

Carol Thomas
Comedy Stand-Up
Applause

I have been married almost two years after decades of running away from marriage. Marriage finally caught up with me. I took my running shoes off, took my 6-inch stilettos off and put on my loafers. The kind of loafers that hold pennies. I went from single sexy heel wearing goddess to fluffy, loafer wearing Cinderella. Marriage life only stays hot, fiery, and fun for 2 seconds. Then the next thing you know the sexy texts, sweet romance, and candlelight dinners are replaced with spending quality time together separating the whites from colors. No one told me separating whites from colors can spark a debate.” Isn’t that cream that’s not white enough?” This simple observation can turn into a national debate. Is this Friday night. I remember the nights of clubs, fun, and dating. Who am fooling. My running shoes were ragged, and my ankles were sore. Dating can be amusingly tortuous.

I believe the person that initiates the date should pay. I met a guy at a restaurant to have a date. He called,” Hey, do you want to meet me for dinner?” I’m like sure. He said, “Get dolled up and call me when you get dressed.” I get off the phone rush to get dressed. I called him in my car and asked him, “Where do you want to meet?” He replies, “Applebee’s.” My mouth dropped. I’m dressed in my Friday night best wearing my uncomfortable pretty stilettos and I am on my way to Applebee’s. Immediately, I convince myself that I will enjoy myself. I allow him to order for us since he asked. Yes, waiter we would like the two for \$25 meal. I swallow the lump in my throat. I repeat to myself “Everybody go through hardships. He may be an amazing guy.” We eat the meal, and the check comes. He looks at me and I look at him. We were in a stand-off. I felt like we were Cowboys in a Western movie ready to draw our guns. The awkwardness was the silence. Suddenly, he says “Do you have half? It’s a two for two.” I sat there with a blank stare for an eternity. I walked out jumped in my car snatched my heels off got on the interstate and threw my heels out of the window. The next morning, I realized I threw my most expensive shoes out of the window. I went back to the scene and my heels were in a trash pile of expensive heels. Dammit, Applebee’s.

So, who am I kidding. Dating was entertaining but frustrating. It is hard for a woman in this world to be treated like a pearl or is it diamond. Anyway, I thought about going to a convent. I simply could not commit to the dress attire.

So, marriage is the best option for me. I will stick with seeing the same person face every day. I will assist in helping my husband with the difficult task of finding a matching sock. I will debate about the organization of separating clothes before washing them. I will find delight in cooking the same breakfast two hundred times a year. The conversation about bills, businesses, and credit will get me all energized. One thing my husband knows is to not take me to Applebee’s and I will only wear uncomfortable heels on holidays. That is my time.