

LOSING IT
A monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama/Comedy – 3 minutes

LOIS, 60s+ is hunting for her car keys – while defending herself against claims by her son that she is “losing it”.

Frustrated and angry

I don't *know* where I put them!

Somewhere safe!

They'll turn up. They always do!

And when I find them, I'll drive to a bar and have a Bloody Mary!

She pauses

Don't look at me like that.

Like I'm losing it!

That's what you're thinking. I know!

She keeps looking while she talks

I might be old, but I'm not stupid!

I don't remember where I put the damn keys because...because my head is full of all the other things I need to remember! Things I can't forget.

She stops, cushion mid-air, and addresses her son directly

At your age, you're like a brand-new computer. Very little data.

At my age, your hard drive's full!

Proudly

I remember things you don't even know anything about. Important things! People, places, conversations; how to do things that nobody does anymore.

I can knit a whole fair isle jumper, fix a xerox machine, make a sponge cake from scratch, write a letter in perfect cursive hand-writing that's legible — preserve fruit!

I've got skills and experiences that you don't have yet. Maybe you'll never have them?

Angry

But how am I judged? On stupid things!

The point is, I don't *need* to know what day it is! I'm retired!

Wednesday! Friday! It's all the same to me — unless I've got a doctor's appointment, or I'm going out to lunch.

Of course, I know who the President is, and what year it is!

But do I care! No! I'm past caring!
I've fought my battles. It's your turn!

Exasperated

And that STUPID test where they made me do sums in my head! What's 2045 minus 1756!
Who does sums in their heads these days? That's what calculators and iphones are for!

Sigh

The point is — you're young. There's so much you don't know.

But you don't even know that you don't know it!

But do I judge you? Do I test you? NO!

All I'm asking for is a little respect.

Pause

And if you could drive me to the bar.

She lifts a cushion — the car keys are underneath.

Hah! Don't worry. Found them!

No. They'll turn up.

She grins wickedly

These are the spares!

330 spoken words

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