

LABOR DAY – Monologue 1

ADELE:

After Henry was born, my body just forgot how. The first time it happened, I woke up with these horrible cramps...I felt something slip out of me...It was tiny...the size of a lima bean...a drop of blood. My doctor said I was young and that this was more common than we thought...But two more times, I would start feeling the nausea and the swelling...We'd celebrate...Begin setting up the nursery...Only to wake up feeling betrayed by my own body. By my fourth time, we knew better than to celebrate. We knew better than to tell our friends...or think of baby names. We hadn't even packed a suitcase for the hospital when the contractions started. We had made it. Maybe they just took pity on me. They wrapped her in a pink blanket and put on a diaper...only one she'd ever wear. As I stared at this beautiful little girl, her long eyelashes, her father's nose, my chin, the little mouth that would never take a breath...I knew there would be no further conversations. No more attempts. We were done. The world became a cruel place. I stopped going for walks...I couldn't even open the window at night...I understand why Gerald left. I had become a prisoner.