

A MOTHER'S WORTH

Original Sketch

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SYNOPSIS

After Choir Rehearsal, A few young ladies gather to discuss the worth of a mother.... they will fail to see her true value until a silent motherless child speaks.

LIGHTS UP.

A Choir of 18-20 Girls are in the final stages of completing their Rehearsals.

The Choir mistress gestures with her hands as they hold and let Go of various notes to this particular song.

The final note is held out until the girls practically runs out of breathe.

The Choir mistress laughs as the girls try to catch their breathe,

CHOIR MISTRESS: Now that wasn't so bad, now was it.

CHERYL: No miss...it was terrible.

Choir Mistress laughs some more as she takes up her Things to leave.

CHOIR MISTRESS: Well, consider yourselves dismissed. Your mother's will be proud of you all when they hear you sing come Sunday...Your mother's are coming, right?

GIRLS: Yes miss/ Uh uh/ Yep/ Wouldn't miss it/ etc...

Everyone answers, except Jules...who is a bit reserved...but no One usually notices her.

CHOIR MISTRESS: Well, I have to leave and Please remember to take a rose for your Mom. You will have the opportunity to give it to her....(smiles) Just so she knows she's special.

GIRLS: (some rolls their eyes) Yes miss/ how can we forget/etc.

CHOIR MISTRESS: Anyone need a ride downtown?

GIRLS: No miss/ Our ride is here/ no thanks/ It's okay.

CHOIR MISTRESS: Alright. See you girls on Sunday.

The girls wave her off as she exits.

The girls move to their prospective cliques.

Three gather their things and exit waving to the others.

Six are gather SR engaging in girl talk.

Another Five SL laughing and listening to each other's gossip.

They start to leave in pairs and three.....

*Jules remain to one side by herself....no one pays her any mind,
Except Cheryl who glances in her direction momentarily.*

JANET: I don't disagree that mothers are special...but they can be a pain most of the time.

GRACE: They think they can rule over you forever. I mean, just because we still live under the same roof don't necessarily mean they have to always treat us like children.

CHERYL: My sentiments exactly.

JANET: I have a friend who is thirty-two years old...her mother treats her as if she's thirteen.

CHERYL: Don't tell me that at thirty-two she's still living with her mother?

JANET: And Father too...

CHERYL: That's just sad. I'll be long gone before I reach thirty.

JANET: My mom and dad thinks I'm selfish when I get upset because they don't allow me to do what I really want to do.

GRACE: We are old enough to make our own choices, aren't we?

JANET: Old enough to make our own mistakes.

HEATHER: Mothers have a special responsibility.

KAREN: What's so special about driving their children crazy?

Jules step out of shell for just a moment.

JULES: You should be grateful.

OTHERS: What?

CHERYL: I don't think the issue is being ungrateful. It's more of Being willing to compromise.

They wait to see if Jules will respond...she remains silent.

CHERYL: Well....

KAREN: Never mind her....she's one of those 'know it all' 'holier than thou' Christians.

CHERYL: She is?

HEATHER: Well, you can see it. Can't you?

A few of the other girls gather their things and make their way to the Exit until only Heather, Cheryl, Karen, Grace, Janet and Jules Remain.

CHERYL: We were talking about mothers and their worth remember...not Jules. And since we have time, let's try to get to the core of this whole discussion. Take my mom for instance....If school dismisses at three, she expects me to get home by three fifteen.

GIRLS (*protesting*): Yeah/ can you imagine/ I mean....

CHERYL: Now rules like that can only force or encourage rebellion in any child.

KAREN: When do we breathe?

GRACE: When do we eat?

JANET: When do we live?

Pause.

The girls reflect a little on those thoughts.

HEATHER: My mom will flip if she ever caught me talking on the phone. She always suspects I'm talking to some guy.

CHERYL: Your mother is paranoid because she had you when she was seventeen. She probably thinks the same thing will happen to you.

KAREN: But can she really stop that from happening. What if that's what I want.

GIRLS: Yeah/ no way/ exactly/who wants to get pregnant at seventeen?

HEATHER: I hate the way she quarrels and make a big deal out of every little thing I do.

CHERYL: She thinks she's trying to protect you.

GRACE: The big question is....that rose miss wants us to give our mothers.....do they really deserve it? Will we really be giving them from our hearts?

Everyone thinks about this.

HEATHER: I ain't peculiar about playing no hypocrite.

GIRLS: Me neither/ neither am I/ yeah.

Pause.

*Enter Cassandra....(Cheryl's Mom)...she looks around at the girls
Till her eyes catch Cheryl.*

CASSANDRA (*relieved*): Cher....oh thank God....Cher (*Throws her arms around her daughter who's a little embarrassed*)

CHERYL: Mom...do you have to do that here.

Cassandra holds her arm and pulls her away from her friends.

CASSANDRA (*not too happy*): Where have you been?

CHERYL: Mom...I had rehearsals.

CASSANDRA: You didn't tell me you had rehearsals today. I was worried sick.

CHERYL: Where else would I be...if not here?

CASSANDRA: I don't know. You know how terrible this world can get for young, attractive girls like yourself....please don't do this again.

CHERYL: Do what mom?

CASSANDRA: Why are you behaving as if you have no idea what I'm talking about?

CHERYL: Why did you have to come here and embarrass me....again....in front of my friends?

CASSANDRA: Your friends...? Do your friend's parents know where they are?

CHERYL: Can we continue this stupid argument another time?

CASSANDRA: Oh...young lady....it's enough that you want to live your own life as if I don't exist...but I will not tolerate your insubordination.

CHERYL: Whatever that word means?

Cassandra wants to slap her daughter...but she restrains herself.

CHERYL: Go ahead, mom. Don't let the presence of my friends discourage you from showing us who you really are.

Cassandra clenches her fist and grits her teeth. She abruptly turns Towards the exit.

CASSANDRA: I'll wait for you in the car. (*pause*) Don't keep me waiting too long.

Cassandra exits.

GRACE: And I thought my mother was a pain.

HEATHER: She's just over-protective.

CHERYL: Just????

JULES: You should be grateful.

Everyone turns to Jules with angry expressions.

CHERYL: Why do you keep saying that?

JANET: You saw how Cheryl's mom handled her in public.

CHERYL: Why do you keep saying that?

JULES: Your mother has all right to be upset. You don't respect her feelings.

CHERYL: What?

JULES: She expects you home by a certain time and you don't expect her to feel or think anything if you're not.

CHERYL: Why should she...I'm fine?

JULES: You know that...at the time...she doesn't.

HEATHER: Just because you have a perfect mother....

JULES: A perfect mother..?

HEATHER: You heard what I said.

JULES: My mother locked me in a box and left me in the back of an alley to die when I was eight months old.....said she couldn't take care of me and support her drug habit at the same time....she made a choice....she choose drugs. (*pause for effect*) Your mother fed you, cloth you sheltered you and sent you to school....she has a right to be upset if you're obnoxious and rude....you don't.

Jules pulls her knapsack over her shoulders.

JULES: Your mothers took care of you when you couldn't take care of yourself. *(pause)* You should be grateful.

She exits.

Everyone remains silent.....

CASSANDRA storms back onstage....

CASSANDRA: *(angrily)* Cheryl....for the last time....

Cheryl throws her arms around her mother embracing her ever so Tightly....

Cassandra's anger subsides.....she eventually returns the hug...

CHERYL: Thank you, Mom.

CASSANDRA: Whatever for?

Pause.

CHERYL: Everything....!

Everyone is tearful.

The rest of the cast joins those onstage....

END OF PLAY