

*Impossible Marriage*  
Beth Henley

**FLORAL**  
**PANDORA**

*Pandora is about to get married, but her older sister (in a bad marriage) is not keen on the idea. In this scene, Floral has been left alone with Pandora in order to prevent the wedding from taking place.*

FLORAL. Pandora. Wait here a moment. I have something . . . Let them go. Let them get out of range.

PANDORA. What is it?

FLORAL. I love you.

PANDORA. Yes, I love you too.

FLORAL. I wanted you to know, in case you had any doubts. Having said that, I must ask you, why are you marrying this man?

PANDORA. He divorced his wife of twenty-three years and all of his children just for me.

FLORAL. Ask yourself ponderously, does that speak well of his character?

PANDORA. His character's not important. He's an artist.

FLORAL. So you have no doubts about your future? No gnawing concerns? I mean, the fact that he is over twice your age, myopic, rumored to be a drunkard, decidedly a philanderer, and has been known to wear a ponytail, makes no matter to you?

PANDORA. Not really, no.

FLORAL. Very well, as you wish.

PANDORA. Thank you, but you mustn't be concerned. He's everything I've ever wanted, all my heart desires, I couldn't be happier. If only he were more my age.

FLORAL. What can you do? He won't grow younger. I presume just older.

PANDORA. I wouldn't mind it, if only . . .

FLORAL. What?

PANDORA. His hands have spots.

FLORAL. Age spots. Liver spots. Death spots.

PANDORA. Little brown ones. And there are grey hairs all over him. On his chest even. Another thing, he cries when he looks at me.

FLORAL. You're going to be his nursemaid.

PANDORA. I'm too young to be a nursemaid.

FLORAL. And yet it's your fate.

PANDORA. Oh, help me. You're my older sister. Please help me. Make everything all right again. I'm too young for all this.

FLORAL. All right. I'll tell him. I'll break it off for you.

PANDORA. He's going to be so angry.

FLORAL. Then so he can be . . . You must not sacrifice your life to some doddering relic, simply because he turned you into a silly legend.

PANDORA. I like being a legend.

FLORAL. But is it worth a bad marriage?

PANDORA. You have a bad marriage.

FLORAL. Why do you say that? Jonesy and I are very happy.

PANDORA. You seem to despise him. Yesterday you and I were going out to get malts, Jonesy asked to join us and you changed your mind immediately, saying you had no interest in a malt. When we returned with our malts, you cried, saying you wanted one all along. Jonesey offered you his, but you shoved it away with such a force that it fell and splattered all over the cobblestones.

FLORAL. I supposed I simply did not want a malt after all. You don't understand being pregnant. There are cravings you cannot explain. These cravings are very deep and reason does not speak to them. Now shall I call your wedding off or not?

PANDORA. What do you think I should do?

FLORAL. Why ask me? It's your decision entirely. This will make or break your life and I won't be held responsible, only you can decide.

PANDORA. Ooh. Ooh. I don't know. Why ask me? Let's pull the petals off this flower. Whatever it says will be so. (She picks a flower from the yard.)

FLORAL. That is a childish way to make up your mind, a foolish solution.

PANDORA. I think it'd be fun to do it this way.

FLORAL. Fine. It's your life.

PANDORA. (As she plucks petals from the flower) Yes, I'll marry. No, I'll not. Yes I'll marry. No, I'll not. Yes I will. No, I won't. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. It stopped.

FLORAL. Fine.

PANDORA. But my heart.

FLORAL. Too late. Live by the flower, die by the flower. I'll go tell him the wedding is off.