

The Wedding Plans

by Bob Braaton

They sat on the old patio bench holding hands and watching the sunset.

“You know Mildred, the sunsets seem more beautiful since I met you.”

“What?”

“The sunsets.”

“What about my sun dress, you looking down the front again?”

Louder, “No, the sunsets, the sunsets are more beautiful since I met you.”

“Well you better enjoy them, we don’t have many left.”

“That’s why I’m so excited about getting married.”

“No we ain’t buried yet, but to hear Janet talk, you’d think I was. You should hear her, ‘Moth-er what do you want to get married for at your age?’ ‘Listen dear,’ I said, ‘I have just about worn my finger to the bone and now I am going to get some of the real thing.’”

“The real thing? Do you want a coke, Mildred?”

“No, I don’t want a poke, that’s crude. I am talking about us making love. Where was I?”

“Janet, your daughter.”

“Oh yeah! She like ta threw a fit! ‘Mother!’ she says, ‘you shouldn’t even be thinking about sex. You’re eighty-four for Godsakes.’ That’s easy for her to say, she’s married. Ol’ Bill pours it to her every so often. Sound like a couple of hounds with a treed ‘coon. I heard ‘em when I was there visiting once.”

“Mildred! Let’s talk about us, where should we do it?”

“At my age the only place I am willing to do it is in bed. None of this stuff on the living room floor. The floor is too hard and we probably couldn’t get up.”

“No, no. The wedding. Where should we do the wedding?”

“Here in the chapel, where else? The old farts that run this place think it’s so cute when somebody here wants to get married.”

“ Well I thought it might be nice over there on the lawn.”

“Right where you groped me the first time?”

“I did not grope you! I tripped over that damn four footed cane of yours and stumbled into you.”

“Yeah right, I know your kind. You just wanted to squeeze my peaches.”

“Mildred,” he said, his voice rising, “you make me sound like some gigolo who’s out to seduce you for your money.”

“Well, you told me you don’t have a pot to pee in.”

“What am I going to do with your money? I am only three years younger than you.”

“I know,” she smiled dreamily, “my boy toy.”

“I’m hurt. You’d think I was giving you some kind of a snow job.”

“No more than once a week and I won’t take my dentures out to do it. Makes my cheeks sink in too much.”

“Snowjob, Millie, Snowjob.”

“Is that what this marriage is going to be about, Harry? Just sex, sex, sex?”