

**QUIET**  
**A one-minute monologue**  
**By JANE CAFARELLA**

*Drama*

*BRONAGH, 30-40s, talks to her newborn son as she dresses him.*

Hello, little man.

I've been waiting such a long time for you.

Years...of trying, hoping...loving.

The joyous moment when we learned that you were coming,

A miracle!

The months of watching, as you grew...

*She touches her belly*

My belly undulating as you danced!

Stretching!

Swelling!

The languid nights of imagining who you would be.

Who I would be, when I became your mother.

How we chose the gift of your name...

Dreaming of the day when I would push you out into the world,

and you would herald your arrival boldly!

Crying! Protesting...to be so rudely wrenched...until you were safe in my arms at last

and we would recognise each other, at last.

Oh, precious day!

*She shakes her head.*

But the moment you were born...

Was quiet.

So quiet.

*Beat*

The crying came later.

It never stops.

Oh, little man...when did you stop dancing?

**145 words**

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