

Something Old Something New

By

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INT.BATHROOM EN SUIT.DAY

A wedding dress hangs from a rail and a small window is open. A door slams and Gwyn storms into the bathroom wearing a silk bath robe. She leans against the sink. Her makeup runs down her face with her tears and she is shaking.

GWYN

Come on Gwyn. You can do this.  
Don't listen to them. She loves  
you.

Gwyn sighs and turns around. She reaches out and feels the fabric of the wedding dress.

GWYN

It shouldn't be this hard. Today is  
my day.

Gwyn touches her face and notices her make up running. The door swings open and Ed stumbles in holding a bottle of wine.

ED

Oh shit. Sorry I didn't realise

Ed hides the bottle of wine behind his back.

GWYN

What are you doing! This is the  
Bridal...

Ed's jaw drops

ED

Janice?! Is that you?

GWYN

My name's not Janice...

ED

Oh sorry i thought you were...

Ed trails off, embarrassed, as Gwyn looks down and wipes her eyes, then looks back up at Ed.

GWYN

My name isn't Janice *anymore*.

Gwyn turns her back on Ed and looks at her reflection, frowning.

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ED

Oh. But. Wait, sorry. You look so familiar. You're not Janice Waters?

GWYN

Yes. I was. I go by Gwyn now. Janice is my dead name.

ED

Oh. You probably don't recognise me, it's been what? ten years?

GWYN

Ed? Eddie Spencer!

ED

I haven't seen you since college. Broken any boys hearts since mine?

Ed chuckles to himself and his bottle clinks against the door handle behind his back.

GWYN

What was that?

Gwyn tries to look behind his back, and notices his uniform.

GWYN

Are you working here?

ED

Pff. Hardly.

Ed slumps his shoulders and leans back against the half open door, which swings shut with his momentum. The wood of the door creaks and a metallic clicking sound follows. Ed stumbles.

GWYN

Watch it! Are you drunk?!

Ed shakes his head and turns to open the door

ED

This damn thing won't open.

Gwyn takes a step forward, away from the mirror as Ed continues to tug on the door knob.

GWYN

What do you mean?

Ed sighs and pulls with more force, leaning back slightly

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ED

I *mean* the door won't open Janice.

GWYN

My name is *not* Janice! Stop messing around and open the door Ed!

ED

Trust me, "Gwyn", if I could I would.

GWYN

Perfect just what I need. Let me try. You're drunk.

Gwyn pushes past Ed who stumbles back and sits on the side of the bath tub, the bottle of wine in his hand now swaying between his legs.

ED

Sure, be my guest. But it's not like you can do it if I can't.

Gwyn turns around.

GWYN

What is *THAT* supposed to mean?

Gwyn notices the wine bottle.

GWYN

Is that one of my Merlots? Those are for the tables!

ED

Your Merlot? I don't see your name on it.

GWYN

Look again.

Ed looks down at the bottle to see "Congratulations Ivy and Gwyns 2018". He looks up at her and then at the dress hanging next to him. His mouth contorts in sudden realisation.

ED

Oh. This is your wedding? But I thought some lesbos were getting hitched?

GWYN  
SOME LESBOS?!

She turns back around and tries the door more frantically while mumbling angrily to herself

GWYN  
I won't be stuck in here with some  
homophobic... of all the people...  
of all the days...

ED  
Hey I'm not some homophobe.

Gwyn glares at Ed.

GWYN  
Well I'm not "some lesbo"! Get over  
here and help me.

Ed sets the wine down on the side of the sink. he get's up and walks to the door. Both Gwyn and Ed alternate pulling at the handle.

ED  
For a fancy ass wine estate this  
place sure could use some  
maintenance. These doors all need a  
good oiling if you ask me.

GWYN  
Well nobody asked you. Are you even  
pulling?

ED  
Gah okay. Calm down.

Ed mutters under his breath.

ED  
Seems like you need a good oiling  
too.

GWYN  
What does that even mean? Just shut  
up and pull, okay?

They both heave and suddenly there is the sound of a bolt snapping and the door knob flies off in Ed's hands. They stumble backwards and Gwyn regains her balance while Ed trips over himself onto the floor. Ed quickly stands up and looks at the door and it's lack of a door knob.

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ED  
Well that helped.

GWYN  
Shit Shit Shit! Where did it go?

They look around for the knob which Ed finds under the bath tub. He tries to re-attach it to the door unsuccessfully and turns to Gwyn with the door knob in his hand.

ED  
I suppose you don't have much use  
for this do you.

Gwyn grabs the knob and pushes past Ed to try reattach it herself and is also unsuccessful

GWYN  
Just another useless knob in my  
life.

ED  
Well congratulations on discovering  
that I guess. You seem to have  
really found yourself and all that.

Gwyn turns to Ed with a quizzical look.

GWYN  
Thanks, I guess? That's the nicest  
thing you've said to me in ten  
years.

ED  
Oh ha ha. Very funny. I seem to  
recall you not being the nicest. I  
don't go around breaking peoples  
hearts.

Gwyn scowls at Ed and turns back to the door. She tries to shove the door open. Ed looks around the room and sees the wedding dress hanging from the curtain rail.

ED  
Pretty dress. This yours?

Gwyn turns her head to see Ed near the dress. She continues trying to force the door open.

GWYN  
No. I'm going to get married in  
this robe.

(CONTINUED)

Gwyn gestures at what she is wearing. Ed turns and moves towards her.

ED

Well since you clearly don't wear the pants, let me have a go at that.

Ed pushes past her and begins shouldering the door.

GWYN

Excuse me!? What was that?

Ed turns around and looks at her.

ED

Well I presume this Ivy girl wears the pants in your relationship thing? Since you're the one with the wedding dress.

GWYN

Relationship *THING*? We're getting married for godsake! This isn't just a thing. And why does someone need to "wear the pants" between us? What century are you living in?

ED

Okay okay sorry. I just thought.

GWYN

You just thought what? That one of us has to be *the man*? That one of us has to wear a suit? You're probably surprised I don't have a shaved head and a job in carpentry. I can't believe we dated. You haven't changed a bit!

Ed opens his mouth but Gwyn cuts him off.

GWYN

No. I won't take this shit from some... some *waiter at my own* wedding. I don't need more cishet scum telling me what my relationship should be. I've had enough of that shit today. I don't need a pair of fucking pants to open a door.

Gwyn turns around and shoves the door with all her weight.

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ED

I'm sorry Janice. umm, sorry Gwyn.  
I didn't mean to upset you. It was  
just a joke.

Gwyn turns back to Ed.

GWYN

My relationship is not a joke Ed.

ED

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend.  
I don't know how to handle this  
stuff. I just wanted to diffuse the  
tension but I seem to have just set  
a bomb off.

Gwyn throws her hands in the air.

GWYN

Oh great so now I'm a bomb huh? The  
hysterical woman? Just another  
crazy bridezilla bitch?

Ed raises his hand to correct her.

ED

A lesbian bridezilla bitch.

GWYN

NOT! HELPING!

Gwyn turns back to continue shoving the door. Ed steps  
forward and extends his hand towards her shoulder.

ED

Um. doesn't that door open  
inwards... we should probably be  
pulling, not pushing...

Ed retracts his hand as Gwyn turns around again to stare  
daggers at him.

GWYN

Pulling on WHAT? You pulled the  
damn knob off.

ED

Look lets just take a deep breath.  
i don't even get why you're so  
upset.

(CONTINUED)



GWYN

Really? You don't see a problem with projecting your heronormative binaries onto my relationship?

ED

I'm not projecting any... binaries? I don't see any ones and zeros...

Gwyn groans and rolls her eyes

GWYN

I can't believe i have to explain this for the *third* time on my wedding day. My relationship doesn't have to conform to your societal standards Ed. No one wears the pants, no one is the "man" in my relationship because we are, believe it or not, both woman. It's as simple as that. We both like flowers. we both like dresses. We both wear makeup. It that so hard to understand?

ED

But i thought you were a femanist? Isn't that all about muscle and pants and wearing boots and shit?

GWYN

Maybe back when we were in college. Things have changed. It's about choice. If i want to wear pants and shave my head I would. But I don't. I want to wear a wedding dress, and get married to my wife, while she wears her wedding dress. And I know thst might seem wrong to you.

ED

Okay okay I get it. Sorry. I haven't exacly been keeping up with Lesbian Times Magazine.

GWYN

What! Ugh you're unbelivable.

ED

Sorry. Okay. I'll try stop with the stupid jokes. Just calm down.

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GWYN

Stop telling me what to do! I can't take this. You clearly don't get it. I don't have to waste my time educating.

Gwyn turns back to the door and fiddles with the door knob, trying to reattach it. Ed sits on the edge of the bath tub again and reaches for the wine bottle.

ED

Seems like your time's already being wasted. I'm not trying to be a bad guy. I just don't really hang out with a lot of you femanist types.

Gwyn turns back to face Ed.

GWYN

Clearly.

Ed looks down at the unopened bottle in his hands. Gwyn talks openly to herself.

GWYN

My brides maids will probably come check on me soon. They'll get me out.

Gwyn sits on the cloed toilet seat, her arms flopping into her lap in defeat.

ED

I don't really hang out with a lot of any types.

GWYN

What is that suposed to mean? Get over here and try this thing again.

ED

What's the point? It's clearlly not opening. I'm not wasting my energy. Like you said, someone will come find us soon. Hopefully.

GWYN

They will.

ED

Well no one's going to miss me.

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GWYN

What are you even doing here, of all places?

ED

Well I was working the kitchen. But you know what they say about too many cooks...

GWYN

So you're not only wasting my time, you're wasting my money too? The kitchens are on the other side of the estate. Why the hell are you in my bridal suit?

Ed lifts the bottle of wine from his lap.

ED

Looking for a place to sample this fine Merlot of yours.

Ed grabs the cork and pulls it with his left hand. The already loose cork flies out of the bottle and Ed slips from the momentum, spilling wine onto Gwyns wedding dress. Gwyn jumps up and screams.

END