

# FORENSICS MARRIAGE

## By Kathleen Nelson

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CINDY: This is it. I've dreamed of this my whole life. I'm going to walk down that aisle in this great white dress I won't ever wear again and marry the man of my dreams.

CONNOR: This is it. I'm standing at the alter waiting for the girl of my dreams to come to me and take my name and be mine forever.

CINDY: In sickness and in health.

CONNOR: For richer and for poorer.

CINDY: For better and for worse.

BOTH: 'Til death do us part.

*(Pause)*

CINDY: Ok, that sounds good.

CONNOR: Yeah, I think we picked a good piece.

CINDY: The judges will love it!

CONNOR: I hope so! I'm so sick of those judges who are like "too depressing."

CINDY: Or "too weird."

CONNOR: But even when they like it, it's no good! "I loved it!... 5<sup>th</sup> place."

CINDY: "Don't change a thing!... 4/5"

CONNOR: Man, if we don't qualify this time, I swear...

CINDY: Ok, let's practice again. Remember, lots of movement! So, you'll stand there, and I'll walk down the aisle. *(Walks)* Now let's try the lines again. *(Clears throat)* Do you, Connor Bradford, take Cindy Morgan to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, in sickness and in health, for richer and for poorer, for better and for worse, 'til death do you part?

CONNOR: I do. Now, do you, Cindy Morgan, take Connor Bradford to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, in sickness and in health, for richer and for poorer, for better and for worse, 'til death do you part?

CINDY: I do. Now, by the power vested in me,

CONNOR: I now pronounce you,

BOTH: Man and Wife.

CINDY: Oh, this is so sweet! I hope we get a lot of female judges, especially the kinds who cry at sappy stuff like this!

CONNOR: I hate those judges...

CINDY: Connor!

CONNOR: I mean they'll love it! I suppose this is pretty believable.

CINDY: Yeah! It's almost like we're actually married!

CONNOR: *(Laughs)* yeah... *(Awkward silence)* Um, we're not, are we...?

CINDY: Of course not! I mean, we're just faking...

CONNOR: Of course...

*(Pause)*

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CINDY: Let's check the book. *(Pulls out a rule book)*

CONNOR: Yeah. I mean, it can't hurt.

CINDY: No. Ok, let's see, marriages, marriages... Alright, marriage laws. It says here, "In this state, any man and woman may exchange vows of lifelong companionship that are recognizable in the eyes of the law. The requirements of such a partnership are as follows: The two persons must exchange vows of commitment and devotion."

CONNOR: We did that! What else?

CINDY: "They must provide at least two witnesses who can attest to the event."

*(They BOTH look up at the judges and other students.)*

CONNOR: But... we're both minors! We can't get married!

CINDY: "The man and woman in question need not be of the legal age of 18, so long as they both have parental consent of the exchange of vows."

CONNOR: Ha! There, see? Our parents didn't say we could get married.

CINDY: "Exchange of vows." They let us do this piece! Remember, we showed it to them? They loved it and told us to...

CONNOR: ...what about an age limit? I mean, I don't think they'd let 12 year olds get married.

CINDY: "...so long as they both have parental consent of the exchange of vows and are at least the age of 16."

CONNOR: Well, there you go! I'm 16, but you're still 15, so we can't get married!

CINDY: I'm 16.

CONNOR: What?!

CINDY: I'm 16. My birthday was last Tuesday.

CONNOR: Are you serious?? Since when?!

CINDY: Gee, thanks.

CONNOR: This cannot be happening. This cannot be happening.

CINDY: It did happen. Last Tuesday.

CONNOR: Why didn't you say something!

CINDY: You never could remember my birthday.

CONNOR: I'm sorry, ok? What else did the book say?

CINDY: What?

CONNOR: The book! What does it say! It's right in front of you. You can read, can't you?

CINDY: I think so, but I guess I forgot.

CONNOR: Oh, for the love of- look, I'm sorry, but this isn't the time, ok, can we talk about this later?

CINDY: You never want to talk about how I feel.

CONNOR: I would love to talk about how you feel, just not now, ok, it's just not the right time.

CINDY: It's never the right time with you. I have feelings and I'm hurt and I want to talk about it!

CONNOR: I have feelings, too, and right now I'm feeling panicked! I just found out that I'm quite possibly married to my duo partner!

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CINDY: What, is there something wrong with being married to me?! Am I ugly? Am I fat?

CONNOR: You're fine! I'm just not sure I want to be married when I'm 16!

CINDY: What's so bad about marriage?

CONNOR: I just don't think I'm ready to be tied down. This is a serious commitment and I'm not sure I'm ready for it. I need some time.

CINDY: It's me, isn't it? You just don't want to be married to me. You must hate me!

CONNOR: Alright, you're being unreasonable.

CINDY: Unreasonable? How am I being unreasonable? I think I'm being very reasonable, I just want to know what's so awful about being married to me.

CONNOR: It has nothing to do with you!

CINDY: Oh, thanks! I suppose it's all about you, isn't it? It's always about you!

CONNOR: It's not just about- we sound like an old married couple already. Can you just look in the book again? Maybe we missed something. What about a priest or something? Don't we need someone to preside?

CINDY: "Due to the desire to respect all faiths, or lack there of, no persons, regardless of religious affiliation, need preside over such declarations of commitment. However, for the purposes of recordation, a judge or other person of civil authority may observe."

CONNOR: A judge. Perfect. We don't need a priest, we can be 16, and all we need are witnesses and an "exchange of vows?" What kind of state are we living in! I could just tell you I love you and always will, and as long as people are around, we're married!

CINDY: I think it's sweet.

CONNOR: Of course you would, you're a woman.

CINDY: What's that supposed to mean?!

CONNOR: Not again.

CINDY: Just because I'm a woman doesn't mean I'm moody and hysterical!!

CONNOR: Ok! Ok, you're right, I'm sorry. I'm a guy and I'm always wrong. It's very sweet. Just a bit of a shock if you're not expecting it... What about a marriage license? Don't we need something in writing?

CINDY: ...Our scripts...

*(Pause)*

CONNOR: This cannot be happening. This cannot be happening.

CINDY: It's happening, Connor!

CONNOR: Does the book say anything else?

CINDY: No. That's it.

*(Pause)*

CONNOR: So. We're married.

CINDY: Yes.

CONNOR: Now what?

CINDY: I don't know... I've never exactly gotten married before.

CONNOR: I've never even had a girlfriend before!

CINDY: That's not surprising.

CONNOR: What?!

CINDY: Oh, nothing.

CONNOR: What's that supposed to mean?

CINDY: Nothing!

CONNOR: I'll have you know I am- was- single because I chose to be, not because I couldn't get a girlfriend.

CINDY: I never said you couldn't.

CONNOR: You don't believe me! You think I can't get a girlfriend!

CINDY: I never said that.

CONNOR: But you meant it! I'm not stupid, you know!

CINDY: Now look who's being hysterical.

CONNOR: This is all because of what I said earlier! If you're mad at me just say so!

CINDY: I never said I was mad.

CONNOR: I know you didn't, you just...urgh! You know what your problem is? Communication.

CINDY: Oh, I have a problem with communication? What about you, Mr. "I don't want to talk about how I feel."

CONNOR: You are SO PMS-y today!

CINDY: Oh, well, excuse me! You're not the only one who's a little concerned about being married! But you wouldn't know that since I'm incapable of communication.

CONNOR: *(Trying to remain calm)* Ok, fine. Since I'm obviously so bad at communicating, I'm not talking to you.

CINDY: Well, I'm not talking to you!

CONNOR: Ok!

CINDY: Fine!

CONNOR: Good!

*(Pause of competitive silence. Finally-)*

I want a divorce!

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