

UNGRATEFUL
A two-minute monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

ELIZA, 18, tells her mother Rose why she's ungrateful

Most kids are grossed out by the idea that their parents had sex.

You know what really grosses me out? The fact that you didn't!

You've never even kissed.

There's no "how-we met" story. There's no love story. You don't know even each other.

It was just a transaction.

It didn't matter to you, but it matters to me.

I'm sick of being told how wanted I was. I'm sick of being grateful!

I'm sick of the way you and all the other "choice" moms sit around and congratulate yourselves – while everywhere I go – every single day – I have to explain and defend.

"What! You've got 14 siblings from 14 different moms. That's insane!"

And it is.

Fourteen versions of the same person. A bunch of avatars! And counting.

I'm sick of this happily-ever-after fantasy, when all I feel is sad and confused.

But most of all, I'm sick of the fact that I could never tell you how I really feel.

How could I?

I love you.

You love me.

Beat

I hate you.

I hate you ALL!

180 words

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