FINISHED
A two-minute monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

In a busy café, JILL tells her husband of 30 years, an uncomfortable truth.

Sipping coffee.

You're quiet.

She puts the cup down.

Wryly.

We're both quiet.

Beat. She stares at him, gathering courage.

I never thought we'd end up like this … like those couples who go out to a restaurant and sit eating in silence.

Couples who don't share anything anymore except a bank account and a couple of kids.

She laughs nervously. Silence. She stirs the coffee, slowly.

I know! We talk about the kids. And what's on Netflix, but …

I don't care what's on Netflix!

For God's sake, put down your phone!

I'm putting down mine.

She picks up her phone and slams it on the table face down.

There!

Let me talk, please!

For once!

She leans forward.

We need to talk.

I need to know. Are we finished?

Sadly, quietly

Because sometimes, it feels like it.

Like there's nothing left.

I lie awake at night, listening for your breath … wondering if I should leave or stay.

Then I think, what would I do – without you – after all these years? Who would I be?

But lately, I've been thinking, what will I do *with* you, if we can't talk? If we don't talk!

Silence. She picks up her coffee cup, her hand a little shaky now, and sips again, then puts it down, and leans forward.

Who are you these days? Where are you? What do you dream of? What are you scared of?

Silence.

Tell me!

Silence.

Please!

She looks up suddenly at an unseen waitress, embarrassed and apologetic.

Oh yes! Sorry!

Yes.

Thank you.

She hesitates, searching her husband's face, then picks up her phone and bag and stands to leave, addressing the waitress.

We're finished!

181 spoken words

jane.cafarella@gmail.com
+61 408 880 185