

" WEDDING DUET "

M/W-C

Groom
Bride

closed door. Laughter behind it. A key is put into the lock – more laughter. The groom turns and the door opens. The GROOM stands on the threshold, carrying the BRIDE.

BRIDE: Oh my God. This is so perfect!

GROOM: Can you lift up your dress?

BRIDE: It's so adorable! Look at the little fireplace!

GROOM: Very cute. Here, can I put you down while I get a better grip?

BRIDE: You can't put me down here!

GROOM: Okay, let me just give you a boost then.
(He does)

BRIDE: Watch the train!

GROOM: I will.
(Boosts her again) That's better,
Look let's just go in. My arms.

BRIDE: Okay, but wait. The photographer's not here.

GROOM: We don't need a picture of this. Let's just remember it.

BRIDE: You're right. Let's take it all in so we'll never forget this moment.
(They do.)

GROOM: Honey?

BRIDE: Wait a minute. Just one more second.

GROOM: My arms –
(He DROPS her on the threshold.)

BRIDE: Oh my God!

GROOM: Are you all right? Did you hit your head?

BRIDE: No, I'm all right. Are you all right?

GROOM: Sure, I'm fine. I just couldn't hold on anymore.

BRIDE: I'm sorry. It was my fault. I shouldn't have made you –

GROOM: No, it was my fault.

(They look at each other and laugh.)



BRIDE: Can you believe this? Who else but us?

(More laughter.)

GROOM: Dropping you right on the threshold!

(They laugh again. Her laughter turns to crying.)

Honey?



(She is sobbing hard now. She turns away and faces the door fram.)

GROOM: Sweetheart?

BRIDE: It's just so –

(Sobs more.)

GROOM: Is it the dress? I'm sure your mother can –

BRIDE: It's not the dress! It's the whole thing! The whole disgusting, hideous thing!

GROOM: Which disgusting, hideous thing?

BRIDE: Everything! I mean of course I fall down ^{on} the threshold!

Of course! I can never do anything right!

I just feel this huge sense of, I don't know... doom.

GROOM: Doom.

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BRIDE: Like when I woke up this morning. U just had this feeling that I was totally alone. It's not that I didn't want to get married, that's not what I'm saying at all. I wanted to get married. It's just... Oh, God, I don't know!

All I could think about was how much money it cost, and how one day my parents are going to die, and how tomorrow – tomorrow! – the roses are all going to be throwing the trash somewhere. Or tonight! They're going to be rotting in the some dumpster and filling up a landfill and I'm going to have to put my parents in the ground one day and throw dirt on them.

GROOM: I think this is getting kind of

BRIDE: What?

GROOM: Blown out of proportion. I mean, if I hadn't dropped you, would we be sitting here talking nonsense? No, we'd be in there having fun.

BRIDE: You mean you're not having fun?

GROOM: No! Well, I mean, not right now.

BRIDE: Are you unhappy?

GROOM: What do you mean? I just said –

BRIDE: I mean, being married. Are you unhappy being married?

GROOM: No! How do I know? We've been married for three and half hours.

(She looks at him, he looks at her. They burst out laughing. The Laughter grown, becomes hysterical, then subsides.)

Groom: Okay? Are we okay now?

BRIDE: Will you carry me across now?

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GROOM: Absolutely. Let's do this.

(They stand and prepare.)

BRIDE: Ready?

GROOM: Ready.

(She jumps into his arms.)

BRIDE: Here we go!

(He hesitates.)

Honey?

GROOM: Hang on.

BRIDE: What is it? What's wrong?

(He puts her down.)

GROOM: It's... I don't know.

BRIDE: What?

GROOM: It's the thing about the symbol. I wish you hadn't said that.

BRIDE: I just mean –

GROOM: I know what you meant. But I hadn't been thinking that way until then, and now that you said it, it's all I can think about. Suddenly I'm just this groom person and you're just this puffy bride –

BRIDE: Puffy?

GROOM: I don't mean puffy.

BRIDE: But you said puffy.

GROOM: I was just trying to make a point, which is that as long as we're talking about this symbol, what does it mean that I'm carrying you?

BRIDE: I think it means you're going to support me and hold me for the rest of my life.

(He looks at her. He considers this. He sits down.)

Honey?

GROOM: Just give me a minute.

BRIDE: Isn't that what it means?

GROOM: I don't know what it means. I thought we were just walking through a door.

BRIDE: Maybe it's not a symbol at all.

GROOM: Oh, it's a symbol, all right. It's definitely a symbol.

BRIDE: Well, if you don't want to carry me, why don't you just say no?

GROOM: Why? Do you really want to know?

BRIDE: Yes.

GROOM: Because you'll flip out.

BRIDE: No, I won't

GROOM: All right. I don't want to carry you.

(She considers this.)

BRIDE: Would you rather shove me?

GROOM: See, I knew you'd flip out. And now that you're flipping out it means we're going to spend the next 3 hours ---

BRIDE: I'm not flipping out. We are fighting because you're not willing to work through conflict.

GROOM: Not willing to! Are you kidding! I've never worked so hard in my life.... It's like pulling a train uphill with my goddamned teeth. And, no, that was not a reference to your weight!

BRIDE: Now you listen to me, buster. We're married now! Either you stay here and talk about this with me or ...

GROOM: Or what?

BRIDE: Or I'm leaving!

GROOM: Leaving? You mean leaving for good?

BRIDE: Well, I don't know. All I know is, I can't be with someone who doesn't know how to work through conflict.

GROOM: Oh! I get it now. It's all making sense.... What you're actually saying to me on our wedding night is that if I don't stand here in the goddamned threshold of this cheesy-ass shithole friggin' back-woods country inn –

BRIDE: Shithole?

GROOM: Until I drop dead from exhaustion in the attempt to find whatever combination of words is going to "resolve this conflict"—

BRIDE: Shithole, Shithole, But you told me to find an inn!

GROOM: That's not the point. That not the point. I didn't even want to get married!

(A silence. She screams. He tries to sop her, but she won't stop. He slaps her hard across the face. She slaps him back. They wrestle each other in the doorway, trying to kill each other, until they wear themselves out. She lies panting on the ground; he leans exhausted against the frame. He reaches into his mouth and removes a tooth, spits blood onto the floor. He cleans his mouth with his tie.)

GROOM: Are you all right?

(She doesn't answer)

I said are you all right?

BRIDE: No.

GROOM: Maybe we should –

BRIDE: Don't talk to me.

(She pulls herself up the door frame to her feet. One of her ankles hurts.)

GROOM: Here, let me –

BRIDE: Don't touch me. Don't ever touch me again!

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GROOM: Fine.

(pause)

BRIDE: You really didn't want to get married?

GROOM: Of course I did.

(He smiles at her. She smiles at him. They kiss passionately. She pushes him away.)

BRIDE: Why did you say it, then?

GROOM: Say what?

BRIDE: That you didn't want to get married.

GROOM: I don't know. Did I say that?

(He tries to kiss her; she holds him off.)

BRIDE: Yes

(Laughter.)

END

(This is an edited script)