

ENTER BRUCE, DRAGGING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW'S BODY

(a monologue)

by

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Cast

BRUCE: male, 30s-50s; a good father and husband

See title for stage directions. His back twinges a little.

He sees the audience, stops.

BRUCE

It's not what you're thinking. It's my mother-in-law. Oh, I know, there are a lot of mother-in-law jokes. And despite the present evidence to the contrary, we actually normally got along really well. But, she insulted the youngest child's macaroni art. She had to go.

(takes a break)

Gotta rest my back. Said youngest child leapt into my arms the other day without warning and I've been all cattywampus ever since. This isn't helping. But it's a father's job to protect his family. My old man taught me that, and his old man before that. I don't know that this is the exact scenario they had in mind. I wanted to send a strongly worded e-mail, but the Mrs., she said, "Hell, no, we're going over there," and so I said, "Let me drive." Because when she's mad and behind the wheel, you take your life into your own hands.

(nudges corpse)

She got that from you. That, some damn fine genetics, the best recipe for peach cobbler - like, you wouldn't believe - and a whole hell of a lot of anger and rage. So, in a lot of ways, I've been expecting this day for a long time. It wasn't explicitly written in the vows, but I knew when I was saying "I do," what I really was saying was ... "I will help you hide the body." I tell my son, when your vows mean that, exactly that, that's when you know you've found "The One." He'll come up to me, "Dad, I think she's the one," and I'll say "Would you hide the body for her?" Of course, up until now, it's been a hypothetical. He hasn't told me yes yet. But he will. The little girl down the street has had her eye on him for years. He hasn't been ready for her. Some women, you have to grow into. Lucky for me, the Mrs., she gave me no time to mess around. "If you aren't ready for me, get ready." It was my finest moment. I looked her in the eye and I said, "Lady, I was born ready." We were married in six weeks. This one (nudges corpse) put up a fuss like you wouldn't believe.

(pause)

I wonder if she knew: It was always going to come down to this. OK, back to work.

(resumes dragging the body; pauses)

Hell of a peach cobbler.

(kisses fingers)

(He resumes dragging the body. He exits.)

The End