

## Audition Side A

**MARY.** No. No, I do not have a date! Who needs a date at a wedding? That's ridiculous. I'm the Maid of Honor. I have duties. The veil. The bouquet. The bustle...I start by writing my toast for the reception; it's a speech I've been constructing since we were middle-schoolers. Sally is the easiest topic I know. I've loved this person since her first breathing day. I took her in as the subject of my Kindergarten's Show-and-Tell. No one in this world means more to me than my little sister. And I'll be damned if I let her see me as anything but overjoyed. I have a blast. The wedding goes great. My toast goes great. And most importantly, Sally has a great time. As the party comes to a close, I follow through on my offer to drive bunches of drunk people from the reception to their hotels, including...the two most eligible bachelors there. So, by the end of the night I have zero footwear, one bride's bouquet, and two phone numbers.