



What Kind of Mother?

by Adam J. Wahlberg

Ruth: I'm not disturbing you, am I? You scrambled up here so fast. Didn't even say hello to your cousins. There's a party going on downstairs, or haven't you heard? Grandma made that macaroni salad you love so much. If you're hungry...

Who was that boy that dropped you off just now? He was cute. Even Aunt Harley thought so, and she's gay. You've got good taste, Lana. *(Pause.)* Not talking. Okay.

Is it his? If so, that'll be one gorgeous grandchild. *(Pause.)* C'mon honey, you're my own flesh and blood. What kind of mother would I be? I mean, all these sweatshirts in the middle of August.

I also know that you were at St. Joe's yesterday.

Lana, look at me. *(She doesn't.)* Look at me! If you go through with this, you'll be out of my house so fast it'll make your head spin. No, you are going to raise that little whelp and love the shit out of it. And I am going to help you.

And if I ever see that boy in my driveway again, I swear to Almighty God I'll take the shotgun down from the mantle. And I'm one hell of a shot.

So get your ass down there, hug your grandmother, and shove that macaroni salad into your face. You're eating for two now.