

Scene 1

A makeshift dressing room and waiting room at the back of the church. Covered with discarded clothing, ribbon, flowers, like a nervous hoarder has been ripping things a part.

Letitia stands in full bridal gear – circa 1980, slightly dishevelled, looking herself over in the mirror. Her friend Gale, dressed in modern day formal wear – but sombre and grey, keeps poking her head out the door to check on the arrival of the groom, and trying to calm Letitia down, making reassuring sounds while similarly distracted.

Letitia

Shotgun.

Shotgun -that's what it is. Shotgun. I'm not prepared, you know? It's not how I dreamt it. Not that I dreamt it. Do little girls really dream of white dresses and gold rings, of slowly shimmying up drafty churches, as everyone they've ever met nod, smile and whisper at them?

"The giant meringue."

"Marrying that guy she barely knows."

"Who's she trying to kid?"

She admonishes herself in a full-length mirror.

It's too floofy.

It goes up in the back. It's the wrong thing, totally the wrong thing. It doesn't work. But it's got to work. Can you pass us a fag?

Gale scrambles in a bag, then reconsiders, before she can say anything Letitia interjects.

Better not, actually. There's so much polyester, I'd probably go up in flames.

And yeah there's that.

She pats her belly.

Be fitting walking down the aisle as I burn. A real sacrifice – not just this sign on the dotted line bit. The scratchy back for scratchy back. The quid pro the quo. Tit for tit. Tat for tat.

Maybe I will have one. No, you're right I shouldn't. A smoky, singed bride, with a bit of a belly. What will the priest think? He must know. Can't see how he's allowing it, but he is. Do they care about those things nowadays?

He won't care. It doesn't matter.

Is he here yet? He should be here by now. This should be over. Past the 'if anyone should show just cause,' as everyone keeps schtum, don't collect the £200, go straight to honeymoon at the local Holiday Inn.

Pushing the boat out. All the way.

I know, I know, it's the reception, not the 'moon. It's just overnight – for convenience.

For ease. And there'll be the full deal at a better time. But he's not here yet. Everyone said this was the right way to go. You know?

He's so... you know?

You don't know. You never know.

She picks up a bouquet of flowers, and rearranges them as she speaks, picking out daisies from a pretty bunch of brightly coloured flowers.

That's the thing, no one ever knows with him. You want concrete – you want is he kind, and well he is, and you want does he beat you, and the thing is he doesn't, and you want does he cheat, and well the thing is he doesn't. And you want does he love you, and the thing is I don't know.

“But he doesn't beat you and he doesn't cheat, and he's essentially kind.”

She picks up one of the daisies and pulls at the petals.

He loves me. He loves me not. He loves me. He loves me not. He loves me. He loves me not. He loves me... He loves me not.

Gale pulls the flowers off her and takes away the bouquet. And tries to pick up the scattered daisies.

And they say he loves me, and I think I do the same. It's hard to find the concrete. The common ground. They say a lot of things, but they're not always around.

Everyone said this was the way to go, this was best, that no one needs to know.

She pats her belly again.

Like anyone cares about that nowadays. 'Cept 'parently they do. And it's important and we need to be in good standing. Although I've not met his mum and dad till the day before...

And he's not here yet.

He doesn't cheat.

Not with people. Never with another. Least... I mean. I can't tell. But ideas, does he cheat with ideas? But that's not something... you know? That's not something anyone would base anything on.

I wake up and we talk and we agree. The clouds are white and the sky is blue, there's some rain coming about noon. And I'll leave the house, and I'll come back, and when I return it's like he's been reconstructed from his very – what are they? Molecules? Ions – every little cell is built anew. But the outside is all the same. He'll be fixed that the clouds are grey, that the sky's cobalt and rain was never predicted and that's the way he always saw it and it always was.

I can look out the window and I can see reality, and I know it for what it is, and I can say what happened.

It won't change a thing.

Someone's whispered in his ear. Something's gripped him – but I don't know what.

We weren't so keen on the rings and the ceremony. But everyone said we should, said it was best. So, he said he'd always wanted it.

Said I was his beloved – everything for me and our family.

But he can be swayed by the wind, re-built by a whisper.

Taking in what they say like it matters, like we should all be the same. Not break from the story that everyone tells.

She finds another daisy on the floor and starts to pick it apart before Gale can intervene.

He loves me. He loves me not. He loves me. He loves me not. He loves me. He loves me not. He loves me--

He'll say he spied me from across a crowded room. When we swiped on an app. He knew I was his one and only from the beginning. When we've been apart more times than I can count. When he's said things that you can't take back. And I never met his parents till the day before...

No one's had a chance to meet the family. But we'll stand across from each other like this is pre-destined.

The great love story of our time.

Paid for in instalments – that we can barely cover.

She looks herself up and down again.

It's just so floofy.

If there's a draft, I'll get all puffed up – be barely able to see whether he's actually standing at the altar.

He's not here yet, is he?