

The Monologue Project

Bridezilla

© Pete Malicki 2020

Duration: 90 seconds

Gender: Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Self-importance, Arrogance, Desperation, Loneliness

Language: Dirty

The character is meeting with a wedding planner. She pauses occasionally while the wedding planner speaks.

(talking into phone) I'm sorry? Are you asking me what I just said to you? I said "really". With a question mark. Because I'm *really* surprised you'd ask such a dumb question of someone who is trying to finalise what people tend to call their "special day". Why don't we make this simple: call me again if you have a question which isn't completely retarded.

(hands up phone and addresses person opposite her) Sorry about that. Mothers – am I right?

Okay, where were we? Cake. Tick. Venue. Half-tick: we need to make sure all the boats are out of the harbour. *(pause)* I don't care. Tell the owners we'll fucking sink them if they're in any of the photo locations. Jokes, lol. Pay them to go out for the day if you have to. Or fucking sink them.

Flowers. Not endangered enough. Music. *(pause)* I don't care if Celine, P-Diddy and Ariana don't want to form a supergroup; I don't pay you for excuses. Dress. Tick. Lipo clinic. Tick. Wait, are the dress people and the lipo people and the butt implant people all talking? Because I'm going to be real embarrassed if I have to go on Insta and tell the world I hired the only wedding planner in the world who doesn't know how to manage a basic dress-lipo-implant equation. Also, what wardrobe malfunctions have we planned for this region? *(gestures to breasts)*

Oh, how'd you go booking the helisine? The limousine helicopter? *(pause)* Well if it doesn't exist call Elon Musk and make it exist. How many times!

Groom? Yeah, we're totally on track. What's the date? *(looks at phone)* We still have five months. I have six matches on Tinder and four on OkCupid so I'll probably end up with like two or three husbands, ha ha.

(becomes more serious) No, I'll definitely find someone. But... if they all turn out to be creepers or lame-os... maybe if *you're* not doing anything that day, maybe you and I...?