

UNCRONE ME!
A two-minute monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Comedy

ANITA prays to Hebe, the Goddess of Youth and Eternal Spring, to make her young again as she waits at the beauty clinic.

She takes a hand-held mirror from her purse and peers into it.

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the ugliest of them all? You are! Ya ugly old bat.

Oh, to be young and stupid again!

All young people are beautiful and ignorant. They can't help it. It's the price of youth.

Age is the price we pay for wisdom and experience. But what's been really gained? About two stone, chin hair, and a face I have to iron every morning.

The unfair trade.

Pleading

Hebe! Goddess of Youth and Eternal Spring, Hear my prayer! Restore what's been lost. Beauty! Desire! Innocence! Hope! Above all, lusty unbridled glowing health!

Unpain me!

Unwise me!

Uncrone me!

Pour me your nectar! Feed me your ambrosia, the food of the Gods that guarantees renewal. Immortality!

The price? Anything, I will pay it! Take everything I am! Everything I own!

Where do I sign?

She stops and listens. Shocked.

This has NOTHING to do with my children.

I said reverse ME, not them!

NO!

Defeated. Oh, cruel Hebe, who shows me the price of vanity!

Oh, cruel fates. Youthful Clotho, who spins the thread of life at birth, menopausal Lachesis, who measures the length of the thread, and the crone Atropos, who cuts it on the appointed day of death – you win! As usual.

She stands up hurriedly, as the nurse (unseen) enters.

Anita? Yes, That's me. Sorry. Guess I was daydreaming. I have an appointment with the beauty therapist – Dr Jung. 2pm

I think I'll just have a facial. No Botox.

I hate needles.

237 spoken words

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