

CILLIAN

Janine.

JANINE

Cillian.

*They both take their glasses and walk away in the opposite directions. CHRISTOPHER sits down next to GRANDMA PAT.*

CHRISTOPHER

According to the mute waitress over there, there's absolutely nothing to eat. Nothing. How much did Maria pay for this place? And they don't even have any posh crisps? Not a single lightly fondled peanut?

GRANDMA PAT

You're not going to die of starvation, Christopher. Don't be such a little bitch.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

GRANDMA PAT

You heard.

CHRISTOPHER

You can't talk like that here.

GRANDMA PAT

I think you'll find I can talk however I bloody well choose.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, then, don't be sexist.

GRANDMA PAT

How am I being sexist?

CHRISTOPHER

Calling me a bitch. Implying that female dogs are inferior. That's sexist.

GRANDMA PAT

Oh, for goodness sake. As if I could be sexist. What with you and your sister, I deserve some sort of honorary liberal arts degree in Gender Politics, or something equally as socialist.

CHRISTOPHER

You don't get an award for being not shit.

GRANDMA PAT

Well, you wouldn't get one regardless. *(beat.)* Even if there was one. *(beat.)* And the only applicant was you.

CHRISTOPHER

How dare you!

GRANDMA PAT

Quite easily. I've got a Fisherman's Friend somewhere in here. Will that shut you up?

*She starts to root around in her bag, finds one and offers it to him.*

CHRISTOPHER

Don't be ridiculous, mother.

GRANDMA PAT

Suit yourself.

*She pops it in her mouth.*

CHRISTOPHER

I don't want my mouth to taste like the inside of a 1920s medicine cabinet. It'll ruin the taste of the whiskey that I'm inevitably going to start drinking a copious amount of once all of this is done.

GRANDMA PAT

Very evocative. Your education has clearly served you well.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, I'm very grateful.

GRANDMA PAT

You should be. Your father and I seriously discussed putting you to work as a chimney sweep when you were a child. You were sort shaped like one of those brushes that they use, and it would've saved us a fortune.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, but look at me now.

GRANDMA PAT

Yes. Look at you now.

CHRISTOPHER

One of these days mother, I'm going to ship you off to a home and lock the door, so I never have to hear such hurtful things again.

GRANDMA PAT

I welcome the peace.

CHRISTOPHER

You know, if my stomach decides to begin its own little jazz solo during the vows, then I'll be carting you off all the sooner.

GRANDMA PAT

Oh really? And why's that then?

CHRISTOPHER

Well, if you hadn't forgotten your glasses on three separate times this morning, then maybe I would have had time to grab something to eat before we left.

GRANDMA PAT

Oh, no you don't! When you picked me up you were already running late. I had nothing to do with it! You're just terrible at time keeping, you always have been. You must take after your father.

CHRISTOPHER

Maybe you just don't remember.

GRANDMA PAT

What, because I'm old?

CHRISTOPHER

Exactly. Your memory is about as reliable as the village bus, if I remember correctly. Which I do. Because I'm not old.

GRANDMA PAT

And your time keeping is about as reliable as the National Rail, which I would argue is considerably worse.

CHRISTOPHER

Touché, mother, touché.

*Swap to; DARREN approaches STACEY.*

DARREN

This is all a bit shit, isn't it?

STACEY

What is?

DARREN

All of it.

STACEY

I quite like weddings, actually.

DARREN

Wow, that's really sad.

STACEY

Oh.

*DARREN walks away.*

STACEY

Uhm, okay. Bye...

*CILLIAN re-enters and finds DARREN.*

CILLIAN

Darren, do you have any scissors on you?