

It's My Wedding, Dear Grandpa

*A comedy by
Michal Jacot*

Performance Rights

It is an infringement of the federal copyright law to copy or reproduce this script in any manner or to perform this play without royalty payment. All rights are controlled by Eldridge Publishing Co., Inc. Contact the publisher for additional scripts and further licensing information. The author's name must appear on all programs and advertising with the notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Eldridge Publishing Company."

ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

hiStage.com

© 2021 by Michal Jacot

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing

<https://histage.com/its-my-wedding-dear-grandpa>

DEDICATION

To the memory of George R., my favorite grandpa.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Control freak Amber is getting married to easygoing Scott, and she's going nuts trying to organize the perfect wedding. Her goofball siblings Keith and Frankie aren't helping, and her pushy mother won't listen to her. Then Mom comes up with an inspired idea: a double wedding with Amber and Scott, and with crabby Grandpa and his slightly senile girlfriend Bonnie. Keith, entrusted with finding musical entertainment for the wedding, mistakenly hires two exotic dancers (and accidentally proposes to beefy bridesmaid Donna along the way). Amber's frustration mounts as her neat and tidy plans go out the window. Can Amber's family help her learn to relax and enjoy life? "It's My Wedding, Dear Grandpa" is filled with funny lines and sight gags that will leave your audience laughing all the way to the altar! Approximately 90 minutes. One simple set.

Also see: "Happy Birthday, Dear Grandpa" and "Merry Christmas, Dear Grandpa." This show is the third in the series, however, it can be produced independently from the previous plays.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 M, 7 W)

AMBER HARTLEY: Control freak and bride-to-be.

SCOTT BACHELOR: Her husband-to-be.

FRANKIE HARTLEY: Amber's younger sister, the exact opposite of her in personality.

KEITH HARTLEY: Their brother, a goofball.

WALTER "GRANDPA" HARTLEY: Their ill-tempered grandfather.

BONNIE ALLEN: Walter's girlfriend, a slightly senile senior citizen.

MARIE HARTLEY: Mother of the bride.

AL HARTLEY: Father of the bride.

DONNA: Scott's sister and Amber's bridesmaid; brawny and masculine in appearance. Uncouth, with no social filter.

PASTOR FAIRBANKS. Fairly young and new to the whole "pastor" thing.

CANDI: Exotic dancer.

MANDI: Exotic dancer.

NOTE: The actresses playing Candi and Mandi must be able to play musical instruments. The script says they play flute, but other instruments can be used as long as they are appropriate for a wedding. If you use instruments other than flutes, adjust the dialogue as needed.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Takes place in Oregon, a day in June; the day before Amber's wedding.

ACT II

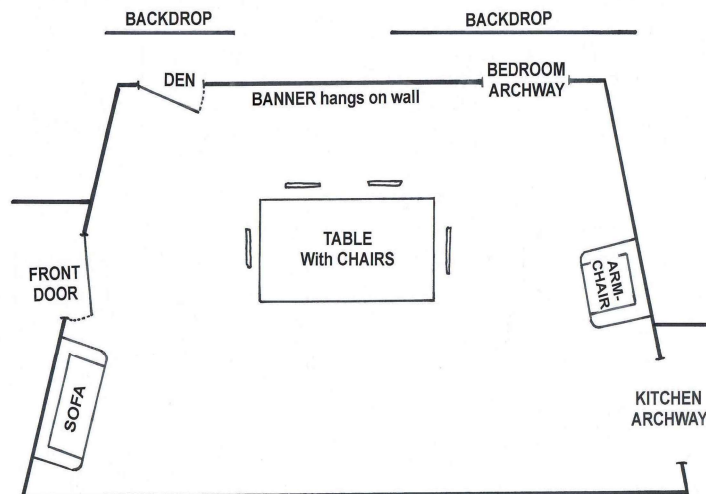
Scene 1: Later that evening.

Scene 2: The next day; the wedding day.

SETTING

A unit set. The living room of the home of Amber Hartley. The front door is CR. In the UR corner is a doorway leading to the den. There is an archway leading to the bedrooms at UR. DL is another archway going into the kitchen. There is a large table placed UC surrounded by matching chairs. A small sofa sits in the DR corner, and there is an armchair against the L wall.

SET



ACT I

(AT RISE: LIGHTS UP on the living room. SCOTT BACHELOR is sitting in the armchair, reading a magazine. AMBER HARTLEY enters from the kitchen with a vase of flowers. She sets it on the table and fusses with the flowers. She bustles around the room making sure everything is in perfect shape and position. She finally stops and inspects the room.)

AMBER: Does everything look okay to you?

SCOTT: *(Without looking up.)* Looks good to me.

AMBER: Scott!

SCOTT: *(Looks up.)* What?

AMBER: You didn't even look!

SCOTT: I told you, babe, it looks fine. It looked fine an hour ago, and you've spent half the morning messing with stuff.

AMBER: But it's got to be just right for tomorrow.

SCOTT: Why?

AMBER: Because, silly, this is where we're getting married. It has to be perfect.

SCOTT: I know we're getting married here. I got the invitation. But, Amber, we're not hosting a presidential dinner here. We agreed on a small, intimate wedding, just the immediate family. Calm down.

AMBER: I can't. You know how I am.

SCOTT: Yes, I know how you are. And I'm marrying you anyway. *(Goes back to his magazine.)*

AMBER: *(Smiles; she talks, unaware that SCOTT is not listening.)* Married. Just think, after tomorrow afternoon, we'll be Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Amber Bachelor. *(Tries it out.)* "Amber Bachelor." I like the sound of that. Don't you? *(SCOTT grunts.)* Scott! Are you even listening to me?

SCOTT: What? Oh ... sure I was listening to you. I heard every word.

AMBER: Then what did I say?

SCOTT: *(After a pause.)* I think that what you said ... you know, how you put it ... was so beautiful, that nothing I say could improve on it.

AMBER: *(Sarcastically.)* Well, nothing you could say could improve on that response.

SCOTT: I'm sorry. What do you want me to do? I've got the next two weeks off, I'm at your disposal.

AMBER: That was sweet of you to take the time off. How is Scott's No Problem Auto Repair going to get along without no-problem Scott?

SCOTT: I'm entitled to take some vacation time for my wedding and honeymoon. Besides, I own the place. Who's going to tell me I can't?

AMBER: You always say the place practically runs itself anyway. Your sister certainly knows what she's doing.

SCOTT: Yeah, Donna really knows her stuff. I'm glad she's the head mechanic, she can run circles around any of those other guys. Anyway, I told the guys to call today if they need me, but after that, I don't want any calls from work for two weeks.

(SFX: The DOORBELL rings, and before AMBER can go to answer it, it opens. KEITH HARTLEY and FRANKIE HARTLEY enter from front door. They make themselves at home; they've done this many times before.)

FRANKIE: Hey, sis.

AMBER: Hi, Frankie.

KEITH: Hey, Amberger.

AMBER: Hi, Keith. Don't call me Amberger.

KEITH: *(To SCOTT.)* Hey, Scott.

SCOTT: Hey, Keith. Frankie.

(KEITH sits, pull out his phone, and immediately immerses himself in it.)

FRANKIE: Are we the first ones to arrive?

AMBER: Yes, but everyone else should be here any time. Does anyone want anything to eat? *(EVERYONE ad-libs "No thanks, "I'm good," etc.)* Okay. Well, do you mind if I have a little snack? I missed breakfast this morning.

SCOTT: Let me get something for you, babe. You've been working hard. What would you like?

AMBER: Just a banana would be fine. Thank you, hon.

(SCOTT exits into kitchen. AMBER sits at the table.)

FRANKIE: *(Notices KEITH's phone.)* Nice picture of Emma. I take it you two have been getting along well lately?

KEITH: Yeah. I know we haven't been dating for very long but we're pretty serious. Truth is, I'm thinking about asking her to marry me.

(SCOTT enters with banana. He hands it to AMBER. She looks at it, then looks at him. After a moment, he reacts.)

SCOTT: Oh. Right. *(HE exits back into kitchen.)*

FRANKIE: *(To KEITH.)* Married, huh? That's great! Emma must be a wonderful person to overlook all of your obvious flaws.

KEITH: "All my obvious flaws?" I don't have that many flaws.

FRANKIE: Keith, you're my brother. I know you well. You need to trust me when I say, you have a whole catalog of flaws.

KEITH: Oh really?

FRANKIE: Yes, really. How would you like me to present them to you? Alphabetically? Chronologically? In order of severity?

KEITH: I don't think I'm as bad as —

FRANKIE: *(Excitedly.)* Ooh! How about sorting them according to my numerical scale? I assign a number for every flaw you have on a scale from 1 to 100.

KEITH: You ... what?

(SCOTT enters from kitchen with a small plate, knife, and fork. He sets it down before AMBER.)

SCOTT: How's that? *(AMBER looks at everything on the table, then at SCOTT. After a moment, he once again gets the message.)* Oh. Right. *(Exits into kitchen.)*

KEITH: Seriously, you cataloged my flaws? Are you planning on publishing your work? (*Frames the title in the air with his hands.*) "Keith's Flaws, by the most horrible sister in the world."

FRANKIE: They're sub-divided into several categories, of course. Irritating Habits, Annoying Gestures, Personality Defects, and General Unclassified Disorders.

KEITH: I can't believe you! This is the last time I'm talking to you! (*HE picks up a magazine and pretends to read it, making a great show of ignoring her.*)

FRANKIE: I could print out my spread sheets if you want. Do you have an extra ream of paper I can use?

(*KEITH holds up his hand and gestures to FRANKIE behind the magazine, unseen to the audience.*)

FRANKIE: (*Cont'd.*) Okay, now see, I'm going to enter that under the Annoying Gestures category. (*Smiles to herself, satisfied.*)

(*SCOTT returns with a napkin. AMBER beams with delight. He hands it to her and kisses her on the forehead. Scott returns to his magazine as Amber fastidiously prepares her snack. Over the next dialogue she carefully peels the banana, one section at a time, and lays the peels on the plate in some kind of precise pattern. FRANKIE will watch all this but say nothing.*)

FRANKIE: Keith, I'm kidding. It's my job to torture you. Look, if you think Emma is the one for you, then just ask her.

KEITH: Just that simple, huh? It's not like I'm asking her what time it is. I'm asking her to marry me. It's a big deal. Don't say anything to Mom and Dad. They'll get all weird.

FRANKIE: Honestly, they boarded the weird train a long time ago. So, who are we missing?

SCOTT: Hardly anybody from my side of the family. My mom and dad are in Japan on business and can't get away.

FRANKIE: Oh, that's too bad.

SCOTT: No biggie. I understand why they can't be here. It is what it is; I don't let things bother me.

FRANKIE: I guess it's true, then. Opposites do attract. Well, from our side of the fence we've got Mom and Dad. And Grandpa and Bonnie are tagging along with them.

SCOTT: I've never met your grandfather. I'll bet he's a nice guy.

(AMBER, FRANKIE and KEITH burst out laughing heartily.)

KEITH: Yeah, you keep thinking that, Scott. Welcome to the family.

AMBER: *(As she talks, she places the banana on the plate with her knife and fork, then starts to cut it into little disks. FRANKIE tries gamely to ignore this.)* I've told you about Grandpa before, darling.

SCOTT: Yeah, but he can't be as bad as you say, can he?

(Another burst of laughter from AMBER, FRANKIE and KEITH.)

KEITH: He's a funny guy, Amber. You should keep him around.

FRANKIE: Scott, all those terrible things Amber told you about Grandpa are not true.

SCOTT: I figured ...

FRANKIE: They're probably about ten times worse.

KEITH: Grandpa is the ultimate grouch. He ... I'd have to say ... crab cakes aren't as crabby as Grandpa. *(Long awkward pause.)* Okay, I guess that didn't make my list of good jokes.

FRANKIE: Before you make a list like that, don't you actually, at some point, have to make a good joke?

SCOTT: So what's the story with his friend Bonnie?

FRANKIE: Ah, Grandpa and his main squeeze. The hot couple of Sunshine Acres Retirement Village. Bonnie is a little ... well, her elevator doesn't go to the top floor anymore.

SCOTT: Ah.

FRANKIE: She and Grandpa actually make a good couple. He can be as grouchy as he wants and it doesn't matter to her because she forgets anything he says in the next five minutes. *(SHE can't take it anymore.)* Okay, Amber, I have to say, this is strange, even for you.

AMBER: What?

FRANKIE: Is that how you normally eat a banana?

AMBER: Well ... yes. So?

FRANKIE: And you see nothing disturbingly peculiar about that method?

AMBER: Stop making fun of how I eat.

FRANKIE: Amber ... *(Holds her hands up in frustration.)* Geez, I give up. The other day I saw Keith eat a Milk Dud he found on the floor of his car. How can you two be related?

AMBER: It's just ... it's how I eat.

KEITH: It was just a Milk Dud.

FRANKIE: Just for the record, Keith ... Remember when I borrowed your car so I could pick up Kelly and her baby girl last week?

KEITH: Yes.

FRANKIE: Kelly had to change the baby's diaper in the back seat. That was not a Milk Dud.

(KEITH makes a face as he ponders this. AMBER pushes her plate away, her appetite lost.)

KEITH: I thought it tasted funny. I figured it was just the carpet fibers stuck to it.

SCOTT: Well, anyway, your parents are pretty cool.

AMBER: Yes, I suppose. Back in their day they used to be *(Using air quotes.)* "flower children." They were into the *(Air quotes.)* "hippie" lifestyle, where everything was *(Air quotes.)* "groovy."

FRANKIE: If you don't *(Air quotes.)* "stop" doing *(Air quotes.)* "this," I'm going to *(Air quotes.)* "hit you" until it *(Air quotes.)* "hurts."

AMBER: Well, everyone should be here soon. We've got the best man. *(Indicates KEITH.)* And we're still waiting for the ... um, the, you know. The

FRANKIE: *(Smiling.)* The Donna?

AMBER: Yes, Donna. Frankie, you know how badly I feel about this!

FRANKIE: You mean about choosing Donna over me to be your maid of honor?

SCOTT: *(To FRANKIE.)* I told her *(Indicates AMBER.)* just do whatever makes you happy. If you want to pick Frankie, pick Frankie. It's not going to hurt my feelings.

AMBER: *(To SCOTT.)* Yes, but Donna is your sister, and I just felt ... *(To FRANKIE.)* ... you know.

FRANKIE: Amber, why are you even stressing out about this? I've told you a hundred times it's okay. I understand. It's just as much Scott's wedding as it is yours, he should have some family representation.

AMBER: Yes, but ... you're my sister.

FRANKIE: It's not a big deal, Amber. I'm fine with helping out behind the scenes. Really. Besides, you've got Keith up there as Scott's best man. That's your family representation.

AMBER: Don't remind me. If Scott had any brothers, I would have been happy to trade one for Keith. Then I'd be able to put you in as my maid of honor. After all, it's just Keith.

KEITH: *(Waves his hand.)* Still in the room. Still can hear everything you're saying.

(SFX: We hear the sound of a blaring truck horn.)

SCOTT: Sounds like Donna is here.

FRANKIE: I'll get the door for you, Amber. I'd hate to interrupt your fine dining experience. *(Goes to door.)* Say, what is that she does again? She works in a flower shop, right? Or one of those ritzy boutiques where they sell frilly clothes?

(SCOTT laughs; he knows she's pulling Amber's leg.)

AMBER: *(Pause; with obvious effort and distaste.)* She's a garage mechanic. I thought you already knew that.

FRANKIE: *(Smiles.)* I did. I was just messing with you.

(FRANKIE opens door. DONNA enters. She is, as my mom used to say, "a sturdy girl." She is tall, brawny and beefy, more masculine than feminine. She wears jeans and a flannel shirt.)

SCOTT: Hey, there's the delicate flower herself.

FRANKIE: Hi, Donna.

DONNA: *(Pistol fingers.)* Yo.

AMBER: Hi, Donna.

DONNA: *(Pistol fingers.)* Yo. *(SCOTT waves. Pistol fingers.)*
Yo.

FRANKIE: This is my brother Keith. He's a yo-yo.

DONNA: *(Pistol fingers.)* Yo.

KEITH: Yo. I mean, how are yo? ... You?

AMBER: *(Trying to stop the awkwardness.)* And how was ...
work?

DONNA: Good. I finished that engine rebuild I've been
working on.

AMBER: Oh. Well ... that's nice.

DONNA: You ever do an engine rebuild?

AMBER: Me?

KEITH: *(Jumps in.)* Yeah, Amber rebuilt the engine in her car
just last year. Replaced the transmission, too.

(AMBER shoots HIM a dirty look.)

DONNA: Really? What kind of car do you have?

AMBER: *(Flustered.)* Um, actually, I'm It's a ... it's a Ford.
(Pause.) I think.

DONNA: Yeah? What kind of engine? V-type? Diesel? Oh, I'll
bet it's a boxer engine. Am a right? Boxer engines are
awesome. Nice balance. No knocking, rattling, or vibration.
Plus it's a smaller engine so there's a lot less weight on the
crankshaft. And better handling. But you knew all that, right?

AMBER: I ...

KEITH: Oh, sure, she knew. She was just telling me that the
other day. What was that you told me about your engine,
Amber?

AMBER: That ... it was a Ford.

End of Freeview

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing

<https://histage.com/its-my-wedding-dear-grandpa>

Eldridge Publishing, a leading drama play publisher since 1906, offers more than a thousand full-length plays, one-act plays, melodramas, holiday plays, religious plays, children's theatre plays and musicals of all kinds.

For more than a hundred years, our family-owned business has had the privilege of publishing some of the finest playwrights, allowing their work to come alive on stages worldwide.

We look forward to being a part of your next theatrical production.

Eldridge Publishing... for the start of your theatre experience!