

MOTHER'S DAY
A monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama – 90 seconds

BRONWYN, 50 +, tells her friend about her Mother's Day plans – but the voice in her head tells another story.

I haven't thought about it.

I have. Non-stop.

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

I'll probably eat at home, alone – like every other Mother's Day

Thirty-two.

But I haven't seen him since he turned 30

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

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

Not too often. He's busy at work.

If he's still working?

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 even calls.

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 talk all the time, especially regarding the kids.

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

Thanks! You have a lovely day, too.

Red chrysanthemums? How lovely.

I hate chrysanthemums

I hate Mother's Day!

171 spoken words

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