

ROBBIE/

JULIA: CAUSE IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF THING

HOLLY: (*Enters, sees ROBBIE and JULIA*) Omigod! Hey, you guys! Where we going?

JULIA: The bridal salon!

HOLLY: Omigod - shut up - lets go!! (*JULIA and ROBBIE are in their own worlds*)

ROBBIE: TRUE, THERE ARE TIMES  
WHEN HER EYES MEET MINE AND LINGER THERE  
MAYBE A BIT TOO LONG

JULIA: AND I WONDER  
IS THERE SOMETHING HIDDEN IN HIS STARE?  
NO, I COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG

*(The set shifts to the bridal salon section of the store. Everyone sings as dresses pass ROBBIE and JULIA and they evaluate them)*

ALL: TELL THE NIGHT  
TO SAVE ITS MOONLIGHT  
TELL THE BIRDS NOT TO SING  
TELL THE STARS IN THE HEAVENS  
THEY'VE BEEN MISALIGNED  
CAUSE IT'S NOT THAT KIND  
NO IT'S NOT THAT KIND  
NO IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF THING . . .

*(As everyone moves slowly off, HOLLY appears with the perfect wedding dress. JULIA can't believe how beautiful it is)*

JULIA: Oh my God! That's the dress. That's the dress I was meant to get married in! (*She goes to it, touches it lightly. Turns to HOLLY*) What do you think? Can you picture me in it? (*Without thinking, ROBBIE answers with HOLLY*)

BOTH: Yes. (*JULIA looks at ROBBIE, surprised. She then turns back to HOLLY*)

JULIA: You think I'll look all right?

ROBBIE: (*Before HOLLY can answer*) You'll look beautiful. (*They both look at him. He snaps out of it and pretends to suddenly be interested in the dress*) I mean, the dress is really . . . (*Awkwardly touches the bodice*) You think they bedazzled this? (*They stare at him, he shakes his head*) Look, guys, I gotta go . . .

GLEN: (*Enters, carrying a big, cardboard box*) Word up, ~~dudes~~! (*ROBBIE steps upstage quickly*)

JULIA: Glen! How did you know . . .

GLEN: I was next door picking you up a little present.

JULIA: You shouldn't see the dress before the wedding! It's bad luck!

GLEN: Why don't you let me worry about our luck, baby?

JULIA: (*Awkward beat*) Um Glen, this is Robbie -

GLEN: Oh, yeah. I've heard all about the Robster. Thanks for helping Julia out. I owe you one.

ROBBIE: (*Still dazed*) Hey Glen. I - I gotta go. (*Incredibly uncomfortable, ROBBIE turns and gives HOLLY a formal handshake. He and JULIA share an awkward hug. ROBBIE lamely gives GLEN five and hurries off*)

GLEN: (*To JULIA*) So anyway, I got you this new gadget. It's called a CD player. It cost like nine hundred bucks. But your fiancé moved more paper last month than anyone on the desk, so I got a sweet little bonus.

JULIA: Wow, that's great, Glen, congrats . . . you're like an expert in junk bonds.

GLEN: (*Slightly patronizing*) They're not "junk bonds," Jules. They're "high-yield debt instruments."

JULIA: (*Pause*) Oh, sorry. Well, um, thanks for the present. (*GLEN'S phone rings*)

GLEN: Hold on, I gotta take this . . . (*GLEN answers the phone*) Guglia. (*He crosses upstage. HOLLY and JULIA cross down*)

HOLLY: Oh my god, Robbie is so amazingly cute. I think I should go out with him.

JULIA: (*Hesitatingly*) Yeah, why not? You're single, he's also single. Makes sense.

HOLLY: Well, hey if you don't want me to, I won't do it.

JULIA: Why would I not want you to?

HOLLY: Great, then I'm gonna go out with him.

GLEN: (*Gets off the phone*) Go out with who?

HOLLY: Robbie.

GLEN: Good. That guy needs a make-out session bad.

HOLLY: Hey, just because he's going out with me doesn't mean we're gonna end up making out. (*They look at her*) All right, we probably will.

(*Lights switch*)