

The States Collection - Georgia – The Pitch Tree State
By Claudia Haas
Email: claudiahaas12@gmail.com

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CAST: 2 (1m, 1 f)
Melanie (female); 18-30; bride to be
Eric (male) 18-30; groom to be

TIME: Now

PLACE: Outside any place where you can get married

SYNOPSIS: Just before a couple are about to take their marriage vows, an argument erupts.
Pitch or Peach?

LIGHTS UP on a couple in the midst of their first fight. The Bride may have a veil or bouquet – something to suggest the upcoming nuptials. She carries a basket of peaches. Similarly, The Groom may sport a flower or carry a ring.

MELANIE

I can't believe you bring this up now! Why didn't I know this before?

ERIC

It doesn't change anything.

MELANIE

It's black and sticky. My whole life is a lie.

ERIC

What? No!

MELANIE

I grew up on Peachtree Lane. I eat peaches and cream. I even say "just peachy" when people ask how I am.

ERIC

All I said was, "See those trees. They're Pitch Fir trees – native to Georgia. We used to be the "Pitch Tree State."

MELANIE

I rewrote our vows to say, "Life would be peachy because my husband-to-be is a peach!" But you're not a peach, are you? You're a pitch!

ERIC

And what's wrong with that? Do you know that pitch is a great healer of wounds? As your husband-to-be, I vow to heal your wounds.

MELANIE

Peaches are sunny and orange and pitch is just black.

ERIC

It is only under the night, dark sky that you can see the stars.

MELANIE

And it's sticky.

ERIC

"To have and to hold never will we part."

MELANIE

And sappy.

ERIC

It's our wedding day. A day of pure sweetness. Peaches grown moldy. But – like our love – pitch never will.

MELANIE

You really are a "pitch" of a guy.

ERIC

Be a "pitch" and marry me.

(MELANIE puts down her basket of peaches and they exit to get married.)

END OF PLAY