

THE FITTING

by:
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Players:

AMY, a modern twenty-something.

RANDY, her husband-to-be.

MILDRED, his traditional mother.

WARD, his good-natured father.

AT RISE: *A living room.*

Randy is seated, barefoot, on a couch. His shoes are nearby.

Amy is hovering.

AMY

Why won't you come with me?

RANDY

Why should I?

Enter Mildred.

AMY

Because I asked you to.

RANDY

That's not a reason.

MILDRED

O, just go. You'll never win an argument with her. It'll just drag on and on until you give in. So, go.

RANDY

I don't lose every argument, mom.

AMY

This is an argument?

MILDRED

Everything is an argument with you.

AMY

Well!

RANDY

That's a bit harsh.

MILDRED

And that, my dear son, is why you always lose.

AMY

Common' Randy. Get your shoes on.

RANDY

No.

MILDRED

Just do it.

RANDY

Listen, Amy—

AMY

Honestly. I don't see what the big deal is. It'll only take an hour and you don't have to do anything.

RANDY

So, you want me to go all the way downtown to stare at a wall?

MILDRED

Are you doing anything better here?

RANDY

That's not the point.

AMY

You know what, Randy? You're heartless.

RANDY

Heartless?

MILDRED

And sedentary. That's the bigger sin.

RANDY

O, now it's a sin not to go?

MILDRED

Your father was sedentary too. How I tried to get him off the couch. To a ballgame, down the street for a beer. But, no. He'd rather just sit, like you, and stare at the wall.

RANDY

If anybody cares, I was not just staring at the wall. In fact, I was just about to do something.

AMY

Like what?

MILDRED

I told him, Ward, don't just sit there and stare at the wall.

RANDY

Something.

AMY

Name one thing.

MILDRED

You'll lose your will to live.

RANDY

It's a surprise.

MILDRED

And, sure enough, he lost it.

AMY

Get your shoes on.

MILDRED

And then he died.

RANDY

What? Who died?

MILDRED

Your father. Rest his sweet, inert soul.

RANDY
Ah...

AMY
Cut it out. You're distracting him.

Enter Ward.

WARD
Did somebody call me?

RANDY
No, dad. And, evidently, you're dead.

WARD
Really? Again?

MILDRED
So, where are you dragging my son off to anyway?

AMY
I have a fitting.

WARD
How nice.

MILDRED
For your wedding dress?

AMY
[*Defensive*] Yes.

MILDRED
Honey, Randy's not supposed to see that.

Randy, you stay here.

AMY
I'm not you. I'm not superstitious.

MILDRED
It's not superstition. Ward didn't see my dress until the wedding day, and you know what?

AMY
He died staring at a wall.

RANDY
Amy!

WARD

It's true. I never saw her dress.

RANDY

And you're none the worse off.

WARD

I'm not so sure. I hear I'm dead.

MILDRED

Listen. All I'm saying is, in my day, we had a sense of propriety.

AMY

In your day, men ruled the roost.

WARD

We did?

AMY

You couldn't make a man go to your fitting, even if you wanted to.

RANDY

Hey—

WARD

It's true.

MILDRED

Baloney.

RANDY

How did this become about men versus women?

MILDRED

O, honey, I'm not so sure you're ready to get married.

AMY

[*Puh!*] He's ready.

WARD

Listen up, Randy. [*Tapping his nose*] The women. They always know.

RANDY

[*Looking to Amy, then Mildred*] Know what?

WARD

Ah, that's the pickle.

Pause.

MILDRED

Ward, you're abstruse.

AMY

Put your shoes on, Randy.

RANDY

No.

MILDRED

Atta'boy, Randy.

AMY

You stay out of this.

WARD

How about we flip a coin?

MILDRED

What would that solve?

RANDY & AMY

Nothing.

MILDRED

Ah, a rare moment of agreement.

RANDY

What?

AMY

We only disagree when you butt in.

MILDRED

Really?

RANDY & AMY

Yes.

MILDRED

So, Randy? You were going to the fitting before I butted in?

RANDY
Well. I—

WARD
Now, mother...

MILDRED
Don't you now mother me. Makes me feel old.

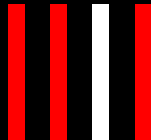
AMY
You are old.

MILDRED
Like Whistler's mother.

AMY
Like dirt.

WARD
Amy, propriety...

RANDY
Enough!



**FIND OUT HOW
THIS PLAY ENDS.**

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