

UP IN THE AIR
A 90-second monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

ALISON, 60s, is preparing to write a postcard to her mother.

I was up in the air when you left – eating black pepper beef with oyster mushrooms and rice, neatly packed in its tray. Airplane food!

I didn't know that at that moment you'd flown away.

The others told me ... later.

Joanna said she opened the window to set your soul free.

I'm not sure it works that way ...

I'd left as soon as I got the call...

Beat.

I didn't make it.

And ever since, I've been up in the air ...

Every day, I think of what I would have said ... should have said!

I was the adventurous one. That's what you always told everyone .

Joanna said you used to sit up in bed reading all my postcards.

Beat.

I don't travel any more ... I can't ... at least not by plane.

I drove here from downtown ...

She looks around.

It's a beautiful view. You always loved it.

She picks up the postcard.

A postcard ... such an old-fashioned thing.

It's taken me 26 years ...

... to come back and set my soul free

Finally ...

She speaks aloud as she writes ...

'Dear Mom, wish you were here.'

168 spoken words

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