

FOOLISH

A one-minute monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

FAYE, 50s plus, tells her husband why she's staying – despite his affair

Maybe I knew all along.

Maybe I saw it...in the way you looked at me. Or didn't.

Or when we lay together every night, like two strangers washed up on a beach. Stranded.

Sometimes, I imagined myself reaching for you, tenderly, the way I did when we were young...
foolish.

But I never did.

I just lay there, feeling the cold between us.

I closed my eyes every night –

Just as I'm closing my eyes now.

What choice do I have? I have no money of my own – only what we have together.

I'm old and sick. I have no future, only the past – our past!

You think she's going to leave her kids?

Her home? Her life?

When did you get so foolish?

Open your eyes!

Beat.

When did we both get so foolish?

134 words

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