

STAND UP FOR ME

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INT. MODEST APARTMENT LIVING ROOM -EVENING

A working-class, single woman's apartment is gaudily decorated in a sea of pink for a wedding shower.

Five, tipsy women in their mid to late 20's are drinking and loudly playing a shower game. It is a poster that compares boob sizes to various fruits.

ASHLEY, 28, well-endowed and rough looking, writes her name next to the honeydews on the poster.

LINDY, 28, coiffed and manicured perfectly, 8 months pregnant, grabs Kim's breasts and bounces them.

LINDY

Oh you are not honeydews. No way.
Bigger!

JENNY, 28, wiry and flat chested, cups her own small breasts comparing them to the poster.

JENNY

Cherries? They don't have anything
smaller than cherries?

She reluctantly signs her name beside the cherries.

A five-way, disjointed conversation sets the party atmosphere. No one is listening to the bride-to-be, MADISON, 23, prissy princess, wearing a pink ensemble and a paper plate ribbon hat, happily opening gifts with oven mitts on.

LAUREN, 27, athletic, natural, helps Madison by writing the list of gifts.

MADISON

-and your pink, milkmaid dresses
have come in for the wedding.
Fittings tomorrow, girls.

Lauren swings a bottle of wine high into the air.

LAUREN

I need a glass for this wine.

JENNY

Ah, put it in a bag like you do at
home.

ASHLEY

I sucked the gerbil up the vacuum
again.

MADISON

The flower girl is adorable-still
in diapers.

LINDY

What could possibly go wrong there?

JENNY

I think my boobs are still perky.

ASHLEY

ProActiv will clear those aureolas
right up, Jenny.

MADISON

-but I don't think it was all that
fast. When you know the guy is
perfect-

LINDY

Marriage is like money in the
bank. You put it in, you take it
out, you lose interest.

JENNY

C'mon, girls. Everyone add their
names to the chart.

LAUREN

I can't remember her name. Rita...
oh shit.

LINDY

Rita O'Shit? She Irish?

MADISON

- and everything is in pink-

ASHLEY

(aside to Lauren)

Is Teri going to make it tonight?

LAUREN

Should be here. Said she'd nap
after her treatment.

MADISON

Silly question- but do you guys
have sex when you're menstruating?

All conversations stop dead

JENNY

Maddy, let me put it this way: You can swim in the Red Sea, you just can't drink from it.

LAUREN

'Nuff said.

LINDY

'Nuff said.

JENNY

Isn't it good you can talk to us about anything? We're not listening, but you can talk to us. Add your name Lauren.

Amid drunk giggles Lauren adds her name to the poster beside the appropriate sized fruit.

Jenny brings out a velvet-covered box with a gold chain.

ASHLEY

Damn, I'm sweating so much my panty liner is melting.

JENNY

(officially)

Attention! I have a very special gift for the bride-to-be. From now on, I officially declare that every special Snotty Fox occasion-

ALL

(small ritual cheer)

Snotty Foxes!

JENNY

- will be marked with this official gift. The honouree is obligated to wear it for the night.. officially. Madison, I give you the inaugural, Purple Penis.

A life size, rubber, purple penis emerges on a ribbon.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Put it around your neck- but that's not where it actually goes.

MADISON

Yikes, it's heavy.

LINDY

Just like the real thing, baby.

ASHLEY
 (comically)
 Purple Wurple.

The doorbell rings and Jenny answers.

LINDY
 Now Lauren, why is your engagement
 ring on the wrong finger?

ASHLEY
 Cuz, she's marrying the wrong guy.

LAUREN
 Ha-ha. Needs re-sizing.

TERI, 27, ashen and weak, enters wearing a stylish, large
 hat.

LINDY
 Hurray! She made it. How are you
 feeling, Teri?

TERI
 Pretty good. They say the first few
 treatments aren't so bad.

LINDY
 Well, you missed the fruit game.

As Jenny helps Teri with her jacket. It is obvious that she
 is missing one breast under her snug shirt.

LINDY (CONT'D)
 Add your name to the poster.

Lauren elbows Lindy for the insensitive mention of the boob
 game.

LINDY (CONT'D)
 Wha...?

TERI
 Well, grapefruits, I guess. I'll
 just make an adjustment.

Teri blacks out one of two grapefruits on the chart with a
 marker then signs her name.

TERI (CONT'D)
 Don't get your tits in a knot. I'm
 fine. One mastectomized grapefruit.

MADISON

Girls, what do you think they do with the boob after they chop it off?

The group is horrified at Maddy's stupid question.

TERI

Well, if they're as gargantuan as Ashley's, they put them out on the curb for big trash day.

ASHLEY

(uncomfortably)
Yah, ha.

TERI

Look, mastectomies are done all the time, right? I feel fine -and scared.

LAUREN

You got this, hun.

Teri slaps a gift bow over her remaining breast and gyrates like a stripper.

TERI

Look, I can save money on pasties.

LAUREN

'Atta girl.

MADISON

Lindy, do you ever think of divorcing Evan?

LINDY

Are we talkin' the whole marriage or just this week?

TERI

Maddy, buy me a drink.

Madison and Teri go to the kitchen for drinks.

LINDY

Maddy and Roland haven't done the deed yet, have they.

JENNY

You bet your rat's ass they haven't. Stupid religious crap.

ASHLEY

Haven't got the wienie wet.

Madison yells from the kitchen panic-stricken.

MADISON

What do you mean you're not in the wedding?

Madison, runs into living room upset followed by an apologetic Teri.

ASHLEY

Lauren! Teri says she doesn't want to be in the wedding party! Make her be in my wedding!

TERI

Maddy, I want to be in it, but I'm not sure how sick I'm going to be next week.

MADISON

I don't care! You've got to be in it!

LAUREN

I'm sure you'll be fine.

TERI

You don't know.

MADISON

Everything is paid for!

LAUREN

Maybe play it by ear?

TERI

Look at me! The dress won't even fit right.

Jenny takes a closer look at Teri's chest then turns away busy with something at the dining table.

TERI (CONT'D)

I don't want to ruin it for everyone.

MADISON

You're all suppose to be in my wedding party!

TERI

You want a one-boobed bridesmaid in
your photos for all time?

Jenny turns around with a neatly wound and tied, purple penis
approximating the size of Teri's boob. She shoves it into
Teri's empty bra.

JENNY

That'll do -until you get a real
falsie.

After an uncomfortable moment:

ASHLEY

(comically)
Purple Wurple.

Terri tries to contain a snort-laugh unsuccessfully. They all
break into semi-suppressed, snort laughs.

TERI

Okay, I'm in, you big suck wads.

She takes the purple penis from her bra and tosses it,
knocking over a bottle of vodka.

JENNY

Oh, don't be breaking the vodka.

LINDY

Put your teeth in Martha. Let's get
this due-doo back on track. Time to
hang them high!

The women cheer and automatically undo their bras and fish
them out through their sleeves and decorate the lamps and
furnitures with them.

LINDY (CONT'D)

Of course Maddy has a pink one.

ASHLEY

I wore my best one for the
occasion.

LINDY

(singing from "Fiddler on
the Roof")
Tradition!

ASHLEY

What's that cut on your arm, Lindy?

LINDY

Oh, my dog nipped me today. So I may bark a little and drag my ass on the carpet.

JENNY

Who wants another nighty-night cap?

Teri suddenly runs from the room retching.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Oh, oh.

Lauren follows to help. Vomiting is heard from the nearby washroom.

The group is silent. Jenny uncomfortably cleans up. Lindy takes down the bras and hands them back to their sombre owners. Lauren guides the returning Teri to the sofa.

LAUREN

Just a little side effect, that's all. She's okay.

TERI

Maddy, I really don't think I can be in the wedding.

MADISON

But I want you in it.

TERI

It's so unpredictable.

MADISON

You'll be fine.

TERI

I'm sorry, no!

MADISON

It's my day. Stand up for me!

TERI

I can't!

MADISON

Of all the self-centred, small -

Teri whips off her hat to reveal a bald head with a few hair wisps.

TERI

Really? Really? You want this piece
of shit in your wedding album? Look
at me? This is me now.

ASHLEY

It's not that bad.

LINDY

You're still good.

TERI

Don't patronize me! I have cancer!
I will not be better by next week!
I may not be better by next year!

The room is silent.

TERI (CONT'D)

You want this in your wedding? I
look like bloody Gollum!

MADISON

(quietly)

Maybe you're right. Maybe you
shouldn't be in the wedding, you
know, photos and all.

The group is stunned, trying to stare some sense into
Madison.

LAUREN

Are you kidding me Maddy? You
define our friendships by how we
look? You sure you want to go with
that right now? Teri, yes you are
sick, and yes you might blow,
technicolour chunks half way down
the aisle, but you know what?
You've got five friends who will be
right beside you to carry a barf
bucket and hold your frickin' ugly,
bridesmaid dress out of the way.

MADISON

Hey!

LAUREN

(to Maddy)

Back off Barbie- they are frickin'
ugly dresses but we're wearing
them. And how many times have we
covered for you telling your
parents you were having a
"sleepover" at our house when you
were really at Roland's?

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Maybe I should include that in my
maid of honour toast? What do you
say to that? What do you say to
Teri?

MADISON

(mumbling)

Teri, please be in my wedding
party.

LAUREN

And you?!

TERI

I'll try, but I'm going to stick
out like a sore thumb.

LAUREN

Everybody is going to be in this
goddamn wedding and everybody will
have a goddamn great time!!!

INT. ORNATE CHURCH-DAY

The pink-drenched church is abuzz with guests.

The wedding march is played poorly and haltingly on the
church organ.

First in the processional Teri, hairless and in a butt-ugly,
neon pink, milkmaid dress. Followed by hugely pregnant Lindy,
Ashley, Jenny and Lauren all pink milkmaids and shaved bald
in solidarity. They all haltingly process trying to walk to
the bad, uneven organ music.

Veiled Madison processes down the aisle. Groom ROLAND, 24
balding and stubby lifts her veil.

Veil and head piece slide off beaming Maddy's equally shiny,
shaved-to-the-wood head.

Roland passes out.

Bride and bridesmaids attend to him. The Purple Penis
accidentally falls out of Teri's bra. The suppressed, snort-
laughter starts again as they scramble to put the temporary
prosthetic back in place.

Roland "comes to" briefly, to see the purple penis being
shoved in Teri's bra. He passes out again.