

Conventional Lunacy

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Dramatis Personae

Rory: Co-head of Red Town Events. Has taken out a second mortgage on his and Yvonne's house to finance upgrades to the company. Needs the Slade/Wilson wedding to go well to recoup the costs.

Yvonne: The more level-headed co-head of RT Events. Has her reservations about trying to run a comic convention and a wedding on the same weekend, but is actually thrilled about the comic con.

Katie: Head decorator. Keen eye for detail in terms of decoration, slightly oblivious to everything around her otherwise. But she's a sweetheart. Her talents are primarily needed for the wedding, but she really wants to be working the con. Has brought her own super-hero outfit to wear as soon as she's able to get away from the wedding.

Nessa: Guest wrangler. Has little interest in the con but, up front, that's where she's primarily needed. Uncomfortably familiar with cocaine and the industry surrounding it.

Mick: Caterer. Would rather be focussing on the food, but Katie keeps dragging him into the other dramas. Denies being Katie's "Gay husband."

Autumn Slade: The bride. Having some stress over her overly-elaborate wedding, especially with her overbearing mother-in-law hovering over her.

Tom Wilson: The groom. Having mild panic attacks that the wedding's going to be a disaster.

Trey: The best man. Seems like he'd rather be bailing on everything to attend the con.

Helena Wilson: Mother of the groom. Old money. Pretty sure that the event planners are wasting her money on nonsense and commotion.

Emily: One of the principal organizers of the comic convention. Stressing over guest demands.

Detective Juliet Spencer: Was attending the convention, is now investigating unusual behaviour at the convention center.

Lance: Booking agent for Gareth Gardner, keynote guest of the con. Filled with demands for anyone in his eyeline.

Lights up on a back room of the Wilson Convention center. The room is currently being used as a staging area for the staff of Red Town Events, currently in the middle of putting on both the Slade/Wilson wedding and the Sci-Fi/Fantasy Supercon. As a result, it is currently covered in flowers, chairs, lace, and various sci-fi fantasy props and dressings. On one side of the stage, a door leads to the banquet room that is hosting the wedding. On the other, an exit lead into the convention floor. In the back is a small storage area. Rory, one of the heads of Red Town, enters, and begins rifling through the wedding paraphernalia. Yvonne, his wife and business partner, enters.

Rory: Bride's short a bouquet. Seen it?

Yvonne: Katie's running it over. Lightsabres?

Rory: Think I saw them under that chainmail stuff.

Yvonne: The Mithril?

Rory: If that's elf or whatever for "chainmail," then sure.

Yvonne: Sci-fi stuff in a fantasy box? Well no wonder I can't find them.

Rory: They used to be in my flower crates, that wasn't better.

Yvonne: Point taken. You know...

Rory: What?

Yvonne: Nothing.

Rory: What.

Yvonne: I just don't recall our wedding needing multiple crates of flowers, and it was fine.

Rory: It was more than fine, but since we're charging a commission on decorations, they can have as many flowers as they like.

Katie's voice comes over the radio.

Katie: *(over radio)* Um, guys?

Rory: *(into radio)* Go for Rory.

Yvonne: *(into radio)* What is it, Katie?

Katie: *(over radio)* I'm short some lace. The wedding arch is supposed to look like a... how'd they put it...

Rory: An exquisite portal into a happier world of married bliss.

Katie: *(over radio)* Right, yes.

Rory: And it doesn't?

Katie: *(over radio)* More like a big white toupee.

Rory: *(into radio)* Great.

Katie: *(over radio)* I could also do kind of a Two-Face thing—

Rory: *(into radio)* Please don't.

Katie: *(over radio)* I mean, I wasn't going to, but—

Rory: *(into radio)* Nerd stuff's on the other side.

Yvonne: "Nerd stuff?"

Katie: *(over radio)* Right. Sorry.

Yvonne: "Nerd stuff."

Rory: Yes, nerd stuff. What should I be calling it?

Yvonne: Considering that this convention is the reason we have money for payroll—

Rory: I know...

Yvonne: Which our staff is going to be happy to hear...

Rory: We needed supplies!

Yvonne: So you said. Repeatedly.

Rory: Can we just find the missing lace, please?

Yvonne: Fine. As soon as you say you love Star Wars.

Rory: As a kid, I was fond of—

Yvonne: I know you like my Leia bikini.

Rory: I—that is just cheating.

Nessa's voice comes over the radio.

Nessa: *(over radio)* Somebody say something about missing lace?

Katie: *(over radio)* Did you find it?

Nessa: *(over radio)* Either that or Superman's cape has really changed recently.

Rory: *(into radio)* Grab it?

Nessa: *(over radio)* Grabbing it.

Katie: *(over radio)* On my way.

Rory: As long as we're reminding each other about our clients—

Yvonne: I don't think it was a mutual thing.

Rory: Is now. The nerd con—

Yvonne: Sci-fi/Fantasy Supercon.

Rory: Right, that. Yes, the Science Fantasy Superduper is paying us, but this wedding, and the work it's going to get us, is going to pay off the bank and keep us from moving into my parents' spare room.

Yvonne: Is that tone you want to use?

Rory: The wedding—

Yvonne: When you remind me of how you mortgaged our house?

Rory: The wedding we're—

Yvonne: To pay for all of this wedding stuff that I said we didn't—

Rory: Where are we right now?

Yvonne: The Wilson Convention Center.

Rory: Working the wedding of Tom Wilson.

Yvonne: I helped book this wedding, I do not need a recap!

Rory: They are paying us, for *one day*, what we made in *six months* last year.

Yvonne: One day we've spent *two months* prepping for...

Rory: And it is filled with potential high-society clients that can pay us even more--

Yvonne: We're not saying that we actually can afford to screw one of these up, are we?

Rory: No...

Mick enters from the wedding side.

Mick: Anyone seen my serving trays?

Yvonne: Which means not dismissing one of our top clients as "Nerd crap."

Rory: One side of this building is filled with the financial elite of three provinces, and one side is filled with—

Yvonne: Pick your terms carefully.

Rory: ...with people dressed as hobbits.

Mick: Got some hungry people looking for canapés.

Yvonne: A billion dollars in box office and seventeen Oscars say there's more overlap between those groups than you think. On the other hand, the number of people on your side who are one degree of separation from fraud indictments—

Rory: That's not... you're jumping to conclusions based on—

Yvonne: *I'm* jumping to conclusions?

Rory: Yes!

Mick: Do not want to see what the groom's mother is like with low blood sugar.

Yvonne: I'm jumping to conclusions about a bunch of bankers, one of the most corrupt careers on the continent, but you calling everyone at the con worthless nerds is fine?

Rory: I never said "worthless..." out loud...

Mick: Hey! Idiots! You're both right! The geeks suck, the bankers suck, everybody sucks! But nothing sucks likes room temperature shrimp, so can someone please point me towards my serving trays?

Rory: Under the programs.

Mick: Wedding or convention programs?

Yvonne: Both, I think.

Mick: As opposed to the box labelled "Serving trays." That's great.

Yvonne: Sorry Mick, needed the box for the model Triforces.

Mick: Which is a totally normal thing to say.

Rory: Let's just get back to work?

Yvonne: Agreed.

Rory and Yvonne resume unpacking.

Mick: And consider bringing back the "Don't fight in front of the kids" policy?

Yvonne: Shut up, Mick.

Mick: Just trying to grab my trays and get back out there.

Katie enters from the wedding side. Rory pulls out a garment bag.

Katie: Nessa back yet?

Rory: What is this garment bag?

Katie: That's nothing it's nothing just put it back it's fine!

Katie snatches away the garment bag.

Rory: ...That was odd.

Katie: Mick! Oh my god, have to dish.

Mick: Why wouldn't you.

Katie: The blonde bridesmaid is crushing on the groomsman with the moustache. I think she wants to hook up with him after the ceremony, but the bridesmaid with the scary eyes is trying to block her. Think they have a thing together?

Mick: Just getting my trays, Katie.

Katie: I think they used to. Or she wishes they used to. Don't you?

Mick: Why don't you just ask them?

Katie: You mean walk up and talk to them? Are you insane?

Mick: Yes. I'm the crazy one, not the person wondering if two bridesmaids are fighting over the only groomsman who looks like a child molester.

Katie: I don't know that he looks like a—

Yvonne: The porn stache guy?

Rory: Wouldn't trust him with my kids.

Yvonne: I wouldn't trust *you* with our kids.

Rory: What?

Yvonne: Kidding.

Rory: You *say* that—

Katie: Fine. Which do you like, Mick?

Mick: Bride's brother's pretty tasty, I guess... pretty sure he's gay.

Katie: How do you know? Did you two—

Mick: When would I have had time to—damn it, woman, how do you get me doing this?

Katie: You love it.

Mick: I do not! And I have shrimp to pass out!

Katie: See you out there.

Mick: I hate you so much.

Mick exits to the wedding side.

Katie: He loves it.

Yvonne: Sure thing, Katie.

Katie re-hides the garment bag. Nessa enters from the convention side with a wad of fabric.

Nessa: Someone lose some lace?

Katie: Me me me! Over here!

Nessa: Heads up!

Rory: Don't throw that, do NOT throw that!

Nessa: Fine...

Yvonne: It's really expensive. Katie, fold it?

Katie: Will do. Give it here.

Katie takes the fabric and starts folding.

Katie: How is it out there?

Nessa: I don't know. Crowded. Sweaty.

Katie: Any good cosplay?

Nessa: There is such a thing?

Rory: Preach, sister.

Yvonne: I thought we agreed you weren't saying that anymore.

Rory: Momentary lapse.

Katie: How many Doctors? You always see Doctor Who stuff at a con.

Nessa: That's the big scarf?

Katie: Or the brown suit, or the fez and bow tie, or the celery, or—

Nessa: Oh my god I don't care, I just keep the lines orderly.

Yvonne: How are the crowds?

Nessa: Numerous and annoying, but nobody's rioting yet.

Rory: Let's keep it that way. I do not want to see "Nerd riot" in the headlines tomorrow.

Yvonne: Why would it have to be a nerd riot—no, you're right, that's totally how the headline would read.

Katie: What about the panels? There was going to be a great one on—

Rory: How's our exquisitely decorated portal coming?

Katie: On it.

Katie exits to the wedding side.

Nessa: *(into the radio)* Hey Mick.

Mick: *(over radio)* You want to know which groomsman are cruising the bridesmaids too, Nessa?

Nessa: *(into the radio)* Do not care even a little. How's the crowd?

Mick: *(over radio)* Hungry, but calm.

Nessa: *(into the radio)* Don't need help?

Yvonne: Back to the con, Nessa.

Nessa: Crap.

Katie: *(over radio)* I can switch with you if you want. Not a problem at all.

Nessa: *(into the radio)* Like I know what to do with lace.

Mick: *(over radio)* Or Katie knows what to do with angry crowds.

Katie: *(over radio)* I could do fine at—

Mick: *(over radio)* You'd faint and get trampled inside of thirty seconds.

Katie: *(over radio)* ...Yeah, that's fair...

Yvonne: *(into the radio)* There's a whole other day of con, Katie. You'll get your chance to check it out.

Katie: *(over radio)* I guess... the panels will still be cool tomorrow, right?

Autumn Slade, the Bride, enters from the wedding side of the room. She has a black duffel bag.

Yvonne: *(into radio)* Gonna have to get back to you. *(turns off radio)* Ms. Slade! Hi.

Autumn: Oh, please, just call me Autumn--Wow. Ms. Slade. Not... not gonna be called that much longer, am I?

Yvonne: Well, you could be if you wanted, but—

Autumn: No. Mind's made up. Taking his name. Another hour and I'll be Autumn Wilson. No, Autumn Slade-Wilson. Right. That could work. Couldn't it?

Yvonne: Well, if you're having second thoughts—

Rory: *(pulls Yvonne away)* Don't say "second thoughts" around the bride, Yvonne!

Yvonne: Oh, come on, it's not like me saying the words "second thoughts" is going to make her—

Rory: It happens! It can seem like everything is fine and they're happy and going to be happy forever and then someone, some nosy busybody friend, says "You've never been to Italy, you used to want to live there" and suddenly, out of *god damn nowhere*, they "can't be tied down" and "need time to think," and then suddenly people are demanding their wedding deposit back!

Autumn: Um... just wondering about how the hyphen sounds, actually.

Yvonne: Easy there, Rory.

Autumn: And actually I did live in Italy, that's where I met Tom.

Rory: Good. Great. Hurdle cleared, everything's awesome.

Yvonne: How is your sister?

Rory: Still finding herself in Honduras.

Yvonne: That's where she's looking for herself? There a lot of event-ruining sluts in Honduras?

Rory: That's not—no, yeah, that's fair. Was there something you needed, Autumn? We weren't expecting you down yet.

Autumn: No, sorry, just... needed a breather. I love Tom, I love Tom's family, but... there are a lot of Wilsons hovering around my dressing room, you know? And his mother... god, his mother.

Rory: We've met.

Yvonne: No need to explain.

Rory: Intense woman.

Yvonne: I see her scowling when I close my eyes.

Autumn: She means well, though.

Rory: Absolutely.

Yvonne: Definitely.

Rory: Pillar of the community.

Yvonne: Love her devotion.

Autumn: So I just needed a minute.

Rory: Sure thing.

Yvonne: Sorry about the mess.

Rory: If there's anything we can do—

Autumn: Can I keep this back here? My dressing room is kind of full of Wilson luggage right now.

Rory: Sure thing. *(takes the bag, stows it behind their table)*

Autumn: Thanks. Just a few emergency supplies to—is that Mithril?

Rory: Wonderful.

Yvonne: Sure is. For the con. Not real Mithril, of course, won't stop any troll spears...

Rory: Glad you cleared that up.

Autumn: I'll be sure to warn the groomsmen.

Trey, the best man, enters. He also has a black duffel bag.

Trey: Hey, Autumn! Looking sharp!

Autumn: Speaking of... hey, Trey.

Trey: *(calls offstage)* Hey Tom! Over here!