



MUM'S WRITING

by Katherine Luna Gate

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Mum' s Writing

A short play by Katherine Luna Gate

CHARACTER: Cherry, a 30 year old married woman who has just had a baby. Dreams of becoming a famous writer. Must have long hair.

Enters BR holding a pile of reference books, a note pad, and a box of biscuits on top, pens on one hand, balancing a mug on the other. Her mobile phone is tucked inside one of her jeans' back pockets. At the centre of the stage there's a table; near the table, a chair. She almost throws everything on the table and stumbles, trying not to spill the tea and picking up anything that might have fallen off.

CHERRY

(excitedly)

Right! Baby's fed, daddy's home... I've got an hour all to myself and big ideas!

She takes the note pad out and opens it. Then, carefully chooses a pen, although they all seem to look the same. Looks at her watch. Stares at the blank page in front of her for a while. Puts the tip of the pen lid against her lips. Looks up at the ceiling. Looks at the blank page again.

CHERRY

Um... what was the story I had in mind
yesterday, again?

*Scratches her head, visibly making an effort to remember.
Fiddles with the pen.*

CHERRY

Shit! I should have jotted down the main
points...

*More effort to remember is made, touching her forehead and
tapping her fingertips on it. Looks inside the mug, sniffs it,
then takes a sip. Puts it back on the table and stretches on
the chair.*

CHERRY

What was I doing when I got the
inspiration?

*She stares at the blank page again. Stands up and starts
rocking side to side. Cradles her arms as if holding the baby,
then shakes her head and stops cradling. Stands still in front
of the table, then starts mimicking changing a nappy, even
smells the invisible dirty nappy making a disgusted face
expression. Shakes her head again. Sits at the table. Stares
at the audience, as if it would help her remember. She looks,
first at the audience, then around the stage as if the idea
could be somewhere around her. Suddenly, with one hand she
opens her top, placing the other hand on top of the opposite
breast without exposing it. Keeps on staring in front of her*

in this position for a few seconds, then shakes her head again, removes her hand from inside her top, and returns to the blank page. Holds her head in both hands, becoming frustrated.

CHERRY

Umph! It was a great idea, how did I manage to forget it?

She looks at the blank page. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. Holds the breath then exhales powerfully. She opens her eyes again after a few seconds and looks at the page. Rolls her eyes and drops her forehead on the note pad.

CHERRY

Please come back to me... please!

She taps her forehead on the pad a few times. Sits up. Looks at her watch. Looks at the mug and takes another sip. Then looks at the box of biscuits and opens it. Takes one and starts eating it, visibly enjoying the process. Appears satisfied. Looks at the blank page again for a few seconds. Takes a pen and fiddles with it. Looks at it: it's black, so she puts it down and takes a pencil instead. She stares at it for a few seconds, then puts her hair up and holds them with the pencil. Stares at the blank page, then takes the black pen again. Puts it down and takes a blue pen instead. She looks content of her choice of colour. Stares at the blank page again, soon becoming frustrated. She tilts her head to one side and gently taps the side of her head on the table as if the idea would come out of her ear. Rests the side of her face

closer to the table on it, looking exhausted, staring at the blank page.

CHERRY

I don't like white!