

A Day in the Life (...of a regular mom)

(Mother's Day skit - May 9, 1999)

Characters:

Mom: dressed in Saturday work clothes.
Ben: older child on rollerblades, with hockey gear.
Sammy: young child, dressed in play clothes.

Props:

Stool
Mop and bucket
Laundry basket with socks, hockey jersey, date dress
Shape magazine
Door
Hand towel for bathroom
Scale
Phone

Also needed for closing skit:

Chair with pillows
Crutches

Sound effects:

Toilet flushing
Phone ringing

Mom: (Walks in carrying mop and bucket, and laundry basket. Sets basket on stool, laundry falls, etc.) What a killer week. I don't even know if I'll have a job on Monday. I wish I didn't have to work...but the reality is - I do. No work today though, well at least not office work. This is the easy day. All I have to do is get four boys to three different games at three different fields at overlapping times. Pick up the ultimate birthday gift for a 10 year old boy whom I've never met, and take the bills to main post office since I've been carrying them around above the visor in my car for the past three days. And in the mean time - keep the laundry moving.

For some reason I always think that Saturdays are going to be relaxing. Which really is a set-up for disappointment. Saturday is actually the only day to do all of the things I didn't get done since Monday. And tomorrow the week will start all over again.

I am looking forward to tonight though. My husband promised me a quiet dinner for two at the restaurant of my choice. What a guy. I'm hoping that I can fit into this.

Ben: (Enters on rollerblades.) Mom—my jersey ready?

Mom: (Hands Ben hockey jersey from basket.) Here you go bud. Just got it out of the dryer.

Ben: (Takes jersey, and holds it up.) Eww mom, it still feels kinda wet.

Mom: Skate fast. It'll dry in the wind.

(Ben starts to leave.)

Mom: What time is practice over? Do you need a ride home?

Ben: I'll be done at five. And I'm blading. I'll be fine.

Mom: Be careful on those things.

Ben: (skating away...) Mom...I'm careful!

Mom: (picking up mop.) I think I need five minutes of peace before I tackle this next job. As a matter of fact, I've really been wanting to read that Shape magazine that came a few days ago. What did I do with that? (Fumbles through magazine pile. Pulls out shape.) Ah...here it is. "Look Great Naked". Oh that's gonna happen. How many times do you think she's given birth? If you'll excuse me a minute, I just need to sneak into my reading room here. (Mom goes through door and closes it.)

Sammy: (As soon as door closes, yells:) MOM!

Mom: (From behind the door.) It never fails. The minute I close this door, they need me.

Sammy: (beginning to walk toward door.) MOM!

Mom: Honey, I'm up here.

Sammy: Mom, where are you?

Mom: Sam. I'm in the bathroom.

(Sammy walks up onto stage, toilet flushes, and mom walks out drying her hands on a towel)

Mom: Sammy, what is it? What just couldn't wait?

Sammy: Could you get me some juice?

Mom: A drink of juice? Sammy, what is Mommy's rule? You are only allowed to interrupt me in the bathroom if you are...

Mom and Sammy together: ...bleeding, or if the house is on fire.

Mom: Right. Don't forget. Before we go down to get your drink, I just want to step on the scale a minute.

Sammy: (Looks at scale.) Whoa mommy! We don't learn that number until second grade.

Mom: (Hugs Sam and leads him back across stage to left) Isn't Daddy downstairs? Why didn't you ask him to get you a drink?

Sammy: He's watching Sport's Center. I didn't want to interrupt him.

Phone rings

Mom: You go ask Daddy for a drink. I need to get the phone.

Sammy exits out side door as phone rings again.

Mom: Hello? Yes this is Ben's mom. Oh, Coach Smith. Hi. Is everything ok? Oh...oh no. Do you think he needs an x-ray? Yes, of course. I can be there in 10 minutes. Thank you for calling. (Mom hangs up phone. Goes over and looks a dress.) Maybe next week. (Mom exits)

Lights out.