

THE ADDICT 2
A 90-second monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

BRONWYN tells her friend Marion, about her plans for Mother's Day – but the voice in her head tells another story.

I haven't thought about it.

I have. Nonstop.

My daughter lives in Perth. I'll probably have lunch with my son.

Thirty-two.

He's a graphic artist. Or at least, he was.

I can't say that. They'll think he's dead! Maybe he is?

Not too often. He's busy at work.

We're not in touch. It's complicated.

Western suburbs...he's not a city person.

I don't know where he's living. I wish I did.

I'm not sure where he's taking me. It's a surprise.

I'll be surprised if he turns up.

Somewhere simple.

It's all too complicated.

Yes, of course, he rings – all the time.

Asking for money.

Oh no, my husband won't be joining us. We're divorced, but we're in touch, especially regarding the kids.

(Mimicking husband's voice in her head) "Don't give him money! It'll just go up his arm."

Thank you! You have a lovely day, too.

Red chrysanthemums? How lovely.

I hate chrysanthemums

I hate Mother's Day!

155 words

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