

SCENE 3: BLAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN

(CATER WAITERS cross the stage and assemble the kitchen, still motivated to a frenzy to get everything right.)

CATER WAITERS

LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA...

LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA...

(CATER WAITERS exit, revealing LOUIS, who sets up lighting over a unique, towering, exquisite, work-of-art wedding cake. TORREY hovers anxiously.)

TORREY

You need a little more fill on the left corner. Careful – that cake stand is hand-painted china.

(KATHERINE – wearing a hipper jacket than earlier and sneakers instead of heels – enters with DANIELLE.)

CONVERS

DANIELLE

This must be where the magic happens!

(gasps)

Look at that cake!

KATHERINE

Whoa. I made that?!?

(corrects after confused reactions)

I made that! Bam! Nailed it!

DANIELLE

Where did you learn to cook?

KATHERINE

Um...

TORREY

(proudly)

She went to the C.I.A.

KATHERINE

I'm a... spy.

DANIELLE

... the Culinary Institute of America.

KATHERINE

Food spy!

DANIELLE

What inspired you to do everything for your own wedding?

KATHERINE

Obviously, I'm a control freak.

(TORREY emits a worried fake laugh.)

DANIELLE

Your fiancé's name is Mike?

KATHERINE

Uh-huh.

DANIELLE

Your assistant told us that you and Mike met when he refinished your kitchen cabinets. That's adorable.

KATHERINE

Is it?

(MIKE enters, startling KATHERINE.)

Gah, there he is!

MIKE

Katie!

(MIKE heads toward KATHERINE, arms open for a hug.)

KATHERINE

(heck no)

Whoa. Oh no, there. Ha, ha, ha - No.

(halts MIKE with an outstretched hand then punches him on the shoulder)

Hey, fella!

MIKE

Ow!

(covering his surprise, to Danielle)

Who doesn't want a bride with a solid right hook? You should have seen what she did when I suggested seven-layer bars instead of a wedding cake!

DANIELLE

(gestures)

Louis! Photo!

(MIKE puts an arm around KATHERINE, she cringes. LOUIS snaps a photo as KATHERINE ducks away from the arm.)

So do you two have any special surprises planned for the reception?