

# WENDY AND WENDELL'S WONDERFUL WACKY WASP WEDDING

**By Christopher King**

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WACKY WASP WEDDING**  
**By Christopher King**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
*(11 MEN, 12 WOMEN, EXTRAS)*

- Helen Hunt..... Wedding planner, negotiator,  
republican. *(3 lines)*
- Wendy Alice Brewster Foxfollower ..... Bride, prim, blond 20-35. *(21  
lines)*
- Wendell Knox Bradford V ..... Groom, sturdy, blonder, 25-40.  
*(22 lines)*
- Rod Lightning ..... Wedding photographer and  
friend to elderly women. *(non-  
speaking)*

**THE GROOM'S FAMILY**

- Eugenia Rampart Scoville Bradford Pucci.... Mother of the groom, brash,  
elegant, experienced. *(19 lines)*
- Rear Admiral Wendell Knox Bradford IV .... Father of the groom, elegant,  
ancient, losing it, believes he is  
the groom. *(4 lines)*
- Vinnie Pucci..... Husband of Eugenia, lawyer,  
wheeler-dealer. *(18 lines)*
- Aunt Barbara Franklin Bradford Bush..... The groom's aunt, loves her  
sherry. *(25 lines)*

**THE BRIDE’S FAMILY**

- April Dawn Morningseed.....(Brewster.) Adoptive mother of the bride. (27 lines)
- Gloria S. Rodham.....Partner of the mother of the bride. (6 lines)
- Sri Kharma Foxfollower .....(a.k.a. Bob Jones) Adoptive father of the bride. (17 lines)
- Granny Agatha Adams Brewster .....April’s mother, likes her weed, cabaret singer. (2 lines)

**THE WEDDING PARTY**

- Um-Krysta Luña .....Druid, priestess of Wicca. (12 lines)
- Huntington “Rock” Rockwell.....Best man, Wendell’s college roommate. (7 lines)
- Mimsie Bichon-Frise.....Maid of honor, Wendy’s best friend at the Institute. (1 line)
- “Monkey” Balloo .....DJ. (3 lines)

**AUDIENCE CAST MEMBERS**

- Jo Jean Brewster .....The bride’s aunt, egg donor. (Non-Speaking)
- Wanda Wartofski .....Provided womb for Wendy’s birth. (Non-Speaking)
- Dr. Lotta Love.....Orchestrated Wendy’s birth. (Non-Speaking)

WENDY AND WENDELL'S WONDERFUL WACKY WASP WEDDING

Ramblin' Rover.....April's lover at time of  
Wendy's birth. (*Non-Speaking*)

Manny Sels .....Sperm donor for Wendy's birth.  
(*Non-Speaking*)

Rev. Augustus X. Scoville .....Married Wendy and Wendell  
the day before. (*1 line*)

Babyface Sarducci.....Vinnie's uncle. (*Non-Speaking*)

Members of the FRAMINGHAM HUSKIES women's softball team.

**TECH NOTE**

Two microphones could be set up on stands, one in the center of the gathering, and one near the DJ. They could both be open all the time so that cast members can "accidentally" deliver their lines next to a mic. Helen also roams with the center mic.

**AT RISE:**

*During the cocktail hour KNOX appears in the hall. He is a very elegant older man, perhaps dressed in a Navy uniform. He walks with a four-pronged cane. From time to time he comes to attention and salutes but is otherwise “out of it.” Then he comes to, salutes the men and addresses the ladies with variations on the speech below, then repeats the whole process with the next, or the same woman. VINNIE follows KNOX around observing him.*

**KNOX:** Have you seen my bride? I seem to have misplaced my bride. I believe we are to be married today. May I see your invitation? Oh yes, oh yes. That is indeed I, Wendell Knox Bradford. Such a marvelous day to be married. Oh, of course I am a bit nervous. Aren't you nervous, dear? Oh, I am too! We have been such good children, haven't we? We have waited so long. But now we are ready, aren't we?

*At the end of the cocktail time, after almost all guests have been seated and greeted by HELEN the party planner, first WENDY and then WENDELL poke their heads out on either end of the screens at the far end of the room. WENDY sees WENDELL and gives a piercing shriek.*

**WENDY:** No! No! Don't look, huggy boo! Oh no, this is bad karma, bad karma. You simply mustn't see me!

*WENDY dodges in front of the screen still screaming. She is dressed in a large towel with her hair in a towel turban.*

**WENDELL:** Hunny bunny, hunny bunny, hunny bunny, don't be silly! It doesn't matter . . . we're already married, remember?

*WENDELL comes in front of the screen in robe and boxers while WENDY shrieks and darts behind it again.*

**WENDY:** Not today, we're not! It doesn't count, not for my parents especially, not until both weddings are over (*WENDELL goes behind screen. WENDY darts out.*). You go! Go now! Before some awful hex sets in!

**WENDELL:** (*From behind screen.*) But hunny bunny, what about last night? I wuv you.

**WENDY:** Last night doesn't count. But I wuv you too, huggy wuggy, but no touchie no peekie until later when I'm dressed.

**WENDELL:** Okay! I'm going!

**WENDY:** You go! Are you gone? Good!

*She becomes aware of the guests, turns and gives a little wave, looks at herself and runs from the room, wailing.*

*AUNT BRADFORD and GRANNY BREWSTER, both passed out and splayed out on chairs with feet up on walkers at opposite sides of the playing area have been wakened by the hullabaloo. Each staggers to her feet. Big signs on the tables say 'BRADFORD' and 'OTHER'.*

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Arrest that man! I saw him do it! It's a travesty!! (*Clutches at a guest.*) Oh excuse me.

**GRANNY:** (*GRANNY has very thick glasses on a neck cord.*) Woo! Look at those lights. Aren't they far out! (*Turns to a guest.*) Don't you just love to run your fingers through the sparkles?

*GRANNY and AUNT B make slow progress to the center of the area by the mic.*

**AUNT BRADFORD:** (*To the audience.*) I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon! Is there no kind gentleman in this place to bring a lady a little refreshment?! Good gracious me, I'm dry! A little respect here for the groom's oldest living relative! What ever became of manners? (*Grabs a guest.*) Young Man, young man, please! Fetch me a sloe gin fizz, the slower the better, and make it snappy. There's a good boy. (*Turns and collides with Granny.*) Good gracious, woman, can't you watch where you're going!

**GRANNY:** *(Feels the air in front of her.)* Whoa! Apparitions! Phantasms! That last pipe must've had some wicked shhh . . . stuff in it. *(Leans in close to AUNT B.)* I can see every wrinkle and pore on your face! The surface of the moon! Green cheese! Out a sight!

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Who are you? What ARE you yammering about?

**GRANNY:** Great goddess I'm hungry! Where's my snack?! *(She pulls a head of lettuce out of her bag and takes a big bite.)* Wow, that's better. Want some?

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Oh, put your spectacles on, you old bat! *(Addresses guests.)* Who let this loopy-loo in here? *(Aside.)* Must be one of her people. *(To guest.)* I'm sorry, you're not one of her people are you? Impossible. None of her people could afford to dress for this place. I wouldn't say white trash, but if the K-Mart sneaker fits. Certainly Johnny-come-latelies. Not a one of them off the boat before 1850. If that! Made their money in . . . manufacturing!

**GRANNY:** Chill, girl! *(She speaks to guests.)* Y'know, the one thing I can't stand is an old lady lush. Why any woman would pickle herself with liquor . . . when there are so many better ways to get yourself up. Drunk!

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Pothead! Junkie! Surely you don't consider yourself sober?

**GRANNY:** I am in a highly enlightened state!

**AUNT BRADFORD:** You're not even in Massachusetts!

**GRANNY:** I may be high, but I'm above you, you old rummy!

*The old birds go into a walker-bumping match as HELEN, EUGENIA, and APRIL rush in from the lobby.*

**APRIL:** Mummy! Mummy! Please!

**EUGENIA:** Aunt B, Aunt B, what has gotten into you?

**HELEN:** Ladies! Ladies! Ladies! This is supposed to be a formal and joyous occasion. Let us try to deport ourselves as befits members of our class. Aunt Bradford, please give Grandmother Brewster back her lettuce.

*Both older women freeze with a grip on each other.*

**AUNT BRADFORD:** *(To April.)* Grandmother Brewster? Eugenia! Tell me it isn't true! This is the mother of . . . ? My grand nephew is attaching himself to this . . . ? Surely you jest! Oh! Hippies on the Bradford family tree!

**GRANNY:** No, no, no! April! I'm so sorry for your little girl! Hooked up to a family of juicers! Poisoning the sacred body with . . . ! I'm so bummed! Where's my pipe?

**HELEN:** Now, now, now! Agatha, you can't smoke that in here. Put it away before we all are arrested. Now, be nice. You both were civil enough to each other during the ceremony at St. Dunstan's yesterday . . .

**GRANNY, AUNT BRADFORD:** We were?

**AUNT BRADFORD:** I met this woman before? Funny, I don't remember a thing about it.

**GRANNY:** Me neither. *(Aside.)* Could I have been straight? Impossible.

**HELEN:** Together you blessed the couple with holy water.

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Never!

**GRANNY:** Far out!

**HELEN:** Well, why don't both you fine ladies go freshen up a bit and it all may come rushing back to you. Waitstaff? Could you provide our matrons with some nice black coffee? Lots of it. And direct them toward the guest suites?

*GRANNY and AUNT B start out slowly on their walkers until they realize they are side by side and then it becomes a race.*

**HELEN:** Excuse me ladies and gents for this little disruption. You all know how families are. This is why they need to engage my services. *(She starts passing out cards.)* I am Helen Hunt your professional event coordinator, life coach, bereavement counselor and sexual surrogate - - references on the website. If you find yourself with a life passage or domestic "situation," a christening

where the parents of the baby are, how shall we say, informally attached, or if a young person joins a cult, such as the Quakers, then take this card off the fridge. I'm busy and expensive, but keep trying. Remember what all my clients say. "If you really need help out here in the wealthy woods, you can go to Helen Hunt for it." Now the staff will be serving the first course. So tuck into your salads while we clear up a few last details. Please enjoy the spirited stylings of DJ MONKEY BALOO with his delightful potpourri of the best of Montovani, the Grateful Dead, Eminem, and of course, your favorite, John Tesh! (To *EUGENIA* and *APRIL*.) Now where were we?

**FIRST COURSE IS SERVED.**

**EUGENIA:** Helen, darling, you must make her understand that can't have a goat at my son's wedding reception. What would people say?

**APRIL:** No, Helen, it isn't fair! This is my ceremony now! I went along with that tight-assed Episcopal service! Now, because of her we are doing my ceremony indoors and with robes instead of skyclad under the heavens like it's s'posed to be. But no blood? It may not be a big deal to her, but my ceremony is much older.

**EUGENIA:** Ceremony! A bunch of witches and wizards! It's a Harry Potter wedding! Performed by a priestess! All right, that would be passable since the Greeks and Egyptians had priestesses. Even those Unitarians let women in the pulpit, though I just can't see it. But a witch!! This isn't a Halloween party!

**HELEN:** Now, now, now, now, now! This is why you hired me Eugenia, is that not correct? Everything will be OK. Trust me. This is not a woman with a broom, a cape and a pointed black hat.

**APRIL:** Of course not! That's her winter outfit and never for weddings. For spring and summer she wears a white cape, or her Native American feathers, or the dashiki, or nothing . . .

**HELEN:** Shhh! (*She makes a throat cutting gesture at April.*) Come now, Eugenia, you are a woman of your word . . . and a woman of the world.

**EUGENIA:** But look at these people! They expect dignity. They don't want mumbo jumbo . . .

**APRIL:** Ooooh! Why do you have to be so negative? Can't you see how beautiful will be . . . ? The equinox! Or is it the solstice? Anyway, imagine Stonehenge and the young couple entering the ancient circle naked below the sacred sky! They can't wait to go to the fields in order to bless the fertility of the newly planted seed, lying in the furrows and . . .

**HELEN:** Okay, okay, okay. (*Makes cutting gestures.*) My decision's final, Eugenia. A deal's a deal. Your lovely cathedral ceremony if April could just have her little Druid thingy during the reception today. Think of it as just a quirky part of the festivities.

**EUGENIA:** Oh but what will my DAR sisters say? What of my family name?

**HELEN:** Pucci? Mrs. Pucci?

**EUGENIA:** My son's family name then, a venerable family name that goes back to Governor Bradford, Perceval the Brave, and Chilperick. It's a name with . . . with . . . good bone structure.

**HELEN:** It will all be fine. I'm here. Run along now. I need to work out last minute details with April.

**EUGENIA:** Fine - - but the goat is out.

**HELEN:** I think we can compromise on that.

**APRIL:** Oh, no!

**HELEN:** Ta ta, Eugenia.

**EUGENIA:** Ciao

*EUGENIA exits.*

**APRIL:** No goat?

**HELEN:** Afraid not. I believe the Inn would frown on blood sacrifice here among the guests . . . (*pause*) during dinner.

**APRIL:** Oh, but that will ruin everything . . .

**HELEN:** Maybe we can spill a little red wine . . .

**APRIL:** Not the same thing, and we already bought the goat.

**HELEN:** Keep it tethered outside. The sky ceremony goes too.

**APRIL:** The whole ceremony? I was so looking forward to seeing . . . Anyway, I know my guests would love it, but hers . . . it would take too damn long for the men to get out of their girdles and corsets. Phoey.

**HELEN:** Nudity's out. The robes stay on. You can keep all the rest.

**APRIL:** The tom-toms?

**HELEN:** The tom-toms.

**APRIL:** The chanting and incense?

**HELEN:** The chanting, yes, easy on the incense. People have allergies.

**APRIL:** Not if they only eat raw. How about the fertility ritual? Please?

**HELEN:** After the ceremony, privately, in the bridal suite.

**APRIL:** Oh well, you can't have everything, as my first lover said. Still, Um-Krysta Luna will be awfully miffed. She might cast a spell on those stuffy people.

**HELEN:** I'll pacify the priestess. Why don't you run along now while I prepare the guests?

**APRIL:** O . . . K . . . I guess I just have to trust you. No goat?

**HELEN:** No goat. Now run along.

*APRIL exits to the lobby*

All right! (*Taps the mic.*) Is this on? Oh my goodness, it is! So. You perhaps have learned a bit more about our wedding party than I might have wished. Let me welcome you officially to the wedding reception AND the second wedding of Wendy Alice Brewster Foxfollower and Wendell Knox Bradford V. For those of you who did not attend Wendy and Wendell's first wedding ceremony yesterday a St. Dunstan's in Dover, as you can imagine, it was an elegant affair with organ and string quartet playing Mozart and Mendelssohn. Wendy wore a gorgeous satin moiré gown with fifteen-foot train, ivory with pink overtones trimmed in Alençon lace. She was graced with her grandmother's antique rose blush tulle and petit-pointe veil only slightly ripped by the corgis. The bridesmaids,

sported raspberry silk a-lines with baby's breath tiaras. The maid of honor, Mimsie Bichon-Frise was striking in scarlet stretch jersey. The groom was in full mourning coat and top hat, as were his groomsmen, each one jaunty in regimental tie of his polo club or fraternity. The honors were performed by the right reverend Augustus X. Scoville. The couple will honeymoon in Haight-Ashbury. Are any of you gentlemen still awake? Good, please pay

attention. Today I want to prepare you for our "hand fasting," a Wiccan Pagan Druidic form of worship. The bride's family wishes to consecrate this union to the great forces of nature: earth, air, fire, and water, and to pay deep respect to sun and moon as life guides. Some of you have been asked to participate. Please keep an open mind. The unfamiliar should not be ridiculed but welcomed as a learning experience.

*KNOX wanders elegantly but errantly to the center of the hall. He is clearly confused. VINNIE follows him at a distance, watching like a cat spying a bird. KNOX wanders from woman to woman in the room.*

**KNOX:** What a charming gathering. Thank you, thank you one and all. So many friends. I seem to have forgotten some of your faces. Oh, hello dear. I have been searching everywhere for you. Now aren't you coy. But it is time to tie the knot, isn't it? (*He moves to a gentleman.*) Excuse me, have you seen my bride? I believe we were to meet here . . .

**VINNIE:** (*Almost leaping to the rescue. Playing the cultured gent.*) Knox! Knox! Mr. Bradford, old buddy! Excuse me friends but Mr. Bradford is in need of a bit of help here. Perhaps you and youse could help me escort him to the head table. I won't ask again. Knox, old boy, you gotta get yourself straightened up here. We got a coupla details to work out before you celebrate . . . this happy occasion. Just a teensy bit of paperwork you kinda let slip. (*To Knox.*) Come over here! Right over here. Siddown and sign this little piece of paper. You know you can't get married widdout a license.

*VINNIE gestures toward the lobby and MIMSIE appears in a very tight nurse's outfit. She wiggles into the room. KNOX lights up like a beacon when he sees her, lurches toward her knocking things to the floor.*

**VINNIE:** (*Stage whisper.*) Where have you been? You were supposed to get him well softened up.

**MIMSIE:** Hey! Lascilo solo! Do you know how long it takes him to zip his trousers?

**VINNIE:** But bella, we gotta get the thing signed. Signore gonna be morto at any minute. Then all of it would go to...them. Do it. Capisci?

**MIMSIE:** Capisco . . . Oh, Knoxie-foxie! Knoxie-foxie, what's the matter? Did oo miss your widdle nursie poo? We're going to have a biig wedding! See all the nice people? But is Foxie ready for the wedding? Foxie is such a smart man. He wants everything to be legal in time for the wedding, doesn't he? So Foxie wants to sign the paper. Here you go. Right here. Do it on the paper. Do it on the paper. That's a good boy.

*The DJ plays a military drum roll and Knox leaps to his feet and salutes as HELEN reenters the room.*

**VINNIE:** *(Stage whisper to MIMSIE.)* Dannato! So close. Now I have to start over.

**MIMSIE:** *(Stage whisper.)* Eh, Zio. Don' worry. Give those papers to me. You corner the girl and get the pre-nup thing.

**VINNIE:** I can do that! But you gotta promise me you'll close the deal before they tie the knot. Capisci?

**MIMSIE:** Sure, whatever. Get lost.

*VINNIE scoots out of the room.*

*KNOX saunters down the room again, now very military, charming all the women.*

**HELEN:** Ladies and gentlemen, *(Gives a sudden whoop and clutches herself.)* Oh! It's my mobile. It always surprises me when I put in on vibrate. Yes? Yes! Oh no! No. Yes. Well, if we must, we must. Excuse me ladies and gents but that was a little update on the whereabouts of our Wiccan priestess, the very reverend Um-Krysta Luña. Apparently she is circling over the private airfield west of town and will be a bit delayed, so we will precede with the dinner and then the ceremony as soon as arrives. Never fear, we can have those of you doing the Dover midnight bridge fundraiser and the Wellesley Warlock convention on your way in plenty of time for the opening hand and the opening howl.

And now, let me formally introduce the members of the wedding party! Admiral Bradford has already made his entrance. So we'll start with him, to let all you eligible debutantes speak with him without losing your reputations.

I give you Rear Admiral Wendell Knox Bradford IV, retired, former principal of Bradford and Pappalowski Plumbing Parts, an officer of the Dover Hunt and Missing Links Golf and Racquet Clubbe, father of the groom. Admiral Bradford.

*KNOX salutes and marches back to MIMSIE at the table. AUNT B staggers in shaking her own cocktail shaker.*

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Enough mumbo-jumbo, somebody get me a chilled glass. Didn't our people come across the pond to ditch all this folderol? Now we gotta beat drums with a bunch of tree huggers. Aren't there any decent horsewhipping Republicans in this crowd? No, of course not! This is Sherburne, where her people live. Buncha cow worshippers. An' who's kidding who? Those kids have been living in sin, rutting like crazed weasels, since God was in short pants . . .

**HELEN:** Thank you, thank you Aunt B. But isn't it funny how times change.

**AUNT BRADFORD:** It certainly is. In my day the only thing with a ring in its nose was a pig. (*Glares at Mimsie.*) Well, maybe times aren't so different.

**HELEN:** Ladies and gentlemen: Many of you have not had the privilege of meeting the groom's great aunt, Barbara Franklin Bradford Bush.

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Thank you, you may sit. Privileged to be here for young Wendell. I'm his favorite great aunt. Course I'm his only great aunt. Outlived all the other wussies. Know how? I self medicate. Keeps me regular. Just a sip of Amontillado each day whenever I hear the clock strike. I love those Westminster chimes, don't you? Bing bong bing bong! Every quarter hour.

**HELEN:** Thank you Aunt B. Perhaps some kind gentleman can help you find your seat.

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Thank you, son. A little closer. Closer. (*She grabs his butt.*) Ah, there's my seat. And they say I'm losing my grip. That's alright son, I'm not blind, just a little crocked.

**HELEN:** Thank you, Aunt Bradford. Now, ladies and gents, the mother of the bride, April Dawn Morningseed née Sophie Morgan Brewster.

**APRIL:** Oh call me just April, everyone does, and has since, when? Oh let's call it 1970-something when I joined the Organic Light commune. (*She sings a line from a sixties tune.*) Oh those days! The colors! The colors! And you should have seen me in my fringes at Woodstock! I spent the night in a tree with this beautiful boy . . . mmmmm! Do I smell blue cheese? Oh, don't tell me I missed the salad? Can someone get me a salad? I'm so hungry! Thank you! (*She devours it with her hands, standing.*)

**AUNT BRADFORD:** Who let the animals in here? Moooo!

**HELEN:** Thank you, April. And now, here is the father of the bride, Sri Karma Foxfollower. Some of you may have known him as Bob Jones, the inventor of hypertext.

**SRI KARMA:** Whoa! Vaporware! That was a former incarnation! Before that Gates dude stole my code for dimes on the dollar. Before I found bliss with the Maharishi. Jones! Jones! Bob Jones. Unenlightened jerk. Smoked cigars, ate dead meat. Don't even know the dude. Whoa, April, but isn't it a trip to be here at solstice, or is it equinox to launch our little - - well, hey, not so little - - sprout into that cosmic salad, that divine mesclun we call matrimony. Peace unto all of you, brothers and sisters, and love! (*He takes the mic.*) Can I get an OM from everyone? That's it. That's it. Bliss out. Everybody say peeeese and luuuu.

*GLORIA comes marching into the room, no nonsense.*

**GLORIA:** Anyone feel a strong breeze in here, coming from kind of this direction? (*Waves at Sri Karma.*)

**SRI KARMA:** Ooooh! You are sending out some seriously harsh vibes, Gloria. Hey, c'mon, I say go with the flow. That's what I always say.

**GLORIA:** You got that right. How many times have I heard it? Save it for the kids with the shaved heads and bells.

**SRI KARMA:** Heeeey, chill. You know I love ya, Ms. Gloria. G-L-O-R-Y-A, glow-ree-ah!

**GLORIA:** Gals and guys, I give you Captain snowflake and his all cloud band.

**HELEN:** Thank you Mr. Foxfollower.

**SRI KARMA:** Oh call me Sri or Babaji, either one works. *(Walks to table kissing his hand like the Maharishi.)*

**HELEN:** Thank you, I'll keep that in mind. But this moment belongs to April's current significant other, life partner, and Wendy's co-mother, Ms. Gloria S. Rodham.

**GLORIA:** Yeah, like I say, nothing's too good for our little girl, even all that fancy shmancy yesterday and the fol dee rol today. If it makes my little 'Apey' here happy, I'm down with it. We all have to make our little mistakes before we get smart, right Ape? Hey, where are my pals from the softball team. Glad you could make it guys. Go Framingham Huskies! Woo! We love Husky women!!

**HELEN:** Thanks ever so, Gloria. And now here is the matriarch of the groom's family, the inimitable mother of the groom, Mrs. Eugenia Rampart Scoville Bradford Pucci.

**EUGENIA:** Thank you, thank you. No, no, no. You are too kind, too kind. I hope you all have a wonderful time at our reception. [I certainly paid enough for it.] I am proud to be here as my son finally takes on the responsibilities for carrying forward the family name. Perhaps Wendy, such a light-headed, er light-hearted young thing will give him an heir soon. *(Aside.)* Actually, I hope he gives her the air soon. Helen, how's the salad? April wanted organic. But I do hate a salad that crawls.

**HELEN:** I'm sure everything has been very well catered. You may relax and enjoy yourself for the rest of the evening, Mrs. Pucci.

**EUGENIA:** Oh, that name! Pucci. Pucci. I am still unused to it. I sound like some sort of cartoon dog.

**VINNIE:** Hey! It's a very nice family name. Respectable. My people were ruling the world when yours were still painting their butts blue.

**EUGENIA:** Vincent! Where are your manners?

**VINNIE:** I musta left them in the car with that ratty little mutt of yours. One day he is going for a swim.

**HELEN:** This, ladies and gentlemen is Vincenzo Mangiacopra Pucci, stepfather of the groom.

**VINNIE:** Hey, it's a huge pleasure, y'know. Anything for Genie here and Wendell, my little goombah. Now there's a great kid. Hey, I hope we got some good chew. I could eat a horse (*Stage whisper.*) and around here, who knows, if they serve you beef you just might be eating a nag, y'know what I mean? Hey! Hey! Is my uncle here? Zio Sarducci? Where are you at? (*He finds an audience member and gives him a big hug.*) Zio! Babyface! Come va? Lei prenderà il suo denaro presto. You'll get it soon. Don't worry.

**HELEN:** And there you are! These are all the members of our wedding families. Yes, April? (*They whisper.*) Oh, I am sorry. I forgot the bride's grandmother, Agatha Adams Brewster, who seems to have disappeared. I sure she will turn up soon.

**VINNIE:** I think she was talkin' with some of the local "men in blue" if you know what I mean.

**HELEN:** And now, without further ado, let me present our lovely wedding couple, Mr. Wendell Knox Bradford V and his bride and bride to be, Wendy Alice Brewster Foxfollower!

*WENDY and WENDELL enter hand in hand preceded by GRANNY who is dressed as a flower girl strewing petals and followed by "ROCK" ROCKWELL, beating a drum. WENDELL is in full seventies regalia: beads, tie-die, Indian kurta and pajama, sandals or bare feet. WENDY is in a simple white smock with a tie-die shawl and flowers in her hair. She might have bells on her ankles and strange ornaments, talismans and such. DJ plays a tune from the sixties. WENDY and WENDELL circle the room greeting people and then take their places at the head table between ROCK and MIMSIE.*

**SALAD IS CLEARED AND DINNER IS SERVED.**

*During dinner people ding glasses so the couple has to kiss. Each time, AUNT B struggles up and shouts, "I'll drink to that." KNOX has a tendency to wander and propose, and MIMSIE has to fetch him. EUGENIA can ad-lib fuss about food any time.*

*After all have been served, HELEN lightly taps the gong. WENDY and WENDELL go into a clinch until HELEN has coughed several times.*

**HELEN:** If the waiters would serve the champagne, I think this is a fine opportunity for our best man, Mr. Huntington Rockwell, and our maid of honor, Ms. Mimsie Bichon-Frise, to offer a formal toast to the happy couple, Mr. Rockwell?

**ROCK:** *(Starts out very studly but gets sippy as he goes along.)* Wow! Well, hey. What a rare, rare chance to say a few good words about my man, Wendell, here. *(Slaps him.)* Only, I never call him that . . .

**WENDELL:** Don't, Rock . . .

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