

## May I introduce Emma to you?

Emma, early thirties, dependable magnet for mishaps, "screw ups" and small to medium catastrophes, trusting victim of womanizers and a newly minted frustrated single. Nachos with cheese sauce, frozen chocolate tarts, family packs of vanilla ice cream, a bit too much red wine and a gigantic serving of self-pity to help her drown her misery.

When a text message arrived saying that her friend Olga had chosen her to be in charge of bridesmaid duties, her crises threatened to explode into a fire ball. After a period of denial, accompanied by listlessness, she began to accept the task and dedicated herself to the "Wedding" project.

If only there hadn't been the bride, who had mutated more and more into a self-righteous, egocentric female, obsessed with perfection and allergic to any well-meant criticism. In other words, a bridezilla

Despite Olga's unrealistic expectations and unabashed fits of rage, Emma resisted the thought of a jumbo-sized Kentucky fried chicken bucket, pulled her 3-button blouse straight, straightened her shoulders, had another sip of red wine and charged into the fight to save a wedding and a friendship.