

The Happiest Day Of My Life

A monologue by Pete Malicki

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Becca: a bride.

Oh. My. God. I looked *so* beautiful. My hair was like, a bouquet of gold ringlets and I had nails to match. Pure silver bling on the ears, neck and wrists. The dress was this slim-fitting number with a sea of pearl pieces that made me look like a white mermaid. Except with legs. The light shone off me like a mirror ball and I could totally see my reflection in people's eyes when they told me how amazing I looked.

Danny looked like a prince. He was my Prince Charming and I was like Ariel, the Little Mermaid, except with legs. Except that she did have legs when the witch turned her into... (*waves it off*) doesn't matter.

We got married in a five-star hotel with one hundred of our family and closest friends cheering us on. Daddy was practically sobbing while he walked me down the aisle. In a happy way but. Ellie my Maid of Honour did the most beautiful reading. Danny's lips were trembling when he made the vow – it was *so* romantic.

It really was the happiest day of my life. The flowers were exquisite, the food incredible; I couldn't go two steps without five people taking my photograph. We ate and danced the night away and when Danny carried me up to the Honeymoon suite he made me come for the first time ever like four times.

I woke up in the arms of the man of my dreams and he had the cutest sleep face. It was all like (*makes a sleep face*). I'm always totally ramished in the morning so I went down to breakfast in my nightgown.

The waiters ignored me when I sat down and I had to get my own food from the buffet. I ate croissants and baked caramel French toast and lemon pancakes alone and no one took a single photo of me.

Danny came down and straight away asked me what was wrong, but I pretended it was all perfect. The Honeymoon was the same. We went to Hawaii and it was totally like from the movies, and everyone was so gorgeous to us and everything was totally beautiful. But... the only guy who took a photo of me was some old dude who was probably hoping to catch some nip slips.

I got so depressed when I was back. I'd had the happiest day of my life, right? So... I was never going to be that happy again? Had my happiness peaked at the age of twenty-one?

Becca looks at her watch and mouths a calculation regarding the time. From this point on, she shows occasional hints of waiting for someone – fidgeting, looking around, etc.

Danny could see I was miserable no matter how much I lied about it. Married life wasn't what I thought it would be. He kept asking "What's wrong, babe? What's wrong?" But how could I tell him? He was my Prince Charming. I'd break his heart if I told him I didn't love him anymore, that there weren't butterflies in my stomach like the first eight months.

I wanted to leave him but I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I'm like, a super nice person, not a stone-cold heartbreaker. So I got Tammy, who's a total slut, to see if he'd sleep

with her if she came onto him. And you know what? The bastard totally did it. Tammy came around playing the drunk and lonely card and he didn't stop her when she blew him. What a philanthropist pig!

He tried to make it right but he could never live with what he did and said he'd failed me and I deserved someone better. (*brightly*) So we got divorced and I met the *cutest* guy a couple of months later. He was really smart and made chemicals for an engineering company, or something, and we got engaged after six months. I was *so* excited. I was going to have another perfect day.

I told Jacob my heart had been like krumped on by Danny, so he totally one-upped him on the wedding. He convinced his mum to mortgage her parents' house 'cause they were in a home and he was going to inherit the money anyway, and he bought me a *diamond* necklace. I didn't think it was possible but I looked even *more* beautiful than the first wedding. The dress was designed by a personal friend of Vera Wang and you would *not* believe the shoes I got my hands on. This time I really did look like a princess.

It was beyond perfect and I knew Jacob could satisfy me like Danny couldn't, so I was even happier this time around. I had two videographers and the iPhone 4 had come out so everyone's photos looked better. I won't even *tell* you what we did on the wedding night!

Becca's mood shifts. She mumbles "Where is he?", audible but to herself.

But the next day was the same. Everyone was gone and the wedding day was... dead. Like, imagine you have this really cute puppy right, and you love it and play with it and it licks your face, then the next day it's not there anymore. My second wedding was like that. Gone, like a dead puppy.

Jacob wasn't as nice about my depression as Danny had been. The sadder I got, the meaner *he* got. "Pull yourself together, Becca. You have everything you could want. A good home, a family and husband who loves you, all the money you'll ever need. What's your beef with the world?"

Such an insensitive prick. He had a nasty temperament disorder but I still couldn't bring myself to say it was over. I knew he loved me.

Things got worse and worse and you know what? I was hardly even sad that he never came out of the coma after that "driver fatigue" accident. The doctor looking after him was so sweet and a *huge* hunk of man. He took me out to dinner the day they pulled the plug. It was *so* caring of him.

Doctor Swann was really smart and we really hit it off. I told him how I hadn't been happy with my first marriages and he said that the trick was to keep the love alive every day. So romantic. We started dating and one thing led to another and we got *married!*

David had a flair for the theatrics so he organised for us to be dropped off at the ceremony by a *helicopter*. Can you believe that? He hired this huge property in the country and got an *actual* Vera Wang dress and I was even happier than at the first two weddings.

The lovemaking that night wasn't great and the next day was that same disappointment. He'd organised an old-school horse and carrot ride but no one was telling me how insanely perfect I looked and it was such an anti-climax. (At least I got to have *some* kind of climax.)

David tried harder than Danny or Jacob but it didn't help. Depression. Arguments. One evening we were out for a stroll on that rocky cliff place near that beach and he leans over the railing and poof, he's fallen to his death. I might not be a smart doctor but at least I know how to hold a railing.

Anyway, I took a couple of years off the whole love thing. Losing three husbands in three years took its toll. I didn't plan to meet Bruno but he came out of nowhere and swept me off my feet. *Total* bad boy. Even his mum came to the wedding on a Harley. Same thing *again*. (*sings from Wagner's "Here Comes The Bride"*) Duh, da da-da. Amazing, beautiful, perfect day. Duh, da da-da. Horrible morning after. Duh, duh, da-da, duh, da da, duh, da-da-la. Bruno died of heavy bleeding after a chainsaw accident.

Becca looks at her watch again, crosses her arms and taps her foot impatiently.

Next time I got married my dad didn't sob when he gave me away. My second cousins didn't even come. New husband died from food poisoning and the *next* time I married like half my friends didn't even turn up. Ellie never stopped crying in happiness for me but she used a mash-up of readings she'd already done before. What was wrong with these people? They were hurting my feelings. I *hate* hurting people's feelings.

Two months after my next husband got drunk and drowned on a boating trip I get called on by the *cops*. Suspicious circumstances, they say. Forensic evidence. Fingerprints on the steering wheel. Fingerprints on the chainsaw. Drugs in the food. Blah blah bullshit blah.

Then you know what happens next? I'm due to marry Adolfo – my most gorgeous fiancé yet – and the doctor's sister has tracked me all the way to *Italy*. I'm walking out of a bridal shop in the middle of Florence and she's just *there*, standing there giving me the world's biggest deathie.

"You murdering bitch! I *always* suspected you killed David. When the police came after you I knew it for a fact."

"How dare you! I loved David."

"You love no one, Becca. You pretend that you're this sweet little dumb thing but you only care about being the centre of attention. You are evil. Heartless and evil!"

"Oh my god, all my loved ones have died like tragically and you have the nerve to come here and blame *me*? You stalk me all the way across the world and say *I'm* the one who killed them? How *dare* you. How dare you show your ferrety little face and accuse me of the most horrible thing on the *day before* the happiest day of my life!"

Then she says "You're going to Hell" and pulls out a *gun*. **Bang!** Shoots me in the face. On the day before my wedding! My *face*!

Becca pauses. She looks around again. A red wash comes over the stage.

(*to herself*) God damn it. Where is Adolfo?

I don't even believe in Hell. Joke's on her because I woke up and I was totally fine.

Beat.

I... I mean I can't remember when I put on the dress, and I... don't remember this place from the flyers. But I'm definitely supposed to get married here today.

Looks lost and confused for a beat, then looks at watch.

It's like, the fiftieth day in a row that he hasn't turned up. I'm supposed to be getting married today, but he never turns up.

(calling) Adolfo. Adolfo! You're like, super late.

Becca looks forlorn.

Why does he never turn up? It's supposed to be the happiest day of my life.