

# Sample Script

## THE MOTHER, THE FATHER, THE BRIDE, AND THE GROOM: THE PLAY ABOUT THE WEDDING (313 - Class-length Plays)

**Molly:** (In spot) Don't you just love weddings? I think everyone does. I know I do. I'm so excited. My older sister's getting married this weekend, and everyone is just so excited. I mean, you just can't help but be excited by a wedding, right? I mean, first of all you've got the bride. (Maureen enters, adjusting wedding dress.) That's my sister, Maureen. I know we don't always get along real well, and if you asked her, she'd probably say she hates my guts, but I gotta admit: for a bride she does look beautiful. I think it's made her attitude more beautiful, too. Hi, Mo!

**Mauren:** This dress fits like junk! I can't believe it. What were they thinking when they took those measurements? Bunch of idiot, moron tailors!

**Molly:** See what I mean?

**Maureen:** What do you want, Dibish?

**Molly:** Dibish--that's her nickname for me. It refers to the little dot that goes over the letter *i*.

**Maureen:** It refers to anything small, unimportant, or meaningless, Dibish, and that's you, and don't you forget it.

**Molly:** Don't mind her. She pretends not to like me very much, but that's just the big sister talking.

**Maureen:** No, I really do not like you very much.

**Molly:** She doesn't really mean it.

**Maureen:** And I really, really mean it.

**Molly:** (Too caught up in the wedding excitement to notice the insult) Mo, I think your dress looks great.

**Maureen:** You blind, Dibish? Look at these sleeves. I mean, look at them.

**Molly:** (Looking, sort of) They're beautiful.

**Maureen:** They're too short! I feel like they're retracting my elbows right up into my armpits.

**Molly:** Isn't being a bride great? You get to concern yourself with all kinds of really important details.

**Maureen:** Now which nail polish do I use? Midnight Magenta Magic or Misty Toffee?

**Mom:** (Offstage) Maureen!

**Molly:** And of course, any wedding has to have the doting mother figure. This is ours.

**Mom:** (Entering. Light adjusts) Maureen, did anyone contact the caterers about the additional guests from your father's side of the family? You know those Smithsons--they can eat like buffalo. Shovel down the rigatoni like there's a famine coming on. And that's just the women! No, we'll have to order at least six more entrees from the caterer.

**Maureen:** Well, Mom, how do I look?

**Mom:** (Looking, beaming) What a beautiful bride!

**Molly:** Don't you just love it?

**Mom:** I always knew you'd make a beautiful bride, Maureen.

**Maureen:** (Tearing up) Oh, Mom! (They start to hug)

**Mom:** Whoa! (Pulling back) Please, dear, careful of the hair. Jean-Paul worked two hours on it today and he just can't have time to retouch before the wedding tomorrow. I swear I'll have to sleep standing up all night.

**Molly:** Looks great, Mom.

**Mom:** Yes, thank you, dear. Now if we can just get your father looking halfway decent, we'll be the best-dressed family in three counties.

**Dad:** (Off) Muriel!

**Maureen:** Hark. The father figure bellows.

**Molly:** That means Dad's coming.

**Dad:** (Entering) Muriel!

**Molly:** See? Told you. Isn't today just magical?

**Dad:** Muriel, (holds out cummerbund) what the devil is this thing supposed to be?

**Mom:** It's your cummerbund, dear.

**Dad:** My what?

**Mom:** Your cummerbund. It's part of your tuxedo.

**Dad:** It is?

**Mom:** Yes.

**Dad:** Is that considered an accessory?

**Mom:** I don't know, dear.

**Dad:** Well, is it? Is it an accessory?

**Mom:** I suppose you could consider it an accessory.

**Dad:** Because I don't do accessories, Muriel. No, sirree! Not this guy. I can see a belt. Maybe a watch. But no accessories. Accessories are for cars, women and cake-boys. Not for real men. Not for this guy, no sirree!

**Mom:** I know, dear, but just think of it as an integral part of your uniform. Sort of like a, like a supporter.

**Dad:** Oh. (Looks at it) Well, if you put it that way. I never thought of that.

**Mom:** Of course you didn't, dear. (Kisses him on forehead) That's what I'm here for. Now, Maureen, I'm going to call the caterer. Help your father if he has any other questions about his tuxedo--I mean, his uniform. (Exits)

**Maureen:** Sure, Mom.

**Dad:** (To Maureen) Well, Little Trooper, tomorrow's the big day.

**Molly:** Little Trooper. That's always been Dad's nickname for Mo.

**Maureen:** Yes, it is, Dad.

**Molly:** And Mo has always called him Dad.

**Maureen:** It's getting annoying, Dibish!

**Molly:** Sorry!

**Dad:** The big wedding.

**Maureen:** The big wedding.

**Dad:** You and Sebring.

**Maureen:** That's right.