

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

(A Mock Wedding)

by
Kate Alice White



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106

www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com

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CHARACTERS:

Mr. and Mrs. Hayseed: A typical “hick” couple. He carries a large old-fashioned valise and a huge cotton umbrella. She has a shoe box containing their lunch.

Bride’s Mother: does the usual crying act.

Bride’s Father: almost forgets to give the bride away.

Minister: performs the ceremony.

Bride: veil, flowers and everything.

Bridegroom: almost loses his bride.

Tom: the jilted suitor.

Attendants: Matron of honor, bride’s maid, best man, ushers, ring bearer, flower girl, etc.

Guests: of all sizes and ages, and any number.

SETTING: Simply chairs arranged so that there is a center aisle for the bridal party. A small lamp table may be used as the pulpit; a piano bench or a longer bench for the altar railing.

There should be music before the wedding party comes in and while the “guests” are being seated by the ushers. “Oh Promise Me” or other traditional wedding songs may be burlesqued by either male or female.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayseed are ushered in.

MRS. HAYSEED: (As she sits down in the back row of seats) I knew we’d get here in time to eat our lunch before the weddin’ started.

MR. HAYSEED: (As he sits beside her) But, Mandy, won’t they have nothin’ to eat after the wedding?

MRS. HAYSEED: (Opening lunch and spreading it out) Folks in town don’t know what food is. Have a chicken samwich, Sam. I’ve got plenty chicken in ’em. Not just a little smidgen like some folks have.

MR. HAYSEED: (With his mouth full of sandwich) Sure am good, Mandy.

MRS. HAYSEED: Better fill up, you won’t get much at the reception. I went to one of these here city weddin’s once before. You should have seen what they called samwiches. They wa’n’t no bigger’n that. (Measures with her thumb and forefinger a circle the size of a silver dollar.) Watch-faced samwiches they called ’em. An’ the way they watched them samwiches so’s you didn’t take more’n one of ’em youd’ve thought they was diamonds ’stead of just a teeny sliver of bread with a dab of somethin’ on it. (As several guests enter and take seats) Be you through, Sam? Guess I’d better be puttin’ the vittles away. (As she gathers up the food a dignified woman enters. She looks at couple haughtily) Wonder who she is? Mrs. Astor’s plush horse?

MR. HAYSEED: Sh, Mandy, they’re all lookin’ at us.

MRS. HAYSEED: (Tartly) Let ’em gawk. Hope they know us when they see us nex’ time.

(Several guests enter and take seats. They are followed by the “relatives” who sit in the seats that have been reserved for them. These seats are roped off by crepe paper ribbons in the colors that are used for decorating the rest of the room. The last to enter is the bride’s mother. She wipes her eyes as if crying.)

MRS. HAYSEED: (In a loud whisper) Now, what do you ’spose she’s cryin’ for. It’s a weddin’--not a funeral.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---