

Mariama Ives-Moiba

Three Bridesmaids, a Snickers and a Bathtub

The inside of a Hummer. Two bridesmaids, NICOLE (27) and ANGIE (27) wear fluorescent pink dresses with excessive embroidery and flowers. REBECCA (28), in a halter neck version, climbs into the vehicle. Their DRIVER sits in front, he reads a newspaper.

REBECCA: (*Emotional*) She's gone.

ANGIE: (*Laughs*) Yeah, sure.

NICOLE: What do you mean, she's gone?

REBECCA: I looked everywhere!

ANGIE: You're joking, right?

NICOLE: Becky, look at me, where's she gone?

ANGIE: (*To NICOLE*) Becky knows where she's gone.

REBECCA: (*To ANGIE*) If I knew, I would say where she'd gone! You know how people say, 'oh she's gone to the shops' or 'she's gone home', or 'she's gone to take a fucking bath', but what you're failing to understand is that I don't know where she's gone, hence why I said, she's gone!

ANGIE wipes REBECCA's spit from her face. NICOLE kisses her teeth.

NICOLE: What are we gonna tell Jamie?

REBECCA: Nobody's going to tell Jamie anything, because we are going to find her.

NICOLE: How? You said you looked everywhere.

REBECCA: I am not going down as the maid of honour who lost her bride, okay?

NICOLE: Oh for flip sake, nobody cares that you are the maid of honour!

REBECCA: You so do care! You can't stand not being in control. Well, I'm sorry, Nic, but it's my time to shine.

ANGIE: Are you a fucking star?

NICOLE: You're right, Becky, you're in charge and this is your 'moment to shine'. The fact that you lost the bride might dampen your shine a bit, but...

REBECCA: Oh my God, everyone's going to blame meeee!

ANGIE: We could just call her?

Beat.

REBECCA: Yes! Of course! Does she have her phone?

ANGIE: I dunno.

REBECCA: (*Dangerous*) Then why say we should call her?

ANGIE ignores REBECCA, takes her phone out of her clutch bag and dials. The bride's phone rings inside the Hummer. REBECCA and NICOLE sigh. ANGIE listens intently. She awkwardly climbs over them in the cramped space.

NICOLE: Angie/ what the -

REBECCA: Sit down!

ANGIE triumphantly pulls the missing phone from between the seats. She answers it.

ANGIE: (*Into phone*) Hello?

REBECCA and NICOLE stare at ANGIE in disbelief. She's answering her own phone call.

ANGIE: (*Laughs*) Oh yeah!

ANGIE hangs up and places both phones in her lap.

ANGIE: So, what's plan B?

NICOLE: Okay, let's think, where would you go, if you were a bride doing a runner?

REBECCA: Not where a bride would go, where Shanice would go.

They think hard. NICOLE yanks up the top of her dress. REBECCA looks out the window. ANGIE stares up at the ceiling.

ANGIE: I know!

NICOLE & REBECCA: Where?

ANGIE: No, no, she probably wouldn't go there! We could go, just to check, I mean, it's good to be thorough, right?

NICOLE and REBECCA stare at ANGIE, confused.

ANGIE: (*Continues*) That male strip joint up in Soho, I mean, that was a great hen night. I think we learnt a lot...about ourselves...and the bendiness of men.

REBECCA: Are you even taken this seriously?

ANGIE: I'm just trying to lighten the mood! It's Shanice's wedding day, it's a big day, it's a big fucking day. Shit, we've lost the bride!

REBECCA: I can't believe this is happening, oh my God, I can't breathe, I can't breathe.

ANGIE: Woah, just relax! We've already lost the bride, we don't need a dead bridesmaid.

REBECCA: Oh my God, oh...my God.

NICOLE: Becky, calm down. I think you two should go out there and look for her.

ANGIE: Why us?

NICOLE: I'll stay in case she comes back.

ANGIE: You go, I'll stay.

NICOLE: Why you?

ANGIE: If she sees me, I'll have a calming effect on her.

REBECCA: What the - ?

ANGIE: I just have that effect on people! I mean, are you stressed right now?

REBECCA: Yes, of course I am, we've lost the fucking bride!

ANGIE: Yeah, see, I'm not stressed and I think this is kinda the aura which would be good for her...

NICOLE: There's no way I am traipsing up and down that high street in these heels and this hideous dress.

NICOLE yanks up the top of her dress, one of the flowers fall off. REBECCA smiles. ANGIE's mortified.

ANGIE: What?! We look fabulous!

Beat. They really don't. They look like an explosion in a pink candy floss factory, and far from edible. ANGIE picks up the fallen flower and proffers it to NICOLE. NICOLE gives ANGIE the death-stare.

NICOLE: Angie, I get that you like to like...everything, but this, this goes against everything I believe in.

ANGIE holds the flower tight, protecting it from this onslaught.

NICOLE: Like...life. Yes, this, this monstrosity is not life, it's death. I am wearing a hot pink floral garment of death!

ANGIE: Maybe that's the look Shanice was going for. You know, all that not upstaging the bride stuff. Make your bridesmaids look like death!

NICOLE *grabs the flower out of ANGIE's hand and rips it in half. ANGIE stares at NICOLE, horror-struck.*

REBECCA: Hello! We've lost the fucking bride!

NICOLE: Oh yes, Ms. Halter Neck! You try mushing these hooters into a strapless corset without looking like you've swallowed a lump.

ANGIE: I'm gonna call you Lumpy!

NICOLE *fumes.*

ANGIE: Or maybe I won't.

REBECCA *starts to cry.*

Beat.

NICOLE: Are you crying?

REBECCA: (*Wails*) I'm not crying, I'm...just...upseeettt!

ANGIE: Aww, don't cry Becky.

REBECCA: (*Shouts*) I'm not crying!

ANGIE: Alright. Jeesh! (*Beat*) Cry baby.

REBECCA *dives at ANGIE. NICOLE jumps in-between them.*

NICOLE: Becky, stop it! We're sorry, aren't we Ange?

ANGIE: (*Looks out the window*) It's raining.

REBECCA and NICOLE *both peer out of the window. It's chucking it down.*

ANGIE: She must be getting soaked. I'm definitely not going out. Me and rain do not work.

NICOLE: Who does?

ANGIE: Some people look good wet. I look good dry, I'm a good-looking dry person.

REBECCA: Nicole knows all about being wet at inappropriate times.

NICOLE: Do you have to bring that up? Like, always?

REBECCA: I never bring it up!

ANGIE: You kinda do bring it up.

REBECCA: I only bring it up when it's relevant.

NICOLE: How's it relevant?

ANGIE: It really isn't relevant.

REBECCA: Angie, I swear to God.

NICOLE: You bring it up every time you want to make me feel guilty!

REBECCA: If you feel guilty, then that's because you did something wrong!

NICOLE: The juice spilt.

ANGIE: The juice didn't spill.

NICOLE fumes right up into ANGIE's face.

REBECCA: She's right, Nic, the juice didn't spill. You literally poured it all over yourself so that Craig would be transfixed by your tits through that flimsy-arse blouse.

Still nose-to-nose with the fuming NICOLE, ANGIE blinks.

ANGIE: *(Small voice)* They are pretty nice tits.

NICOLE: Thank you.

Mollified, she lets ANGIE go.

REBECCA: This is typical, you two always gang up on me.

NICOLE: Oh, please!

REBECCA: I guess you both think it's my fault that Shanice has bolted?

NICOLE: It was your idea to list all of Jamie's faults right before the wedding.

REBECCA: I, I thought it would be fun, to, to list all the things he did that annoyed her and we would laugh, and, and it wouldn't matter because despite those things, despite all of those things, she still loved him.

NICOLE: That's not/ fun.

ANGIE: Do you know the meaning of fun?

REBECCA: I've always been told I'm fun.

NICOLE: Oh, Gawd...

REBECCA: Remember that time we went to that restaurant and I asked the cute waiter guy for some tap water and he said it would have to be bottled because the taps weren't working? I said...wait what did I say...aah that's it, I said, maybe you better let me back there, so I can loosen the tap and let it, free flowly, flowly flee, flee flow, no -

ANGIE *howls at this.*

REBECCA: See! That was funny, I'm funny, get rid of the N,Y, and I'm fun!

NICOLE: She's laughing at your inability to say flow freely, you're not funny, you're just stupid.

Beat.

REBECCA: I'm gonna give you a moment to retract that statement.

NICOLE and REBECCA *flex their manicures, ready for combat.* SHANICE's *phone rings.*

NICOLE and REBECCA *react too slowly,* ANGIE *picks up.*

ANGIE: *(Into phone)* Hello?

ANGIE *rips the phone from her ear and covers it with her hand.*

ANGIE: It's Jamie.

NICOLE: Noo/ oo!

REBECCA: Why did you pick up?

NICOLE: No, no / no, no!

REBECCA: Why, why?

ANGIE: *(Into phone, falsely cheerful)* Hello Jamie, how are you on this fine day? Yes, we're all here, no one's run away, every single person is still with us. Well, it was great speaking to you and we will see you at the wedding, okay then, bye. *(Hangs up, normal voice)* There, done.

A fuming REBECCA and NICOLE are about to hurtle themselves upon ANGIE. The phone rings again, they all stare at it. ANGIE opens the window and chucks the phone out of the car. REBECCA and NICOLE stare at her, horror-struck. ANGIE chuckles with relief.

ANGIE: Close one.

The phone rings from outside the Hummer. ANGIE closes the window. Silence. REBECCA and NICOLE take a moment to react.

ANGIE: *(Light dawning)* We're all so stupid!

REBECCA *leans forward to attack* ANGIE, NICOLE *holds her back.*

REBECCA: Let me go!

ANGIE: *(Bangs on the window separating them from the driver)* Driver, driver!

He opens the window.

DRIVER: Are you ladies ready to go?

ANGIE: We're sort of in a pickle. You see, we've lost the bride.

DRIVER: Huh?

ANGIE: She got out for a breath of fresh air, never came back.

DRIVER: You lost the bride?

NICOLE: Technically, she ran away.

DRIVER: What sort of bridesmaids can't keep hold of the bride?

Three very, very pissed-off ladies.

REBECCA: Look, buddy, we didn't ask for the lowdown on what bridesmaids should or shouldn't do, so when Angie knocked on your shitty-arse window and said driver, I'm sure you can guess what she wanted you to do!

Silence. The DRIVER runs through the options in his head.

ALL: (*Screech*) Drive!

DRIVER: To the church?

REBECCA: No, not to the church, we don't have a bride, you imbecile!

DRIVER: Hey, I'm just doing my job, I could kick you guys out right now...

Three very, very pissed-off ladies giving him the evil eye.

DRIVER: But...I won't...because...because, I'm a gentleman.

REBECCA: Oh, he's a gentleman, I'm so glad we got lucky.

DRIVER: Where am I driving to?

ANGIE: Just around the area, she has to be here somewhere.

NICOLE: What if we don't find her?

REBECCA: Well, we will, because it's not like she hid a passport and suitcase up her dress and is going through luggage check at Heathrow fucking airport right now!

NICOLE: You know, sometimes you don't have to answer. Sometimes a question can just be left out there. You know?

Silence. They all watch it, out there - floating in mid-air.

NICOLE: Yeah, just like that.

REBECCA: You do look like a mush of lumps.

NICOLE's *blindsided*.

NICOLE: Sorry?

REBECCA: I said, you do...look like...a mush of lumps.

NICOLE *dives at REBECCA and rips the top of her halter neck dress.*

DRIVER: Oh, yeah!

REBECCA and NICOLE *slap at each other, ANGIE jumps in and wrestles them both down on the back seat. They kick and slap and scream. The car door opens, and SHANICE enters the Hummer. The girls freeze. SHANICE puts down her umbrella and sits, fluffing out her dress.*

REBECCA: Shanice, where the hell have you been?

SHANICE: I went to the shop for a Snickers, walked home and sat and ate it in the bathtub. *(Beat)*
Needed some time to think. Plus Jamie's allergic to nuts, *(Starts to cry)* so that was probably my
last snick...*(Howls)*

They all crowd around and comfort her.

ANGIE: You can come round mine anytime for a Snickers.

SHANICE: *(Continues to howl)* Thank yooouuu.

DRIVER: So...drive?

Mariama Ives-Moiba is of mixed heritage British and Sierra Leonean. She won the Trinity International Playwriting Competition with her play 'A Concrete Jungle Full of Wild Cars' in 2012, which was taken to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 2013. She enjoys writing for theatre, but is expanding into different mediums.