

MOMMA NEEDS A BREAK

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A Monologue

by

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Cast

Shauna: A stressed out mother of three. She has a cell phone in her back pocket.

Time

The present.

AT RISE: SHAUNA enters wiping applesauce off her sweatshirt with a damp dishcloth.

SHANUA

Look at me! Would you look at me! I'm wearing applesauce. My pants are stained with cat pee, because of course she's old and has a weak bladder, and who has time to change clothes when you've got three kids under the age of five.

If you could see into my kitchen, which thank God, you can't, you'd see last night's dinner dishes stacked like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Of course, you'd have to step over the Everest-size pile of dirty laundry first. Did I mention the cat with the weak bladder? Yeah, I guess I did.

(SHAUNA runs her fingers through her hair, which has globs of yogurt in it.)

Then, there's my hair. What the? Yogurt. (*she licks her finger*) Lemon. Last week it was mango. I'll be so happy when Zoe grows out of the terrible twos' and stops throwing food in fits of rage.

This is crazy. What was I thinking? "Let's have all our kids right away." I said. "It will be fun. They can grow up together. We'll build sandcastles at the beach. Have Friday night pillow fights and grow a big garden. All organic. Locally sourced." Yeah, right. Did you know chicken McNuggets come in a 20 pack? Super-size that puppy

and there's enough to feed 'em all. I drink the Coke. Diet, with a splash of rum. Don't judge me.

Why didn't I listen to Matt? He said, "let's space them out. Give ourselves time between babies." But no. I just went ahead and got pregnant. Bam, bam, bam, thank you 'Mam. Now I'm up to my eyeballs in dirty diapers and haven't showered in a week.

I need a break, or I swear I'll end up as a Dateline special. (*using a low, a TV announcer voice*) Join us next Friday at 9, as we delve into the downward spiral of a stressed-out suburban mother of three."

If I could just break free from these walls. For an hour. Just an hour. A massage. That's what I need. A luxurious hour-long, lavender-scented massage, with Jill, at Sacred Touch. She has slow hands. Scented candles, and that table, that glorious warm, welcoming, massage table. Yes. That's exactly what I need. I'll schedule an hour of calming bliss. I will be a new woman, with a renewed spirit. I will conquer the dirty dishes, and Everest pile of laundry.

Oh crap. I forgot. I called Sacred Touch last week for a massage with Jill. I must have been on the phone for half an hour with that ditsy new scheduler, Moonbeam. Seriously, who names their kid Moonbeam?

I said, "hi, I'd like to schedule a massage with Jill." She says (*using a perky high-pitched voice*) "Okay, how about seven, this evening?" "Perfect" I said. "That's with Jill, right?" "Nopesies," with Angie, she squeaked.

"No." I said. "I need Jill." "Angie has fast man-hands. I can't relax with her constantly pumping that little massage oil bottle. She's works me over like I'm a slab of beef." "Eww" she quipped. "Exactly," I said. "So, I need a massage with Jill."

"Okey dokey" she chirped, "how about tomorrow morning at 10?" "I guess that's okay, I'll have to get a sitter." At this point I was desperate, kind of like I am right now. "With Jill?" I asked. "Nope. Kyle." she cheeped. "No!" I snapped. "He gives me the creeps." Not to mention the fact that he's always talking. And I really don't care about his Canadian fishing trips or what lures are best for "snaggin' northerns." Then, there's his accent. It's sinister. Cold. Putin-like. I snapped again, "I need a massage with Jill."

"How about Sherri" she asked, "5pm tomorrow?" By this time I've got the patience of a squirrel in a pile of fresh nuts, and my baby, Zoe is starting to wake up from her nap. "Who's Sherri?" I asked. "She's new" she quipped. "I think you'll like her. She's really nice".

Now generally I'm a patient woman. I do yoga, occasionally. I steer away from obscene amounts of caffeine, refined white sugar and excessive alcohol. But at this point, I'm about ready to go postal on perky little Moonbeam.

"Nice? Nice?" I start hyperventilating. "No! No! No!" "I want a massage with Jill. Not fast-man-hands Angie, Putin-Kyle or nice, new Sherri. I want Jill. And, I can't come in around dinner-time because my kids are demon-possessed at that time of day."

I stopped, took a deep breath and in my calmest voice I clearly repeated "Moonbeam, I would like a massage with Jill."

Then, chirpy little Moonbeam dropped the bomb. I'm telling you, I never saw it coming. "Jill no longer works here." she squeaked. "She moved out of state." "WHAT?!"

Imagine my horror. How could she do that to me? How could she leave me like that? Why? Why? We were so close.

I hung up the phone and started to whimper. Whimper like a week-old puppy ripped away from its mommy's tits. My two older kids came running in to see what was wrong. Zoe was screaming from her crib. I knew they wouldn't understand. I wiped my tears on a random sock I found lying on the couch and went to pick up Zoe.

Now I'm faced with the same dilemma. Stressed out and no Jill. I could comfort myself with a quart of Sassy Cow Salted Carmel ice cream. But that's just a temporary fix.

(Her cell phone beeps, indicating a text message.)

Sorry, hang on. It's Matt.

(She reads the message out loud.)

Just snagged a huge new account. Long weekend reservations to Caribbean confirmed. Couples' massage 6 pm Friday, on the beach. Folks will watch kids.

Oh-my-God! Oh-my-God!

Screw perky little Moonbeam, fast-hands Angie and Putin-Kyle. I'm getting my massage on the beach, Caribbean style.

The End