

Love Always

Renée Taylor & Joseph Bologna

Scene: Here and now
Serio-Comic

Barbara: a new mother, 20-30

Here, an exhausted and ecstatic woman greets her child for the first time.



BARBARA: You know, *you* really make me feel so glad I'm a woman. I can't imagine why I put you off for so long, but it's a big step our living together, when you consider we just met and I don't even know your name yet . . . What do you think of Ariella? It means lioness . . . Bad, huh? Okay. I won't push any name on you that you're not happy with. By the way, my name is Barbara, and you'll see I'm pretty progressive, as mother's go, although, I must insist that you always call me Mother because I'm the adult and you're the child (*Whispering.*) and I'm expecting you to love me. (*Pleading.*)

Please love me, I love you . . . Well, I don't really. Yet. But don't tell anyone. I don't want them to think I'm a bad mother. But I think it takes a little more time than three minutes, and I'm working on it. I do love you. I mean I don't feel *in* love. I don't know what I'm talking about. You're my first baby. I'm not sure *what* I'm supposed to feel . . . How's Eve? She was the first woman . . . Who cares, huh? I'll tell you something that'll probably surprise you. I'm scared about being a mother. Did you happen to hear anything I said while I was carrying you? I heard that infants are sensitive to their mother's feelings, so I forced myself to feel only good things about having you. I would really recommend natural childbirth to you, when you're ready and you're married. Not that I'm against a boy and girl living together if they're in love. Only, I would prefer if you didn't. How's Eunice? I don't know what it means. I only suggested it because it was your father's

grandmother's name . . . Okay, at least I can tell him I tried. How do you feel about having a working mother? Because I plan to go back to work in three months, and I'm telling you now I love my career and I'm not making any sacrifices because I'm entitled to have a life too. And you want the best of me, and you'll get the best of me if I work. We'll see. I'm open. And, I'm not giving up going out in the evening. We go out four, five times a week. Two, three anyway. And, I'm not giving up traveling. You'd better love flying . . . Robin, how's that? It means pretty bird . . . Eech! I'm exhausted. It's not easy being a mother. I hope you'll have patience. You like Patience? . . . Hope? Charity? Candy? Venus? Salome? Anne? . . . Anne's nice. Anna. A, my name is Anna. My mother's name is Barbara. We come from Cincinnati and we sell dictaphones . . . You know, you're silly. I love you. Anna? I think I'm *in* love with you, too.

Maybe I could get my leave of absence extended a few more months, anyway.

(Barbara begins humming a free-form song, making up the words as she goes along.)

Anna is a pretty little baby . . . And she's gong to love her mommy . . . And we're going to have such a nice time . . .

(Lights slowly fade out, as Barbara improvises her little song to Anna.)