

HURRICANE DIANE by Madeleine George

BETH WANN

(Beth is gentle, sensitive, and emotionally vulnerable. At this moment, we see Beth crawl out of the underbrush and foliage just after Diane seduced her into embracing the wild instinctive side of herself. These new wild desires and feelings have awoken something new in her. At first it appears that Beth is reminiscing about the night before she got married, but she's actually revealing why she got married in the first place. She realizes that she married because she was afraid of herself, and afraid of being alone.)

(so calm) Where I come from, there's a really nice custom that the groom doesn't see the bride in her wedding dress until the moment she's coming down the aisle. And they don't see each other at all the night before they're married. It comes from the olden days when brides and grooms were a complete surprise to each other on the wedding day. Nowadays we don't do that, of course, but it's nice to remember how it used to be. Scott and I got married in such a pretty place, his cousin's house in the Hamptons, right on the water. We had great luck with the weather, and the tent held up fine. Scott's mom wasn't sure about it, but I had an instinct, and in the end it worked out great. Even though I never had a thing about weddings when I was little, not like some other girls who played bride all the time, when I got closer to the actual day I realized I really cared about how it went. It really mattered to me. Not that it was perfect, just that it was final, you know? Complete. And the stone was rolled over the top. Because even though I never, ever - (Full stop.) I always thought I might, if I wasn't careful. I had to be really careful with myself every second and never drop my guard. And I started to see how great it was going to be to let Scott hold me, so I didn't have to hold myself so hard anymore. Scott's a big guy, and he was always with petite girls; I'm exactly his type. So according to the custom we were going to sleep apart that last night, but then as we were leaving the rehearsal dinner, which was at this really nice little Greek place in town, I all of a sudden had this very strong feeling like No No Don't leave me Don't leave! Inside me was a box, and I knew if I was alone, even for one night, the lid might fly open, and all the leather-winged wildness inside would swarm out. And I would never be able to get it back in again. So I was screaming a little outside the Greek place, because I felt so strongly about it, you know? I think I was making kind of a little scene, and I saw this look pass through Scott's eyes at the moment and I thought, (Sad.) Oh... I'm gonna see that look again. But then his mom got me calmed down and I had a few beta blockers and I managed to follow the custom. And I was so relieved the next day to see him waiting for me there at the altar. I kept breaking into a run towards him as I walked down the aisle. (Breath.) It was really such a nice place for a wedding, with the big green lawn, and the ocean behind us so calm and blue that day, like it was sealed under a pane of glass. Barely a wave rippling its surface.