

FOREVER AFTER

by Jon Jory

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SYNOPSIS: Some women don't want to get married because it is an archaic institution, but some just are scarred from their sister's wedding. Just visualize: a cop's daughter marrying a mobster, a wedding party dressed as cats from *Cats The Musical*, real cats in place of bouquets—then throw in a church on fire and a SWAT team versus mob shootout. This chaos is best described as “Goodfellas on Ice.” Honestly, would you want to get married after this?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

NARRATOR (f)

NARRATOR: I'm sorry, what? You said that, I thought you said that. I was seeing if I brought my Robitussin and I wasn't sure you said that, but you did say it, it's what you said. You said it. Yes! My answer to that is yes. Yes, yes, yes! I will marry you. I would love to marry you. I've been waiting for you to ask me to marry you!

A short pause.

There's just one thing. One teeny-tiny, itsy-bitsy, infinitesimal, barely perceptible thing. No ceremony. As in, "no wedding." No church, no bridesmaids, no wedding invitations. No wedding! We could go down to city hall and zip-zap, kaboom! We're married. I cannot say this to you strongly enough, no wedding.

Rapidly.

No wedding, no wedding, no wedding, no wedding, no wedding, no wedding, no wedding! I am wedding traumatized. I have wedding PTSD. This is not to say that I don't love you. I do love you. I love you more than great white sharks love surfboarders. I love you above all things, as in to the length, depth, and breadth of my soul. Under the right circumstances I would die for you but... no wedding. You look dumbfounded or, at the very least, aghast, or conceivably you are having a small but in no way inconsequential heart attack.

Strongly.

Hear me out! My sister had a wedding. That would be Letitia—she of the beautiful teeth, who has gotten along sensationally in life despite the fact that no explorer, no matter how dedicated and daring, has ever discovered her brain. She operates entirely by instinct, like a koala. I love her very much. But Letitia and her remarkable teeth fell deeply in love with a man who had bedroom lips and a tan she couldn't keep her hands off of. This was Carnivale Locadora the only son of Benito Locadora, affectionately called the Iceman, the head of a Staten Island crime family, of whom it is said that he has killed nine men and keeps them all in freezers in what he calls his trophy room, which has a Hawaiian motif. And when he

offers you a cocktail, you stir it with the frozen trigger finger of his enemies. This was, let us say, an incitement to my father who has been a beat cop for thirty years and sports an unmanageable temper.

Now, because both families are—surprise!—Catholic, it was arranged that the wedding would take place in the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart in Brooklyn under the watchful eye of Father O’Keefe who does a very nice ceremony with the downside that he sometimes has peculiar fits wherein he sings *All You Need is Love* for as long as fifteen minutes at a time. So unbeknownst to anyone but my father, the police decided this was the perfect time and place to take down the Locadora crime family and the Locadora crime family decided they would pass the collection plate and have everybody present drop their jewelry in, immediately after the “I do’s.”

Letitia, meanwhile, was theming the wedding around *Cats the Musical* which she thought was adapted from a sci-fi children’s book. So, like, the bridesmaids were dressed as the characters, you know, Tantomile, Jellyorum, Syllibub, etc. My sister was, of course, Grizabella. And each of them carried a real cat instead of a bouquet. The groomsmen were Carbucketty, Pouncival, Asparagus, on and on. Carnivale, the lucky groom, was Old Deuteronomy. The church was decorated with little buckets of warm scented oil and hundreds of pink balloons.

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