

The Award  
A one-minute play  
By Jake Lewis

*Lights rise on: the interior of a nursing home room. Sitting at a window is DOREEN. A few moments later, DAVID enters with a paper plate. There is a muffin and some fruit on it.*

DAVID: Breakfast is served!

*DOREEN looks at him, unsure of who he is. DAVID recognizes her confusion.*

DOREEN: May I help you?

*DAVID sets down the plate.*

DAVID: Oh. Yes. Yes you can. Are you Mrs. Doreen Hunter?

*DOREEN points to the door with her name on a plaque.*

DAVID: Excellent! My name is David.

DOREEN: David is my son's name.

DAVID: You picked a great name! And because I'm sure that's just the start to your greatness, I came here to award you with a prize!

DOREEN: A prize? For what? Looking out the window longest?

DAVID: David wrote to us in order to submit your name for the Best Mother Ever award!

DOREEN: Oh please! I'm sure there were better mothers than me! If I was such a good mother, why doesn't David ever visit me?

DAVID: *(Emotions starting to peek through.)* Well...he was here earlier. The nurses told me.

DOREEN: I don't remember...

DAVID: You were sleeping. That's why. He didn't want to wake you, so he said he'll come back later. In the meantime, we thought you'd like some breakfast delivered to your room as part of your prize!

DOREEN: Mmm! Cantaloupe! My favorite!

DAVID: I know.

*Beat.*

DOREEN: So, Best Mother Ever. Really?

DAVID: I wouldn't lie.

*DOREEN looks closely at him, and after a moment, smiles.*

DOREEN: He's a wonderful son. I hope I told him that enough.

DAVID: You did. You did, Mom.

*They pick from the plate, and eat as the lights fade to black.*

End