

THE BIRTHDAY

A monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama – 2 minutes

CECILY, 40+ reminds her husband about an important birthday.

You know it was Sarah's birthday yesterday...you know that friend of Mary's?
She friended me on Facebook about a year ago. She's a teacher – retired, like me.
I told you about her.

I totally forgot, so first thing this morning, I sent her a message

She speaks the words aloud as she mimics typing on her computer.

“Sorry I missed your birthday. Party hat. Cake.”

But then I thought, why should I apologise? I mean it's not like we've ever met.

So, I delete and write...

Mimics typing again

“Happy *belated* birthday. Party hat.

Ridiculous really, but I like to make sure I do the right thing.

There are so many birthdays now, aren't there?

When I was a kid, there were only six birthdays a year. Mom, Dad, Maureen, me and Nan and Pop and my best friend, Debbie.

Now there are at least six a day! Not including family, of course.

I spend the first 20 minutes of every day blocking fake friend requests from strange men – “widowed” army doctors and other supposed military types – and the next 20 minutes wishing everyone happy birthday.

Every single day!

Beat.

I'm beginning to hate birthdays.

But I guess you have to do it.

I don't want to look mean...

And, well...because when it's *my* birthday, I don't want to feel... unpopular.

It's so nice to write (*mimics typing again*) “Thank you for all the birthday wishes” the next day.

Beat.

It's a small thing, really.

And a big thing.

Pointedly

... if someone forgets your special day

Like someone who should remember...

Someone who's more than a friend...

Like...a husband!

But I guess you're busy...

Wishing the world happy birthday.

She slams the computer shut and walks out.

260 spoken words

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