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Buddy's Mommy

A dramatic/thriller monologue

By Tara Meddaugh

Cast: Female

Age range: 20s-50s

Running time: approximately 2 minutes

Description: *Cali is a mother of a young boy, Buddy. She has recently gruesomely murdered a few men whom she thought were endangering Buddy. Now she is imploring her son to remember that she is a good mother, one who loves him and would protect him, not to think of her as an evil murderer as she may soon be depicted. She pleads her final motherly words as she hears the sirens and police cars drawing nearer.*

CALI

They're gonna paint me as some psycho, you hear me? They're gonna say I'm crazy and out of my mind, and some are gonna say I'm evil. Because when you look at what I did, on paper, okay?—I'm talking on paper, it might look that way. Are you listening? Ignore those sirens. You gotta listen, Buddy, you gotta hear me because I'm not gonna be able to talk to you for a while. Okay? On paper, it might look one way, but paper's just—it's just a scrap of a dead tree, right? There's no feeling in that. A person is not a piece of paper. So when you hear them say those silly things, you remember what I'm telling you now. Okay? I'm not crazy. I mean, I'm crazy with love for you, but you know, that's not a bad thing. Crazy love, mad love, love love love love love!

(pause)

Buddy, move away from the window. Don't let those sirens distract you. Look at me, honey. You gotta remember that it was those other people who pushed me, right? Who pushed us? I'm going to defend and protect those I love and there's nothing wrong with that. I'm a mama bear. I'm your mama bear! I'm not evil. If you hear that, know that mama bears can't be evil. Mommy's not out there trying to kill superheroes or unicorns! That would be evil! And that's not me. You get that, right? Buddy, you know I'd give both my arms for you and an evil person would not do that.

(pause)

Now we can have ourselves a good cry, because love makes us feel all sorts of other emotions too. But then we move on and we learn our spelling words and take our swim lessons and we fold our shirts so they don't get wrinkled. We hold our head up, Buddy, and we don't wear wrinkled shirts.

(pause)

I'm sorry those sirens are hurting your ears.

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