

The Baby Monitor

Thriller · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A bedroom, at night. A woman stares at a crackling baby monitor.)

MOI

3:10 a.m. The monitor woke me. Usually it's crying. This time, it was a voice. Soft. Singing.

MOI

I told myself: the radio, interference, the neighbour. Except the voice knew the lullaby. OUR lullaby. The one I've only ever sung here, in the dark, to my daughter.

(She turns up the volume. There's breathing, very close to the mic.)

MOI

And then it stopped singing. And it said, very clearly: "She's asleep now. You can stay in bed."

MOI

The monitor only has one transmitter. It's in my daughter's room. For me to hear that voice... someone has to be leaning over it. Right now. Three metres from my baby.

(She gets up, without a sound. Her hand feels for the light switch, and doesn't find it.)

What you can do with it

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