, okay! Who was the last one to see him?

STANLEY: I guess that would be Reverend Elvis. He was the only one left with Richie.

HELEN: Oh my God. Do you think Reverend Elvis has left the building -- with my grandson?

*Rev. Elvis walks in from stage left.*

REV. ELVIS: Did I hear my name? Say, what are you all doing back here? I thought the wedding was off.

HELEN: Yes, no, it . . . wait. I need to ask you something.

REV. ELVIS: If you want to know whether the 4 p.m. slot is still available, yes. But I don't think I can offer it at that price now.

STANLEY: Wait a minute. We had a deal.

HELEN: Forget the wedding right now. Reverend Elvis, did you see where my grandson went?

REV. ELVIS: Not exactly, but he was admiring my outfit and wanted to know where to get one of his own. So I told him where he could shop for one. Maybe that's where he went.

STEPHANIE: Okay, but where?

REV. ELVIS: The Elvis Emporium, right next to the Siegfried and Roy Petting Zoo.

STEPHANIE: I'd like to see that . . .

STANLEY: Right. Trust me, the lobster tank at the supermarket is more exciting.

REV. ELVIS: Yeah, it's like Sea World!

*They all stare at him for a beat.*

HELEN: Come on, we have to find my grandson. I'm calling casino security!

*The door opens and Jeffrey walks in, looking upset.*

JEFFREY: Now Helen, remain calm. Oy vey, I have something to tell you.

HELEN: Oh my God, something has happened to Richie! I knew it, I knew it. Stanley, this is all your fault!

JEFFREY: Helen, relax. The brat is fine, pardon my vernacular.

REV. ELVIS: Nothing to be embarrassed about. They've got medication for that.

JEFFREY: What? Anyway, Helen, I caught Richie sneaking out of the building. He said he had some shopping to do.

HELEN: Thank God he's all right! He knows he's not supposed to leave the building without one of us. He was probably buying his parents a souvenir.

STANLEY: Stop defending that kid.

STEPHANIE: Daddy is right, Helen. Pardon me for saying this, but Richie is out of control. And he has you wrapped around his little finger.

JEFFREY: Yes, well I have him wrapped up now. You may get angry with me, Helen, but I locked him in the hotel room until it's time to get ready for the wedding. I can't be chasing him all over the casino anymore. Every time I turn my back, that kid is into trouble. Please don't be angry with me.

HELEN: No, I'm the one who should be apologizing. You're right. My grandson is more than a handful. And just like his parents dumped him on me, I dumped him on you. Which was wrong.

STEPHANIE: Helen, you didn't dump him on anyone. You're getting married. You have other things to worry about.

HELEN: Yes, but he's still my responsibility. Thank you, Jeffrey, for all you've done. And that includes locking him in the hotel room.

STANLEY: Okay, so we know where little Bugsy Seigel is. Now, can we get back to the business at hand?

HELEN: Yes, Stanley, you were saying?

STANLEY: *(to self)* I can't believe I'm going through this again . . . *(He goes back over to the chair and uses it to get down on his knees and walks on his knees back over to Helen)* Helen, I repeat, will you *please* marry me?

HELEN: *(smiling to self)* I'll need time to think about it.

STANLEY: Helen!

HELEN: Yes, Stanley, I'll marry you.

ALL: Thank God!

REV. ELVIS: And you're in luck! The 4 p.m. slot is still available.

STANLEY: At the same price?

REV. ELVIS: Sure, why not? Same price.

STEPHANIE: *(looking at watch)* Oh my God, Helen, we're missing our spa appointments! If we're going to be ready by 4 p.m., we have to hurry!

HELEN: You're right, Steph. Come on!

*They both run out, leaving Stanley on the floor. Jeffrey and Rev. Elvis help him up.*

JEFFREY: Stanley, I'm sure you have a lot to do, too, to get ready for this wedding.

STANLEY: What's to do? All my clothes are laid out on the bed. A quick shower, throw on the tux, and I'm ready.

JEFFREY: Yes, we're done in 30 minutes, and the women take 3 hours. But I think they just want to look nice for us.

REV. ELVIS: (*chuckling*) Yeah, the men seem more worried about the wedding night than the wedding ceremony.

STANLEY: You got that right, Rev. (*proudly*) I've already made plans for that.

JEFFREY: (*oblivious*) You know, Stanley, if you need something to pass the time till beddy-bye tonight, I saw a nice game of checkers for sale in the gift shop.

STANLEY: Checkers? The only thing I plan to jump tonight is Helen!

REV. ELVIS: You sly old devil . . . Just like the first time I met you (*oops!*) . . . I mean, uh . . .

STANLEY: (*looks at him, puzzled; then shrugs*) I'm preparing way in advance so there's no delays later on. I've got everything timed just right. (*pulls out Viagra bottle and shakes it, grinning.*)

JEFFREY: My God, Stanley, is it your heart?

REV. ELVIS: (*to self*) I don't think so . . .

STANLEY: (*sings the "Viva Viagra" commercial tune, while Rev. Elvis is bebops in the background*) Viva Viagra, viva Viagra, viva, viva Viagra!

JEFFREY: (*thinking*) That's not how the song goes. It's "Viva Las Vegas." Wait a minute. Oh my God!! Are we talking post-nuptial copulation?

STANLEY: No, I'm talking about sex. In fact, a whole night of sex.

REV. ELVIS: (*to self again*) Just like the last time . . .

STANLEY: (*Gives Rev. Elvis another funny look. Something is familiar, but he just can't put his finger on it.*) Here's my plan. When we arrive for the ceremony, I'm going to take my Viagra. That way, it's timed perfectly, Reverend Elvis. By the time we're finished here, I'll be ready to hit the sheets!

JEFFREY: What about the wedding dinner?

STANLEY: Start without us.

REV. ELVIS: What do you think?

JEFFREY: (*looking really hard*) All I see is a very burnt bagel.

REV. ELVIS: Hmm . . . That's what everyone else says!

JEFFREY: (*humoring him*) Perhaps only you were meant to see it. It's between you and God.

REV. ELVIS: Yeah . . . maybe. I never thought of it that way. Just between me and the big guy. Thanks, Rabbi.

JEFFREY: You're welcome. No charge. Well, I better go get ready. See you in an hour. (*he exits*)

REV. ELVIS: (*talking to bagel*) Who woulda' thought a bagel like you could change my life? It's a far different life from the one I had the *first* time I ran into Stanley and Helen in that motel room after I robbed that bank. I'm whole different person now, thanks to you. And thanks to that lucky prison escape. I sure don't want that luck to change. So far, they haven't recognized me, I hope. And I wanna' keep it that way. The sooner I get this wedding over with and them out the door, the better. (*places the bagel container on his desk; then looks down at it again.*) I wonder how much people would pay to see Elvis on a bagel? Big bucks, I bet. (*looks skyward*) Of course, I'll cut you in for 10 percent.

*A thunder clap is heard*

REV ELVIS: All right! 15 percent!

*Lights out. End of Scene 1.*

## **Scene 2**

*Lights up. The chapel looks the same, except the candles in the candelabra are burning, in preparation for the wedding. Stanley enters, dressed in a tux, acting rather nervous.*

STANLEY: I'm early. But I'm always early. I'm also impatient. I want to get this over with. I'm too old for all this fuss. I know it means a lot to Helen to have a real wedding, so I go through the motions. Although, how can anyone call this a real wedding? I'm more interested in the wedding night! I can't believe I let Helen talk me into a 30-day period of celibacy before the wedding. What, like it's going to turn her into a virgin again? Talk about an act of God! So now, here we are, in separate rooms, and I'm horny as a toad. But that's all going to change right after the ceremony. All I have to do is be ready for action. And that's no problem, with the help of this little pill.

*He pulls out his medicine bottle, opens it, takes out a pill and swallows it.*

Down the hatch, and up periscope! This will kick in in about 45 to 60 minutes. Everyone will be here in a couple of minutes. The Love Me Tender package, if memory serves me, should take seven or eight minutes. We snap a couple of quick wedding pictures, grab the gift basket -- which includes the wine and peanuts, a nice little snack after some hanky panky -- and we make a mad dash out of here and up to the Boom Boom Room! As long as there's no delays -- and I don't know why there should be -- by the time we get upstairs, I'll be ready for action!

*Helen enters. She looks glamorous, with a new hairstyle and wearing a cocktail dress and bridal veil.*

STANLEY: Helen, is that . . . ? Oh sorry, I thought you were someone else.

HELEN: Stanley, it's me!

STANLEY: Helen, I'm sorry! You look . . . beautiful. I love your dress.

HELEN: *(flattered, but trying to be casual)* Oh, this old thing?

STANLEY: And your hair. It's so . . . different.

HELEN: You don't like it?

Stanley: No, no, I love it.

HELEN: Thank goodness. I wasn't sure. Hairdressers can be so pushy.

STANLEY: No, you look beautiful, from head to toe.

HELEN: Thank you, Stanley. And you look very handsome, too, in your tux.

STANLEY: Oh, this old thing?

*They both crack up laughing.*

HELEN: So, where is everyone? It's almost 4 o'clock.

STANLEY: *(looking nervously at his watch)* Yeah, we have to get this started on time.

HELEN: Stanley, what's the rush? We have the rest of lives together.

STANLEY: Yes, but I'm sure Reverend Elvis has other appointments.

*Rev. Elvis walks in.*

REV. ELVIS: No, no, no, relax. You're the last wedding of the day. We have all the time in the world.

STANLEY: *(looking down at his crotch)* Oh no, we don't!

*Stephanie barges in. She's wearing a spa robe and slippers and has a towel on her head and a mud pack on her face.*

STEPHANIE: Oh my God!

HELEN: *(doesn't recognize her)* The spa is three doors down.

STEPHANIE: Did you find him?!

ALL: Stephanie?

STEPHANIE: Of course, who did you think I was?

STANLEY: Gloria Swanson?

STEPHANIE: Shut up, Daddy.

HELEN: Did we find who?

STEPHANIE: Richie!

ALL: Again!?

STANLEY: I thought Jeffrey had him under lock and key in his hotel room.

STEPHANIE: So did I. I was getting a facial in the spa when I got a call from someone named "Candy Cane the Exotic Dancer." She claimed she was backstage helping Jeffrey get dressed. They wanted me to know Richie was missing, and they hoped he was with us. I didn't even let her finish the call. I jumped off the table and ran right up to our hotel room to confront Jeffrey. I mean, the wedding is just minutes away, and now the kid is gone again, and my husband is apparently getting a lap dance!

HELEN: A what?

STANLEY: I'll explain after the ceremony.

HELEN: So, where is my grandson?

STANLEY: I want to know, where is Jeffrey?

STEPHANIE: I can't find either of them. When I got to the room, no one was there. So I ran right down here to see if they were here. *(looks at her outfit, embarrassed)* I forgot what I look like.

STANLEY: And here I thought you were dressed for the wedding. I was about to comment that only the bride should wear white.

HELEN & STEPHANIE: Shut up!

HELEN: Well, call Jeffrey on his cell phone.

STEPHANIE: I tried, but he's not answering. I don't know where he could be.

*The door opens and Jeffrey frantically enters, wearing boxers, a feather boa, pasties, and black socks.*

JEFFREY: Is he here?!?

ALL: Oh my God!!

STEPHANIE: Have you lost your mind?!

JEFFREY: No! Just my clothes! *(looks down at his outfit)* I'm practically naked. *(to Stephanie)* Give me that robe. *(tries to take robe away from Stephanie)*

STEPHANIE: Are you nuts? You can't have this robe. I need it!

JEFFREY: Not as much as I do!

STEPHANIE: Oh yeah? *(Facing Jeffrey, with her back to audience, she opens her robe for just him to see. His eyes pop out of his head. He grabs her hands, forcing the robe closed again.)*

JEFFREY: All right, keep the robe! Just give me the towel from your head. *(He tears towel from Stephanie's head and tries to cover various parts of his body with it. He finally manages to cover his bottom half, or at least tuck the towel into his boxers.)*

STANLEY: *(sarcastically)* That's a big improvement.

HELEN: Stanley, be quiet. Now, Jeffrey where's my grandson? And why are you dressed, or undressed, like that?

JEFFREY: Well, it's a long story.

STANLEY: I'm all ears . . . *(glances down to crotch)* Try to make it quick.

JEFFREY: Well, I was getting dressed for the wedding, when I saw Richie sneaking out of the room. I ran out into the hall after him, and the door slammed shut behind me. I screamed when I realized I was locked out with only my boxers on. Richie laughed and took off for the elevator. And that's the last I saw of him.

STEPHANIE: Why didn't you call me and tell me you were locked out?

JEFFREY: Steph, take a good look. Where would I keep the phone?

STANLEY: *(dryly)* I have a suggestion . . . Reverend, I'll bet you've never had a family like ours to deal with before, have you?

REV. ELVIS: On the contrary. It's like *deja vu* all over again.

ALL: What?

REV. ELVIS: *(quickly)* Never mind . . . *(looks skyward)* This is some kind of test, isn't it?

STEPHANIE: So far, Jeffrey, you've explained your wardrobe from the waist down. But what about from the waist up? And who is this floozie, Candy Cane, Exotic Dancer?

JEFFREY: Now, Steph, it's not what you think.

STEPHANIE: For your sake it better not be.

JEFFREY: Actually, it's a very funny story.

REV. ELVIS: *(shaking his head in disbelief)* Families like yours usually have a camera crew following them round. You oughta' have your own reality TV show.

STEPHANIE: *(ignoring Rev. Elvis and staring daggers at Jeffrey)* I'm listening . . .

JEFFREY: Well, when I found myself locked out half-naked, I started trying all the doors in the hall to see if a room was unlocked so I could find something to cover up with. The first door I found unlocked turned out to be the showgirls' dressing room. Miss Cane was kind enough to lend me part of her costume. *(looks down at pasties)* Luckily, we're the same size.

STEPHANIE: So there were no lap dances?

JEFFREY: *(not getting it)* Stephanie, you know I have two left feet. . .

STANLEY: . . . and half a brain . . .

HELEN: That's all fascinating. BUT WHERE IS MY GRANDSON!!!!?

STANLEY: Said I DO I DO I DO!!!

REV. ELVIS: This is where I usually ask if anyone objects to this wedding, but now I'm afraid to.

RICHIE: I object to the whole thing, but what do I know? I'm just a kid. A hungry kid. I haven't eaten all day. *(He spots the bagel in the glass case and takes it out.)*

REV. ELVIS: *(doesn't notice Richie)* Well then, if no one objects, and since Stanley is in such a hurry, I now pronounce you . . .

*Richie takes the bagel out of the case and walks downstage. There's a loud crunch as he bites into the bagel.*

REV. ELVIS: What was that?

RICHIE: Yuk! It could use some cream cheese.

REV. ELVIS: *(Does a double take. His jaw drops)* Oh my God! *(He grabs the bagel from Richie.)* You ate my holy Elvis bagel! My relic! My inspiration!

HELEN: What's he talking about?

JEFFREY: Too complicated to explain.

RICHIE: Don't cry, Rev. There's a bagel shop right down the street.

REV. ELVIS: Why, you little twerp. I'll kill ya. I'll murder ya. I'll kill you all, and then there won't be no witnesses.

*The light suddenly dawns.*

STANLEY: That voice!

HELEN: Those threats!

STEPHANIE: It can't be!

ALL THREE: Mike?!

HELEN: Is that really you, Father Mike?

STANLEY: Helen, he's not a priest! He wasn't before, and he's not one now!

JEFFREY: What are you all talking about? This isn't . . . it couldn't be . . . not the

bankrobber from last fall?

REV. ELVIS: *(Picks up fake bible from desk, opens it, removes gun, and points it at the group. He speaks in a slightly deranged voice, partly to the group, and partly to himself...)*

Yup, Rabbi, one in the same. So we meet again, Helen, Stanley, and Stephanie. I never thought our paths would cross a second time, not after I made the mistake of hiding out in your motel room last fall. That was after I robbed the First National Bank. I was posing as a priest and everything was going great, until nosy Rosie over there *(gestures at Helen with gun)* opened the bible and found my gun. It all went downhill after that, and I ended up back in the slammer. But then I had a religious experience in prison, thanks to my holy bagel. Which now has two holes in it. *(looks at bagel and starts crying; then gets enraged)* And now you lunatics have gone and ruined everything again! I busted out and I was starting over and everything was going great until I ran into yooz guys again! *(puts bagel back on desk)*

REV. ELVIS: *(sadly)* Look at my poor bagel. Thank God the bite didn't destroy the image of Elvis. I think its sacredness is intact. *(Menacing again, he directs his attention to the group.)* I oughta' plug yooz all right now!

*Suddenly, Richie dashes for the bagel and picks it up. He holds it out in front of him with both hands, like he's holding it hostage and might destroy it*

RICHIE: Hold it, Preacherman! Drop the gun or the bagel is history!

HELEN: Richie, what are you doing!

RICHIE: Stay out of this, Grams, I'm calling the shots now!

REV. ELVIS: Why you little . . . Give me back my bagel!

RICHIE: I'm warning you, come any closer and the bagel is toast! *(He holds it close to the candle flame).*

REV. ELVIS: All right, all right! Calm down, kid, and move away from the candles.

RICHIE: Say please . . .

REV. ELVIS: Okay, *please* move away from the candles. Look, kid, I'll make you a deal. You can be my business partner. You already got the suit. You could be the son Elvis never had.

RICHIE: I don't need a partner. I work alone. Now, I'm warning you, give up the gun, or else! *(Richie moves toward the candles again.)*

REV. ELVIS: *(panicked)* Okay, okay, here's the gun. Look, I'm giving the gun to Stanley, see? *(hands the gun to Stanley.)* Now, please, give me my bagel.

RICHIE: I'm thinking about it. Maybe this Elvis bagel is worth something. I wonder what I could get for it on eBay?

HELEN: Richie, give him his bagel.

RICHIE: Grams, I . . .

HELEN: *(in a commanding tone Richie has never heard before)* Give him his damn bagel -- NOW!

*Richie is in shock. His grandmother has never talked to him like that. He sheepishly hands over the bagel to Rev. Elvis. Everyone else looks at Helen in surprise.*

STANLEY: Helen. I'm shocked. If that's how you intend to talk to me after the wedding, I'm having second thoughts.

HELEN: Be quiet, Stanley. This is no time for jokes. *(She rips the gun from Stanley's hand and begins to parade around, waving gun, in full lecture mode.)* And as for you, Father Mike, Reverend Elvis, whoever the hell you are . . . You should be ashamed of yourself. Breaking out of jail, posing as Elvis, ruining our wedding, and pointing a gun at us . . . again! What do you have to say for yourself, mister?

STANLEY: *(to Rev. Elvis)* If you're going to answer her, can you make it quick? *(looking at crotch in a panic)* I'm running out of time here.

REV. ELVIS: *(hysterical)* What do I have to say? Listen, Bridezilla, you ganged up on me the first time, and now you're doing it again! There oughta' be a law against nuts like you! You're driving me insane! *(without thinking, he takes a bite out of the bagel, then realizes what he did, he runs out the door screaming.)* AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RICHIE: *(swaggering)* Elvis has left the building -- and good riddance!

STEPHANIE: Richie, you saved the day!

JEFFREY: Yes, I must admit, well done, Richie!

STANLEY: *(grudgingly)* The kid's got guts. He reminds me of myself at that age.

HELEN: *(hugging Richie)* Why doesn't that surprise me?

STEPHANIE: Wait! What about Reverend Elvis? He's getting away!