

CHRISTOPHER

Ow! Mum! Make her stop!

GRANDMPA PAT

I wipe my hands of both of you.

*(to TERRI)*

You know when it came to my attention that both of my children were gay-

LAURA

I'm not gay, mum!

GRANDMA PAT

-that both of my children weren't straight, I thought what a wonderful opportunity this will be to show the world how they're just like everyone else. And then things like this happen and I have to send out a silent apology to the whole community for what a let-down these two are.

TERRI

I may have to join you in that. This wedding needs to happen before they undo years of hard work between the two of them. Léon will be livid.

GRANDMA PAT

Who's Léon?

TERRI

My therapist.

*DARREN is standing in a corner, holding a drink. STACEY approaches him, still with her tray.*

STACEY

Hi.

DARREN

Hi.

STACEY

What are you drinking?

DARREN

Nothing.

STACEY

Nothing?

DARREN

Yeah, nothing.

STACEY

Are you sure it hasn't got alcohol in it?

DARREN

No!

*STACEY dips her finger in DARREN's drink and tastes it.*

DARREN

Hey!

STACEY

It tastes like alcohol.

DARREN

Dad said I could have one, okay! Just one!

STACEY

Why are you asking your dad?

DARREN

Because of what you said. Reporting me and everything.

STACEY

Oh. But it's fine.

DARREN

What?

STACEY

Because you're twenty-one, right? That's what you said.

DARREN

Oh. Yeah. Yeah, yeah, I am.

STACEY

If you're twenty-one then you can drink whatever you want.

DARREN

Yeah, of course I can. I know.

STACEY

Except I do have to ask you for ID. I have to ID anyone who looks younger than twenty-five. It's the law.

DARREN

But. I don't have any ID.

STACEY

Oh. Then I suppose I will have to report you.

DARREN

Oh god, please don't! Please! I'm begging you! I'm watching the girl of my dreams get married and this is the only thing keeping me sane!

STACEY

That's really sad.

*STACEY peers at DARREN.*

STACEY

Oh, hang on.

DARREN

What?

STACEY

You know, you don't look twenty-one.

DARREN

I know!

STACEY

You look at least thirty-three.

DARREN

What?

STACEY

Yeah. At least. Would you like some more champagne, sir?

*DARREN cannot keep up with this game of cat and mouse.*

DARREN

Right. Yeah. I have to go now. Again.

STACEY.

Okay, love you.

DARREN

Love you too. Wait. What?

STACEY

What?

*CILLIAN approaches and hands DARREN back his scissors.*

CILLIAN

Your scissors. And don't let me catch you with those again.

DARREN

Shut up, dad!

*DARREN quickly exits.*

CILLIAN

Teenagers.

STACEY

Yeah.

*BLACK OUT.*