

"IN-LAWS" by Dave Ulrich
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This monologue takes two minutes.

WOMAN

I put the smack down on her, pimp-to-ho style. I'm not some skinny chick who just takes it. She had to see a firecracker with five feet... something inches of crazy. So I gave her my menacing look. You know the one. Not this one...

(makes a face)

... this one...

(makes another face)

I couldn't do my other one, because I can't go too crazy, since I still have to see this woman on occasion. It was a mild spooking – but a spooking nonetheless. So... guess it wasn't really pimp-to-ho style then, it was more girl-with-pleasant-demeanor-pushed-until-she-snaps, style. Flippin' In-laws.

(exhales deeply)

I just couldn't take the little wisecracks anymore. The poking. Poking at me. Poking poking poker! You know? It's one thing if I was marrying into money and she thought I had an ulterior motive. But I win bread! Jacob is the one that's employment-challenged and with a family of... modest means. So no, Jacob's Mom, I'm not using him to get to your Precious Moments collection or your Ginsu knife set.

(gaining momentum)

Really, she should be throwing flowers at my feet and glasses of lemonade in front of me. Who else is going marry my deadbeat fiancé, anyway? Seriously.

(suddenly embarrassed)

Oh, I do mean that in the nicest possible way, though. I mean, he's awesome. Sweet. Hilarious, actually. But let's face it, he did hit his ceiling with me... so what's her deal?

(shifting to almost pleading)

People do like me, you know. I'm likeable. I'm good with kids, I hold doors for people, I'm patient with all kinds of stupid crap. Normal people like me, but she is one nut I just cannot seem to crack.

(puts hands on hips)

Jacob says it's because I ran over her dog, but COME ON! That was months ago – and... AND, she has TWO others.

(rolling eyes)

Flippin' In-laws.

THE END