

FIGHTING WITH MOM

By Judy Klass

Copyright © 2004 by Judy Klass, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 1-60003-061-0

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

FIGHTING WITH MOM

by
Judy Klass

SETTING: LAUREN's bedroom. There is a bed with a pretty quilt and stuffed animals, and a nearby table on which stands a small TV, a cell phone and a box of Kleenex. There are papers, notebooks and magazines lying on the floor near the bed.

(LAUREN lies face down on her bed. SHE sits up, picks up a stuffed animal, looks at it, and then throws it on the floor. SHE goes to the door of her room, opens it, and looks around. SHE closes the door, goes to the phone, picks it up and punches in a number. SHE waits for her friend to pick up.)

LAUREN: Sandra? I am so sorry. So embarrassed and so sorry, I mean it! No, it's *not* okay, it was totally inappropriate... So, guess what happened after she kicked you out? Uh huh, practically. I'm grounded for, like, a month, maybe - she's keeping it "open-ended." But she says definitely for next weekend... **(there is a catch in her voice)** So, I guess this means you have to find somebody else to go... Well, how could I know she'd pull this? I mean, how do you think *I* feel? I was the one who put the whole thing together, she *said* yes... I dunno. Find somebody. They can pay me what I paid for the ticket... No, I don't want to do that... Because, he was a creep, he's a scalper, and plus, I'll bet he wouldn't buy it back. Look, it's just upsetting me talking about it now. I was looking forward to going with you guys so *much*... **(paces with phone)** and she knows it, too. I'll bet she set me up for this, when she said okay in the first place. **(listens to a suggestion that dismisses her, that makes her halt)** Well, yeah. Maybe, but she doesn't even want to talk to me 'til I apologize. You know, just for cursing her out in front of you and Kerri... Because I *can't*. I'm not sorry. She said not to just hand her a line so I can go to the concert. It has to be a "sincere" apology. And I *sincerely* think I had every reason to say that stuff. It's like, she wants me to treat her with respect, and then she totally disrespects me in front of my best friends? She couldn't even wait until you guys left. She treats me like I'm five years old - and now we know it's because she thinks I'm stupid. **(sarcastic)** It's like, great, thanks, Mom. Thanks for all the "tough love." Love you too... **(serious again)** No, she meant it. And *I'm* supposed to apologize? She just wants to break me, so I have no self-esteem left at all. **(pause; SHE sits on**

the bed) No, because she'd know I was just saying it to go Saturday. And besides, it's the principle of the thing. She could ground me for a year and I still wouldn't be sorry. She's a total witch; someone should burn her at the stake! **(pause; more quietly)** Don't worry; it's my cell. And I don't *think* she listens outside the door. **(glances at door)** She's threatening to confiscate this phone, though, and take my last lifeline away... Look, right now, I just hate her. I'm so upset, I can't think straight... Well, but, you're lucky... You should be *glad* they don't interfere. At least you don't get smothered and publicly humiliated...

(There is a knock at the door, and we hear MOM's voice)

MOM: **(offstage)** Lauren? Can I come in for a moment and speak with you?

LAUREN: **(whispered)** The secret police is knocking. I'll call you later.
(SHE turns off the phone)

MOM: **(offstage)** Lauren?

LAUREN: **(looking down)** come in. **(MOM enters the room. They face each other, both hurt and defensive, a little afraid of each other.)**
I thought you weren't going to speak to me till I came groveling to you.

MOM: I didn't say anything about groveling. But I do think you owe me an apology.

LAUREN: Why? Because I got angry instead of just dying of shame? Because I answered you back when you insulted me in front of my friends?

MOM: I did not insult you –

LAUREN: **(gaining force)** You insulted all of us, but me especially. You don't want me using that kind of language to my mother, then you shouldn't use that language to me. Calling me stupid.

MOM: **(conciliatory)** I didn't say you were stupid. I said smoking was stupid behavior –

LAUREN: You said I was stupid.

MOM: Well, I meant what you were doing was stupid. I meant I couldn't believe you were involved in something so colossally dumb –

LAUREN: Thank you. Here we go again.

MOM: **(gaining force)** - As smoking cigarettes. If I thought that you, yourself, were stupid, I wouldn't have been so surprised to have you come home smelling like that, with a pack of poison sticks in your purse –

LAUREN: **(near tears)** Yeah, well, thanks for interrogating me and going through my purse and taking away something I bought with money I earned, and destroying it, and all in front of my friends. **(trying for calm)** Now, if me and my friends happen to choose to smoke –

MOM: Oh, people don't "choose" to smoke, Lauren, any more than a crack addict lying in the middle of the sidewalk "chooses" to take crack cocaine.

LAUREN: (*with sarcastic false patience*) We are not talking about crack cocaine right now, are we, Mom? No. I am saying, if my friends and me –

MOM: Do their mothers know they smoke?

LAUREN: (*exasperated*) You're not even listening to me! Do their mothers know? I don't know. Probably. Who cares? Their mothers aren't the thought police, watching their every move, confiscating their stuff, calling them stupid if they happen to share a different opinion.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from FIGHTING WITH MOM by Judy Klass. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com