

FAULT LINES
A two-minute monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

ANNA tells her sister-in-law about her brother's abuse.

How can you say that? I was only four! I didn't know what was happening.

I didn't know it wasn't normal –

until Dad found us one day and started yelling and screaming, “Get away from her!”

It's not your fault, he tells me, and his tears scare me.

It's not my fault that my brother is sent away to school.

It's not my fault that we never speak of it again

It's not my fault that I don't want to be touched. By anyone.

I am just the crazy sister. In therapy. For years.

But guess what? Last year I had this crazy idea. Crazy!

Beat.

The policewoman said my statement was powerful. Powerful!

That word scared the hell out of me.

But you know what scares me more?

You!

“I'm his wife” you say, “I know him. He would never do this? Why are you destroying our family. Why?”

Here's why.

She holds up a document.

Here's my statement.

Take it. Read it!

And while you read it, think of your children.

Think of all the children.

Whatever you do, it's not my fault.

177 words

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