

Miss Independent

a one act comedy about finding yourself after your marriage
goes down the toilet

by Ashley Nader

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(Written by: Ashley Nader)

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Cynthia: Is he still sleeping?

Stuart: Passed out cold in the back seat. Didn't even move when I lifted him up.

Cynthia: That's good; we really had a wonderful time. He is growing up so fast, that little boy.

Stuart: He is mom, Can't believe he will be six in July. I don't know how you do it, he runs circles around me and Rachel yet when he comes here he is out like a light.

Cynthia: I make sure we do as much as we can together, we play cards, and then the suitcase full of toys comes out and we put up old empty bottles and play bowling, and the most important thing which has become our little ritual, soft boiled eggies with soldiers and then afterwards Marshmallows on sticks over candle light. Like I use to do with you at that age.

Stuart: It's nice for him, he gets excited and enjoys the trips to granny as he gets to do things that we don't usually do at home, which makes his time here enjoyable and gives him lots to talk about during the week until his next visit.

Cynthia: I do enjoy it my boy. I just wish your dad didn't work as much as he does, as he misses out on the special times with Scott.

Stuart: I know, but you know Dad, he won't listen to reason. He is committed to his job even if it meant his family came second.

Cynthia: Don't be so hard on your father. He did the best for us; we always had food on our table and a roof over our head. We always went on

summer holidays and he would make sure that he was free when he could be. He's had the same job for the last 30 years, I guess it's been such a part of his life it's difficult to change his habits.

Stuart: You're right mom. I just want Scott to experience what I had from dad and what dad was like. It just seems lately he's never here.

Cynthia: Well that's what you can show him, the little traditions and the stories he used to tell you. You can pass those down on to him. Yet I will talk to him, he's missing his grandson growing up.

Stuart: Thanks mom, I better get home and get him ready for bed, Rachel has dinner waiting.

Cynthia: Drive safe, love you my boy

(New Scene)

Cynthia: Don't just drive away. Face me you bastard... I hope she gives you Crabs. You son of a bitch... That's it. He thinks he can get away this. (Grabs his clothes and throws them over the stage) I hope every time you screw her you get cramp in your arse.

(New scene)

(Cynthia in bathrobe drinking Old Brown Sherry straight from bottle)

Stuart: Hello mom?

Cynthia: I'm here, Stu.

Stuart: What's going on? I found this in the bushes, Mrs. Bronie phoned me said she heard you fighting with Dad and then saw him in the middle of the night picking up his clothes in the garden.

Cynthia: It's over.

Stuart: What is?

Cynthia: Your father and I.

Stuart: I don't understand.

Cynthia: He's left me for another women, not just any other women my fucking yoga instructor, Christmas.

Stuart: I ... I ... When did this start?

Cynthia: I can't believe him and her that bendy bohemian hippy slut. They've been seeing each other for two years and now they believe its time for them to move in together.

Stuart: When?... How?... So dad just came out with it. Hi family, everything's over now because I'm getting my Willy wet. So that's it?

Cynthia: He didn't tell me, I found out and confronted Mitchell.

Stuart: So how did you find out?

Cynthia: Christmas told me, that thick peroxidized shark. I arrived for yoga and she said to me "wouldn't it be awkward for you to keep coming here." When I asked her what she was talking about she told me and said she was sorry, and she thought Mitchell had told me.

Stuart: Well it definitely solves the mystery of why he was working so late.

Cynthia: Indeed it does especially since he didn't have a job since he met her and has been pissing his pension up the wall, pretending all was okay.

Stuart: I'm so sorry mom. That type of news should of come from dad. She had no right to say anything.

Cynthia: Everyone in the class started looking at us and then we got into a fight when I told her I hope her silicone explodes in her face, and then I attacked and hit her with a chair. Paramedics took her to hospital and your father came to shit on me, as to how I could beat her up and make a scene.

Stuart: I'm surprised she is still breathing to tell the tale.

Cynthia: I swear if she ever steps foot into this house, I'll pop those fake boobies and make her fly around like a helicopter.

Stuart: Is there anything I can do for you?

Cynthia: Get rid of his clothes, the ones I haven't had a chance to rip or burn up. His medication can be taken and if he asks about his boner pills tell him he can now start paying for his own erections.

Stuart: I'll come change the locks and get you new keys over the weekend.

Cynthia: If she takes his Surname. She's going to be Mrs. Christmas Eve. That's ridiculous. Maybe it would be better if I just moved.

Stuart: You're kidding right?

Cynthia: Honestly, I don't know I haven't made my mind up yet. I'm thinking strongly about it.

Stuart: You've stayed in this house for over 20 years. I grew up here and there's so many memories.

Cynthia: Destroyed memories. I keep thinking did he ever bring her here? Or in which parts of this house did they have sex? When I would go out to do the shopping or fetch his medication or buy his favorite meat from the butcher, was he with her? My mind is poisoned.

Stuart: We'll get through this together.

Cynthia: Together? You still have Rachel and Scott to support.

Stuart: You have me!

Cynthia: I'm scared to leave the house, to have my neighbors look at me with pity and talk about me behind my back. He can move on and have a new life and what do I have? The pieces to pick up and the embarrassment and pity to deal with.

Stuart: I'm here for you.

Cynthia: Thank you my boy, I just think its best you go now. I want to be alone.

Stuart: Okay, Ill phone you tomorrow. Love you.

Cynthia: Love you my boy.

(She's on the couch and takes a swig from the bottle and has a deep sigh)

(Lights dim, new scene)

(Cynthia in her dressing gown, empty take-away packets on the floor)

Stuart: (Walks in. Cynthia off stage) Mom. Hello. Mom.

Cynthia: (Comes on stage eating a piece of chicken). What, Stu? I was eating Breakfast.

Stuart: Where?

Cynthia: In bed! What's the problem?

Stuart: It's one thing to have breakfast in bed, but fried chicken? When was the last time you got changed or bathed?

Cynthia: (Smells herself, gives a shrug and bites her chicken) It's not important, my breakfast is getting cold and I'm missing the Power Puff Girls.

Stuart: Are you even wearing a bra?

Cynthia: Of course! How dare you? It's around my waist. I'm gathering the "fashion police" comments are over and you going to tell me what you are doing here.

Stuart: All your friends from church, bible study, arts and crafts, and line dancing have been phoning asking me if you okay. They say you haven't been answering their calls and haven't been attending any of the get togethers.

Cynthia: Nosey bitches, they just want some good gossip, to make themselves feel high and mighty.

Stuart: I don't think it's like that mom.

Cynthia: It is, they act all sweet to your face and then behind it, they're sharpening their knives.

Stuart: Maybe you need to find new friends and different hobbies, where people don't know your business. This is not healthy mom. Why don't you speak to a professional?

Cynthia: What? Go to some quack to tell me my life's story and pin point it on some weird family member, like your uncle Jim who used to pick his nose and eat it when we went to Sunday school. No thank you. I can deal with this in my own way. Thank you very much!

Stuart: Mom you've got to do something. I'm worried about you, this is not you.

Cynthia: Welcome to the real world, your parents are human and they make mistakes and have problems of their own.

Stuart: Scott's been asking about you, wanting to know when he's going to see his granny. Yet I don't want him to see you like this. You know you're letting Dad win by acting like this.

Cynthia: What do you mean by that?

Stuart: Don't you see you're allowing him to affect you. He's moved on with his life. Don't you think you should start trying to do the same?

Cynthia: He's had two years ahead of me. He's found someone and just moved on, it's because he's getting his knob polished, I highly doubt it's for the brilliant conversation, I swear every time she opens her mouth dogs bark. I'm coping the best way I know how. Unless maybe I should also get myself a young Twinkie. A man half my age, half the brain size, built like a brick outhouse and an elephant's trunk for a Willy. (Sarcasm)

