

A script from



"The Mom Zone"

by
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- What** Two women find themselves in "The Mom Zone" on Mother's Day morning. It is a place where they are allowed to just "be". When they return from this magical place their families will never take them for granted again.
Themes: Mother's Day, Thankful for Moms
- Who** Susan
Elsa
Gabe
- When** Mother's Day
- Wear
(Props)** Two comfortable chairs
Coffee cups
Pastries
- Why** Fun for Mother's Day
- How** This should have a bit of "Twilight Zone" feel. The two Moms have found themselves in an "alternative reality" where their "Mom-ness" is celebrated.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

It is Mother's Day morning. Susan sits in amazement in a comfortable chair. A latte is on a small coffee table beside the chair. Elsa, who is several years older than Susan, sits in a comfortable chair beside Susan. They are in the "Mom Zone," a special place where they are pampered by Gabe, a waiter, and where they simply get to "be" on Mother's Day.

Susan: *(sipping the latte and finishing a breakfast croissant. She speaks to Gabe, who brings her a plate of pastries to choose from)* So...let me get this straight. I'm not dead?

Gabe: Oh, no, Ma'am. Can I get you another pastry?

Susan: Are they sugar free?

Gabe: Not at all. And it doesn't matter.

Susan: Great. I'll have one of those chocolate ones.

Gabe: *(to Elsa, who sits in a comfortable chair next to Susan)* Another for you, Ma'am?

Elsa: Don't mind if I do. *(Gabe hands Elsa another pastry, and then exits. Elsa takes a bite, and then, with her mouth full, calls out to Gabe as he exits)* Thanks! *(To Susan)* Pretty great, eh?

Susan: *(still a bit stunned by what's happening)* Yeah. *(After a beat)* Is this Heaven?

Elsa: I don't think so. Although, I'm pretty sure there **will** be pastry in Heaven.

Susan: *(still a bit stunned)* So...where are we, exactly?

Elsa: I'm not entirely sure. I've only been here once before, when my kids were still little.

Susan: How'd we get here?

Elsa: Not sure about that either. All I know is, this morning, just like ten years ago, I woke up on Mother's Day morning to discover myself sitting here, drinking a latte, and eating pastries, and not in my bed.

Susan: Yeah...that's exactly what happened to me. Weird.

Elsa: Trust me. It gets weirder. If it's the same for you as it was for me ten years ago, you can stay here as long as you want. You don't have to talk to anybody. You don't have to do anything. You can just...be. Here. As

long as you want. Nobody asking you for anything. Nobody bickering. Nobody whining. Nobody complaining. Just you...and pastry.

Susan: *(amazed at her good fortune)* Wow. Some Mother's Day.

Elsa: Yeah. And, it gets better.

Susan: How could it possibly get better?

Elsa: Get this: No matter how long you stay, you won't age one bit. When you go back, you'll still be lying in your bed, on Mother's Day morning. No time will have passed for you.

Susan: What's so great about that? That means I'll still have to re-wash the dishes after the kids cook me Mother's Day breakfast. I'll still have to be taken out to lunch after church. At the Olive Garden. I'll get a morning, and, if I'm lucky, an afternoon of "quasi-pampering" and then, come Monday morning, all bets are off. I just become an un-acknowledged, invisible commodity again.

Elsa: No...you don't understand. This is the good part. When you go back, no time will have passed for you. But...for your family, **weeks** will have passed.

Susan: Weeks?

Elsa: Weeks. Think about it. Weeks, without Mom. Nobody's been paying the bills. Nobody's been making the doctor's appointments. Nobody's been making sure there's decent food in the house. Nobody's been organizing the sleep-overs. Or the baby-sitters. Or the homework. For weeks.

Susan: Wow. That means—

Elsa: They will be desperately excited to see you. And they will never take you for granted again. Or at least for another ten years. Trust me.

Susan: And, it's not Heaven?

Elsa: Nah. Heaven will definitely be better than this. Heaven will have pastry **and** Jesus. This...I think this is just...just some sort of "Alternate Mom Zone," just for when we really need it. Which, for me, seems like once every ten years.

Susan: Wow. *(Giving a "toast" with a pastry, raising it in the air)* Well...Happy Mother's Day. To me.

Elsa: *(toasting as well)* And...to me.

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