

BECKY’S MUM
A 90-second monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

SYLVIA, 30s+, explains to her friend why she regrets motherhood.

I’m standing at the school gate, waiting for the kids, and this woman comes up and says “Hi, you’re Becky’s mum, aren’t you? I just wanted to ask if Becky would like to come over for a playdate, as she and Annie get on so well!”

So, we made a playdate for next Saturday afternoon.

She never asked my name, which, by the way, is Sylvia.

Nobody does.

She didn’t tell me hers either. (*Making finger quotation marks*) “Annie’s mom!”

Nobody refers to John as “Becky’s Dad”.

Nobody asks what I do either – other than being a mum. I’m a realtor. Part-time.

That’s what happens when you become a mother. You disappear.

“Becky’s mum” – a nameless servant, ever present.

A non-person, who has no needs, not even to sleep.

I love my kids...and this was my choice.

Totally.

But if I had to choose again,

I’d choose to be a person.

152 words

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