

VIRGIL'S WEDDING

A Comedy in One Act

by Eddie McPherson



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SYNOPSIS: You're invited to the social clash of the century as Ms Delanie, a high-end wedding planner, and her assistant, Barbie, are hired to direct a simple ceremony for two of Lickskillit's favorite lovebirds. Grinning with confidence and guaranteed a promotion if the Margaret Hooper-Virgil Sludge wedding is a success, Ms Delanie invites her boss, Mr. Wright, to attend the simple ceremony. But it's a wild romp before the nuptials are exchanged. The bride doubts the groom's love, the in-laws are decorating the church with Christmas garland, the Reverend arrives late with notes for a funeral service, and the groom ends up spending the night before the wedding in his best man's lizard trap. The morning of the wedding is a coordinator's nightmare. It starts with a skittish bride who thinks she's promised her love to the wrong man (her mama told her to marry "Mr. Right"), a lost groom and ungracious relatives that refuse to cooperate with fancy city ladies. Too busy with the bride to worry about the groom, Ms Delanie and Barbie work on the threshold of tragedy trying to explain the difference between Mr. Wright and "Mr. Right" to the bride before she ends up marrying the wrong "Mr. Right."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10-11 females, 8 males, 1 either, extras)

MS. DELANIE (f).....	A wedding director from the city. (73 lines)
BARBIE (f).....	Ms Delanie's assistant. (30 lines)
MARGARET (f).....	A simple country girl who is getting married. (76 lines)
BERTHA MAE (f).....	Margaret's best friend. (48 lines)
VIRGIL (m).....	Margaret's fiancée. (62 lines)
ELLARD (m).....	Virgil's best friend. (56 lines)
MAMA HOOPER (f).....	Margaret's mother. (47 lines)
PAPA HOOPER (m).....	Margaret's father. (23 lines)

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MAMA (f).....	Virgil’s mother. (27 lines)
PAPA (m).....	Virgil’s father. (20 lines)
MR. WRIGHT (m).....	Ms Delanie’s boss. (26 lines)
MOE MOE (f/m)	Acts as the wedding host(ess.) (24 lines)
GRANDMA (f).....	Virgil’s grandmother. (19 lines)
MR. PERKY (m)	Margaret’s great grandfather. (11 lines)
TINY (f).....	Margaret’s cousin. (3 lines)
UNCLE LESTER (m).....	A deaf relative. (2 lines)
AUNT POLLY (f).....	Lester’s deaf wife. (1 line)
CURLY SUE (f)	Moe Moe’s sister. (1 line)
LARRY SUE (f)	Moe Moe’s other sister. (5 lines)
REVEREND DAVIS (m)	An absent-minded minister. (10 lines)

EXTRAS: If desired, additional wedding guests.

***NOTE:** Mama and Grandma can be played by the same actor. This adds to the fun of the play. If this option is used, see PRODUCTION NOTES. Also, Moe Moe can be played by a male if needed with a few line changes, which are marked as “optional lines” in the script.*

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play is written to be simply staged in the following ways:

SCENE 1: Margaret’s dressing room. This scene is also played in front of the permanent set. The card table from scene 1 can now be moved to DSC for Margaret’s dressing table. An oval mirror on a stand and/or a floor lamp may be brought in for background. When the characters look into the dressing table’s mirror, they’re actually looking out over the audience.

SCENE 3: The forest scene. A refrigerator box turned on its side makes a perfect lizard trap. It may be covered with brown burlap or a camouflage covering or painted. An artificial undecorated Christmas tree may sit to the side but is optional. If available, have cricket or bird sound effects in the background.

THE CHAPEL:

The wedding chapel need be no more than a small platform UC with a lectern sitting on it where Reverend Davis will perform the ceremony. Chairs sit around the stage or playing area. A cutout of a stained glass window may hang right behind the lectern to set a nice chapel mood. There needs to be a place UR for a few characters to disappear to. This area acts as the back room of the chapel. All other entrances and exits are from SL. A couple of simple, yet elegant flowers or ferns need to be brought in for the wedding as well as a couple of candle stands if possible. The audience can fill in the rest with their imagination.

For the wedding ceremony, have the guests sitting on each side of the stage facing toward the audience. Bertha Mae stands on the lectern beside Reverend Davis facing Margaret and Ellard stands on the other side of the Reverend in the same fashion. Virgil and Margaret face Reverend Davis but turn toward the audience when they exchange their vows.

MARGARET'S WEDDING DRESS:

The wedding dress she actually wears in the wedding isn't the ugly one Mama brings out of the box earlier. Barbie has found a different dress for her. This doesn't have to be a real wedding dress. It can be a simple white dress that fits Margaret nicely. A small veil may or may not be worn. Margaret needs to really be beautiful for her wedding. Her make up is perfect and her hair is done eloquently.

THE DUMMY:

If you use the dummy option, the actor who plays Virgil's mother returns as his grandmother, the wedding guest. The dummy hangs on a stand in the back of the chapel wearing an ugly dress and a large rimmed hat. The dummy portrays Virgil's mama who is mad and sulking. This adds to the fun especially when grandma is talking to her "daughter" and Papa dances with it at the play's finale. If you choose to use two actors, the dummy isn't used. Either way will work.

A WORD ABOUT CHARACTERIZATION

Lickskillit is a very small rural community in the middle of nowhere USA. The people who live there are simple country people. Though their qualities are exaggerated, they still need to be played somewhat down to earth and not so much like a melodrama (except maybe when Margaret is telling Mr. Wright that she can't marry him). They need to dress tacky and silly, especially for the wedding. This should be in sharp contrast to Ms Delanie's, Barbie's and Mr. Wright's sophisticated attire. The Reverend may want to wear a black robe or a nice suit.

PROPS**SCENE 1**

- Empty Shoe Box (Ellard)
- Small tape player or CD player, broom (Margaret)

SCENE 2

- Ugly plastic flowers (Mama Hooper)
- Black afro wig (Margaret)
- Clipboard (Ms. Delanie)
- Small ugly lawn decoration (Mama)
- Box of decorations (Papa)
- Another box of Christmas decorations including garland and a string of Christmas lights. (Virgil)
- Shoe box with stick inside (Ellard)
- Piece of Christmas garland (Ms. Delanie)
- A dress box with an ugly dress inside (Mama)
- Box of matches (Papa Hooper)

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SCENE 3

- Shoe box with stick inside (Ellard)
- Large lizard box (Ellard)

SCENE 4

- Various bandages/arm sling (Papa)
- Umbrella (Grandma)
- Walking cane (Mr. Perky)
- A bottle of mouth freshener (Grandma)
- Little black book (Mr. Wright)
- Purse (Mama Hooper)
- Boa (Tiny – optional)
- Shoebox with stick inside it (Ellard)
- Two large funnels (Polly, Lester)
- Large piece of tape (Curly Sue)
- Various pages of notes (Rev. Davis)
- Bouquet of flowers (Margaret)
- Sheet of paper (Virgil)
- Diploma of promotion (Mr. Wright)
- Suitcase (Virgil)
- A garter (Virgil)

. . . AND FINALLY

This is a farce. The action should move very quickly to be effective. Slow moments and long blackouts between scenes will be annoying and distracting. Keep it moving and have fun AND check our web site for full color posters and t-shirts for THE VIRGIL SERIES.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: It's MARGARET'S bedroom. There is a chest of drawers stage left. This doubles as the preacher's pulpit later. Check PRODUCTION NOTES. A table acts as a dresser, which sits down stage center. It has hair brushes and other odds and ends spread out over it. The "mirror" is invisible. The people who look into it actually are looking out to the audience. MARGARET enters, followed closely by BERTHA MAE, her best friend. MARGARET wears a housecoat, big fluffy house shoes and some type of exotic beauty mask on her face. She has curlers in her hair covered by a hair net.

BERTHA MAE: What's the matter, Margaret? What did you want to show me?

MARGARET: (*Sitting down at the dresser and looking into the mirror.*) There, Bertha Mae. Right there. It's awful!

BERTHA MAE: (*Looking at MARGARET in the mirror.*) What's awful? All I see is your reflection.

MARGARET: Exactly. I was practicing my make up this morning and all of a sudden it dawned on me. Why would Virgil want to marry somethin' that looked like that?

BERTHA MAE: I wouldn't fret over it; Virgil's no Prince Charmin' himself so he can't be all that choosy.

MARGARET: (*Putting her head down.*) Ohhhhhhhhhh.

BERTHA MAE: Look at me, I'm tryin' to make you feel better, but I don't know how to do it.

MARGARET: That's okay, Bertha Mae. You're right. I'm just nervous I guess. But lately all these doubts have been comin' into my head.

BERTHA MAE: Doubts about what?

MARGARET: Doubts about Virgil's love for me. Can I make him happy? When we wake up in the mornin's and he sees this, will he be sorry he married me at all?

BERTHA MAE: You've got a point there.

MARGARET: What?

BERTHA MAE: What I mean—

MARGARET: That's okay Bertha Mae; that's what I love about you: Your primitive honesty.

BERTHA MAE: Virgil's my brother and I know for a fact he loves you, Margaret. He talks about you all the time at home.

MARGARET: (*Stands.*) He does? What does he say?

BERTHA MAE: He talks about how you make him laugh when you do your beaver impressions and how that there's nobody who can milk a cow with the poise and confidence that you have.

MARGARET: Have you ever heard him say lately that I was beautiful, or pretty or even mildly attractive?

BERTHA MAE: Well—

MARGARET: That's what I thought. (*Looking back into the mirror.*) I'm just plain ugly and Virgil's going to realize it before he says I do and he'll call the whole thing off.

BERTHA MAE: That's silly talk, Margaret.

MARGARET: Maybe I should have waited for Mr. Right.

BERTHA MAE: Who's Mr. Right?

MARGARET: My mama always told me that when Mr. Right came along I should hang on to him and marry him because he will be the man I was meant to marry. But I never met a Mr. Right. Virgil came along and I fell for him so I just knew he was the man for me. Why didn't I listen to my mama?

MARGARET plops back down and buries her face in her arms.

BERTHA MAE: Speakin' of Virgil, he said him and Ellard was gonna stop by on their way to check Ellard's lizard trap.

MARGARET: What? Virgil's comin' here? Bertha Mae, why didn't you tell me?

BERTHA MAE: I just did.

MARGARET: I can't let Virgil see me lookin' like this. He'll stop lovin' me for sure. Here, help me get these curlers out of my hair.

VIRGIL: (*Off stage.*) Margaret? Where are you, you little Love Dove you.

MARGARET: They're here? Bertha Mae, I will never forgive you for this!

BERTHA MAE: Here, I'll get this one. (*She pulls a curler.*)

MARGARET: Ohhhhhhhhh!

VIRGIL and ELLARD enter.

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VIRGIL: Hey Bertha Mae. (*Sees MARGARET.*) Hello. (*Turns to BERTHA MAE.*) Bertha Mae have you seen Margaret?

BERTHA MAE: Huh?

VIRGIL: I was gonna see if she wanted to go over to the holler with us.

ELLARD: You can go with us, Bertha Mae. (*Holding up a shoe box.*) I'm gonna catch myself a red-tailed lizard to put in this here box.

BERTHA MAE: (*Turning to MARGARET.*) Why, she's right... (*MARGARET stomps her foot.*) Iyyyyyyyyyyyy.

VIRGIL: She's right where?

BERTHA MAE: (*Looking at MARGARET and getting her cue from her.*) She's—right—on the other side of town picking up some things for the weddin'.

VIRGIL: That's what I love about my Margaret. Always on top of things when something needs to be done. (*Turns to MARGARET.*) Bertha Mae, aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?

BERTHA MAE: Well, this here is Mar—go, Margo. She's a friend of mine who has come in for the weddin'.

VIRGIL: Nice to meet you, Margo. I'm Virgil, the groom to be and this here is Ellard, my best man. (*MARGARET doesn't say anything.*) Oh, I see. Shy huh? I can understand that.

ELLARD: Yeah, most homely lookin' people are shy.

BERTHA MAE: Ellard! (*MARGARET runs out crying.*) Ellard, that was a terrible thing to say!

ELLARD: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt her feelin's. It just slipped out.

VIRGIL and ELLARD begin to snicker.

BERTHA MAE: Your brains must have slipped out for saying such a cruel thing to a girl.

VIRGIL: You have to admit, Bertha Mae. Your friend is kind of ugly. The guy that ever marries her sure will be a loser.

VIRGIL and ELLARD laugh bigger.

BERTHA MAE: I'm ashamed that you are even my brother!

VIRGIL: I'm sorry, but it's just that your friend there needs to go back to the haunted house before the sun comes up.

ELLARD and VIRGIL fall on each other's shoulders with laughter. BERTHA MAE puts her hands on her hips with contempt.

BERTHA MAE: Stop that silly immature behavior right now! She's goin' to the beautician tomorrow.

ELLARD: Beautician? She needs a mechanic.

The boys laugh more.

BERTHA MAE: Stop it! Both of you! *(They try to straighten up, but now they've got the giggles.)* Virgil, it's hard to believe you are getting married this weekend the way you're behavin'! *(Running after MARGARET.)* Margaret? Where did you go? Margaret? *(She exits.)*

ELLARD: *(Still laughing.)* Guess we are pretty mean, Virgil. Callin' that girl ugly and everything.

VIRGIL: *(Also laughing.)* I know, Ellard. I guess it's just my nerves actin' up before the big weddin' and all. *(They stand there grinning looking out to the audience. VIRGIL holds his grin as he says his next line.)* Ellard?

ELLARD: Yeah, Virgil?

VIRGIL: What did Bertha Mae call that girl as she ran out just now?

ELLARD: *(Still laughing a little.)* Sounded like 'Margaret'.

VIRGIL: *(Holding his grin as it slowly sinks in.)* You don't suppose that could have been my Margaret standin' here just now?

ELLARD: I don't know, but if it is you'd better be runnin' for the hills come this weekend.

ELLARD laughs but VIRGIL doesn't this time. Suddenly BERTHA MAE enters pulling MARGARET in behind her.

BERTHA MAE: Come on now. You might as well face the music right now than later.

VIRGIL: (*Quickly crossing to her.*) Uh, hello there Margaret. You sure are lookin' awful nice today.

ELLARD: Margaret, I'm sorry I called you homely. If I knew it was you I would have kept that little remark to myself.

MARGARET: But you still would have thought it.

ELLARD: Well, yeah.

BERTHA MAE: You're not helpin' matters, Ellard.

MARGARET: That's okay, Bertha Mae. At least the truth is out no matter how it hurts. I'm homely and ugly and Virgil if you marry me, you're goin' to have to see this every mornin' for the rest of your life!

BERTHA MAE: Margaret, you're talkin' crazy. (*To VIRGIL.*) Virgil, tell her she's talkin' crazy.

VIRGIL: (*Trying his best to help.*) You're crazy Margaret.

MARGARET: (*Starts to cry and sits down in front of the mirror of her dresser.*) Now, I'm ugly and crazy!

ELLARD: Ugly and crazy. Gosh, Virgil you sure you want to marry her?

BERTHA MAE: Ellard, get on out of here before you mess up the whole weddin'!

ELLARD: I didn't do nothin'! Give me my shoe box. I'm gonna catch me a lizard! (*She throws him out and crosses over to VIRGIL and pulls him away from MARGARET.*)

BERTHA MAE: Virgil, Margaret is just gettin' all nervous about the weddin'. She thinks you might not really love her. You need to talk to her and reassure her of your commitment. I'll be right back. (*She exits.*)

VIRGIL: (*Crossing to MARGARET.*) Margaret, I know you've been nervous and all for these last few days and just to be honest with you, so have I. Those butterflies I've had flyin' around in my stomach have turned into buzzards. Big buzzards. Big, ugly buzzards just flappin' around in there. But don't think for one minute I don't love you 'cause that is crazy.

MARGARET: (*Stands and hugs him.*) Oh, Virgil. Thank you for sayin' that. You must think I'm just the silliest thing.

VIRGIL: Well... (*Then looks at her and realizes he can't say anything negative.*) nooooooooooooo. Now you keep on doin' what you've been doin' there with your face and hair and all and I'll see you later after me and Ellard get back.

MARGARET: Okay, Virgil. (*VIRGIL begins to leave.*) Oh, Virgil? (*He turns.*) Are you sure your last name's not Wright?

VIRGIL: No, it's Sludge, why?

MARGARET: Ah, nothin. See you tomorrow, Virgil.

VIRGIL: Bye.

ELLARD: (*Reentering.*) Virgil, are we going?

VIRGIL: I'm comin'!

BERTHA MAE enters and MARGARET sits back down looking into the mirror.

ELLARD: Gosh, ugly and crazy!

VIRGIL: Shut up, Ellard! (*VIRGIL pulls ELLARD out.*)

BERTHA MAE: (*Crosses to MARGARET.*) Well? Are you feelin' better?

MARGARET: He was so sweet Bertha Mae. He told me I was beautiful, and that he truly does love me.

BERTHA MAE: Then everything's okay.

MARGARET: Do you think he really meant it? Maybe he was just sayin' it because he feels sorry for me.

BERTHA MAE: You're drivin' me coo-coo. Now, I'm goin' with the boys and if you knew what was good for you, you would go too and give your mind a rest.

MARGARET: No, I need some time alone, Bertha Mae.

BERTHA MAE: Okay, suit yourself. Just stay here and throw your little pity party.

MARGARET: (*Not hearing BERTHA MAE. She's in a trance.*) Bertha Mae, when I was a girl growin' up I always dreamed of being a queen and everyone adored me and there were balls where we danced 'til all hours of the night and my Prince would come to the ball, handsome and tall and he would take me into his arms and we would float around the dance floor lookin' into each other's eyes and he would kiss me and I would just melt.

BERTHA MAE: *(Caught up in the moment and snapping out of it.)*
Now, you got me depressed. I've got to go spend the day lookin' at Ellard. See you in a bit. *(BERTHA MAE exits.)*

MARGARET looks into the mirror another second then stands and hits 'play' on a small CD player sitting on her dresser. The song "Dancing Queen" starts to play. MARGARET grabs a broom that's leaning against the wall. She pretends it's her Prince as she dances around the room. She passes at the mirror, stops and bends down to look into it. She hits 'stop' on her CD player and sits at her dresser. She touches her face.

MARGARET: Nobody milks a cow with the poise and confidence you have?

She cries as the music starts again.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

AT RISE: *It's the chapel. The chest of drawers in MARGARET'S room is transformed into the pulpit that REVEREND DAVIS stands behind. The table is taken off and about ten chairs are brought in and set up. [Check the PRODUCTION NOTES for set-up options.] MAMA HOOPER comes rushing in carrying some rather ugly plastic flowers. She's yelling back to her husband who hasn't entered yet.*

MAMA HOOPER: Get a move on, now. All the family will be porin' in here later on and we need to have all this work done. *(She looks for a place to set the flowers. She rushes over to the pulpit and places them at its base. She looks again off stage.)* Are you bringin' those flowers in? Move it!

PAPA HOOPER: *(He enters stooped over as far as he can carrying some more ugly flowers.)* I'm movin' as fast as I can. My back just went out on me again.

MAMA HOOPER: Not your back again of all days. What happened?
(*She takes the flowers from him.*)

PAPA HOOPER: I was just gettin' out of the car and somethin' clicked in there. Ohhhhhh, the pain!

MAMA HOOPER: I told you to be eatin' more bananas. Your bones are weak.

PAPA HOOPER: Ah, now dumplin, don't scold me. The pain is killin' me.

MAMA HOOPER: Throw those flowers down right there. I can't believe our Margaret is walkin' down the aisle this weekend. It seems like just yesterday she was a little baby in my arms, lookin' up at me through those little thick rimmed glasses and blowin' those bubbles with her little mouth.

PAPA HOOPER: It was gas.

MAMA HOOPER: (*They've had this conversation before.*) It was not gas!

PAPA HOOPER: That girl had enough gas when she was a baby to drive a Greyhound Bus to New York City.

MAMA HOOPER: Anyway, once Margaret grew older, I always told Margaret not to rush love and to wait for Mr. Right to come along and I think she's found him. Virgil's a fine boy.

MARGARET rushes in. Her hair is in a large Afro.

MARGARET: Mama! Mama, look what they did to me!

MAMA HOOPER: Honey, what in the world happened to you?

PAPA HOOPER: What? What's wrong? What's the matter?

MARGARET: I went to get it fixed just now and she put too much curly in my hair. Look at me, Mama, look at me! (*She falls on her mama's shoulder and starts to cry.*)

PAPA HOOPER: (*Trying to stand.*) What did they do to you? What's wrong?

MAMA HOOPER: (*To MARGARET.*) There now. Don't cry. We'll fix it tonight.

PAPA HOOPER: Fix what? What's the matter?

MARGARET: Everything is turning out just terrible, Mama. The day before my weddin' and I look like a worn out paintbrush.

PAPA HOOPER: Would you please tell me what you're talkin' about?

MAMA HOOPER: Honey, your daddy wants to see it.

MARGARET: (*Stoops down so PAPA can see her hair.*) I feel so ugly.

PAPA HOOPER: (*Lifting his head to see her hair.*) Good night girl, what have you done to yourself?

MARGARET: Daddy, what are you lookin' for?

PAPA HOOPER: Relief, baby. Relief.

MARGARET: Well, I hope you find it. (*Faces MAMA HOOPER.*) Mama, are you sure we can fix it?

MAMA HOOPER: Of course, now stop your fretin'. Help me get these flowers arranged.

MARGARET: Has the city lady from Mason's Junction been here yet?

MAMA HOOPER: Should be any minute. That's why I was tryin' to get things in order. I don't want her to think we don't have any class. (*Crossing over to the window.*) I think I heard a car drive up. Yep, it's Ms Delanie (*She starts fluffing her hair.*) How does my hair look?

MARGARET: Next to mine it looks wonderful.

MAMA HOOPER: (*Crossing to PAPA.*) Dear, can't you try to stand up. These people are classy. We can't let them see you all stooped over like that. (*She tries to help him stand.*)

PAPA HOOPER: Ohhhhhh, I can't do it! I'm doomed to be a cripple the rest of my life.

MS DELANIE and BARBIE enter. MS DELANIE carries a clip board.

MS. DELANIE: Excuse me, I'm looking for the Hooper / Sludge wedding.

MAMA HOOPER: This is the place. I'm Mrs. Hooper. This is Margaret, my daughter and this is my husband. I'm afraid his back has gone out...

PAPA HOOPER lifts his head to get a glimpse of the two ladies. When he sees them he stands straight up with no trouble at all. He stands there with his mouth hanging open starring at the two ladies.

MS. DELANIE: Hello Mr. Hooper, Margaret. This is my assistant, Barbie Whithers. *(To MARGARET.)* So, you're the auspicious demoiselle who is to stroll down the aisle of marital bliss?

MARGARET: No ma'am, I'm the one gettin' married.

PAPA HOOPER: *(Has been staring this whole time.)* I think you two ladies are the prettiest thing I've ever laid these eyes on.

MAMA HOOPER: *(Ushering him to the door stage left.)* There are some more flowers out in the car, dear. Why don't you fetch them in like a nice husband. And take your time. *(She pushes him out.)* Us women need time to talk about the weddin'.

PAPA HOOPER exits.

MS. DELANIE: *(She hands BARBIE the clip board and rubs her hands together as she looks around.)* Now, let's see. Barbie, take notes. Oh, dear, look at all these atrocious flowers.

MAMA HOOPER: Thank you, I picked them out myself.

MS. DELANIE: You mean, these are for the wedding? Goodness, I can't let my boss—I mean your guests see something so horrific.

MAMA: *(Entering with PAPA who carries a box of stuff. MAMA carries a rather ugly lawn decoration.)* I'm here everybody. Sorry I'm late, we had to drive over on Harley Wayne's four wheeler. My hair must be a mess.

MS. DELANIE: It is rather loathsome.

MAMA: Well, good. I was afraid it might look bad. Like I always say, a bird of a feather always shows itself at supper time.

MAMA HOOPER: Bernice, I'd like for you to meet Ms Delanie, the weddin' director and her assistant, Barbie. This is Mr. and Mrs Sludge, the groom's mama and papa.

PAPA: *(Has stared at MS DELANIE ever since he entered.)* If you don't mind me sayin' so, you look like somethin' out of a magazine ad.

MS. DELANIE: *(Flattered.)* Oh, go on.

PAPA: Okay, *(Drops his box.)* where we goin'?

MS. DELANIE: That was just a figure of speech.

PAPA: *(Looking her up and down.)* Speakin' of figure, do you mind me sayin' you—

MAMA: Don't go there Harley Wayne.

PAPA: All I said was she looked like a model out of one of them there advertisements.

MS. DELANIE: (*Enjoying every minute.*) Why, thank you Mr. Sludge.

MAMA: How come you never told me I look like somethin' out of a magazine?

PAPA: I did honey. Just last week.

MAMA: (*Patting her hair, flattered.*) I don't remember, tell me again.

PAPA: Yeah, baby, I was clippin' that coupon from the Alpo ad and I said –

MAMA: (*Cutting him off.*) Never mind, I remember after all. Harley Wayne, stop wasting perfectly good oxygen and go get them other boxes. (*He drops his head and exits. MAMA turns to MS DELANIE.*) I'm glad you're here. I brought this little lawn decoration that sets down by our well house. I thought it would look rather good somewhere close to the alter.

MS. DELANIE: But that will look vapid and insipid.

MAMA: Glad you agree. (*Looks at MARGARET and crosses to her.*) Margaret, I love that new hat you're wearin'. It sure is amazin' what they can do with skunk fur these days.

MS. DELANIE: Ladies, we do have quite a bit of work to do before tomorrow.

MAMA: You're right. I've still got to get those plastic flamingos from Gracy's garage. And the flowers' look wonderful, Loise.

MS. DELANIE: Flamingos? Could I see you for a moment, Barbie.

She pulls BARBIE to stage left while MAMA joins MAMA HOOPER and MARGARET who are arranging the chapel.

Where did these people come from?

BARBIE: (*Innocently.*) I think they are charming.

MS. DELANIE: They're incompetent barbarians who don't know the first thing about social graces. How am I supposed to look good for management with plastic flamingos in the chapel?

BARBIE: There is something sweet and innocent about these people, don't you think?

MS. DELANIE: There's nothing sweet about not getting a raise. Look, if this wedding isn't a success, I won't be promoted for another two years. I took this job for free because I thought it was going to be a piece of cake. I didn't realize the wedding was for the Beverly Hillbillies.

BARBIE: But they are so cute with their little ways of talking.

MS. DELANIE: Barbie, you can not become emotionally attached to your clients. We're here to get a job done and that's it. Now just keep your eyes open and your mouth closed and watch how I handle the situation.

They cross back to MAMA.

MS. DELANIE: Excuse me Mrs. Sludge, but I do have a few garnishing proposals I would like to constitute, of course, with your approbation.

MAMA, MAMA HOOPER and MARGARET stop and stare at MS DELANIE.

MAMA: Did you just cuss me out?

BARBIE: No, Mrs Sludge, what Ms Delanie meant was would you mind very much if we made a few decorating suggestions here in the chapel?

MAMA: Well, why didn't she say so in the first place? Ms Delanie, make all the suggestions you want as long as I get to use my plastic flamingos.

MS. DELANIE: But that's just it, plastic flamingos would be dowdy, seedy and frumpish.

MAMA: And don't forget classy.

VIRGIL and ELLARD enter.

VIRGIL: *(Carrying a cardboard box with a few Christmas decorations sticking out the top.)* Hey everybody.

MAMA: Come on in, Virgil.

MAMA HOOPER: Hello boys, you're just in time to help us decorate.

VIRGIL: (*Crossing center stage setting the box on the floor or in a chair.*) That's why we're here. Mama, these are the decorations you wanted me to get out of the basement.

MAMA: (*Pulling a red and green garland out of the box.*) This garland is going to look so good wrapped around the porch banisters outside.

VIRGIL: I couldn't find the lava lamp, so Ellard said we could use the one in his room.

MAMA HOOPER: That sure is sweet of you, Ellard.

MS. DELANIE: (*To BARBIE.*) Lava lamp? Christmas garland? I feel a headache coming on. I have some aspirin out in the car. Cover for me until I return. (*She exits holding her head.*)

MARGARET: Virgil, aren't you goin' to say anything about my hair?

VIRGIL: (*Sees her hair but pretends not to notice it.*) Your hair? Is there something different about your hair?

MARGARET: The woman at the beauty shop put too much curly in it.

MAMA HOOPER: (*As VIRGIL continues to stare at her hair.*) Now, we'll have it back to normal before the weddin' gets here.

ELLARD: (*Referring to BARBIE who is looking over her clip board.*) Hello there sophisticated lookin' lady. (*Holds out the shoe box he's holding.*) Do you want to take a look at my red-tailed lizard? I named him Bernard. (*The box he's holding shakes wildly as though something is running around inside.*)

BARBIE: He seems a little restless.

ELLARD: I don't think he likes staying in this here box very much. (*To the box.*) Now you settle down in there little Barney. I call him Barney 'cause that's short for Bernard. (*Holds up the box to her.*) He won't hurt you if you want to pet him.

BARBIE: Well—

MAMA: Ellard, don't open that box in here. That lizard will get loose and we'll never be able to find it. Like I always say, a lizard loose is a penny earned. Come on Louise, let's see what this garland's goin' to look like out on the porch. (*They exit excited.*)

BARBIE: (*Turning back to ELLARD.*) So, do all the boys grow as tall and strong as you out here in the country?

ELLARD: No, sometimes they look like Virgil.

VIRGIL: *(To MARGARET on the opposite side of the stage. He can't keep his eyes off her hair.)* Margaret, are you gettin' any more hairy, I mean nervous?

MARGARET: I get knots in my stomach sometimes but then they go away.

BARBIE: *(To ELLARD.)* Feel of those muscles. How do you get so brawny?

ELLARD: *(Thinks a second.)* I brush my teeth a lot.

VIRGIL: *(To MARGARET.)* Sometimes I get little panic attacks. I have to step outside for a breath of fresh hair—*air*.

MARGARET: *(Touching her hair.)* Does my hair look that bad?

VIRGIL: Not at all. I hardly even noticed it lookin' like a briar patch.

MARGARET: *(Buries her face in her hands.)* Ohhhhhhhh...

BARBIE: *(To ELLARD.)* So, do you have a steady girlfriend?

ELLARD: Yeah, I have a girlfriend but she's not very steady. As a matter of fact she's down right clumsy.

VIRGIL: *(To MARGARET.)* Well, I need to go see if I can find that lava lamp for mama, I guess I'll see you later on.

MARGARET: *(He turns to leave but she stops him.)* Virgil, are you sure you love me?

VIRGIL: *(Thinking for a moment then smiling sweetly.)* Is the Pope Presbyterian? *(He crosses to Ellard leaving MARGARET behind smiling.)* Come on Ellard, we need to go get that lava lamp.

ELLARD: Did you hear that Barney, we're going for a little ride. *(The box shakes.)*

BARBIE: If that were to ever get loose, you'd never find it.

ELLARD: I'm gonna catch me another lizard to put in there with him. That will help settle him down.

BARBIE: How in the world do you catch something that quick?

ELLARD: I built a box. I call it my lizard catchin' box. That's 'cause I catch lizards with it. Virgil named it.

VIRGIL: Ahh, Ellard it was nothin'.

MARGARET: *(Has been thinking about it the whole time and crosses to VIRGIL.)* Wait a minute. The Pope's not Presbyterian, Virgil.

VIRGIL: Huh?

MARGARET: I asked you if you loved me and you said, "Is the Pope Presbyterian?" But the Pope's not Presbyterian so that means you don't really love me.

VIRGIL: Are you sure the Pope's not Presbyterian?

ELLARD: I think he's Baptist.

BARBIE: The Pope is not Baptist.

MARGARET: Ohhhhhhhhhh, Virgil!

VIRGIL: Thanks a lot Ellard. The Pope's not Baptist!

MARGARET: I just knew it! Virgil don't love me at all.

ELLARD: (*Sincerely.*) Maybe it's your hair.

VIRGIL: Ellard!

BARBIE: (*Crossing to MARGARET.*) Listen Margaret, I know a little about cosmetology. I think maybe I can help you with your hair.

We can have it looking as beautiful as ever with the right tools.

ELLARD: Like a weed-eater?

He laughs but nobody else does. They just stare at him. He pretends to pull a string on a weed trimmer and makes a cranking noise with his mouth. They just stare. He drops his head in embarrassment. MS DELANIE enters with PAPA and PAPA HOOPER on her heels. She unknowingly drags a piece of Christmas garland that has stuck to the bottom of her shoe.

MS. DELANIE: I really appreciate your offer gentlemen, but I really can't think of anything for you to do at the moment.

VIRGIL: Don't look now ma'am, but you're being trailed by a piece of Christmas decoration.

MS. DELANIE: (*Snatching it off her foot.*) Really! They're out there decorating the chapel courtyard with two-dollar Christmas garland.

PAPA HOOPER: You want to watch me drive my tractor?

MS. DELANIE: Not in the near future, no.

ELLARD: (*His box shakes wildly.*) I think Barney's gettin' hungry Virgil.

MARGARET: What time do you want to work on my hair, Ms Barbie?

BARBIE: Why don't I pick you up around eight.

MS. DELANIE: (*Crossing and standing between BARBIE and MARGARET.*) What do you mean "work with your hair"?

BARBIE: I told Margaret I would see what I could do to help her with her hair problem.

MS. DELANIE: You are not her personal stylist, do you understand?

BARBIE: But I thought I could do it after hours so that –

MS. DELANIE: I said NO!

PAPA HOOPER: I'd be glad to assist you with anything you need Ms Delanie.

PAPA: I'll even assist you with anything you don't need.

MS. DELANIE: Please sit down and stop interrupting. *(They sit quickly.)* Virgil, would you and the nincompoop please take these flowers out and burn them somewhere?

ELLARD: What did she call me?

VIRGIL: Nincompoop!

ELLARD: *(Moving to the flowers.)* I was just wonderin'.

PAPA HOOPER: *(Standing and pushing VIRGIL out of the way.)* I'll get rid of the flowers for you Ms Delanie.

PAPA: *(Standing.)* I can do that too.

MS. DELANIE: Fine! *(She crosses upstage with her clip board.)*

ELLARD: Let's go, Virgil. *(To BARBIE.)* Goodbye Ms Barbie. I guess I'll see you later on.

BARBIE: See you later, you brawny thing you.

VIRGIL: What did she mean by that?

ELLARD: I'm not sure but I think she likes my teeth. *(The box shakes as he runs off the stage.)*

MAMA and MAMA HOOPER enter each carrying some garland. MAMA HOOPER carries a small shopping bag.

MAMA: Virgil, where you runnin' off to? Are you goin' to get me that lava lamp?

VIRGIL: Yes ma'am, just as soon as Ellard and me find him another lizard for his box. Bye Margaret! *(He exits.)*

MARGARET: *(Having a seat stage right.)* Mama, I think Virgil hates me.

MAMA HOOPER: *(Holds up a strand of Christmas tree lights.)* Where can we hang these lights so they get the most attention?

MAMA: I thought we could hang them around the stained window.

MARGARET: Maybe this whole wedding thing is all wrong.

MAMA HOOPER: That's nice dear.

MAMA: (*Sees that PAPA and PAPA HOOPER have gathered the flowers into one pile.*) I don't think them flowers need to go in one big pile like that.

MAMA HOOPER: Papa, what in the world are you all doin'?

PAPA HOOPER: We're gonna take these flowers out back and burn 'em

MAMA HOOPER: (*With hands on hips.*) Says who?

PAPA: Ms Delanie.

MS. DELANIE: (*Crossing downstage.*) Those plastic fabrications don't belong in a wedding ceremony.

MAMA HOOPER: They're not plastic fabrications, they're plastic azaleas.

MARGARET: Does anybody care that my whole life is ruined if Virgil don't want to marry me?

MS. DELANIE: My job is to make sure this wedding is the prettiest affair this backward county has ever seen.

THE BOYS are about to carry out some flowers.

MAMA: (*Standing in front of him.*) You just march right back over there and put them flowers back down.

They turn and see MS DELANIE.

MS. DELANIE: And I say, they should go outside and be destroyed.

MAMA: They stay!

MS. DELANIE: They go!

BARBIE: It's certainly a shame something as beautiful as Margaret won't be noticed. If you use something as beautiful as these flowers, I'm afraid they will take all the attention off the bride.

MARGARET: (*To herself.*) I guess there are other things I could do besides get married.

MAMA HOOPER: I certainly don't want to take attention away from my little girl.

MAMA: Miss Barbie, do you really think we're as dumb as all that? (*Repeating, sarcastically.*) "Take all the attention off the bride." "Margaret could possibly be over looked." Come on now.

BARBIE: Of course they'll take all the attention off of you as well.

MAMA: (*Quickly.*) What are you boys doin' standin' around, get them flowers out of here! (*They do.*)

MARGARET: (*Continuing to herself.*) I guess I could become a nun and join one of them there convents.

BERTHA MAE: (*Enters with a man.*) Right this way sir, everybody should be in here. Here they are.

MS. DELANIE: (*Rushing over to him.*) Ohhhh, yes, we've been waiting for you. How was your ride out to Lickskillit?

MR. WRIGHT: It was a little bumpy, but quite non-eventful.

MS. DELANIE: Allow me to introduce you to the family. This is Mrs. Sludge, the groom's mother. And this is Mrs. Hooper, the bride's mother. (*Crossing to MARGARET.*) And this is the sweet little bride herself, Margaret.

MARGARET: My hair's not usually this big.

MR. WRIGHT: It's nice to meet all of you I'm sure.

MS. DELANIE: (*Pulls MR. WRIGHT center stage as though she's introducing the President.*) Everyone, this is my distinguished boss, Mr. Wright.

MARGARET: (*Slowly stands looking straight out as she whispers the words.*) Mr. Right?

MS. DELANIE: Mr. Wright, I have so many ideas I would like to share with you if we could begin outside on the front sidewalk. Barbie, would you bring the clip board?

Everyone but MARGARET and BERTHA MAE exit.

MARGARET: (*She's visibly upset.*) Bertha Mae, did you hear that? I was just introduced to Mr. Right.

BERTHA MAE: So?

MARGARET: Don't you remember what I told you yesterday? My mama always told me that when Mr. Right came along that I should—

BERTHA MAE: (*Catching on.*) Oh, Margaret! What does this mean?

MARGARET: (*Thinking it through.*) Mr. Right just walked into my life. If it was meant for me to marry Mr. Right, then this means I can't marry Virgil.

BERTHA MAE: What are you going to do?

MARGARET: I tell you what I'm not goin' to do. I'm not goin' to walk down that aisle tomorrow with the wrong man on my arm.

BERTHA MAE: Poor Virgil.

MS DELANIE re enters with MR. WRIGHT and BARBIE.

MS. DELANIE: And I thought in here we would decorate with posies. Did you get that, Barbie dear?

BARBIE: (*Writing on her clipboard.*) Posies, yes ma'am.

MS. DELANIE: Finally, I thought a nice recording of soft piano music would fit nicely during the processional.

MR. WRIGHT: It sounds as though everything is in order Ms Delanie. (*Crossing to MARGARET.*) It fills my heart with such merriment to see fine young people joined together in Holy matrimony.

MARGARET: Don't worry Mr. Wright I'll do the right thing.

MR. WRIGHT: I beg your pardon?

MARGARET: (*Starting to cry a little.*) But it sure don't seem very fair showin' up like this the day before the weddin'. It don't give a girl time to think things through and all.

BARBIE: (*Crossing and consoling MARGARET.*) Margaret, it's okay. (*Turning to MR WRIGHT.*) She's had a very tiring day. Her thoughts are just a little muddled.

MR. WRIGHT: Well, I can certainly understand that. Most brides get nervous just before the wedding.

MARGARET: You're right, Ms. Barbie. I am tired, but not too tired to know who I really love so, Mr. Wright, I'm afraid the answer is no! (*Everyone is staring.*)

MS. DELANIE: (*Pause.*) What was the question?

MARGARET: It's no use tryin' to hide it Ms Delanie. I know why Mr. Right is here.

BERTHA MAE: She knows all about Mr. Wright's plans to propose and get rid of Virgil tomorrow.

BARBIE: Get rid of Virgil?

MARGARET: I have made up my mind! I can't marry anybody but my Virgil. He's the only one for me. (*Becoming dramatic.*) I know this breaks your heart Mr. Right. We were just two ships who passed in the night! You must pick up the broken pieces and move along and search for another –

MR. WRIGHT: I beg your pardon?

MARGARET: Oh, please don't beg! Just go. GO! And be gone and I won't have to look upon your sad countenance any more.

MS. DELANIE: *(To MR WRIGHT in almost a whisper.)* See what I was telling you? *(To MARGARET.)* Listen you poor simpleton, Mr. Wright wasn't going to propose to—

MR. WRIGHT: *(Stopping her.)* That's all right Ms Delanie. Margaret is right. If she loves her Virgil that much then who am I to stand between such a match made in heaven? I will just drift into the distant landscape never to forget the woman who will always be upon these kissless lips!

MARGARET: I hope I didn't break your heart too much, Mr. Right.

MR. WRIGHT: Sticks and stones may break my bones but Margaret's rejection will not destroy me. *(On his knees.)* Make me one promise Margaret Hooper! If it doesn't work out with Virgil, you will be betrothed to me.

MS. DELANIE: Uh, Mr. Wright I wouldn't say that if I were you.

MARGARET: It's a deal Mr. Wright. That's the least I can do for you after you've been so understandin'.

BERTHA MAE: But don't get your hopes up Mr. Wright, 'cause Virgil will be here! Virgil loves Margaret and nothin' will keep him out of this chapel tomorrow. Nothin! Come on' Margaret, before you change your mind.

BARBIE: I'll be at your house first thing in the morning Margaret. We'll take care of that hair and I'll bring my make up.

BERTHA MAE pulls MARGARET out.

MS. DELANIE: Mr. Wright, what were you doing?

MR. WRIGHT: *(Snapping out of it.)* I — I don't know. I guess I just got a little caught up in the drama of the moment. It's my exhaustive desire to want to please the customer.

BARBIE: But if Virgil doesn't show up tomorrow, you sure will be in a great deal of trouble.

MR. WRIGHT: You don't think there's a chance of that do you? *(Silence.)* Do you?

MS. DELANIE: Don't worry, nothing will keep these hillbillies from getting married. Birds of a feather flock together. I guess that goes for coo-coos as well.

MAMA and MAMA HOOPER rush in.

MAMA HOOPER: It's here, it's here! Just in time! It's here!

MS. DELANIE: What's here?

MAMA: *(Holding up a dress box.)* Margaret's weddin' dress. Thelma just dropped it off on her way to the strawberry fields. She's the valley's seamstress.

MAMA HOOPER: We paid an arm and a leg for it, but it is worth every cent.

MAMA: *(Brings out a very ugly dress.)* Ohhhh, look at that will you?

MAMA HOOPER: Have you seen anything like it in all your life?

BARBIE: Not lately, no.

PAPA HOOPER enters quickly.

PAPA HOOPER: Ya'll want to come watch the bonfire?

MAMA HOOPER: What you yappin' about, bonfire?

PAPA HOOPER: We're goin' to burn them flowers like Ms Delanie said. We siphoned some gas out of the four wheeler and soaked 'em real good. Papa wants to put a match to it.

MAMA HOOPER: I was goin' to use those flowers to put out on the front porch.

BARBIE: *(To PAPA HOOPER.)* That sounds a little dangerous.

MAMA HOOPER: No, I put flowers on the front porch all the time.

MAMA: *(Crossing to the door stage left and shouting out to him.)* Harley Wayne, don't be strikin' no match so close to the four wheeler!

PAPA HOOPER: *(Getting matches out of his wife's purse.)* Here, Harley, I found some matches! *(He runs out.)*

MAMA HOOPER: I can't look!

MR. WRIGHT: He's going to do it!

MS. DELANIE: Maybe someone should stop them!

MAMA: Ah, they're just like little boys when they get around gasoline and matches. Like I always say, a wise man changes his mind but the road to hell is paved with idiots.

MAMA HOOPER: Mr. Wright, too bad you're not marryin' my Margaret. You could be the one watchin' her walk down that aisle in this dress to your open arms.

MR. WRIGHT: *(That thought makes him very nervous.)* Ms Delanie, could you get me a glass of water? I'm feeling a little faint.

Suddenly there's an explosion off stage.

MAMA HOOPER: There it goes! *(All gather at the door looking off stage.)* Well, he's on fire. *(Shouting off.)* Harley Wayne, get down on the ground! Roll around! Roll around! Papa Hooper, stop laughin'!

MS. DELANIE: Is he all right?

MAMA: Yeah, he's out now! But that four wheeler will never be the same again!

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 3

AT RISE: *It's out in the forest. One or two trees have been brought out as well as ELLARD'S lizard trap which sits center stage. NOTE: Check production notes for an easy way to make a lizard trap. VIRGIL and ELLARD enter and cross to the trap.*

ELLARD: Here's the trap, I wonder if it's caught any lizards yet.

VIRGIL: How do you know if it's caught anything?

ELLARD: I have to crawl inside it to see. *(He hands VIRGIL the box he's holding and the box shakes wildly.)*

VIRGIL: Hold on in there Barney. It's just your old buddy, Virgil.

ELLARD: *(Peeps inside the box.)* Darn, there ain't one lizard in there, Virgil. *(Taking his shoebox again.)* Well, little Barney, it seems you're going to have to be a single lizard until I can get you a roommate.

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VIRGIL: (*Looking the trap over.*) How in the world does this thing work anyway, Ellard?

ELLARD: It's really neat, Virgil. My daddy helped me build it. (*As he demonstrates the box.*) You see, the door on the end here opens into the box. The animal runs in but the door won't open out so he can't get out unless someone opens it up from the outside.

VIRGIL: What's this hole here on top?

ELLARD: A breathin' hole. So the lizards can breath.

VIRGIL: What do you use for bait?

ELLARD: (*Pause.*) Bait?

VIRGIL: Yeah. Don't you put somethin' in the box to lure the lizard?

ELLARD: (*Pause.*) Lure the lizard?

VIRGIL: To make him want to go inside?

ELLARD: Ohhhhhhhhh! No I've never thought of that before.

VIRGIL: Duh! Ellard. A lizard's not goin' to go in there unless there's a reason to go in there. You need some lizard bait. Like bugs and stuff like that.

ELLARD: Of course, Barney loves bugs.

VIRGIL: So all we have to do is find some bugs. (*Points SL.*) You look over there *and* (*Points SR.*) I'll look over here.

ELLARD: (*Gets down on his knees.*) Okay. Here buggy buggy buggy...

VIRGIL: I can't believe I'm out in the middle of the woods lookin' for bugs on the day before my weddin'.

ELLARD: It shows what kind of true friend you are, Virgil.

VIRGIL: I wouldn't do it for anybody but my best friend that's for sure.

ELLARD: You'd do it for Margaret.

VIRGIL: I'd do anything for Margaret. I tell you, that girl. All this nonsense about me not thinkin' she's beautiful. But you know Ellard, it's like my mama always says, 'Beauty is in the eyes of the shallow minded'. (*Pauses to think.*) That didn't sound right.

ELLARD: I think you're thinkin' of the sayin' that goes, 'He who laughs last just saw Margaret without her make up'.

VIRGIL: When we first started datin', some people tried to tell me it was just puppy love.

ELLARD: What did you say to that?

VIRGIL: I told 'em that if it was puppy love, I sure like the way she wagged her tail. Anyway, after tomorrow is over with and I say "I do" at the alter, maybe she'll finally know that I truly do love her. Here, Ellard, I'm going to put these bugs down in this hole. *(He sticks his hand inside the hole and brings it out again.)*

ELLARD: And here's mine. Do you think these will be enough bugs?

VIRGIL: I think so. Here we have wasted a whole hour checkin' your lizard trap. I've still got to go over to Ms Harper's and borrow more Christmas garland for mama.

ELLARD: What time is it anyway?

VIRGIL: *(Looks at his arm and notices his watch is missing.)* That's funny, my watch band must have broke and fell off some where. Never mind that, Ellard you take the truck and run on over and get the lava lamp. I'll cut through the woods here on foot to Mrs Harper's house. She only lives about a mile from here. I'll get the paintin' and I'll see you at the chapel tomorrow. Look for my watch on your way back to the truck. If you find it bring it to me tomorrow.

ELLARD: Okay. Bye, Virgil. *(He exits.)*

VIRGIL looks around for his watch for a second. He may accuse a few people in the front row of the audience of stealing the watch or ask if they've seen it. He walks all the way around the box. He stops and kneels down and peeps in the hole on top of the trap where he placed the bugs. He feels around in the hole but comes up empty handed. He thinks a moment then moves down to the main opening to the trap. He opens the end of it and looks inside. He can't see anything so he crawls a little way inside the trap. Then a little more. Finally all that are showing are his feet. Then his feet go in. The end of the box closes. There's a pause. The box shakes a little. Then a little more.

VIRGIL: *(Softly.)* Ellard? *(We hear ELLARD'S truck drive off.)*
Ellard?!!!! *(Sticks his lips out of the breathing hole.)*
Heeellllloooooo.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 4

AT RISE: *It's the wedding day. The chapel is simply but elegantly decorated. A couple of candle stands have been placed on either side of the pulpit. A couple of simple flowers sit around the stage. A small table has been placed at the entrance of the chapel. It is covered with a white table cloth and a sign-in book sits on top. MOE MOE sits at the table as MS DELANIE is explaining the responsibilities of the host(ess).*

MS. DELANIE: Now, all you have to do is have the guests sign the book as they come through the door.

MOE MOE: I better be gettin' paid for this. I'm missin' an episode of The Duke's of Hazard to be here tonight.

MS. DELANIE: Now, remember, no one enters the chapel without signing the book. Don't you move from that spot until every guest has come through that door. This ceremony has got to go as smooth as silk. Hopefully the worst is behind me.

PAPA enters in a hurry. His head is wrapped in bandages and his arm is in a sling.

PAPA: I tell you I have never seen the likes of a woman like that in all my life!

MOE MOE: Excuse me, Mr. Sludge, but you forgot to sign your name.

MS. DELANIE: That's okay Moe Moe, he's the father of the groom.

MOE MOE: Well, all right. *(To PAPA.)* But you better be glad Ms Delanie was here to keep me from throwin' you out of this place. *(Crosses back to the table.)*

PAPA: *(Sees "MAMA" which is the dummy if the dummy option is used. See PRODUCTION NOTES. He crosses to "MAMA.")* There you are. I said I was sorry for blowin' up the four wheeler. Now quit this silliness and come help me get her out of the car.

MS. DELANIE: *(Crossing to him.)* Who is out in the car?

PAPA: *(Pointing to the dummy.)* It's her mama. That woman is as stubborn as the holler is deep.

MS. DELANIE: But why won't she get out of the car?

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PAPA: She says it's going to pour down rain any minute and she don't want to get her hair wet.

MS. DELANIE: I can see this is going to be quite a day.

GRANDMA enters wearing rain boots, a rain hat and carrying an open umbrella. MOE MOE stops her at the table by grabbing her arm.

MOE MOE: Excuse me, but you've got to sign this here book.

GRANDMA: I'd let go of my arm if I were you, young man.

MOE MOE: But you didn't sign the book and it's my job to make sure you sign the book.

GRANDMA: I'll sign that book with your head if you don't let go of my arm.

MS. DELANIE: *(Approaching them.)* What seems to be the trouble here?

MOE MOE: This old woman says she's not going to sign this book and you said everybody has got to sign this book. I'm just tryin' to do my job!

GRANDMA: I'm just comin' in here before it starts to rain. There's a storm bruin' out there you know.

MS. DELANIE: Excuse me, but it is bad luck to open a parasol indoors.

GRANDMA: *(Really paying MS DELANIE any attention for the first time.)* Well, la-te-da. And who are you? Mary Poppins?

MS. DELANIE: *(With her head held up high.)* I'm Ms Delanie.

GRANDMA: Well, I don't know what planet you're from, but this here is an umbrella, not a parasite.

PAPA: Let me take your umbrella, Mama Chesteen.

GRANDMA: I said stay away from me! Where is my little puddin'?

PAPA: *(Pointing to the dummy.)* She's over there sulkin'. I wish you would go talk some sense into that stubborn woman I married.

GRANDMA: Well, if I had to live with you everyday, I'd be a mule too. Here, *(Handing him the umbrella.)* hold my parasite. *(She crosses to MAMA.)* Honey, what are you doin' over here all by yourself?

MAMA: *(If the dummy option is used, the actor playing GRANDMA covers her mouth or hides behind the dummy.)* Mama, I just don't want to talk about it if you don't mind.

MS. DELANIE: *(Crossing quickly to GRANDMA.)* Why don't you just slip in this little side room and take off your lovely rain gear?

GRANDMA: Well, I just didn't want my new hair do to get wet you know. *(She exits.)*

PAPA: Ms Delaine, I'd be glad to be of any assistance to you until Ms Barbie gets here.

MS. DELANIE: Very well, then. Stand right here and don't move. You are my lookout. Make sure no one slips in here and ... steals the chairs.

PAPA: You can count on me, Ms Delanie.

MS. DELANIE: Perfect. Now, if you'll excuse me.

MS DELANIE exits. PAPA stands looking straight out. He holds the umbrella as though it were a rifle and stands as though he were keeping watch at Fort Knox. In a few seconds, MR. PERKY enters. He's around ninety-five and walks with either a walking cane or walker. He moves rather slowly. MOE MOE stands.

MOE MOE: Excuse me, sir. But you've got to sign this here book.

MR. PERKY: What?

MOE MOE: *(Louder.)* Sign the book!

MR. PERKY: No, I don't want to play Rook! I'm here to see a weddin'. My great granddaughter is getting married today.

MOE MOE: *(Very loudly.)* All the weddin' guests have got to sign the book!

MR. PERKY: Oh, sign the book. Well, why didn't you say so? *(As he's signing the book.)* All you had to do was say so. There you go.

MOE MOE: *(Trying to read it.)* What does that say? 'Mr. Pucker'?

MR. PERKY: What?

MOE MOE: Pucker!?

MR. PERKY thinks a moment then puckers his lips.

MOE MOE: No! Is that your name?

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