

MY MOM'S DASTARDLY SECRET

by Shawn Deal

Copyright © MMXXV by Shawn Deal, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-291-9

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 Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. 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 Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work 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.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

MY MOM'S DASTARDLY SECRET

A Comedic Monologue

by Shawn Deal

SYNOPSIS: What started as a secret your mother was keeping from you has now turned into your worst high school nightmare. Your mom has been secretly dating your favorite teacher, and all your friends are beginning to suspect.

TIME: Present.

SET: Bare Stage.

SETTING: School room.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

NARRATOR (f)..... High school Teenager. Theater kid.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: This play is all about teenage outrage and over-the-top drama. Make your motions big and give them their own beat. Put an emphasis on certain words to bring the humor out even more. The more outrage and melodrama you put into this piece, the funnier it is.

NARRATOR: *(Is very excitable and agitated.)* Okay. Okay. Okay. Let me take a breath.

Takes a long deep breath. Hoping to calm down.

This is not working!

Takes a lot of breaths, practically hyperventilating.

This really is not working!

Beat.

Okay. Okay. Okay. I just got to unpack this.

OMG!

The worst thing ever has happened to me. And I mean the worst thing. Absolutely, positively, the most terrible, *(Beat.)* I can't even think of enough words to describe the worst thing that has ever happened to any high school student ever.

(Blurts out suddenly.) No. I'm not pregnant. Don't even go there.

Much worse than that anyway.

No, my face hasn't broken out over night to be the Okefenokee swamp of acne.

No, I don't have to speak in front of my American Government class and embarrass myself in front of everyone, especially Cooper Johns.

Again.

Anytime I look at Cooper directly or even in his general direction, words stop forming in my mouth and all that happens is I end up making some sort of strange guttural sound. *(Makes guttural sounds in demonstration.)*

That's become an embarrassing nightmare anytime I see him. And yet what's happening now is still so much worse than that.

You're never going to be able to guess, so I'm just going to spit it out.

My mom is dating my favorite teacher!

To make matters worse, that's my theater teacher. The teacher I spend the most time with every day. I mean, I see him for more than just theater class. I'm in the spring musical. We have rehearsals every day for like three to four hours. I spend half my day, five days a week, with my theater teacher. I practically see him more during the week than I see my mom.

And now they are dating?

Are you kidding me?

I mean, it goes without saying, that he is no longer my favorite teacher.

I mean, clearly, he can no longer be my favorite teacher if he's kissing and other things with my mom. *(As an example of what words to emphasize. Emphasize kissing and other things. The more disgust you can put into those words the funnier that line is.)*

Beat. She shudders just imagining the above.

I don't even want to think about that.

Beat. Her hands fly up to her head.

No. No. No. I'm getting a visual. Bad brain. Bad brain. Bad brain.

Takes many deep breaths in a row.

Why isn't this working?

Slows down her breathing.

Okay. Okay. Okay. I'm better now.

They tried to keep it a secret from me. And they thought that would work. I can't believe they thought they would get away with it? From me! A secret from me!

I mean, they did for a while. Apparently, they met at my parent/teacher conference, the first one of the year. Parent/teacher conferences were quite awhile ago, like four months ago.

So, okay, they did a good job for awhile. And I'll admit it wasn't even me who noticed something going on at first. It was the other theater students, my friends, who I spend five hours a day with that noticed something.

And it was terrible what they did notice!

They caught Mr. Miller. Jeff Miller is the name of my theater teacher. They caught him checking out my mother as she walked back to the car one night from picking me up.

Fully checking her out!

I mean talk about being a creeper.

Beat.

Admittedly, he is single and for an older guy, he is handsome, I guess, if you are into that kind of thing.

She sticks a finger into her mouth and makes gagging noises.

He's my mom's age, and she is single, and I know she's good looking.

All my guy friends tell me so. And I can't tell you how awkward that is, by the way.

I guess my mom kind of likes the way he looks. Which is really a double...*(She takes two fingers and puts them into her mouth, making gagging noises.)*

So after my friends told me they saw Mr. Miller check out my mom, I just assumed he was being a creeper for my mom. But then I started noticing things. Strange, unusual things. Like my mom and I would be watching a movie and suddenly she would get a call. She would say it was someone at work and she'd have to take it. Then she would go into her bedroom, shut her door, before saying anything to the person on the phone.

I know that doesn't sound terrible but that's because you don't realize that it's entirely wrong.

My mom is a nurse. Before recently, the only calls she's ever gotten about work is to see if she can change or pickup a shift. And those kinds of calls lasted no more than a minute.

Now, all of a sudden, she's getting these calls weekly, sometimes two to three times a week. And the calls last 20 to 30 minutes. They can't be talking about patients—that's the doctor's job. And I saw the phone screen one time, just as the call was coming in, before my mom could reach for it, and it wasn't from the hospital. Those calls identify themselves. This was from someone's personal number. And I know they have called more than once.

Let's face it, this is sus! *(Suspicious, in case sus is out of fashion.)*

And there's been more, like direct evidence between the two of them. Before any of you get any strange notions that I'm seeing things or thinking things are happening when they are not

They are looking at each other!

I mean not just looking at each other like a glance or some sort of friendly, quick wave, or something innocuous. Oh no!

They look at each other.

It's gross!

I watch the parents of my friends in theater get picked up after rehearsal. Most of them just pick up their student, never getting out of the car.

Don't I wish that would happen to me. Go back to the days when I was blissfully ignorant.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from MY MOM'S
DASTARDLY SECRET by Shawn Deal. 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