

Quick-stop wedding

By

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INT. LAS VEGAS CHAPEL WAITING ROOM. ANYTIME.

THE BRIDE, early 20's blond and beautiful, texts away furiously on her phone. Her hair and makeup are a mess, the groom enters the room frustrated and anxious.

GROOM

Honey, what is taking so long?  
They're waiting on us. Are you  
crying?

BRIDE

Everything is wrong! I cant get my  
hair together, my makeup is a mess,  
and worst of all, my dress is  
ruined!

She reveals to him a massive stain on dress. He reaches out to console her in his embrace.

BRIDE

I can't do it. I just can't.

GROOM

Listen, all of this, it doesn't  
matter. All that matters is that  
you and i are together now. That's  
all we have and that's all we need.

BRIDE

You don't understand. This is the  
only thing that can be perfect. I  
need this.

GROOM

Babe, trust me. You look amazing.  
The only thing I care about right  
now is getting married right here,  
right now, with you.

THE PREACHER enters the room with a concerned look on his face.

PREACHER

You guys ready or what? Theresa  
line of people waiting to get  
hitched next.

GROOM

We just need another minute. (R.E.  
Bride) Okay this is it. Are you  
with me?

She says nothing. She cant even look him in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

GROOM

Okay.

The groom sighs deeply before taking a pair of scissors from the make up stand and cuts off a chunk of his tie. Then he messes up his hair.

GROOM

Now were even.

His bride looks at him in disbelief and smiles. The tears in her eyes well up again and she hugs him.

BRIDE

Im with you.

GROOM

Were ready now.