

(KATHERINE)

(notices PASTOR BRUNO)

Who are you?

MIKE

You remember Pastor Bruno... from the wedding workshop weekend—

KATHERINE

Wedding workshop. Wow.

PASTOR BRUNO

Good to see you, Katherine.

(hugs KATHERINE, a nice long hug)

I understand the plan is to have the wedding outside in the backyard!

(GRANDPA GORDON snorts.)

GRANDMA HELENE

Or you could do it in a church like normal people.

GRANDPA GORDON

Here they go again. I need to go lie down.

(GRANDMA HELENE and GRANDPA GORDON exit.)

PASTOR BRUNO

Let's talk through the ceremony. It's traditional to start with a prayer. But I'll tell you what—I do something a little different.

KATHERINE

You go satanic?

PASTOR BRUNO

(awkward)

Ha ha! I like to begin by asking the couple to tell us the story of how they first met.

MIKE

(charmed)

I love that.

PASTOR BRUNO

(prompting)

How did you first meet?

MIKE START

MIKE

(into "the story")

Okay, I come in, first day on the job—

KATHERINE

He was designing our kitchen cabinets!

MIKE

Katie's at the stove working on something. I say, "Wow, that smells great—only thing I know how to cook are seven-layer bars."

(to KATHERINE)

Tell him what you said next.

KATHERINE

(pause)

You tell him.

MIKE

It's funny when you say it!

KATHERINE

Seriously. You.

MIKE

Come on. She said...

KATHERINE

I said...

MIKE

KATHERINE

(pause)

Seven-layer bars don't actually count as cooking.

(A beat, then...)

She hates seven-layer bars.

MIKE END

Layers don't need... All those layers...
When you're cooking with... the stuff.

I love seven-layer bars.

PASTOR BRUNO

(awkward)

Good story. And the two of you are writing your own vows?

KATHERINE

No.

MIKE

They're not done?

KATHERINE

No.