

CILLIAN

Will you stop saying my name all the time, Janine! I've got eyes, I can see that you're talking to me. There's no need for Cillian this and Cillian that. I'm not a child!

JANINE

Oh really? Could've fooled me.

CILLIAN

You know, it's snide comments like that that remind me why I divorced you in the first place. As if I needed reminding.

JANINE

Oh, *you* divorced me, did you?

CILLIAN

That's how I remember it.

JANINE

Well well well, that's news to me. Is that what you've been telling everyone? That *you* divorced *me*?

CILLIAN

What else would I say, Janine?

*JANINE stands up.*

JANINE

Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that you have all been misinformed-

CHRISTOPHER

That's it, I can't wait any longer. I need a voulevant! I'm going to find a voulevant! There must be one somewhere.

*CHRISTOPHER starts looking for a server. In his haste he bumps into TERRI and spills his flute of champagne on her.*

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, I am so sorry. I'm such a klutz.

TERRI

It's fine, it's fine.

*TERRI dabs herself. CHRISTOPHER looks around for something to clean up with. He sees his own pocket square but doesn't offer it. TERRI notices.*

CHRISTOPHER

Sorry, it's just it's Vivienne Westwood and my husband would murder me if I came home with it smelling like booze.

TERRI

No, that's okay. This is BLOKE, so...

CHRISTOPHER

Sorry?

TERRI

BLOKE? The fashion house? Their collection during Paris Fashion Week was all anyone could talk about. I would know, I was there. You must have heard of them. Surely?

CHRISTOPHER

BLOKE. Yes, of course. BLOKE. Love them. Love BLOKE.

*CHRISTOPHER holds out his hand.*

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher, uncle of the bride.

TERRI

Yes, I know – Laura's told me all about you. I'm Terri.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, *you're* Terri! I can't believe it's taken us this long to finally meet!

TERRI

Yes, well, I'm sure Laura's told you we're not in the country very often these days, and with all the travelling, on the rare occasions that we are home, we just like to keep ourselves to ourselves.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, it's lovely to finally meet the dyke-in-law.

TERRI

Sorry?

CHRISTOPHER

I said it's lovely to meet-

TERRI

Did you just call me a dyke?

CHRISTOPHER

Well, yes. Oh, it's okay, I'm the fag of the family. So don't worry, we're in the same boat! We gays must stick together, n'est pas? Laura doesn't count, obviously.

TERRI

Why?

CHRISTOPHER

Well, she's still trying to convince everyone that she's 'bisexual', right? She doesn't get to sail on the ship if she won't hoist the flag, so to speak.

TERRI

Right, yes, only I don't know how much I like being called a dyke, actually.

*The celebrant, CAROL enters.*

CAROL

Ladies and gentlemen, I know we're experiencing some delays, but if we all gather our energies into the Union Room then I have no doubt that the spirits of our bride and groom will be irresistibly drawn to us and that the ceremony will begin without further impediment. And then the true magic can begin.

CILLIAN

What did she just say?

CHRISTOPHER

What a load of a shit.

GRANDMA PAT

So, it's going to be that kind of wedding, is it.

*GRANDMA PAT gets herself to her feet.*