

Mother

M: Want something to eat?

J: No.

M: I made some salad and I have some meat loaf.

J: I don't eat meat.

M: That's right. It's Jeff that loves that.

J: I'll have some salad.

M: Well don't have salad just for my sake.

J: No, I'll have it.

M: You sure you want salad?

J: Yes, I want salad.

M: Not just for my sake?

J: Mother don't get into that food stuff please. Just give me a little salad.

M: Oh I know what I can do. I'll scrape the top off the meat loaf.

J: What would that do?

M: Well it wouldn't be as much meat then.

J: Well it's still meat. What difference does it make how much you have?

M: You really don't like meat, huh?

J: No Mother I don't like eating cows.

M: Oh honey, everything comes from a cow. Everything.

M: Come on in honey. Sit. If you had come two hours earlier, we could have had a dinner together. I made a great beef stew. Here.(pours salad) What else can I get for you?

J: You know Mother, I'm really not hungry at all. I ate at a truck stop so this is fine.

M: Well, I have some cold spaghetti but it has meat sauce in it. (he nods no) Can you eat lamb chops?

J: What the hell is a lamb? Its meat. I told you I don't eat it.

M: Its not a cow. I didn't know if it was the animal you were siding with or the whole thing.

J: The whole thing.

M: Want some cheese?

J: No. The salad is fine. I promise.

M: I'm gonna give you some cheese.

J: That's a lot of cheese.

M: Got it in hunks.

J: Look at the date. It's three years old.

M: Oh it's been in the freezer.

J: Yeah, but how cheap was it that you wanted this much of it?

M: This is wonderful cheese. It's from Switzerland...very hard to get.

J: How can it be hard to get? It's all here. I don't want the cheese.

M: Now dear.

J: Mother. Stop. I don't want it. I don't want any.

M: Just a minute....well.

J: It's like this old house.

M: Well you haven't even tried it.

J: I can tell by the gross weight. I like my cheese in the ounces. When they weigh as much as a fiat I get morbid.

M: Whatever. Can you eat saltines?

J: Yeah of course I can eat saltines. Cant anybody? That's what they give sick people.

M: Well I just didn't know if there was some sort of meat in it. I don't know what they use.

J: Put it away Mother. I don't want them. Clear out a portion of the refrigerator tomorrow. I'll go shopping and get stuff I like.

M: Honey you don't have to do that.

J: No, I want to. If I'm going to be here I want food to eat.

M: You think you'll be here long enough you'll have to go shopping?

J: Yes. I wish you'd understand what I'm doing here and support it. (tastes lettuce) Ewwwww. Yuck.

Ewww.

M: Well what's wrong? There can't be meat in that.

J: This lettuce is a hundred years old. When did you get this from the Smithsonian commissary?

M: Lettuce doesn't get old.

J: Lettuce doesn't get old? What do you mean? You never heard of wilted lettuce?

M: Honey, I just took it out of the freezer.

J: You're freezing everything. It was a good invention but it can't work for everything. That's why it's smaller than a refrigerator. You not supposed to put everything in that little box.

M: I make my salads on Monday and I keep them frozen all week. I think I know what I'm doing.

J: Well, I know but it doesn't taste good to me.

M: You're just not used to it.

J: I don't want to get used to it. I want to go to the market.

M: How about some sherbet?

J: What kind of sherbet?

M: Oh it's delicious. (shows it to him) Mmmm.

J: Sweet Tooth? Where do you find Sweet Tooth? I never hear of these brands. There's a Baskin Robbins half a block from here.

M: Oh, I wouldn't go down there. That's a waste of money. I'm not going to fall for that.

J: Not going to fall for that? What are you falling for? They have ice cream there.

M: There's no difference. Why should I pay triple the amount when they probably go to the supermarket and buy the very same kind.

J: Mother, the ice cream is colorless.

M: Look under the protective ice.

J: The protective ice? You've actually named the clear hard crap that sits on the top?

M: Well if you don't want it, don't eat it.

J: You know when I'm down you give me these words of wisdom...Honey, you don't need to see a shrink. Just don't be hard on yourself. How can I possibly do that when I come from you. You're running a food museum here. Why can't you just go buy fresh ice cream?

M: You haven't even tried it. You're making fun of the ice cream and you haven't even tasted it. It's wonderful sherbet.

J: I don't want any. I don't want it. I'm not going to taste it.

M: No. No.

J: I don't want it.

M: (shoves it in his mouth) You tell me.

J: Ewww. Oh god. This is horribly old. This tastes like an orange foot. Oh my God almighty. Phooey. Ick.

M: You're the first one that didn't like it.

J: Oh I bet.

M: Buy your own then.

J: Yeech.

M: I'm exhausted. I'm gonna go take a bath. Eat whatever you want to eat. Just put the dishes in the sink and I'll see you in the morning. Then we'll talk about the couch. Such a surprise to have you here.

(kisses him)

J: Sleep well Mother.