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# **The Wedding Intern's Farce**

By

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# The Wedding Intern's Farce

## CHARACTERS

TECHIES 1, 2 and 3 (a)

STAGE MANAGER (w)

CORNELIA VANDERBILLY (w): The boss.

### INTERNS

CHIPPER (w)

FLUMMOXED (w)

SAUCY (w)

JIM (m): A groom.

JOY (w): A bride.

CAYENNE (w): A bride.

PEPPER (m): A groom.

DJ (m): A DJ dude.

DORIS (w): A florist.

BOBBY (m): A best man.

SNOOTCH (m): A best man.

CHASTITY 1 (w): A maid of honor.

CHASTITY 2 (w): A maid of honor.

WEDDING HISTORIAN (w)

CLOWNS (a): Five of them, nonspeaking.

TIME: The present.

PLACE The Wedding & Bedding Event Center.

# The Wedding Intern's Farce

*(A wall, about eight feet high, with five red doors in it. There are no platforms. The entire stage is at floor level. The stage floor could be a color or not. The walls are probably cream and there might be some wedding decorations on the wall itself. All the doors open offstage, and there is room between them so that backstage operators can open and shut them for actor entrances and exits.*

*We are in work-light when the audience enters. At about five minutes, TECHIES 1, 2 and 3 enter and sweep the stage with push brooms. The STAGE MANAGER, who looks very much like a stage manager, enters and runs a quick light check. The STAGE MANAGER then exits, calling, "Five minutes, please. Five minutes." TECHIE 1 stops and moves downstage.)*

TECHIE 1. Wow.

TECHIE 2. What?

TECHIE 1. They're already out there.

TECHIE 3. Who?

TECHIE 1. Them.

TECHIE 2 *(moving downstage)*. Weird looking group.

TECHIE 3 *(pointing somewhere on the left and toward the middle)*. There.

TECHIE 1 *(pointing generally where TECHIE 3 is pointing)*.  
That one?

TECHIE 3. Further front.

TECHIE 1. Whoa. Weird dude. Bad hair.

TECHIE 2. Obviously a psychopath.

TECHIE 3. Or that one over there.

TECHIE 1. The one with the phone?

TECHIE 3. Semi-intelligent but a big ego problem.

TECHIE 2 (*nodding*). Gigantic ego problem.

*(A brief pause.)*

TECHIE 3. We might marry one of these people.

TECHIES 1 & 2. Naw!

TECHIE 2. Seriously.

TECHIE 1. But they have such blank looks.

TECHIE 3. Are they actually human?

TECHIE 2. Eventually it will be all robots.

TECHIE 1 (*agreeing*). Yeah. Robot theatre.

TECHIE 2. We might even marry robots.

*(A pause.)*

TECHIES 1, 2 & 3. That's pretty cool.

*(STAGE MANAGER enters.)*

STAGE MANAGER (*appalled*). What are you doing?

TECHIE 3. Watching them.

TECHIE 1. They're under-rehearsed.

STAGE MANAGER. Get off the stage!

*(They head off.)*

TECHIE 2 (*as they go*). Talk about your authority problem.

TECHIE 3. Power corrupts.

*(They're gone.)*

STAGE MANAGER *(as she exits)*. Going to black.

*(Blackout.)*

STAGE MANAGER *(offstage)*. Wedding Intern's Farce.  
Cue 1A.

*(Lights up. Door three—in the center—opens. CORNELIA VANDERBILLY enters. Dressed for upscale patrons. A lot of jewelry. Good shoes.)*

CORNELIA. Welcome to all! Welcome to Wedding & Bedding, your first choice in bridal needs and mattresses. “We never miss with bridal bliss.” *(She moves downstage.)* I am Cornelia Vanderbiltilly, of the Massachusetts Vanderbiltillys, not the ones in Oakland. I am proprietor and senior wedding coordinator. Our brides here at Wedding & Bedding come from a very specific demographic. They average two-point-two children with good academics and perfect teeth. Their homes never fall below two thousand square feet, with perfect lawns and good security. Wedding & Bedding guarantees our brides that there will be no divorce in the first two years. After that, of course, no one can help you. Our brides do not drive Fords, Chevrolets or Suburus. Pick-up trucks are allowed if they are silver Jeep Gladiators. Alpha Romeos get you a three-percent discount. To be clear, we do not accept Samanthas, Heathers or Melissas. Those names are divorce magnets. We do Rachels free of charge because Rachels never divorce. The last Rachel to divorce was in 1956 because her husband insisted on breeding hooded cobras. Well, allow me to introduce my wonderful intern ... whatshername.



*(Door three opens on a young woman. This is CHIPPER; she's Southern.)*

CHIPPER. Real pleased to meet y'all!

CORNELIA. And ... well ... some other disposable part-time help.

*(Doors two and four open on two other Southern young women, SAUCY and FLUMMOXED.)*

SAUCY & FLUMMOXED. How y'all doin'?

CORNELIA *(like a drill sergeant readying troops for inspection)*. Interns!

*(They move quickly into a single line and salute.)*

CORNELIA *(cont'd)*. At ease!

*(They stand legs apart, hands behind backs. CORNELIA moves down the line looking them over.)*

CORNELIA *(cont'd)*. No lustrous lipstick. You have toast on your nose. Is that a smile? I'll tell you when to smile, pilgrim! *(Suddenly.)* Hit the floor! Gimme five!

*(The INTERNS do push-ups. CHIPPER does five. SAUCY manages three. FLUMMOXED only does one.)*

CORNELIA *(cont'd)*. On your feet!

*(They scramble up.)*

CORNELIA *(cont'd)*. Ten-hut!

*(They snap to attention.)*

CORNELIA (*cont'd*). Interns! You are nothing but fleas on the dog. You suck the blood of the mother corporation. There are entities and nonentities—what are you?

INTERNS. Non-nonentities, Miss Vanderbilt.

CORNELIA. To be a non-nonentity is to be an entity. What are you?

INTERNS. Fleas on the dog, Miss Vanderbilt.

CORNELIA. That is correct. I give you my blood, my very essence. I am training you for eighty-hour corporate work weeks, molding you into yes-women, preparing you to be both competent and invisible ... and are you grateful?

INTERNS. Yes, Miss Vanderbilt!

CORNELIA. How grateful?

INTERNS. Indescribably grateful.

CORNELIA. That's right. Now let's have some fixed smiles, some false concerns and get suckers matrimon-ified! (*Heading for door five.*) It's time for my daily lesson in Indonesian breath purification.

*(She is gone. The door closes.)*

CHIPPER (*to the others*). Shake it out.

*(They do.)*

CHIPPER (*cont'd*). Deep breaths.

*(They do.)*

CHIPPER (*cont'd*). We have survived another hour of internship.

*(CHIPPER moves downstage, in the center of the three interns.)*

CHIPPER (*cont'd*). I'm Chipper Dipper, wedding coordination intern.

SAUCY (*on CHIPPER's left*). I'm Saucy Gravy, wedding coordination intern's intern.

FLUMMOXED. I'm Flummoxed. (*A brief pause.*) Well shoot, I just forgot my last name.

CHIPPER (*cheerfully*). It happens.

FLUMMOXED. I am the wedding coordination intern's intern's intern. And as you can see, I have a nosebleed so I'm going to lie down.

(*FLUMMOXED exits.*)

CHIPPER. That child just bleeds like a stuck pig.

SAUCY. She's just cute as *Star Wars* pajamas.

CHIPPER. Cute is crucial in the wedding industry. Miss Vanderbilly prefers Southern interns because ...

CHIPPER & SAUCY. Southern girls are chihuahua cute!

(*Door three opens, and CORNELIA returns.*)

CORNELIA. Opening time, girls.

(*The two interns clap and jump up and down.*)

CHIPPER & SAUCY. Wedding time!

CORNELIA. We have two weddings to conduct today.

CHIPPER & SAUCY (*jumping and clapping*). Wedding time!

CORNELIA. One's the usual superhero wedding and one's from *Cats*—the musical.

CHIPPER & SAUCY. Yum, yum, yum.

CORNELIA. One at ten and one at eleven. So, you will first provide rapture and jubilation to ...

*(Doors four and five open. JIM and JOY enter.)*

JIM. I'm Jimmy Jamison.

JOY. And I'm Joy Keihanakukauakahihuliheekahauna.

CORNELIA. How nice. You're the second Keihanakukauakahihuliheekahauna wedding this week.

CHIPPER & SAUCY. We adore Keihanakukauakahihuliheekahauna weddings!

JIM & JOY. Bright and early at ten!

*(Pause.)*

CORNELIA. I believe you to have made a teeny-tiny, itsy-bitsy, infinitesimal mistake. Or, as we like to call it, "an adorable-deplorable." Your wedding, Jim and Joy, is at eleven, while the Brezeczszyczykiewiczzebryaen wedding is at ten.

JOY & JIM *(pleasantly at first, then it builds to something less cheerful)*. No, no, we're at ten.

CORNELIA. Eleven.

JOY & JIM. Ten.

CORNELIA. Eleven.

JOY & JIM. Ten.

CORNELIA. Eleven!

JOY & JIM. Ten!!

*(Two doors open. In them stand CAYENNE and PEPPER for the other wedding.)*

CAYENNE & PEPPER. Good morning.

CAYENNE. I'm Cayenne.

PEPPER. I'm Pepper.

CAYENNE & PEPPER. Ready for the nuptial bliss at ten.