

Baby Blues

(Monologue or Ventriloquist)

By Ruth Pieloor Copyright, All rights reserved 2015

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Music: '5, 10, 15 hours' (Baby Baby) by Ruth Brown

LIGHTS UP

Enter a Mother carrying a Baby (PUPPET) in a Baby Bjorn pouch. She carries a baby bag and a coffee. She finds a café table & places bag on seat & gets out mobile phone.

She sits (fade music)

She removes Baby's bonnet and rummages in her bag.

BABY:

Psst. Psst!

Hi. I know this sounds crazy but my Mum isn't really good at being my mum, in fact she's crap! She speaks down to me she's all booboo bubba woo woo at me. If we can have Proud Mothers we can have Shame Babies too right?

Mother gets baby out of pouch and sits her on her lap.

Ah the table. I'd like to hide *HER* under a table and see if *SHE* falls asleep!

Mother puts dummy in baby's mouth.

Gutless. Every time I make a noise or I try to speak. I just want to express myself! Especially if we're in public.

We were having brunch with Auntie B the other day and she had forgotten the dummy so she kept sticking her finger in my mouth. Her finger! Can you imagine! She wants me to be seen and not heard. Like I'm some kinda fashion accessory.

Honestly hollywood has a lot to answer for!

Mother puts dummy in again and gives attention to her coffee.

At least she didn't do that after it dropped it on the floor, like when we were at café Kindle. This man goes "You dropped your pacifier", he hands it to Mum...she wipes it on her jeans, sticks it on her own mouth, like that's a clean place, sucks it, and then puts it back in my mouth! Pacified! I was stunned!

Mother slurps coffee.

You're the dummy Mummy!

Mother looks about.

Baby stands You're probably thinking oh the poor mother doing it tough, maybe no support at home, has post-natal depression. Well that at least would be something.

She's just not cut out to be a good Mum.

Mother looks at Baby

Guess I should have asked for references.

Mother sniffs air. Mother sniffs Baby's but from behind.

Oh for crying out loud.

Mother sniffs Baby's but as she leans Baby forward.

Eeww?

Mother sits baby back down.

No idea!

Mother gets wrap out of bag & puts on shoulder.

Like yesterday it's cold but we're inside with heating and she had me in 5 layers! Singlet, Onsie, jumper, jacket, bunny wug, booties mittens, bonnet.

Mother gets bottle out of bag and puts on table.

She's barely wearing a thing and I'm dressed to the tits, sweating my arse off in my woollen fleecy-lined-insulated stroller! I'm going: "Waah I'm on fire here!!" And she's goes "Sshhh darling Sush!"

Mother hears and turns to sush baby on her shoulder.

See!?

Mother tests milk temp on wrist.

Mother gets bottle from table & Baby sees bottle.

Mother tries to interest her in bottle. Baby turns head away making noises.

And don't get me started on feeding! *(pauses)*

Mother tries again. Baby turns head away again and Mother gives up & looks about embarrassed.

First she started hiding me under a cloth or her jacket whenever she needs a latte or whatever. *(To Mother)* You twy sleeping after all that caffeine?

Baby leans in as if a secret

And you thought coffee tasted bad in Westfield – twy having it when you're only a few months old and by osmosis!

Offers Milk again.

Then she started hiding in the toilet. Yes I mean drinking your mother's milk whilst she is sitting on a public toilet seat in a cubicle! *(to Mother)* Are you insane?

Mother tries milk with Baby lying down on arm.

Now she's got me dwinking this formula wubbish, and blaming me that my poo stinks!

What am I the family pet?!

Mother puts dummy in and puts Baby over shoulder but Baby face-plants shoulder and has to crawl up and spit dummy out.

Holy Fuck!

Mother notices Baby a little unsettled so starts rocking whilst still sitting then patting.

And what's with all the wocking and patting?

I guess as long as she doesn't accelerate to hitting and shaking, then that's ok?

Mother pats more obviously.

Oww! Im calling abuse! *Mother looks about.*

I think the safest thing for me to do is to play dead. So I pwetend I'm asleep.

Baby hides head.

And she stops.

Baby hides head again. Baby steels a look.

But then she has to check on me eveyw minute to see if I'm still alive!

Mother stops. Mother checks on Baby.

Boo! *Mother is relieved but embarrassed. Baby chuckles. Mother recovers & rocks a little*

It's like when I'm asleep on my side or even on my fwont. Hey, I'm comfortable! But she has to woll me on my back, so I wake and see that fweaky mobile swirling above my head.

Mother & Baby play peekaboo, missing seeing eachother.

(to Mother) You don't have to watch me fall asleep Mum! *(to audience)* That's just cweepy. *Baby puts head down again and snores.*

Mother gets out magazine and reads. Baby talks quietly.

The other morning she put me in the car and I thought 'Oh cool we're going somewhere' but no. We dwove wound and wound the block 4 times. I was yelling at her "You're nuts! We just passed our place again! Stop the car!" *Mother looks. Baby pretends to sleep. Mother goes back to reading her Mag.* In the end I had to pwetend to be asleep just so she would take me home. So iwesponsible. She'd had less than 4 hours sleep so that's weally iwesponsible. And with all the pwetending I think I might have weally fallen asleep because I don't wemember getting home. I suspect all that liquid Panadol was more than the wecommended dose!? I'll be on to Phenergan next!

What if in my drugged-up state I sleep soundly in the back and she's so sleep-deprived she forgets I'm there and leaves me in the car all day to go for lattes!?! (*realisation/shock*)

Mother notices baby is unsettled & stands and begins a rock to no avail.

It's pwobably only a matter of time! I must stay awake and keep an eye on her and let her know I'm here! *Mother stands to settle baby* "Hey I'm here! Hey hey hey!!!

Mother is somewhat embarrassed and moves chair away from people (DS) puts dummy in and sits baby on her knee & begins jiggling her

It's so exhausting living with this woman!

Mother looks about hoping no one is judging her. She pats Baby

I tried talking to other babies but they're all either too stwessed out wailing their heads off, or they're blissfully oblivious to everything you know all gooey smiley happy. Blech.

Mother is looking at baby trying to be playful as a distraction.

The other day I asked a Toddler if he knew how to help and he looked at me, smiled, and then started Wing-around-the fucken-Wosie on my foot! P-lease.

Mother is bouncing baby vigorously by now.

Is there no-one I-I ca-an tu-urn to-o-oo...

Mother Shushes and stands and rocks baby in arms jiggling her on her side.

So tomowow we're going to a health-nurse baby-whisperer or something. If she doesn't get what I'm on about I'm planning on firing fwom both ends!

Mother flips baby on Right shoulder and does a step-together dance.

I weckon under-age half-arse pawenting is better than my over-pwotective helicopter molly-coddling middle-class middle-aged hippy-yuppy mother!

Mother starts throwing baby straight up in the air.

Ahh! FUUCCK!!! *Mother abandon this*

Mother puts baby on tummy over her arm and pats her vigourously (DS)

You're all having babies way too old you don't know what to do with us - not only have you forgotten your own childhood but now you're all EXPERTS!

Mother has Baby over her arm upside down swinging. She looks about to see if anyone has noticed.

Blogging, posting, tweeting. I mean do I weally care what Pwincess Mary thinks of enviro-nappies?

Mother flings baby over Right shoulder.

OI think I'm going to be sick!!

Mother begins a jumping/ jiggling jog.

I don't care how much a baby car seat costs, or whether my outfit's Pumpkin Patch or Target.

Mother puts Baby over Left shoulder

I don't need a view from a palace-on-wheels SUV tank with my own inflight entertainment!

Mother looks at Baby and "SUSHES" her.

PAUSE (gently...)

I hate Baby Apps...

AND I DON'T WANT TO GO FOR A BABY FUCKEN CHINO!!!!

Mother looks at baby and puts Baby back in Baby Bjorn pouch

Please take me to daycare...

Mother gives up & starts to packs up stuff.

...put me in a basket. Float me down a wiver, anything!

Somebody call DOCS.

Mother puts everything in bag & puts bag on shoulder. She begins to leave looking apologetically at people.

Anybody? Foster Pawents? Kidnappers? Teenage Bogans? Anybody?!

They swiftly go to leave...

Heeeeelp!!!?...

Mother returns to table with Baby to collect nappy she forgot. They pause.

I just pooped

(beat. Mother looks at Baby)

BLACKOUT

Music: 'Mamma Mia' by ABBA