

SCENE THREE

JEN & MACY

Spots the cakes. Starts to look at them.

The cake! Cake cake cake.

MACY. *(A sad huzzah.)* Cake.

JEN. Pink lemonade!! That's the one my mom always got me for my birthday!!

What're we thinking?

MACY. I think the correct question is what're *you* thinking.

JEN. Well what do you like?

MACY. You know I don't / eat cake.

JEN. I know, but on your one day, on your wedding day, obviously you will.

MACY. I will?

JEN. Yes, I am going to shove it in your face and it's going to be adorable.

We could go German chocolate because of the German on your dad's side –

AHHHHHH STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE!

MACY. Does it really matter?

JEN. EVERYTHING MATTERS.

Then:

I just want it to be perfect. And I know, they say *It's not supposed to be perfect, don't expect it to be perfect*, but *they* are not me and do not have my experience with event planning, and so, I would please like for it to be perfect. RED VELVET CAKE I FORGOT ABOUT RED VELVET CAKE.

Her attention is now back on the cakes.

MACY. Can we pleeeeeeease just go to the Food Tiger where it's thirty bucks and nobody asks questions?

JEN. It's a Food *Lion*. I want to get it from here.

MACY. Ma'am, can I get your eyes for a second, like your full eyes?

JEN *looks at her fully.*

There's already enough drama doing this here. I'm just asking, why do we have / to –

JEN. She was my mom's best friend.

MACY. Okay –

JEN. There are just things that I – that I feel like should be a certain way, and my mom would've – I know she *wouldn't* have, it wouldn't have been exactly like I – but I just want to do it like we talked about doing it. Even though she's not –

She has tears in her eyes.

MACY *takes her hand.*

MACY. Okay. Hey. We'll get it from here.

JEN. Thank you.

They kiss.

JEN. I thought you were waiting in the car.

MACY. I had to pee! And I didn't know how long you'd be.

You get weird in craft stores.

JEN. No I – do. Is she here?

MACY. She's in the back.

JEN. Did you talk to her?

MACY. Just like, hi, and stuff.

JEN. Did you tell her who you are?

MACY. Who am I?

JEN. Were you weird?

MACY. No. But just so we're clear about who we're dealing with here: she wants to make cake for all of ISIS.

JEN. ...This is why I didn't want y'all talking, first, before I –

MACY. Why do you have an accent all the sudden?

JEN. This is how I talk. LOOK WHAT I GOT, LOOK WHAT I GOT.

MACY. Oh, lord, here we go –

JEN hefts the bags onto a table.

A glimpse of a little girl who once marched Barbie up a carpet aisle.

MACY can't help herself. She is delighted by the girl inside of this woman. Loves her, even. Wants to spend her life next to her.

JEN. TINY LIGHTS THAT MATCH THE COLORS EXACTLY.

MACY. Okay, there's no need to shout.

JEN. We can put them all up and down the aisle. Line the perimeter. It'll feel like we're floating in stars, like we're made of light, which I think could be our theme!

MACY. I thought our theme was "mother fuckin' loveeeee."

JEN. That's – well yes. But that's – you need like a visual theme that serves as an extension of the love itself. Our love is definitely stars. 'Cause we always have been, and we always will be.

MACY. Our love is definitely thirty thousand dollars that we could spend on something else!

JEN. Could you please stop –

They've had this argument 100 times. They're used to it.

My mom left me the money. For *this*.

MACY. But don't you see how that's –

JEN. Nope, I don't see and I don't *want* to see.