

Baba Mikey

A monologue for a father.

(A simple set, Father, ideally English of middle class, standing or sitting, looking into a cot or small bed. He is talking to his baby son.) (Emotion is encouraged and at the discretion of the actor and director.)

Hey baby boy, baba Mikey, how are you doing little fella? Who's a lovely little fella eh, who's a lovely little fella? Yes you are, yes you are! Hey! Kicking me are you? You keep those feet still you hear, don't go kicking Mummy, she had enough of that when you were in her tummy, yes she did! She didn't mind really, I know she didn't, she just likes to moan sometimes, women do that. There's a tip for you! You kick all you like little fella, one day you're going to play for Spurs kicking like that! Are you going to be a striker? Yeah I reckon you will, score some goals for Spurs, help them win the cup, maybe even the league. You can be captain! Imagine that, leading the team out onto the pitch, the floodlights, the stirring music, the adoring fans all chanting your name! *(Singing quietly.)* "Mikey Mikey - He's one of our own!" You'll take us to the champions league final...again. You'll stand proud as the cockerel on your lily white shirt, the hairs on the back of your neck stick up when they play the music. *(Singing softly but passionately.)* "The Champions. These are the Champions!" Oh Baba it's going to be amazing! And we'll win this time because little Mikey here's going to score a hat-trick, yes you are! Just remember to keep on-side, V.A.R. will catch you out every time, by a hair's breadth too! Watch the oppositions back line, every second, learn to hold them in your peripheral vision, never let them go! But you'll figure that out soon enough.

(Pauses, gives Mikey a little tickle, tucks him in.)

Oooo big yawn, am I boring you? No, I know I'm not. That's alright little man, you sleep, daddy's here. Have a nice little sleep, you deserve it. Remember to wake up at one a.m. when mummy and I are in our deepest sleep, well mummy will be no doubt, because it probably won't let me sleep. I'll let you into a little secret, sometimes at night when you wake up and start crying, shush, don't tell Mummy I told you this, but sometimes at night Mummy gets up to you while I pretend to be fast asleep! She turns on the little bedside lamp her side, and tiptoes out of our bedroom, I carefully open one eye so she doesn't see I'm awake and I watch her in her silky nightie walk out to you. I keep Mummy in my peripheral vision, just like the oppositions back line and tell you now little fella, she's the most beautiful sight I could ever see! The gentle light picking up her curly blonde hair, the shiny soft silk on her slender back, her little bare feet as she quietly shuffles out. That's love Baba. You'll learn all about that too. Not just about love of football and Spurs, but real love, deep love of a lady, or man, who knows? That's up to you little fella, you'll find your own way. You have love already of course, tons and tons of love. We're lucky, you and I. We both have Mummy and Mummy loves us, this whole house is full of love. It always was, the day Mummy and Daddy moved in we bought in boxes of love, then you came along and now we wonder if we need to buy a bigger home to contain all the extra love you give us every day!

Sometimes Mummy curses, but it's never your fault Baba, often my fault but never yours. Always remember that little fella, Mummy can never be mad at you. Even when you were in her tummy and she couldn't have a drink, or when she had that weird gherkin craving and blamed it on you, she was never mad at you. OK, she cried out loud in the last few days before you joined us, but that's natural. Natural, but my fault too, apparently, but we won't go into that now. Most of the time, I know this

for fact because Mummy often told me, she simply loved having you inside her, she loved creating you, feeding you, her clever body turning something so tiny you can't even see it, to the wonder you are now!

But Mikey, Baba...you see the thing is... well, I have something inside me too. No one knows except me... and you, now. Just like you did in Mummy's tummy, it's beginning to grow. I haven't told Mummy, I know I should and I know she'll tell me off when I do. She'll most likely curse. She'll say something like, "Why didn't you tell me? We have no secrets remember!" I just don't know how to tell her, I know I should and that I have to do it soon, but how? Remember I just told you about love? Well sometimes love gets in the way, makes things complicated. How can you keep such horrible news from someone you love, but how do you *tell* them either?

It's not in my tummy though. No, not this one. This one's in my head, somewhere near the back apparently, growing... growing ever so slowly. But it just won't stop growing. When Mummy is fast asleep at one am, just before you wake her up, it hurts Daddy a lot. I have to stop myself crying out.

So, Baba Mikey, you're going to have to be a good boy for Mummy, look after her. Keep giving her all that wonderful love you give us now. Become the captain of Spurs and lead the boys out at the lane, the floodlights on your handsome young face, lift the cup and make your Mummy proud. OK, that's a lot of pressure to bear on your little shoulders. All I ask is you be the man and look after your Mummy, my beautiful wife, the first love of my life, because you're my second. I won't always be here for you Baba, not in person. But I will always be here *with* you, with Mummy, in our home bursting with love. I'm best go back to bed little fella, it's nearly one am and you're no doubt going to wake Mummy up with your cries and I should be in bed, with one eye open watching her creep out of the door to comfort you.

Love you forever Baba Mikey.