

SON OF A GOOD MOTHER

By J. Andrew Ross

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SON OF A GOOD MOTHER

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

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SYNOPSIS: Due to the influence of his mother, high schooler Patrick O’Grady has been good all his life, but he’s tired of it and decides to become bad. While he’s choosing between chewing gum or saying “ain’t” in English class, he discovers a better opportunity to misbehave. But does Patrick’s first foray over to the dark side accidentally result in his school burning down? Hilarity ensues as Patrick impersonates his mother and his history teacher.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male)

PATRICK O’GRADY (m) A high school student.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The actor must play up the impersonations of the mother and the history teacher. The contrast between these characters and the main character of Patrick O’Grady can really make this performance stand out.

PATRICK O'GRADY: I am a well-behaved, respectable, emotionally stable young man . . . but I don't know why.

My name is Patrick O'Grady, and from the beginning, my mom has taken the job of raising me very seriously—so seriously in fact that she became a teacher just to practice raising children before she had her own. That's right, my mom is the sixth grade teacher "Old Lady O' Grady." As a teacher and a parent, she is a notorious disciplinarian.

She has a system of three intimidating "looks" and tones of voice which can be employed when children misbehave.

Level One, which is reserved for small infractions of the rules, looks and sounds like this... (*With a look of disapproval such as one eyebrow raised and in a tone of near sarcasm.*) "I'm sure that you meant to put periods at the end of your sentences."

Level Two, employed in more serious instances, is as follows... (*With a more severe look of disapproval and in a threatening tone.*) "Keep your eyes on your own paper."

Level Three, or Mach Three as I like to call it, is to be used only for the most extreme examples of delinquency. Mach Three has been known to make kids wet their pants and wish that they were dead. (*With a fierce, tiger-like, mentally deranged sort of face and in an incredibly deep and scary roar.*) "Cut that out right now, or you'll never see another recess as long as you live."

I would have had a fairly normal childhood if my mother hadn't been a teacher at the same school that I attend. It's a small school, so all of the grades are in one building, and let me tell you, that "eyes-in-the-back-of-the-head" thing doesn't hold a candle to having your mother be friends with every last teacher in the school. If I so much as whispered without permission, Mom knew about it instantly. I soon developed the habit of confessing all of my "sins of the day" to her right after school. I had figured out that if I told her everything I

had done wrong before she had time to confront me first, life was better.

(Sitting as if in front of his mother at her desk in an attitude of humble confession.) “Today, I forgot to raise my hand before speaking two times; I missed six spelling words on my pretest; and I didn’t eat three of my peas at lunch.”

Standing up to play the mother and looking down at the chair.

(As Mother.) “Mrs. Banks said it was five peas.”

(Knows he was caught in a lie and scared at what might happen, consequently very quiet.) “Oops.”

(As. Mother. Resuming the same look and tone as shown earlier in Level two.) “Don’t lie to me, Patrick Michael O’Grady. Mark my words; it will come back to haunt you every time.”

I figured she was right. Old Lady O’Grady—I mean Mom—was never wrong, so I resigned myself to becoming the poster child of good behavior . . . it *(Pause for effect.)* was awful! Over the next several years, I was so good that it was disgusting. I never spoke without permission, I tried hard on all of my school work, I was nice to everyone, the teachers all loved me, and the principal gave me several awards. In short, life STUNK! My classmates began calling me “St. Patrick” or “Patrick O’Goody” or that most hated title: “Teacher’s Pet.”

The worst of it was that by the time I got to high school, I became consumed with the desire to be ornery, to commit some heinous act of mischief. I wanted to know what it felt like. I wanted to know if it was really as much fun as it appeared to be. I wanted to be liberated from my own righteousness. I wanted to experience the other side of life. I wanted . . . to misbehave!

Faced with such a huge resolution, I wanted to be sure to do it up right. I began to look for ways that I could be bad. Opportunities abounded, of course, but I figured if I was finally going to take the plunge, I wanted it to be worth it. I was trying to decide whether I was going to chew gum in class or say “ain’t” in English when an opportunity of far greater magnitude presented itself.

It was Friday in Miss Abernathy’s eighth period world history class. Miss Abernathy is about a million years old, and she’s the perfect person to teach world history. It isn’t often that your history teacher is old enough to have been an eyewitness to the building of the Egyptian Pyramids.

She used to drive the boys in her first and last period classes crazy. The problem stemmed from the fact that Miss Abernathy was always cold. She blamed it on the fact that Mr. Sampson, the shop teacher whose room was below hers, frequently opened the garage door of the shop.

(As Mrs. Abernathy, in an old lady voice, maybe mimicking someone who has no teeth.) “Every time that door goes up, the heat flies right out of this room!”

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