

START

MR. T IMPERSONATOR

Want me to open a can of whoop-ass on somebody?

ROBBIE

No, I'm good, fake Mr. T.

(A RONALD REAGAN IMPERSONATOR passes them.)

REAGAN IMPERSONATOR

Pardon me, young man. Yes, you. With the guitar case. Do you play wedding music by any chance?

ROBBIE

No, fake President Reagan, I don't. Why?

REAGAN IMPERSONATOR

Well, I'm marrying these two young people in ten minutes, and my organist didn't show up. The fella that's getting married is loaded. He'll probably give you a hundred bucks for one song.

ROBBIE

Loaded?

REAGAN IMPERSONATOR

Wall street guy. Keeps talking about the dawn of some entrepreneurial age or something. You want the gig or not?

ROBBIE

Actually, Mr. President, I've got a little story to tell you....

(Lights shift.)

END

#18b - Transition To The Little White House

SCENE EIGHT

(Inside the chapel. GLEN, sips a fruity drink as they check out the place.)

GLEN

This is just like getting married at the White House - only in Vegas!

JULIA

(Without enthusiasm.)

Yeah.

GLEN

Jules - are you doing that girl thing? That pout thing?