

NEVER

A two-minute monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

NINA, 40s, tells her friend why she never married

I am sick and tired of everyone popping the question:

“What? You’ve NEVER been married? Why not?”

Everywhere I go!

“Just lucky, I guess,” I say. “Lucky me!”

Nobody cares that I’m single – just that I’ve never been married.

Like marriage is some sort of rite of passage to maturity – like alcohol, or weed or oysters.

Like failing to “commit” equals failing to grow up.

I’m 42 years old. And yes, I’ve NEVER been married!

Softly

Not once.

Beat.

Nobody asked. Ever!

No rings, no roses, no bended knee.

No casual, “How about it?”

I asked. Once. He declined. He wasn’t “ready”.

He married my best friend six months later.

I’m just not the marrying kind.

When men look at me – IF they look at me – they don’t see a wife, a happy homemaker, a mother, a companion.

I don’t know why.

I froze my eggs years ago, but even they’re still single.

My married friends envy my freedom, while gloating about their companionship... “We did this, we did that...”

I envy their shared bed, their shared income, their stability.

I’m tired of changing my own tyres, mowing my own lawns, of cooking for one.

I’ve missed out...on caring for someone, and being cared for...

on building a home...

...a family.

They never ask the real question: Do I regret it?

And I never give the real answer.

I do.

224 words

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