

**SOGGY**  
**A three-minute monologue**  
**By JANE CAFARELLA**

*Comedy*

*QUINN, 30s - 40s, tells her pregnant sister why she doesn't want to have children,*

All my friends are having babies.

I've been to so many baby showers, I'm soggy.

And broke!

*(Mimicking)* Congratulations! You look amazing!

You know what I'm really thinking?

I hate baby showers. I hate babies.

Mewling and puking at their mother's breasts – like Shakespeare said.

I hate all that plastic shit everyone buys for them.

I hate their tiny little carbon footprints wrecking the planet, while they consume the world and everyone's time and energy.

How am I selfish? My decision only affects me.

It's more selfish to have them and then sit around complaining about them.

Or to use them to compete with each other.

*(Mimics)* What *your* baby's six months old and not talking?

I hate listening to you all sit around liked beached whales moaning about morning sickness, "bumps" and natural birth.

There's nothing natural about it.

Mom says, "You wait! Wait till you're in your 30s."

She's right. It's like nature's trick.

One minute you're a perfectly normal human who wants perfectly normal things like going to movies, holidays on the beach and eating ice-cream in bed after making love

... and the next you've stopped searching for a prince and you're searching for a procreator.

And before you know it, there's a nappy over your shoulder to catch the sick, your tits are leaking milk all over the sheets and there's a kid with a wet nappy sitting on your knee. Soggy!

But not me.

I'm saving the planet.

I'm saving my life.

I'm gonna have my tubes tied so tight no swimmers will ever make it to shore.

They'll be swimming till they're soggy!

**267 words**

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