

MOM'S KITCHEN

Written by

Carl Megill

© January 2023 Carl Megill and Off The Wall Play Publishers

<https://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher or author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the author and publisher assume no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

MOM'S KITCHEN

We are in MOM'S KITCHEN, a restaurant with a door to the left and tables to the right. GUY is seated by himself at a table to the right. BILL AND BETTY, in their twenties, ENTER through the door and wait to be seated by the HOSTESS. The Hostess grabs two menus and escorts the couple to a table.

HOSTESS

Welcome to Mom's Kitchen where we try to make you feel like you are at your mother's for dinner. Here are your menus. Mom will be right with you.

BETTY

You know, Bill, when you said you wanted to take me to the movies on our first date, I thought, maybe, something fun; like an Adam Sandler movie. But, a Peruvian Film Festival?

BILL

What's wrong with that?

BETTY

I don't speak Peruvian.

BILL

They had subtitles.

BETTY

The subtitles were in Dutch! Who are you trying to impress? Now we're having dinner at nine-thirty. Do you know what your problem is?

BILL

Oh, no, a psych major.

BETTY

How did you know?

BILL

Because every psych major starts questions with, "Do you know what your problem is?"

BETTY

Well, do you? It's acceptance. You want to be accepted as an intellectual, so you go to Peruvian Film Festivals. You want social acceptance, so you go to dinner at nine-thirty. Then you go to a place called "Mom's Kitchen", because you're still suffering from Oedipus complex.

BILL

It's not Oedipus, it's oedipal. And I don't want to have sex with my mother.

Bill looks to see MOM standing there. She's a plump, lady in her fifties. She's dressed in a waitress uniform, complete with apron.

MOM

Hello, I'm Mom. So, why is it you come to dinner at nine-thirty? You think I'm going to wait dinner for you all night?

BILL

(embarrassed) Sorry.

MOM

Sorry, he says. Did he say he was sorry when I was in labor for thirty-six hours?

Mom walks over to the other table where Guy is slouching in his chair. Mom hits him on the back of the head.

MOM

Sit up. Don't slouch. You want bad posture all your life?

Mom returns to Betty and Bill.

MOM

So, who is this unannounced guest?

BILL

Excuse me, M'am, but do I know you?

MOM

(to Betty) See how fast they forget?
(to Bill) Maybe if you would call or write,
once in a while, you wouldn't forget so fast.
It's Mom. Like in Mother's Day. Like in the
day you couldn't even remember your dear old
mother who works her fingers to the bone,
just so you can have a nourishing meal in
your body. By the way, thanks for the flowers.

BILL

I didn't send you any flowers.

MOM

Go ahead. Make the wound a little deeper.
So, are you going to tell me who this is?

BILL

This is my date. Betty.

MOM

How do you do?

BETTY

Nice to meet you.

MOM

(to Bill) Skinny as a bird. I'll bet she eats
like one, too. Well, are you ready to order?

BILL

Uh, we need just another minute.

MOM

Sure. Take all the time you want. I've only
been on my feet all day. But do you care
about Mom? Nooooo! You'd rather be carousing
around with every Jane you can find.

BETTY

(insulted) I beg your pardon.

MOM

Look, sweetie, it's not your fault.

4.

MOM

He's a man, or so he thinks. Every night,
a different girl. If you ask me, I'd find
out just what his intentions are.

Guy, at the next table, waves to Mom.

GUY

Hey, Mom, can I have some dessert?

Mom walks over, takes a look at his plate and slaps the back of his head.

MOM

You didn't finish your cauliflower.
No dessert until I see that plate clean.
Do you hear me, mister? And if you don't,
it's straight to your room, young man.

BETTY

Just what is she talking about?

BILL

I don't know. I tell you, I've never seen
this woman before. My mother lives in
Cleveland.

BETTY

Well, it certainly sounds like she's your
mother.

BILL

Look, Betty, my mother and I never saw
eye to eye. She drove me nuts when I
was a kid. Always on me about everything.
What friends I hung out with... Attending
every stupid family function. Being a...
(looking for the word)

BETTY

Mother?

BILL

Okay, doctor, you got me. I hated my
Mother. (Beat) You must know what I'm talking

about.

5.

BETTY

My mother and I were the best of friends.
We did everything together. Shopped.
Went to the movies. Helped me with my
homework. I'm sorry. I just don't
understand how you can reject your
mother this way.

BILL

All I know is, I couldn't wait to
get out of there. Just like I
can't wait to get out of here.

BETTY

Why? Because the waitress is your
mother?

BILL

She's not my mother. Let's just order
and get out of here.

Mom walks back to Betty and Bill's table.

BILL

We'd like to order now.

MOM

Like I've got nothing better to do.