

# ***Don't Leave Me Without Muffin***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

DIANE:

40's

GINGER:

18

Place

Diane's home

Time

4:00 AM

Setting: An old rundown home with mixed faded paint, holes in the sheet rock, ripped couch, faded rug, food and beverage thrown about...all have Earth tone colors.

At Rise: Ginger has just stepped foot at home and Diane has been up waiting for her. The action of this play takes place dominantly in the center of the living room.

**DIANE:** Where were you?

**GINGER:** I was out.

**DIANE:** I'm asking you, WHERE?

**GINGER:** Out! Out! Who cares?

**DIANE:** I care!

**GINGER:** Since when?

**DIANE:** Since right now.

**GINGER:** Too damn late.

**DIANE:** Ginger, don't fuck with me.

**GINGER:** All of a sudden you've decided to wake up at four in the morning and be a mother? It doesn't work that way, sorry.

**DIANE:** I am your mother and I will always be your mother, whether you like it or not.

**GINGER:** It doesn't matter.

**DIANE:** What are those marks on your arm?

**GINGER:** Leave me alone.

*Diane grabs her daughter's arm and inspects.*

**DIANE:** What is this shit?

**GINGER:** What does it look like?

**DIANE:** Your cutting yourself now?

**GINGER:** It's initiation.

**DIANE:** What??

**GINGER:** I'm part of a group, a family, a real family that cares about me.

**DIANE:** And this is what your new family does to you?

**GINGER:** I had to show my commitment, my loyalty.

**DIANE:** And who is the leader of this cult?

**GINGER:** My boyfriend, Darren.

**DIANE:** You have a boyfriend?

**GINGER:** Yes! Did you just wake up to life?

**DIANE:** This is too much for me, this is all too much for me, Ginger.

**GINGER:** So what? You don't have to start worrying about me now.

**DIANE:** Of course I worry about you.

**GINGER:** I'm moving in with Darren.

**DIANE:** No, you're not!

**GINGER:** I just came to pack my shit and I'm out.

**DIANE:** You are not leaving this house!

**GINGER:** You can't stop me.

**DIANE:** If your father were alive---

**GINGER:** He's not alive, is he? He's dead and so am I. I don't ever want to see your face for as long as I live.

**DIANE:** Don't you dare speak to me that way.

**GINGER:** Fuck off.

**DIANE:** GINGER!

**GINGER:** ...What?

**DIANE:** Sit your ass down.

**GINGER:** No.

**DIANE:** I will never let you leave this home.

**GINGER:** What are you going to do, Ma? Huh? You going to fight me?

**DIANE:** I don't recognize you anymore.

**GINGER:** This is who I am!

**DIANE:** You're drunk. You're drunk, aren't you?

**GINGER:** I'm not drunk, Mom. I'm awake, wide awake. I see things very clearly. I see what you did to me growing up and how you left me to fend for myself. You don't remember, do you? All those times I had no choice but to walk into town and search through garbage containers and dumpsters behind McDonalds, just so I could eat.

If I never did that I would have starved to death, just like Louie. Well, he didn't starve, he died cause he was too young to take it...right?

This whole life, I am done! I am done thinking that one day it can change. The only real change that will ever happen is if I make the change myself and I am LEAVING!

No more bumping into random men in our kitchen during the middle of the night. No more sleazy smells from all the booze and drugs you've been doing. No more waiting for a smile, a look, something, *anything* that tells me you see me.

You never cared about me. You selfish, waste of life, you only cared about me if it served you well in some way. Whenever I'm no use to you, I disappear from your mind.

And now I've disappeared for good. You can keep your life. I want no part of it.

**DIANE:** Ginger...please...wait, I don't feel well, I'm serious.

*Diane sits.*

I feel like I'm dying. I'm dying. Am I dying?

**GINGER:** You're not dying...

**DIANE:** You're all I have left.

**GINGER:** Don't give me that.

**DIANE:** You're all I...I have left.

**GINGER:** Are you really dying? (beat) Should I call an ambulance?

**DIANE:** ...Water...

**GINGER:** Here's some soda.

*Ginger hands her mother a bottle of soda resting on the table.*

*Diane drinks it down.*

Better?

*Diane nods.*

I can't stay here.

**DIANE:** I don't want to die alone.

**GINGER:** You're not dying!

**DIANE:** No...I am...eventually, I don't want to be alone.

**GINGER:** You won't be alone.

**DIANE:** Ginger...are you in a satanic cult?

**GINGER:** ...No, it's nothing like that at all.

**DIANE:** But you wear these, what do they call it, GOTHIC, you are Gothic.

**GINGER:** I'm not into dark magic or any stupid shit, okay?

**DIANE:** Please---

**GINGER:** Stop begging. I told you I'm not...I have to go.

*Ginger goes into her bedroom dumping clothes in her suitcase, but carries in her arms her beloved rag doll Muffin.*

*Diane puts up a kettle of water on in the kitchen.*

*Ginger comes out from her bedroom.*

**DIANE:** Did you pack, oh, Muffin?

**GINGER:** What?

**DIANE:** Muffin...are you taking Muffin with you?

**GINGER:** Of course.

**DIANE:** Can I have her?

**GINGER:** Of course not.

**DIANE:** If Darren and the cult get my daughter, I get Muffin.

**GINGER:** No fucking way.

**DIANE:** I made her for you.

**GINGER:** That's right, for me, she's my rag doll. Go make your own.

**DIANE:** Hand her over, Ginger.

**GINGER:** No.

**DIANE:** Hand her over to me.

**GINGER:** ...No. Why do you want her so bad?

**DIANE:** At least I won't die alone.

**GINGER:** I can't.

**DIANE:** Why not?

**GINGER:** You know why.

**DIANE:** I don't.

**GINGER:** I need her.

**DIANE:** But you have Darren now.

**GINGER:** It's not the same.

**DIANE:** It isn't?

**GINGER:** Why am I even talking to you about this?

**DIANE:** Don't leave me without Muffin

**GINGER:** I have to go.

**DIANE:** I need her.

**GINGER:** I need her.

**DIANE:** Do you?

**GINGER:** Yes.

**DIANE:** As much as I do?

**GINGER:** I think so.

**DIANE:** Right...off you go.

*Diane goes back to the kettle to make tea.*

*Ginger stands in the center of the living room. She places her doll Muffin on the couch and quickly exits.*

*Diane comes back into the living room. She notices Muffin. She walks over to Muffin and sits beside her. She grabs Muffin and cradles her.*

*Lights slowly fade out.*

**END OF PLAY**