

MATERNITY MAYHEM

By Kelly Meadows

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CAST: one female

(This comedy requires one person to do several voices. This type of monologue is extremely effective if done well.)

You *did* hear about it! You *did*, didn't you? For a while it was all over the TV news. Channel 5: ***(in the style of a newscaster)*** "Are your children really your children?"

Channel 63: ***(another newscast style)*** "Today we look at the mixed up children in Traverse City."

(completely off topic) Oh, and channel 41, the shopping channel? They had this grrreat sapphire stud on sale for three easy payments of only 99.95! But I digress. And I didn't really feel like dropping \$299.85 on a sapphire; like, what do I look like? Sapphire! Me in sapphire!

But back to "the children."

We had the kids: ***(as a child)*** "You're not my real mom, so I don't have to listen to you."

The moms: ***(as mom)*** "You're not my real daughter, so I don't have to buy it for you."

And a mama with drama: ***(as a distraught TV mom)*** "I want my baby back!"

That baby back thing? All my fault. Ok, really it's the head nurse's fault. She made me mad. Now I know I'm supposed to say, "I chose to be angry due to her actions," ***(shakes it off)*** but no. This chick really burned my buns. ***(Explaining)*** We all worked in the maternity ward. Me, Shelly, Sherman, Shoshona, Shanny, and Shug. And we all loved to watch the same soap opera at two o'clock. Great dialog...!

(imitating the dialogue) "I know you love her. You were carrying on with her when I was shopping for your birthday present."

(as the boyfriend, on TV) "Are you going to believe those rumors about me and Cordelia?"

"I saw it with my own eyes."

"You were spying on me!"

"So you were carrying on with Cordelia. I knew it."

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That one. *The Way Of The Heart*. It was hateful. It was vile! **(happily observing)** Just like real life! We were dying to see what happened next, but **(mocking)** someone had to take care of the babies. That someone, of course, was me. I was new, so essentially everyone else got to take lunch at two o'clock and I was stuck taking lunch at one. What did I get to watch? The Shopping Channel.

(as a caller, a middle aged woman with a somewhat monotonous voice) "I've never seen such a lovely sapphire stud at such a great price!"

(as the channel host, very animated and loving) "Hurry, only six left!"

"I'm getting one for my daughter, my niece, and oh **(giggles hysterically)** for my husband!"

(amused, as the host) "Your husband?"

"It's his anniversary present to me. He just doesn't know it."

(laughs annoyingly and hysterically)

(as host) "Oh you're so smart! And funny."

(as customer) "Oh, I know!"

Sorry – the head nurse changed the channel and kept the remote in a closet with the urine samples. So I watched the shopping channel.

Anyway – back to "the children." Fifteen of them. Fifteen helpless, screaming whiny bratty babies, each approximately three days old. I've eaten tuna salad older than that – and lived to tell! So, while Shelly, Sherman, Shoshona, Shanny, and Shug were watching "I can't believe you're spying on me!" I created a little drama of my own. I took all fifteen babies and switched them around. I changed their ID bracelets and moved them from bed to bed – three different times. By the time I was done, I had no idea whose baby was whose – and no one seemed to know the difference. It was so much fun, I did it every Tuesday afternoon for a year. That's when I married money and quit my job. I'd hardly missed any plot development in the soap opera, and I'd acquired a huge selection of bargain jewelry.

And that same woman, she bought everything! **(as that same caller)** "I have a wedding to go to and it's the perfect pin to wear with this new dress."

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