

# More than a Mom

By Carey Thomas

**SYNOPSIS:** Susan McPhearson is job hunting after being a stay-at-home Mom for many years. She submits a fantastic resume which highlights the many skills she's acquired as a mother. It's no surprise that she gets the job because her new boss has never met anyone with so many skills! This tongue-in-cheek sketch touts motherhood for what it really is – a very diverse job with an opportunity to shape the future.

**CHARACTERS:** TWO, one man and one woman

SUSAN – A middle-aged mother who is trying to get back into the workforce after being a stay-at-home mom for many years. She is sweet and motherly-like and a little corny.

MR. STUMP - A business executive with a Brooklyn accent. He speaks fast and is very boisterous.

**SETTING:** an office with two chairs and a desk or a table.

**PROPS:** resume (thick stack of paper), a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with the crusts cut off, napkins, package of wet wipes, two small children's toys, a fat red crayon

**COSTUMES:**

SUSAN: A dress/skirt or suit. (She looks nice, but not super professional), a big purse.

MR. STUMP: a business suit, or shirt and tie.

*(SUSAN enters and crosses to the other side of the stage where there is a desk and two chairs. MR. STUMP is sitting at the desk reading over SUSAN's thick resume. SUSAN knocks on the imaginary door).*

MR. STUMP: *(gruffly)* Come in.

SUSAN: *(goes into the office, shyly)* Hello. I'm SUSAN McPhearson.

MR. STUMP: Donald Stump. Nice to meet you, have a seat. *(They both sit.)* I've been reviewing your resume and I find it to be quite impressive and your experience so diverse. I thought it would be worth having you come down here for an interview. So I have a few questions for you.

SUSAN: *(Cheesily)* Oh ask away! *(She makes a goofy gesture with her arm).*

*(MR. STUMP does not smile, but looks up from her resume and stares blankly at her because of her goofiness. SUSAN stops smiling and bites her lip).*

MR STUMP: *(looking over the resume)* Well I see here that you haven't had a job in about fifteen years. Is that right?

SUSAN: *(tentatively)* Well, yes that's true. I've, uh, been...taking some time to re-evaluate my goals, Sir.

MR. STUMP: I see. That is always a good thing to do! Well it looks as though you have quite a bit of experience as a personal assistant. Fifteen years, right?

SUSAN: *(tentatively, shyly)* Yes. I uh, did everything from answering the phone to shopping to choosing outfits for my um, boss to re-decorating rooms.

Mr. Stump: I see.

SUSAN: I also ran errands, managed schedules, made appointments and picked up groceries.

MR. STUMP: Tell me what other things you've done.

SUSAN: Well I was a chauffeur for a number of years.

MR. STUMP: A chauffeur? Tell me about that.

SUSAN: Well I drove some very, uh, important people to the places they needed to go: sporting events, concerts, parties, the park.

MR. STUMP: The park?!

SUSAN: Uh, yes.

MR. STUMP: Ok. It says here that you have experience as a personal chef as well. That sounds very interesting. What is your specialty?

SUSAN: Mac N' Cheese. *(pause)* But it's a very gourmet-style of Mac N'Cheese.

MR.STUMP: Well that's a real crowd-pleaser isn't it?

SUSAN: Yes, and that's why it's my specialty. People of all ages like it. I also make a mean PB& J with the crusts cut off.

MR. STUMP: Really? That was my favorite when I was a kid. And, I still like it in fact.

SUSAN: Oh good, because I brought you one. You need to keep up your strength throughout the day. *(She reaches into her purse and pulls out the sandwich and gives it to him).*

MR. STUMP: *(He begins to eat the sandwich)*. This is really good – just like my mom used to make.

SUSAN: *(Leans over and wipes his mouth with a napkin)*. You, uh, had some jelly there.

MR. STUMP: *(looks at her awkwardly)*. I'll just put the sandwich aside for later. Moving right along here. I also find it very interesting that you were a firefighter at one time.

SUSAN: Yes, uh, three times actually. I mostly dealt with small kitchen fires, but I did put out a bathroom fire once.

MR STUMP: What else have you done?

SUSAN: Well, I am a nurse too.

MR STUMP: You're kidding! What kind of nurse are you. *(He begins to tip his chair back, picking two of the chair legs off of the floor)*.

SUSAN: What kind? Um...a pediatric nurse! I specialize in scraped knees and head injuries from not keeping four on the floor. *(She motions to him to put all four legs of the chair back on the ground. He puts the chair back on the floor)*.

MR. STUMP: And you were also a private tutor?

*(SUSAN touches the desk with her finger and notices it is dusty. She pulls a pack of wet wipes from her purse and begins cleaning the desk as they talk. MR. STUMP looks at her oddly)*.

SUSAN: Yes, I still am.

MR. STUMP: What ages do you tutor for?

SUSAN: Whatever ages the kids happen to be when they need tutoring.

MR STUMP: *(impressed)* I say! And what subjects?

SUSAN: All of them!

MR. STUMP: *(still skimming over the résumé)*. Here it says that you are an experienced event planner. That skill would especially come in handy around here. What types of events have you planned?

SUSAN: All types really.

MR. STUMP: *(prodding a little)*. Such as?

SUSAN: Ummm....Parties mainly. With lots of fun and food. And sometimes a clown or two. I've also done fundraisers...

MR. STUMP: Well I could use someone around here that can raise funds.

SUSAN: *(interrupting him)* and bake sales!

MR. STUMP: Bake sales?!

SUSAN: *(clearing her throat)* Yes, sir.

MR. STUMP: *(impressed)* It's amazing to me that one person could have accomplished all of this by the age of 40. I mean, how did you have the time to pursue so many different occupations?

SUSAN: *(looking straight at him)*. Well it wasn't easy to tell you the truth. Believe me, I had my days and my struggles. Sometimes I wondered why I was doing it and if I would ever get through it. Frankly, I felt like quitting sometimes.

MR. STUMP: Why *did* you do it?

SUSAN: To make a difference. *(She leans forward a little and whispers to him)* To invest in the future of this world.

MR. STUMP: Uh-huh. Well if you have anything at all it's passion and determination and a strange list of prior professions, but I like you. When can you start?

SUSAN: *(excited)* Well, um tomorrow I take Noodles to the vet at 10:00 and Michael has a soccer game at 3:00. So, I can start the day after tomorrow.

MR. STUMP: Ok, then. I'll just have you sign the contract and you can be on your way. *(He puts a piece of paper in front of her and begins looking around his desk for a pen)*. I can't seem to find a pen.

SUSAN: I think I've got one. *(Susan reaches into her purse for a pen. She pulls out a couple toys and places them on the desk while she is digging. She pulls out a giant red crayon.)* Is a crayon okay?

MR. STUMP: A crayon? Sure.

*(SUSAN signs the contract).*

MR. STUMP: We'll see you the day after Noodles goes to the vet.

SUSAN: Ok. Thank you, sir. *(She turns around as if to exit, then she turns back around, licks her finger and wipes some “dirt” off Mr. Stump’s face, then pats his head, messing up his hair a little. She exits the office).*

THE END

