

NEVER
A monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama – 2 minutes

NINA, 40 +, tells her friend why she has never married

Passionate

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 – 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 ‘bout it?”

I asked. Once.

He declined. He wasn’t “ready”.

Beat

He married my best friend six months later.

Brightly, bravely

I’m just not the marrying kind.

Beat.

I don’t know why.

A wry smile

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..”

Wistful

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

I know it sounds sexist but I'm tired of changing my own tyres, mowing my own lawns, cooking for one.

I've missed out...on caring for someone...and being cared for...on building a home...and a family.

Beat

They never ask the real question: "Do you regret it?"

And I never give the real answer...

I do.

207 words – two minutes

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