

THE HOUSE SITTER

A two-minute monologue for women

BY JANE CAFARELLA

LINDA, (40s to 60s) explains to a fellow dog walker, why she can't accept an invitation for coffee.

Trixie. I'm not sure how old she is. She's not mine. I'm housesitting – for a friend.

It's ideal really. She gets a holiday and so do I.

That's the great thing about this stage of life, isn't it? No work, no husband, no kids. I can do what I like, go where I like, live where I like.

And who's this? Boris?

You're a big boy, aren't you Boris. A big beautiful boy.

Two weeks. It's a lovely house with a view of the ocean. No, it's not lonely. I read a lot. And Trixie's good company, aren't you Trix?

I don't have a dog of my own. I'm too much of a nomad.

Coffee, next week? Oh, that's very sweet of you. I'd love to, but the owner – my friend – is back tomorrow.

I'm not sure. I'll probably just travel around a bit. See what comes up. Something always comes up, but if it doesn't I'll probably just visit a friend for a few days.

I suppose I could visit my daughter, but she's so busy with work and kids, and I do like to be independent.

I prefer to be by the sea. My husband and I had a lovely house on the bay, but it was sold after the divorce. I put the kids through school with the money.

It's okay. I might look for something up north, where it's warmer.

I enjoy driving.

Beat.

I will NEVER sleep in my car!

248 spoken words

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