

A More Perfect Union

By

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(C) 2017

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Cars fill a lot next to a white clapboard chapel. It stands near a two-lane blacktop amid woods and farm fields. Four PEOPLE wait to enter an arched doorway.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The pews are almost full. Three GROOMSMEN (early 20s) seat the last few guests as LASSITER (45), medium height, glasses, blue suit, enters the vestibule.

GROOMSMAN  
Bride or groom?

LASSITER  
I know both. So either side.

The groomsman leads him to a pew in the back.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

At the altar, the bride, BRIE (19), and groom, STEVEN (22), face THE REV. WOOLARD (60), who reads from a Bible.

THE REV. WOOLARD  
Marriage is not to be entered into  
unadvisedly or lightly but in  
accordance with...  
(pause)  
the laws instituted by God.

In the front pews, FAMILY MEMBERS of the bride and groom exchange glances, dab their eyes.

THE REV. WOOLARD  
Into this union, Brie and Steven,  
you have come to be joined  
according to the will of God.

The minister looks out at the guests.

THE REV. WOOLARD  
If any of you can show just cause  
why they may not be lawfully wed  
under God, speak now, or else  
forever hold your peace.

Steven turns his head to look, one eyebrow raised.

Some of the guests chuckle.

THE REV. WOOLARD  
Thus, by the power--

Lassiter stands, speaks in a loud voice:

LASSITER  
I've got a comment. About that word  
you just used -- lawful.

Everyone appears startled.

THE REV. WOOLARD  
Sir, ah, you're not saying--

LASSITER  
Naw. I know them both -- I know  
everybody here -- and these two  
kids are perfect for each other.

The minister takes a breath, nods agreement.

LASSITER  
But I do have something to say.

He slips a hand into a suit-coat pocket.

THE REV. WOOLARD  
A toast at the reception might--

Lassiter shakes his head.

LASSITER  
The truth is, when I come across a  
little nest of pure evil, I just  
have to drop by. I must say, you  
people do clean up nicely.

Two MEN, faces red, rise. Steven steps forward, but Bri  
grabs his arm. The Rev. Woolard looks bewildered.

Lassiter raises his fist, and everyone freezes.

LASSITER  
(to the minister)  
And gosh, Wooly, was I shocked to  
see you in robes! Anyway, in your  
remarks you mentioned God's law,  
God's will, God's plan.

He walks up the aisle.

LASSITER

You were right to do so. God does not play dice with the universe, as a person of some intelligence once said. The thing is, I do.

Lassiter opens his fist to display three dice.

LASSITER

Let's give them a tumble.

He throws the dice against the altar, and they bounce to the floor in a neat line. He removes his glasses to look.

LASSITER

Oh! A perfect eighteen. Huh. I guess we'll be moving the reception over to my place.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The chapel bursts into flame.

FADE OUT.