

Foster Mother, A Window and a Wall

*Selected from the collection
“The Mommy Monologues”*

By Sharon Dunn

Cast: 1 w

Length: 2 pages of dialogue (544 words)

Performance time: About 3 minutes

The Story

A foster mother realizes she's going to have to be a wall, to shield her young charge from people's thoughtless and hurtful comments. At the same time she will also have to serve as a window to God, to let this little girl know that she is valuable and precious.

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FOSTER MOTHER A Window and a Wall

(AT RISE: A WOMAN sits in a rocking chair holding a cup of coffee.)

I've had a really hard day. *(Sips a cup of coffee.)* When Shawn and I found out we couldn't have children of our own, we decided to become foster parents. Angie has only been with us for two weeks. *(Smiles at the thought of the little girl.)* She has bright green eyes, only five years old. She likes it when I braid her straight blond hair, then I put in two little barrettes, *(Touches HER temples.)* one on each side. She only lets me touch her when I comb her hair, so that time is really special. She likes our dog and follows him around the yard talking to him and hugging him. So at least she feels safe and bonded to Scruffy, ... if not us, yet.

Today she had one of her angry fits in the grocery store, *(Sighs deeply.)* crashing carts together, throwing things, yelling at people. While I was trying to keep her from doing too much damage and get her out of the store as quickly as I could, an old man came up behind me. I don't think he realized I was Angie's guardian. He said to me, "That one ain't exactly the pick of the litter, is she?" It didn't bother me that he said such a cruel thing. It bothered me that Angie heard it. She stopped her temper tantrum and looked right at me. I felt a sword go through my heart. I got her out and into the car. She's been quiet all day. *(Stands up, as if looking out the window at the child.)* Just wandering around the yard with that three-legged dog. They're quite a match.

This is harder than I thought it was going to be. I realize now that I have to be both a window and a wall for Angie. I have to be the wall that catches all the bullets of those comments that people will make. I have to counter whatever people say about her, like that old man, by finding what she is good at, what her valuable personality traits are. And letting her know over and over again that she is not the label that people put on her, that she is not whatever names her mother called

End of Freeview

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