

SNAPPED!

A one-minute monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

ALLIE, 40s–60s, tells a police officer about her passion for photography.

Eight thousand, five hundred and sixty-seven photos! *(She shows her photos on her phone).*

That's Paul, my son, he's 17, and my daughter Charlotte, she's 14. And John, of course – my husband.

I'm the family photographer. Camping trips, the first day of school, Christmas morning, Easter egg hunts. Happy family life!

Until last month. My son Paul brought a new friend home – Nick. I was in the kitchen. They were in the living room, looking at the family photos on the walls.

“So when did your Mum die?” Nick asked.

What! She's not dead!” Paul said.

“Geez, sorry!” Nick said. “There are no photos of her. I just assumed.”

Beat.

So now I just take selfies. Just me. Bruises and all. At first it felt self-indulgent. Me, me, me! But now I'm glad.

Otherwise I'd have no alibi.

She shows the Officer a photo on her phone.

Here I am last week at Cheesquake State Park – camping with friends. Love that place.

As you can see, Officer, I was miles away when it happened.

She picks up a large photo on the table in front of her and examines it carefully.

Poor John! So many bruises!

172 spoken words

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