

LINDA: LET ME COME HOME TO YOU BABY  
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LET ME COME HOME (ROBBIE is passed out on the bed)

Robbie. Robbie? (*Lights shift. HOLLY drags JULIA on*)

JULIA: What am I supposed to say? I mean, maybe this is a bad idea.

HOLLY: A girl isn't supposed to cry at her own bachelorette party. Just tell him.

JULIA: Tell him what? I don't even . . .

HOLLY: Look, sometimes you can surprise yourself, you know what I mean?

JULIA: Kinda . . .

HOLLY: Just talk to Robbie, okay? (*HOLLY leaves. JULIA enters the room*)

JULIA: Robbie? Are you home? (*JULIA sees LINDA*) Oh, hi. Is Robbie here?

LINDA: He's indisposed right now . . . (*Smiles, whispers*) Shower.

JULIA: You're Linda, right?

LINDA: That's right. Robbie's fiancée.

JULIA: Oh, so you two . . .

LINDA: Yeah, I tried dating around, but Robbie and I have what you'd call a connection. It's like we were never apart.

JULIA: Oh. Great.

LINDA: Can I leave a message for Robbie or something?

JULIA: Yes, you can tell him that Julia stopped by . . . actually, never mind . . . don't tell him anything. (*She leaves. LINDA shouts after her*)

LINDA: Suit yourself, Jennifer! (*ROBBIE wakes up, holding his head*)

ROBBIE: Oh man . . . it feels like Mr. Belvedere sat on my skull.

LINDA: Looky, looky - Mr. Sleepyhead woke up!

ROBBIE: Linda! What are you doing here?

LINDA: You passed out, and I took care of you.

ROBBIE: Why'd you take care of me?

LINDA: I told you last night. I made a mistake. And now I'm back. I can learn to deal with you being just a wedding singer and not a rock star . . .

ROBBIE: You can learn to deal with that? I don't want you to learn to deal with that. That's not how it works.

*(SAMMY skateboards by in the background)*

LINDA: Robbie, maybe we should talk about all this when you're feeling better.

ROBBIE: Look, psycho. I'm never gonna want to talk about this. Now get out of my Van Halen shirt before you jinx the band and they break up.

LINDA: Oh, okay. So you're still pissed about the wedding thing?

ROBBIE: Get out!

*(SAMMY comes rushing down the stairs)*

*more the down sammy*

SAMMY: Hey, Robbie . . . we're gonna be late . . . *(Sees LINDA)* Holy crap! Linda, you look great!

LINDA: Really?

SAMMY: No. *(To ROBBIE)* We gotta go.

*(Lights shift)*