

GEORGE**GEORGE**

(entering with phone mid conversation) You don't say? Well, why don't you just slime back into your mud hole, you backstabbing worm! *(He hangs up)* Well, now I have to find another minister. Say, what are you up to?

ROBERT

I'm singing a song an old Negro taught me. A Dixie remedy for wedding day jitters.

GEORGE

You think you've got jitters? You got the easy part! I've still got to get rice, boutonnieres, and a minister! I have the weight of the wedding on my shoulders!

ROBERT

George, it sounds like you've got cold feets.

GEORGE

(getting into the rhythm)
What do I got?

ROBERT

Cold feets

GEORGE

What do I want?

ROBERT

Bold feets

GEORGE

What do I do—scold feets?

ROBERT

Nooooo!
YOU MAKE 'DA COLD FEETS HOT

ROBERT begins a tap dance routine. GEORGE joins in.

GEORGE

Alright, alright. That's enough of that. Dancing around like a fool.

ROBERT

Sorry, George. I was just trying to calm my nerves. It is my wedding day after all.

GEORGE

Well, you could've snapped an ankle. Tap dancing is too dangerous. Why don't you go out for a skate instead? That's what I do when it want to blow off some steam.

He hands him a pair of roller skates.

ROBERT

George, what would I do without you?

GEORGE

Wait a minute. What was I thinking? Oh, n-n-n-no. You're not going out like that, my friend. You might see Janet. Here, put on this blindfold.

He blindfolds him.

ROBERT

George, you think of everything.

GEORGE

Just looking out for you, my boy. And no more tap dancing.