

Whitney McKnight
January 4, 2008
Best Man Speech
High school buddies/roast/creative-quixotic/newlyweds

(Intro)

Could I have your attention please? Everyone? Please take your seats and quiet down. I promise, this'll be painless. For you, anyway. I'd like to tell you a story about the pain Bill has caused me.

(Humor about groom/best man's connection to groom)

Bill and I have known each other ever since our junior year in high school when we were cast as gang members in our school's production of West Side Story. I can't sing a note, but I was one of the few kids at that time who'd studied martial arts. Mr. Torrance put me in the show so I could help stage and act out the fight scenes between the Jets and the Sharks.

I wasn't sure why Bill was in the show. He can't sing either. But, he can deliver a nasty left hook. I know because he hit me during our first rehearsal. I was showing everyone how to throw and block a punch without getting hurt, when Bill popped me right in the schnozzle.

Later, he told me he hadn't been paying attention, and just figured he'd wing it and that I would know how to defend myself. Bill wasn't my favorite guy after that, but every day, he'd ask if I was okay, and he apologized so much that I finally told him to shut up about it, and pretty soon, we got to be friends.

Bill sang in a few more shows, which is weird, because as many of you know, even without alcohol, he sings like a donkey in heat. I have to think it was because he was funny and just looks like the guy who could carry it all off, even if he can't carry a tune.

(Emphasize and roast a quality in the groom/highlight and roast his achievements)

Bill's the kind of guy who just makes it all up as he goes along. In school, he was always cool and confident—real sure of himself. He'd mess around in class all the time, but the teachers would never nail him, probably because they thought he was a riot, not to mention a charmer. All that has certainly helped him to be one of the highest grossing salesman in his company. Half of his customers probably could care less about the gizmos he's selling—I think they just want to see what Bill will do next.

Unless you're always having to bob and weave to keep your nose from gushing, there is something to being around a guy who makes you think anything is possible. Until things get out of hand, and it's like, Dude! Do you have a clue? Which, most of the time Bill does not.

(Confidence in the marriage)

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So, if Bill is clueless, why do I think this marriage between Bill and Heidi is a winner? Because Heidi is patient and supportive of Bill, which any woman would have to be, or else, she'd have to kill him. And besides being stop-your-heart gorgeous, Heidi is confident and accomplished. Bill needs a woman like that—someone successful enough in her own right that she can afford to have a high tolerance for his chaos.

But the real reason I think this marriage will last is that ever since Heidi has come on the scene, Bill has actually gotten more cautious. Now he wonders whether his crazy stunts might hurt or upset Heidi some how. And hurting Heidi is something he just won't do.

Heidi, Bill is wild about you. Almost since the day you two started dating, Bill has acted more like an adult. He's become more predictable. Well, he was always predictable—predictably unpredictable. But, you've changed him, Heidi. You don't bug him to be something he isn't, and at the same time, he's becoming something more because he loves you so much. Where the heck were you in eleventh grade before this clown busted my nose?

(Toast the bride and groom)

Here's to you both, Bill and Heidi. May yours be a marriage filled with love, learning, and lots of laughter. Bill, I love you, man. Just don't stage any gang fight scenes, and you two are golden.

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