

SPEECHLESS
A monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama – 2 minutes

ANNETTE, 40+, is talking to her mother.

Quietly, as if confiding in a good friend.

You look good. Really good! Better than you've looked for years.

It's amazing what a bit of make-up will do.

I've sent out the invitations.

She winces and checks herself.

Invitations!

You know what I mean.

Forty-five are coming – which is a lot more than I expected.

I didn't realise you had so many friends.

Quietly.

The question is....what do I say?

There are... assumptions...

Imitating other people

"Sorry for your loss"... "Thinking of you at this difficult time."

Wryly.

They don't know how difficult! God, you were difficult!

Quietly.

Nothing was ever right.

Behind that charming façade, you were so... angry!

About the life you missed out on.

I get it. Women of your generation were so...disappointed.

Mimicking her mother

"If I had my life over again!"

That's what you always said. Over and over.

You would've had a career...travelled.

Imitating her mother again, passionately.

“I would have done something with my life!”

Quietly

That’s what you always said.

Beat.

I wish you had.

Then I wouldn’t be here...

wondering what to say.

143 spoken words

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