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# **My Mother#\*!^%#! College Life**

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(MY MOTHER#!^0%#! COLLEGE LIFE)

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Created by Brooke Jennett and Michael Bigelow Dixon. Conceived by Jon Jory. Written by Janet Allard, Joseph Michael Bahena, Erica Beimesche, Brayden Bergman, Katie Brewer-Calvert, Mattie Bruton, Sophia Burke, Kamilah Bush, Justin Yu-Young Chien 錢裕揚, Adam Denoyer, Briana Garcia, Kathryn R. Gillespie, Kaitlin Haggard, Maya Hamer, Michael A. Huelsman, Hannah Jacky, Brooke Jennett, Trevor Kassis, Mollie LaFavers, Olivia Luken, Philana Omorotionmwan, Isabel Peña, Stephanie Robinson, Theodora Zora Salazar, Natasha Renee Smith, Charlotte Stephens, Emy Stevens, Jessica Wilson, Elizabeth Wong and Justin D. Wright

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*My Mother's College Life* premiered on March 30, 2017, at Transylvania University's Lucille Little Theater in Lexington, Ky.

Cast:

Brayden Bergman  
Aaron Botts  
Katie Brewer-Calvert  
Brooke Jennett  
Trevor Kassis  
Mollie LaFavers  
Nikki Ramos  
Justin D. Wright

Production Staff:

Producer ..... Sullivan Canaday White  
Director ..... Michael Bigelow Dixon  
Lighting Designer/Operator ..... Stephanie Wright

# My Mother#!^%#! College Life

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## EDITORS' NOTES

The title *My Mother#!^%#! College Life* was inspired by recent plays written by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwrights Suzan-Lori Parks (*F\*\*\*ing A*) and Stephen Adly Guirgis (*The Mother\*\*\*\*\* with the Hat*) as well as Aaron Posner's adaptation of *The Seagull* (*Stupid F\*\*\*ing Bird*). Print publications, such as newspapers and magazines, have treated those titles in various ways, depending on their editorial policies. While we intend that the title of this play be printed *My Mother#!^%#! College Life* in advertisements, programs and posters, we recognize that some institutions and organizations may need to use something less explicit, such as *My \*Bleeping\* College Life* or *My (expletive deleted) College Life*. If that adjustment is necessary to publicize the play, producing organizations have our permission to do so.

We expect theatres that produce *My Mother#!^%#! College Life* to stage all 40 monologues; however, we realize that the cast for a specific production may not include actors who match the specific race, ethnicity and/or gender requirements called for by a few of the monologues. Rather than change any of the text, we allow theatres to substitute up to four monologues with those taken from the last section, "Monologues to Add or Substitute," or with monologues written by or for actors in the production to reflect their own concerns and personal characteristics. The program should list all authors and monologues performed in the production.

Also, a few of the monologues are arranged as dialogues or for a chorus. While we found these effective in our production—they provided variety, energy and an ensemble dynamic—the solo/group arrangements can be changed to suit the aesthetic goals of each production.

# My Mother#!^%#! College Life

## PROLOGUE

### College

By Olivia Luken

ACTOR (*looking at papers*). A common question asked of prospective college students: What do you want to do with your life? What are you thinking of studying? What's your major? But the "real important" questions are the essay questions on the college application. (*Looks and reads application.*) "Evaluate a significant experience, achievement, risk you have taken or ethical dilemma you have faced and its impact on you." "Indicate a person who has had significant influence on you and describe that influence." (*Throws papers.*) I don't want to go to college. There, I said it. I'm going to be completely honest with you, it just doesn't appeal to me. I just experienced twelve years of textbooks, teachers, essays, and pointless classes teaching things I don't care about—Why would I pay for four more years of schooling? And that's just an undergraduate degree; if you actually want to be successful, you need to get a master's or doctorate in your field. What am I doing? Competing with the academics in my generation isn't something easy to accomplish. I'm average in about every aspect of my life: my grades, my looks, my personality, everything is just plain and normal. They say that "finding yourself" is all a part of the college experience. Maybe that's what it's all about—not the academics or the

degree. Perhaps it's about the steps to adulthood—learning who you are—that's drawing people to universities. That after four years, the walk across the stage signifies your final step of growing up. The single piece of paper received is who you are, it is the person you came to college to find. All one can really hope is that the person on that paper—is the one you want to be.

# PART I: GREAT EXPECTATIONS

## A Geek Chorus

By Katie Brewer-Calvert

CHARACTERS:

$$A = \pi r^2$$

$$a(b + c) = ab + ac$$

$$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$$

$$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$$

\*\*\*

$A = \pi r^2$ : College.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : New found freedom.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : No parents, no curfew.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Co-ed dorms!

*(They all high five.)*

$A = \pi r^2$ : Maybe losing our virginites?

*(Lights up on a dorm bed.  $a(b + c) = ab + ac$  and  $\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$  are sitting on the bed shyly.)*

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$  &  $\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : We will.

*( $(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$  takes a step towards the bed and stands next to it.)*

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Maybe later.

*( $A = \pi r^2$  joins  $a(b + c) = ab + ac$  and  $\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ .)*

$A = \pi r^2$ : Whatever you're comfortable with. That's the rule. Yes or no. Very clear.

*(Beat.)*

$A = \pi r^2$ ,  $a(b + c) = ab + ac$  &  $\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : Yes.

*(Lights begin to fade.)*

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : No.

*(Lights come back up immediately.)*

$A = \pi r^2$ ,  $a(b + c) = ab + ac$ , and  $\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$  get up.  
Everyone moves away from the bed.

Everyone straightens their clothes, checks their  
breath, etc. Lights out on the bed.)

$A = \pi r^2$ : Papers.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : I declared my English major today!

$A = \pi r^2$ : Tests.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : I have three in one day and no  
time to study!

$A = \pi r^2$ : Group projects.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : I always have to do all the work!

All: Ugh same!

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : Inconvenient office hours.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : Library study sessions.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Way too much coffee.

$A = \pi r^2$ : College is ...

*(Simultaneously.)*

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : Necessary.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : Stressful.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Draining.

All: College sucks!

*(Simultaneously.)*

$A = \pi r^2$ : Usually.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : Sometimes.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : Not really.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Always.

$A = \pi r^2$ : Junior.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : Sophomore.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : First-Year.

$A = \pi r^2$ ,  $a(b + c) = ab + ac$  &  $(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : (Cough.) Freshman. (Cough.)

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Senior.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : New friends.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : A fresh start.

$A = \pi r^2$ : Ready to be myself for once.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Ready for everyone to work for me!

$A = \pi r^2$ : 2016.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Technology is one of the fastest growing fields.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : Phones are more common than books.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : Textbooks cost more than phones.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : The world is getting smaller.

$A = \pi r^2$ : And the people are getting bigger.

$(a(b + c) = ab + ac, \vec{F} = m\vec{a}$  and  $(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$  look at  $A = \pi r^2$ .)

$A = \pi r^2$ : OK, OK, bad joke.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : Anyways.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : College is going to be the best four years of my life!

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : Eh. I hope not.

$A = \pi r^2$ : I wouldn't mind if it was.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : I hope I haven't already peaked.

$A = \pi r^2$ : Our future is uncertain.

$a(b + c) = ab + ac$ : But for the next four years.

$\vec{F} = m\vec{a}$ : We'll do our best to forget that.

$(x - y)(x + y) = x^2 - y^2$ : And when that doesn't work.

All: We'll get really drunk!

*(They grab red solo cups and exit laughing.)*

### **Fish Face Girl**

By Emy Stevens

ACTOR. Funny story. I mean, I totally didn't see the part where he slipped on the banana peel coming. What can I say, Abby? Is it your worst work? No. Is there room for improvement? I'd say a hard, fast "yes." I don't get why you are trying so hard to do something you're not into. Getting people to laugh at your stories doesn't make you likeable. You know what I like? I like it when you feel so uncomfortable that you make that stupid fish face. I like it when someone asks how you're doing, and you respond with, "Dandy," or "Nifty," just to see if they really care how you're doing. I like when your hair falls out of your braid after you spent all morning perfecting it. You don't work at these things. You simply do them. That's the girl that I want to know.

### **Matthew 15:11**

By Stephanie Robinson

ACTOR. I was having a good time before you barged in here. You came in all righteous-like while I was floating on a cloud and feeling so fucking amazing, but then ... Poof! Apparently God sent his one and only messenger. That's you, right? Since you like to tell me all the things that I'm



doing that make God weep. However, tonight was a special sermon. I was blessed to hear about why marijuana is sinful, why I'm sinful. You say—God says—that someone that believes in Him feels an eternal high from His love and His love alone. Sure, OK. Did you read the Bible page to page to get that info? Like do you know, love's not just his answering prayers that you pass your Chem test? His love comes from the promise that everything He made was good. That includes those marijuana leaves I was puffing and passing. What I put into my mouth is not your business, but what comes out of yours is.

### **The F\*ckers in Financial Aid**

By Joseph Michael Bahena

ACTOR. Financial Aid rang me. They said, “Hey, you owe us!” And I'm like, “Oh shit, I'm broke!” And they said, “You owe us one dollar!” (*Beat.*) Huh? Then they said “And until you pay us our one dollar, we are going to freeze your meal plan, transcripts, I.D. card!” But I just ignored it, because I'm thinking that my private liberal arts college really wouldn't mind if I didn't pay one dollar. No one is going to go bankrupt over one dollar! Well, the next day, I get another call and they say, “Yo asshole, you now owe us twenty-five dollars!” Fuck. But you know, if I had a dollar for every time my school tried to squeeze more money out of me, I would be able to pay my entire tuition! Think about that!

### **Seek Immediate Medical Attention If ...**

By Brayden Bergman

ACTOR (*nervously speaks as if going to confession*). I noticed it first starting to happen the moment that I stepped onto campus alone. I mean ... The last time I'd been there

I was with my mom, someone comforting. Someone who knew me. I was walking to my first class and I saw all of these people already in groups, having already met. I guess I missed some of the orientation bonding experiences. People whispered and looked in my general direction, my heart began to feel like I had just run a mile in five seconds, gravity pressed in on all sides of me, I couldn't breathe ... It took thirty minutes for the first attack to pass. I decided to get help, against my parents' wishes. They thought I was fine, but this was bordering on harmful to my life. I went to the student health service center and got a counselor, I filled out a mental health observation test form thing ... They put me on a medication to help with anxiety. Bupropion. Developed a horrible rash. Apparently I was allergic. My parents said it was karma. I said it was science. So I switched to another medication, and after ... two weeks? I began to feel ... well ... balanced!

## Urine Trouble

By Sophia Burke

*(A freshman girl. She wears pajama pants, an old t-shirt and may hold a toothbrush.)*

SARAH. Whenever I leave my dorm room in the middle of the night to go pee, I do a little dance as I walk past the garbage room. Why? Well, it's not an interpretive dance. It's not an homage to trash. I'm not doing performance art, people. I'm simply acknowledging the hidden camera that resides in a tiny box on the shelf in the garbage room. Why, do you ask, do we need a hidden camera in the garbage room of a freshman residence hall? Well, it's not because there are drugs. It's not because there's alcohol. It's because we have ... A renegade pisser. Yup. You heard it here, folks.

Some girl's live-in boyfriend has been pissing into our garbage cans. Our collective garbage cans. So that the hall gets the faintest eau de pee. It's wonderful.

I've caught him a few times. Ah, yes, the memories. Me, half asleep, clad in sweatpants, sometimes toothbrush in hand. Him, frantically stuffing his dick back into his pants and speed-walking down the hallway like he isn't actually going back into the room right across the hall. I'm thinking about submitting a petition to make the bathrooms co-ed, but I think I'll indulge him. And me. Thrill of the chase, y'know? There he goes! Catch you later. *(Starts to exit, but sees something in the distance and quickly sneaks forward, but not before pausing to do a dance.)*

### **Roommate Rant**

By Elizabeth Wong

ROOMMATE. Post-its, because we're done. We've tried for months. But talking to you is like talking to a yeti in ... Yeti! Took five packs of Post-its, with arrows, and exclamation points, to get your attention, you dumbass Neanderthal! Consider the sheer quantity in the bathroom alone! You miss and/or drip when you shake it. Post-it. You shed like a freakin' yeti. Your shorties and curlies, everywhere. Post-it. Post-it. Hair on the bathroom counter, floor, bathtub, in my teeth because I know you fart into my pillow. Don't deny it. Mason came back early from oral microbiology and caught you in the act. Humongous pile of dirty dishes, all yours, you freakin' biohazard. Post-it. Post-it. Post-it. We know you can't help feeling privileged, being used to maids, butlers and Mommy. Just because we're brown doesn't mean we're your manservant. Now we know why the Greeks excommunicated your ass. And stop using my

trashcan. Stop hiding snot rags and Cheez-Its under my bed. Close the door when you leave for class. Post-it. Post-it. Post-it. Post-it. And stop staring at me when I don't turn off my alarm clock right away. You creep me out when I wake up with your face in my face. Seriously. The guys want to hold you down, take turns beating the shit out of you. I said, chill, because you are gonna go to the R.A. right now and request reassignment. Because. If you don't move out, I'm going to hit send. With color documentation and GIFs. That's right. Tweet tweet. And on Facebook, Tumblr, so forth and so on. Everyone will know what a douchebag anus looks like. See if any hospital be dumb enough to give you an internship. (*Types into cellphone.*) Hashtag roommate from hell. Move out, or I'm gonna post it. (*Finger hovers over "send."*) Your choice.

## Hear

By Theodora Zora Salazar

*(Lights up on one actor. During this monologue, moans, awkward sex noises and the sound of a squeaking mattress will be playing with the volume being increased slowly from barely audible to obnoxiously loud by the end.)*

ACTOR. You'd think cinder blocks would cancel out noise when cemented on top of each other in a massive cube, but when you put 200 horny 18 to 22 year olds in that cube, you'd be surprised at how fast those cement cubes turn into nothing and all moans, groans and reverberations of a young passionate lifestyle is shared with everyone to hear and you can't do shit about it because banging on doors and asking people to stop is nowhere near as strong as the desire to touch and kiss and slide your body in and around someone else you kind of think is attractive.