

REAL MOM

by: Japheth Gordon

ASHLEY is neatly folding a pile of towels. RENE is on her laptop.

RENE

I can't believe you don't want to meet her.

ASHLEY

Someone's gotta fold laundry.

RENE

C'mon, I'm serious.

ASHLEY

Me too. I've got another load waiting in the dryer. No time to meet random strangers today.

RENE

She is not random. She's our mother.

ASHLEY

That woman, whoever she is, is not our mother. Our REAL mom is downstairs right now making dinner...like she does every night. And when she's finished she'll want to hang out and talk and hear about our lives just like she has done every night since the day she adopted us...because that is what a mom does.

RENE

You know that's not what I meant.

ASHLEY

I'll tell you what I know. I know a mom doesn't drop her babies off with a neighbor and just never come back. I know a mom doesn't miss birthdays and holidays without so much as a phone call. I know a mom doesn't just appear out of the blue ten years later and expect everything to be forgiven. So, please, explain to me again how that woman you're going to see is our mother. 'Cause maybe you know something I don't.