

THE DRESS

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A bride, MARY, and her bridesmaids are frantically working to get her into the wedding dress. They're heaving and hoing. Pulling. Pushing. A montage of crazy antics as they try all kind of things to get her in the dress. (Improv'd).

When stepping through the top of the dress doesn't work, they try pulling it over her head.

We hear a knock at the door. Everyone stops and freezes. Mary freezes, her hands sticking up out of the top of the dress. She's buried within.

MARY

What's going on? Why'd you guys stop?

MONA

Shhh! Someone's at the door.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

(from other
side of door)

Hello dear. Are you ready? The guests are getting antzy!

The bride and her bridesmaids look more panicked.

MARY

Ummm. Yeah. We'll need a few more minutes dad.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Well. Don't take too much longer. Mother's bunions are starting to act up again. And you know what that means.

MARY

Okay girls. You heard the man. Get me in this thing.

Another crazy montage of antics. Tug of war with Mary on her back and one bridesmaid pulling her arms while another bridesmaid is pulling the dress from below.

Ana is pacing nervously. She is VERY pregnant. She pauses and holds her belly.

ANA

Oh dear. I think I'm having contractions!

Ana starts to hold her belly. The other girls leave Mary on the floor as they get up to help Ana sit down.

MARY

(still stuck on
floor writhing
trying to get
up)

WHAT! ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? This is
a joke, right? You BETTER not have
that baby on my wedding day!

ANA

(belches)

Sorry. It was just gas.

MARY

(to the ladies)

Can you all help me up already.

The ladies lift Mary up from the floor. She's stiff as a
board in the tight dress. It's like lifting a giant
fireman's ladder.

They are now squeezing the back of the dress together,
trying to get the buttons clasped one by one.

MONA

Inhale!

Mary inhales.

MONA

Inhale!

Mary sucks in more air.

MONA

I said inhale!

MARY

I'm inhaling already!

CARRIE

Mona. Can you move your fingers. I
can't get the clasps on.

MONA

What do you think I'm trying to
do?

CARRIE

Well. I can't get the button in
the loopy thing. You're gonna rip
the dress with your big ol' hands.

MONA
I KNOW you just didn't say I have
man hands.

CARRIE
Well, if the mitten fits. Or in
your case...doesn't.

MONA
(angry)
Alright. That's it! Let's get it
on miss thing!

Mona starts out like she wants to fight.

MARY
Would you two cut it out already.
This is sp'ose to be MY day.

Carrie and Mona make faces to one another before turning
their attention back to Mary and getting her finally into
the dress.

The dress is completely buttoned up, but Mary looks very
uncomfortable. She can barely breathe or talk.

MONA
Can you breathe girl?

MARY
(talking while
holding in her
breath)
Sure I can.

Mary exhales. As she does, the buttons on the back pop off
(one hits Ana in the face).

TITLE ON BLACK: Are you "all in"

CUT TO:

Ana is standing with a loaded staple gun in her hand and
brandishing it like a six-shooter.

ANA
Alright ladies. Step aside!

THE END.