

A Country Wedding

by
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A timeless old farmhouse in the middle of nowhere. It could be 1929 or 1959. In the yard, no more than a dozen chairs have been set up and a small group of country folk has gathered in their Sunday best for a very informal wedding. One of the women holds a baby goat as if it were a child. An old country boy plays The Wedding March on a fiddle. A few of the women wipe away tears with handkerchiefs.

At the heart of the ceremony, standing near a country parson and completely out of place, are two sad sack city slickers in their 30s, AL and BENNY. Al wears a tuxedo about three sizes too large, while Benny wears the disheveled worn-out suit of a traveling salesman. AL is clearly the groom.

AL

We have to get out of this.

BENNY

Why do you say that?

AL

Look around.

They look around. All at once, the wedding guests pull out a frightening array of shotguns, rifles and pistols, all of them aimed directly at Al. Even the country parson pulls back the hammer on a long revolver.

BENNY

How could this happen?

We flashback to the same farmhouse on a rainy day. Al and Benny, drenched to the bone, dash up the long drive leading up to the house, each holding his hat on his head with one hand and carrying a sample case with the other.

On the front porch, Al and Benny stand before THE FARMER, a gaunt, haggard old man in his 60s, who sits in a rocking chair with a rifle resting across his lap. Behind him stand five DAUGHTERS - most of them homely spinsters in their 30s or 40s - and one SON, a boy in his mid 20s who never stops eyeing the two travelers suspiciously through squinted eyes.

THE FARMER

Y'all are welcome to stay, but I
cain't abide no monkeyshines,
y'hear?

Al doesn't hear a word. He's mesmerized by the farmer's YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, a bombshell of a girl in her mid 20s. She's looking right at him, batting her eyelashes while she eats the brightest, most succulent peach this side of paradise, licking her lips as the juice runs down her chin.

The farmer raps Al on the shin with the barrel of his rifle, snapping him out of his trance.

THE FARMER (CONT'D)

I said no monkeyshines, boy!

Later that night, the whole farm is sound asleep...

Except for Al, who lies wide-awake in the same bed with Benny, who's sawing Z's like a lumberjack. Careful not to make a noise, Al pulls back the cover and slinks out of the bed, dressed in nothing but his tank top, boxer shorts, socks and garters.

He creeps out of the room, and looks both ways before tiptoeing down a long hallway.

He comes to a door, looks around gingerly, then, slowly turns the doorknob and pushes it open, leading him into...

The kitchen, where he finds, sitting on a counter, a big wooden bowl full of the sweetest-looking peaches he's ever seen.

He bites into one of the peaches and has to hold back a groan of ecstasy.

That peach tastes so damned good that Al doesn't notice a pair of girlish hands snaking around his torso from behind. When the hands finally grab hold of his chest, he spits out a mouthful of fruit and his eyes go wide.

Suddenly, a light comes on.

THE FARMER (CONT'D)

Why you egg-suckin' dawg!

Al spins around quickly. Standing in the kitchen doorway dressed in one-piece pajamas is the farmer with his rifle in hand. His son stands behind him, peeping over his shoulder through angry, squinting eyes. For the first time, Al realizes that the girl holding onto him isn't the farmer's youngest daughter, but his oldest, homeliest daughter. She hugs Al tighter, shielding him with her body.

THE OLDEST DAUGHTER

Don't, daddy - We're in love!

We cut back to the wedding. The farmer is now leading his oldest daughter up the aisle. She's in a white, homemade dress, holding a bouquet and smiling ear-to-ear.

AL

We'll never get out.

BENNY

That's what you think. Watch this!

Benny quickly grabs Al's head with both hands and pulls his face close to his own.

From the look in Benny's eyes, Al can see where this is going and he doesn't like it.

AL

Don't—

He barely gets the word out before Benny gives him a deep, passionate kiss right on the mouth. Al tries to squirm free, but Benny won't let go, holding the kiss for several seconds, running his fingers through Al's hair and playing it for all it's worth.

There's a collective gasp from the country folk, who stand frozen in shock. The parson drops his jaw. The farmer's son opens his eyes wide. The stunned bride drops her bouquet.

We cut to Al and Benny, now both in baggy tuxedos, seated side-by-side in the bed of an old pick-up truck.

AL (CONT'D)

Are you happy now?

The truck begins to pull away, revealing that Al and Benny aren't alone in the back of the truck. Sitting right next to Al is the farmer's daughter in her white dress, holding her bouquet, and right next to Benny is the farmer's son, now in a white suit and holding a bouquet of his own.

Benny gives a resigned shrug and takes a bite from a succulent peach.

In unison, the brother and sister both lean in and rest their heads on the shoulders of the two salesmen.

The truck pulls away, dragging a dozen tin cans behind it and flashing a big "JUST MARRIED" sign to the gathered country folk, who wave to the departing newlyweds.