

**FAKE TEARS**  
**A two-minute monologue**  
**By JANE CAFARELLA**

*Drama*

*IRENE, 30s-40s, tells her sister about her miscarriage*

You think fake tears are good acting!

That movie where she's crying, and the camera moves in so you can see the tears rolling from her big blue eyes, down her perfectly smooth cheeks – that's not good acting.

I'll tell you what good acting is.

Good acting is sitting here at the family table, with you – watching your daughter open her birthday presents.

Ribbons, paper, smiles, squeals.

Two years old today!

Adorable!

*Shakes her head.*

Good acting is sitting here at the table smiling, laughing, drinking – because now I can – while inside I'm empty.

Barren!

Hollow!

For six weeks, I've held on to hope.

But then the cramps came, and the blood and the hope poured out of me.

Again.

Although you didn't know that.

Nobody did.

Why tell – over and over again – when the result is always the same?

The cramps, the pain, the blood, the grief.

Peter wants to try again.

Fourth time lucky.

Maybe.

Each time, it gets harder.

And the acting gets better.

I don't cry any more.

They'd just be fake tears.

***178 words***

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