

THE GOOD GROOM – Jane Miller

THE GROOM IS TALKING ON THE TELEPHONE.

What do you mean exactly? I mean I know what you mean but there's a cake and people and it's like a really big deal and you just want to walk out? Do you want to go for a walk outside? Is that what you mean by walk out? Walk out of the building? For a while. I reckon that's what you should do. Go for a walk and think get some air. Get some air and we'll just think for a minute okay?

Where are you anyway?

10 Minutes away?

I'm not angry. No way. I love you. I'm here for you. I know this isn't easy. So I'm not angry. I'm calm and I want us to talk it all through. Together. You know it wasn't that important to me in the beginning but the thing is....I've had five hundred and fifty dollars worth of dancing lessons for this. I mean I've put effort in. Made sacrifices and now it's all off.

That is what you're saying? Or do you think you mean postponement?

No pressure. Just a question. I learned a waltz and a samba.

My mates think I'm a complete dickhead. Not that I care about that.

And it's nothing to do with money. I mean that. Fuck who care's about money. I mean what you're telling me is so much bigger. It's doing my head in. And that's nothing to do with money.

Jesus. Did you want to take that walk? We could go together. We'd have to go out the back way because people would wonder where we're going but screw what anyone thinks. Right?

Unless you need to go alone. Unless that's the point.

The thing is....Sweetheart....The thing is it's 3.30 so I'm into the second day on the suit as well. 24 hours. I mean if you'd mentioned this at midday or even say half an hour ago I could have run it back to the hire place with no worries.

Then there's the honeymoon. I mean do you mean we lost the deposit? Who told who it was cancelled? When did you ring them? See the thing is and I could be on the wrong track here but it sounds like this isn't sudden. It sounds like you've had this on your mind. It's not an accusation just an observation. Like when would you say you rang the travel agent? Like what time approximately? This is where it's confusing and I'm confused.

You can't really blame me for that. I mean I organised the whole thing so it might've been nice to let me handle the arrangements. Might've been nice to let me make the calls.

I'm not a control freak. I reckon I'm pretty free and easy but you never let me help you. Be the man. Not the man. That's not what I meant. Take charge. And I don't mean take charge or be the boss. You never let me do stuff.

Stuff I need to do. As the man.

I don't know what I'm saying. I pretty fucking gobsmacked. This isn't how I thought today would go. When I thought about it. If I thought about it. It wasn't even about the day. The ceremony. It was about the holiday and the post wedding shag.

Now I have no idea what to think about. I'm guessing the shag is out of the question as well.

That was a joke. A pretty pathetic one but poignant because it comes from a place of despair. I do love you. It's not like you're crapping all the over the feelings of a stranger. It's me.

Me.

Fuck, it is me.

How can you do that? How can you do this to me? Not me because I'm some big dick or something....Me....Because you love me. You're supposed to love me. Aren't you? If you do this to someone you love I'd hate to see what you do to someone you fucking hate.

Sorry. Sorry. Let me think for a second. Christ. Get my bearings.

So anyway the holiday's cancelled is that what we're saying? The honeymoon? It's been cancelled. Like I could go to the airport now and there's no booking? Like when would you say that was cancelled exactly? Just a ballpark? This morning?

Last night?

What if I still want to go fucking Vanuatu?

I think a holiday is pretty much in order after this debacle, don't you?

Sorry. Sorry. I'm stressed. By this. I mean it's stressful. But let's just tease it out. Talk it through. Be calm.

I'm not an insensitive dickhead. I do care about what you feel.

We just have to think for a minute because there's fifty people out there and they've been throwing back the booze like it's going out of style. Whose idea is it to open the bar before the ceremony anyway?

What is this trendy crap that has the guests three sheets to the wind before the bride and groom even appear? Shit. How much does that cost? Jesus. At this rate they'll be legless. I think that's disrespectful. Shouldn't they lay off the booze until they're sure there's something to toast.

At least they're not eating. And if you tell me any of those frigging canapés have come out I'll commit hara-kiri. It's like an expensive free for all. What happened to the solemnity of the occasion?

I have to tell you I'm feeling fairly solemn.

So when did this start? Doubt. About us? Marriage and us? Is that what the doubt's about? That? Or is it me?

Not that there's any judgement. Or accusation?

I'm just trying to create a mental map of the sequence of events. I'm just trying to trace at what point the arse fell out of the best day of my life.

Sorry. Sorry.

I'm not angry, baby. I'm just processing the whole thing. Collecting the facts and processing them.

There's a lot of people out there.

At what point do we tell them. Should we tell them before they drink everything in sight? Not that I begrudge that but I can think of nothing worse of paying off a cancelled wedding.

But I guess that's the thing...Is it cancelled? I mean, do we mean cancelled? Like completely? Or postponed? Do we mean postponed?

It's not an accusation. Just a question. I'm just asking.

I'm not being pedantic. The thing is. The thing I need understand is if this is it? Is it over over? Or just thinking time?

Because I don't really know where to next.

Sweetheart, baby?

Who's talking in the background. I thought I heard someone.

Of course not. Of course I'm not saying that. No. Of course I don't think for a second you're with someone.

Are you with someone?

No. Fine. Fine, Sorry. If you say it's the television then I believe it's the television. One hundred per-

Why are you watching tv? Jesus. Any chance you could miss today's episode of bloody Deal or no Deal while you're shitting on my heart?

I mean, there's no deal on the immediate horizon here, is there? No gold case to save the day...Unless, we're saying there's still a chance. To talk. We could talk. I could be in the car. 20 minutes. I mean fuck all the guests. I don't care.

Just tell me where you are.

I'll jump in the car. I think if you see me. If you see me and we can talk... You'll feel better. Surer. I think you just need to see me.

I mean I look shit hot. I look the business.

Please.

We can just talk.

Please.

Where are you anyway?

Sweetie?

Are you there?

END