

GEORGEANNE AND TRISHA

Georganne: Well, I didn't have any choice, Trisha. What was I supposed to say? Tracy, I don't think I can be in your wedding, because you remember when I had that nervous breakdown my junior year of college? That was because your boyfriend knocked me up and I had to have an abortion all by myself while he was taking you to the Kappa Sig Luau, and things have been just a little, well, *strained* between you and me every since.

Trisha: Have you ever talked to her about that?

Georganne: Oh. No, neither one of us has ever mentioned it. (*Looks out a window*) And now here she is, getting married to Scott McClure, the biggest piece of wet toast I ever saw in my life. 'Course I married Chuck Darby, the second biggest piece of wet toast I ever saw, because I thought I wanted some stability. And there's Tommy Valentine, getting ready to rip that little bitche's backless linen dress off of her scrawny little body and fuck her brains out. God, I wish I was her.

Trisha: Oh, please. You do not.

Georganne: Oh yes I do. I am wearing over a hundred dollars worth of extremely uncomfortable lingerie from Victoria's Secret that I bought specifically for him to rip off of *me*.

Trisha: You honestly thought you were going to sleep with Tommy Valentine today?

Georganne: Well. Yeah, I mean, why not? Remember page 67 of *The Godfather*?

Trisha: I think your memories of him might be just a little rosy, I mean it has been almost, what, ten years?

Georganne: Three months.

Trisha: Excuse me? Georganne, you better spill your guts to me right now.

Georganne: I ran into him at this sleazy bar that only plays fifties and sixties music. I hate those places but at least I'm not the oldest one there. He seemed really happy to see me, and then we started flirting, but it wasn't gross. It was real sweet-- I'm serious it was.

Trisha: I'm so sure.

Georganne: Well we closed that bar and he asked me if I wanted to go somewhere where we could be alone. I said, look, this is not a good idea, I'm married. I have a little boy. And once I said that? It's like I didn't have to worry about it. I had said it, so it was out of the way. And I just went nuts, we ended up doing it in the parking lot, on the concrete, right behind a Dempsey Dumpster.

Trisha: Wow. That's pretty good.

Georgeanne: Trisha, it was the best sex I ever had in my entire life. I will never ever be able to smell garbage again without thinking about it. So my memories of Tommy are pretty Recent and pretty accurate, I think.

Trisha: Yeah, but Georgeanne. Did he call you after that?

Georgeanne: No.

Trisha: Okay, so here's this guy who really bagged out on his responsibility to you, left you to go through an abortion all by yourself. Ten years later, he fucks you in a parking lot and then he ignores you. And you still want him?

Georgeanne: I can't help it. I love him. I hadn't had sex in over a year. And I wouldn't mind making a habit of it.

Trisha: What?

Georgeanne: Chuck and I don't even sleep in the same bed anymore. He sleeps in the guest room. He doesn't talk to me. It's like I'm not even there. I told Chuck about Tommy the next day. He just looked at me with this fish face, and then he said, "You don't have to tell me ever you do."

MINDY

Mindy: I am having one of those days where I just can't stop running into things. Do you ever have those? I am usually a very graceful woman, but something about this dress, it makes me feel like Bigfoot. I just ran smack dab into a cabinet in the kitchen, just walked right straight into it. Like there was a big magnet in the cabinet and I had a steel plate in my head. Ka-BOOM. I will probably need stitches by the time this reception is over. I am terrified. Terrified I am going to do something to ruin this wedding, and Scott will never forgive me. Just like that time I ralphed right in the middle of his Eagle Scout induction ceremony. My therapist thinks I was jealous that I couldn't be an eagle scout, but I don't think that was it. I mean, I was nineteen. I think I had just had a bad tuna salad sandwich. Oh. This is a bad time, isn't it? I'm so sorry. I'll leave. (*Goes to exit, knocking something over in the process*) See what I mean?

ALL

Trisha: No, I'm through with being disappointed. I have never met a man who could look at me and see anything but his own ego, and Tripp Davenport is no different. No offense to your cousin, Mindy, but I think I'll pass.

Georgeanne: He really got to you, didn't he?

Trisha: I'm sick of it. I am. I quit. I'll just be an old maid.

Frances: Don't you want babies?

Trisha: You don't need a man to have a baby.

Mindy: Well, actually you do, technically.

Trisha: Yeah, but you don't have to cement yourself to him. Hell, he doesn't even have to know about it.

Frances: But that's so wrong.

Mindy: I don't think so. All the movie stars are doing it.

Frances: God wants you to be married if you have a baby.

Trisha: How do you know what God wants?

Frances: Because the Bible says so.

Trisha: Frances, has it ever occurred to you that the Bible is a book that was written by men?

Frances: The Bible is the holy word of God, Trisha.

Trisha: Well, I will grant you that it is the history of one culture's quest for God, But --

Frances: That is secular humanism talking, and that is the kind of talk that has got us into the mess we are in today, causing the collapse of family values and all decent morality. That is why there is so much crime, and violence and licentiousness in this world, and that is why we are living in the end times and the rapture could happen at any minute. Any minute!

Meredith: Get serious.

Frances: I am serious. Now, I will sit here and watch you all drink liquor and take drugs, every other word is F this and GD that, honestly, you ought to be ashamed. You are *ladies*. But I will *not* tolerate you making fun of the Bible.

Trisha: Nobody's making fun of anything. Am I not allowed to have an opinion?

Frances: Not if it is disrespectful to my religion, no ma'am. You are not not.

Trisha: I'm afraid I have a little problem with that.

Frances: This is America. I have a right to my beliefs.

Trisha: Listen, Frances. I wholeheartedly support your right to live your life however you see fit. But you cannot exercise that right without extending the same courtesy to other people who might think differently than you.

Frances: My religion happens to be very important to me, and I don't want to listen to you criticize it.

Trisha: Then leave.

ALL

Georgeanne: Yeah, Meredith. You better be prepared for him to try and jump your bones next, you're the only one left.

Trisha: Oh please. Don't tell me. Somebody needs to put him on a leash. (Meredith is silent)
Meredith? What's wrong?

Meredith: Nothing. (She starts crying)

Trisha: Honey, what is it? Are you okay?

Meredith: I'm fine, I'm fine. I don't know why I'm crying. I'm so stupid.

Trisha: No, you're not stupid.

Georgeanne: Did he do something to you?

Meredith: No, he-- I just-- I had a-- a thing with him, too. We had a thing.

Georgeanne: What?

Mindy: When?

Meredith: A long time ago. I was-- it was okay. He didn't rape me or anything. Please don't ever tell anybody. Promise me you won't ever tell anybody. Especially Tracy.

Trisha: I promise.

Meredith: We just--we had a thing. Not for long. It's okay. It was okay.

Mindy: How old were you?

Meredith: I don't know. Twelve, thirteen.

Georgeanne: That does it. I am going to find that sleazy fuckwad and tell him just what-- (*exits*)

Meredith: Don't! Please! Trisha, don't let her!

Trisha: Frances, you go after her, and do not let her make a scene.

Frances: But what can I do?

Mindy: Get that psycho killer boyfriend of yours to help. Go on, stop her.

Frances: Okay. (*exits*)

Meredith: She can't say anything to him, Trisha. She can't.

Trisha: She won't Meredith, they won't let her.

Meredith: I would die if anybody ever knew.

Trisha: It's okay. You don't have to tell anybody/

Mindy: Yes she does.

Meredith: He really liked me, Trisha. He really did. And now he won't even look at me. I went up to him outside, I was nervous as shit, and I said "Hey, Tommy. Remember me?" And he said, "Well, sure I remember you. Hey there." But he wasn't looking me in the eye. And he wouldn't. He wouldn't even look at me.

Trisha: Oh hun.

TRIPP AND TRISHA

Tripp: Wait a minute. I'm not sure about this.

Trisha: Why not?

Tripp: I think I would like to get to know you better.

Trisha: Oh, brother.

Tripp: I'm not so sure I want to go to a motel, do drugs, and have sex just for the hell of it, because I think there might be more to you and me than that.

Trisha: Do you think there's something wrong with going to a motel, doing drugs, and having sex, just for the hell of it? Do you think that's bad?

Tripp: No, I don't. When I came to this wedding, that's exactly what I was looking for. But now that we're here, now that this is happening, I don't know.

Trisha: I knew it. Guys like you cannot deal with a woman who takes charge.

Tripp: Guys like me? I've been reduced to a category? Thanks.

Trisha: You don't want me to be the one who makes the move, do you.

Tripp: I don't want you to be an easy fuck in a cheap motel. For me, that usually works best when it's with somebody I don't really care one way or another about.

Trisha: Why, Mr. Davenport. Are you saying you care for me? I'm touched.

Tripp: I'm saying there's something between the two of us that I don't run into every day. I felt it the first time I met you, and you did too.

Trisha: I don't think you have any idea what I feel.

Tripp: I think I do. I think it scares you, and I think that's why you left me in the middle of the reception and came up here to hide.

Trisha: I cannot believe how amazingly arrogant you are.

Tripp: YOU can't believe somebody's calling your bluff.

Trisha: Oh, fuck you.

Tripp: Women like you--

Trisha: Now I'm the category.

Tripp: You like to stay one step ahead, just out of reach, but you're always looking back to say, "Don't stop reaching."

Trisha: Yeah, well, better one step ahead than one step behind.

Tripp: You think that's where I want you to be? I just broke up with somebody who was perfectly happy to be one step behind me. I don't want that.

Trisha: See? This is it. This is all about what you want. Well, I'm sorry, but I am not here to be who you want me to be.

Tripp: All I know, Trisha, is that I've never met anyone quite like you before. I have fun when I'm with you, more fun than I've had in a long time. So I don't want to blow this chance to see what-- to see where we could...Okay, if you want to go to a motel, do drugs, and have sex, fine. I just want you to know what I'm feeling before we do it, because I'm not going to be insignificant. I don't want to be just another notch on your belt.