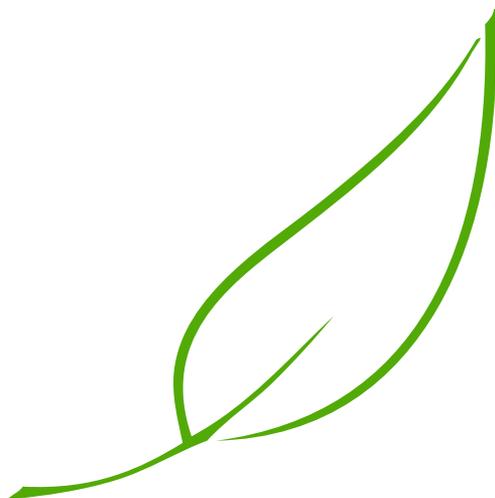


THERE'S A HITCH

by Ken Bradbury



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(Patty is onstage, adjusting her dress. Margie comes storming in.)

MARGIE: I can't wear this!

PATTY: Quit whining, Margie. Everybody's got to wear one!

MARGIE: It itches, Patty! *(turning)* And look in the back! You can see my tan lines! I look like a zebra!

PATTY: Margie, nobody's gonna be looking at us. They'll be looking at your sister. She's the bride and you're just the bride's maid.

MARGIE: I wish she'd elope.

PATTY: Dad already offered the money but Sherri wants this big wedding. *(turning)* Can you help me with this?

MARGIE: *(trying to adjust Patty's dress from behind)* Sorry babe, but this stuff won't stretch. You're the flower girl. If you've got a gap somewhere, just stick a flower in it.

PATTY: Pull harder.

MARGIE: I *am* pulling harder.

PATTY: I hate weddings.

MARGIE: You've never been to a wedding.

PATTY: That doesn't matter. I know I hate them. Nothing this nerve-wracking can be a good thing. When I grow up I'm just going to get a dog and go live in a trailer in Switzerland.

MARGIE: Your dog'll freeze.

PATTY: Then I'll put a wedding dress on him. *(hears something)* Margie! The music's starting!

MARGIE: *(beginning to exit)* That's it. I quit.

PATTY: *(grabbing her)* You can't quit! It's your sister's wedding! There'll be this big ... hole ... up there where you're supposed to be.

MARGIE: Then stick a flower in it. ... This dress is driving me crazy. Got your flowers, flower girl?

PATTY: (*picking up her own bouquet*) Okay ... she's giving us the sign. Me first, then you.

MARGIE: (*going into absolute contortions of scratching*) Wait a minute! Wait a minute! One more good scratch before I go.

PATTY: If you do that going down the aisle they'll think we've got the plague.

MARGIE: It's worse than a plague. It's a wedding. And my right foot is killing me.

PATTY: Here I go. Follow me. (*Patty walks down an imaginary aisle, throwing imaginary petals on the floor*)

MARGIE: (*behind her, in a stage whisper*) What are you doing?

PATTY: I'm spreading petals.

MARGIE: You're making a mess.

PATTY: That's why they call it a wedding. It's always a mess.

MARGIE: You're making it all slippery.

PATTY: It's a test. If the bride can make it down the aisle, she gets the groom.

MARGIE: Everybody's looking at us, Patty.

PATTY: That's why they came. It's okay to stare at weddings.

MARGIE: I'm starting to itch again.

PATTY: Don't scratch, Margie. Do not scratch! Think about something else.

MARGIE: I am. A dog in Switzerland. And my foot is killing me.

PATTY: (*turning to face front*) Made it.

MARGIE: I forgot where I go.

PATTY: Right beside me. Margie, we rehearsed this all last night.

MARGIE: That was years ago and I wasn't wearing this itchy outfit then.

PATTY: Here comes your sister. Oh! Isn't she gorgeous, Margie?

MARGIE: How come she's not itching?

PATTY: I saw her powdering up before she got dressed.

MARGIE: Powder. Why didn't I think of powder?

PATTY: You're lucky you remembered to get dressed. Just look at that smile on her face, Margie.

MARGIE: That's because she knows she's torturing me. I used to put salt on her pancakes when she wasn't looking. This whole wedding is a plot to get back at me.

PATTY: Quiet.

MARGIE: So what do we do now?

PATTY: Wait for the groom.

MARGIE: Where is he? Didn't he know he was getting married today? What kind of jerk ...?

PATTY: Shhh. There he is. Wow! What a dreamboat.

MARGIE: Titanic.

PATTY: Huh?

MARGIE: I'm sinking. Patty, I don't feel so good. It's hot in here and the itch is coming back.

PATTY: Don't scratch, Margie! Whatever you do, do not scratch!

MARGIE: (*reaching*) Just one little ...

PATTY: I'll bite your hand off, I swear I will! There are 300 people looking right at us and nobody wants to see you scratching yourself.

MARGIE: Then they can turn their heads. (*she begins to reach*)

PATTY: Okay. Hold it! Hold it! I'll pretend I'm adjusting something (*Patty reaches behind Margie's back and begins to scratch*)

MARGIE: ... Lower ... lower... there ...Yes! Scratch harder! Scratch harder!

PATTY: I cannot believe I'm doing this.

MARGIE: What have you got on your hand?

PATTY: (*looks*) Nothing. Just the pollen off the flowers.

MARGIE: Patty, I'm allergic to flower pollen. Now it's all over my back. You've poisoned me!

PATTY: I'm sorry, Margie.

MARGIE: I'm standing here dying of pollen poisoning and you're sorry.

PATTY: The minister's talking to you.



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