

Doc & Delia

DOC. The weather is perfect. It's all falling into place.

DELIA. It's going to be a marvelous day.

DOC. Our Courtney deserves the best.

DELIA. It's her day, too.

DOC. She's a lovely bride, the image of you, my dear.

DELIA. She's a vision in that dress. *(Staring at her clipboard.)* Oh my God, Doc! I almost forgot the bug bombs.

DOC. For my azaleas. Where is Courtney?

DELIA. Off somewhere, counting her blessings, I imagine.

DOC. I don't think her generation counts blessings.

DELIA. *(With clipboard in hand, she stands and moves away, checking the room to be sure that everything is in order.)* Did the florist call?

DOC. Not that I know of.

DELIA. He's really one of the best there is. I can't wait to see what he's done. He did a centerpiece with daisies and Rit dye for the Lancasters that was no less than spectacular. It's all falling into place, Doc. The caterer is even bringing the Civil War punchbowls I wanted. Now does your tux ...

DOC. It fits, Delia. Just another one of life's little miracles.

DELIA. I've still got to call the photographers. I can't believe it, Doc, but I just found out ... they are lesbians ... but their work is impeccable.

DOC. Lesbians! I didn't know. I can't even tell when I meet one. And I'm a doctor!

DELIA. Well, I am sure it makes them better photographers. *(Back to her clipboard.)* I'll have P.B. tidy up that hall closet, and do the breakfast dishes.

DOC. You've done a hell of a job, Delia.

DELIA. It's not over yet. *(She yells up the stairs.)* P.B.!

DOC. It wasn't easy.

DELIA. There are rewards. I think she's going to be very happy with Ryan.

DOC. Harper.

DELIA. What?

DOC. You meant Harper.

DELIA. What did I say?

DOC. You said Ryan.

DELIA. I did?

DOC. Yes.

DELIA. I have to watch that.

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DOC. It wasn't that long ago that they were a couple.

DELIA. That wasn't a relationship. It was just a phase all women go through.

DOC. That's all in the past, Delia.

DELIA. Thank God. Ryan was such a mess.

DOC. Well, you won't have to think about Ryan again.

DELIA. Harper.

DOC. Harper.

DELIA. Harper. He's such a nice boy. A real gentleman.

DOC. He's certainly a snappy dresser.

DELIA. They make a lovely couple. *(Returning to her clipboard again.)* Now. We need at least a magnum of Chianti for Father Capatello and his entourage. I do hope the caterer remembers to bring a few extra tables for the gifts. Oh yes, and some Tab for the diabetic side of your family.

DOC. Is there anything else I can do, Delia, really, please.

DELIA. You can relax. *(Beat.)* After you get the bug bombs.

DOC. You take it easy, too. We're ahead of schedule.

DELIA. Yes. Just a few more odds and ends and everything will be perfect. *(She starts up the stairs.)*

DOC. You look beautiful, Delia.

DELIA. You bring out the best in me, Doc. *(Doc crosses to the bar*