

DELIVER US FROM MAMA!

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DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

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DELIVER US FROM MAMA! received its world premiere at The Old Opera House (Steven Brewer, Managing/Artistic Director), Charles Town, West Virginia, on September 6, 2019. The production was directed by Steven Brewer; Ed Conn was the stage manager; the set design was by Lee Hebb; the lighting design was by Patrick Wallace; the sound design was by Rico Massimino; the costume designer was Christine Brewer, assisted by Carole Hupke, Kathleen Spichler and Charlie Perkins; the property designers were Donna Hamstead and Julie Smith; the lighting operator was Erin Beth Brackett; the set construction and painting crew was Lee Hebb, Scott and Robin Tatina, Patrick Wallace, Katie Wilson, Christine and Caroline Brewer, Jen George, Julie Smith and Val Phillips; the hair and wig stylist was Rebecca Tomlin; Patrick Wallace was the rigger and John Michael Rolnick was the pin rail operator. The original Jones Hope Wooten logo was designed by Joe Conner and Mike Stevens. The cast was as follows:

SAVANNAH HONEYCUTT	Jen George
NORLEEN SPRUNT	Ellen Nichols
DENTON CROCKER	Steve Nichols
WALKER SPRUNT	Z. Gilbert
HAYLEY SPRUNT (V.O.)	Conner Perkins
TAMARIND/ARDALE	Teri Campbell
ARIANA	Donna Hamstead
ANDRE/REECE	Richard Hamstead
RUDY EARL/JOHN CURTIS BUNTNER	J.D. Wine
LEON	John Michael Rolnick
REMA JEAN/LORETTA COLACCINO	Christine Brewer
COUSIN CHICKEN/DINK HONEYCUTT ...	Geronimo Miranda
UNCLE FERD/MR. TOLIVER	Charlie Perkins
SUEBRENDA LUTZ/NURSE KELLY	Amy Hebb
ORLAN HINKLE/DUVAL	Glenn Frail
DISPATCHER (V.O.)	Julie Smith
FLEETA	Lydia Daffer Dunn
JUDGE HUBBARD	Claudia J. Patterson
MARIQUE	Kelly Pannill
LEONARD	Kevin Tester
LORA LUNSFORD	Katie Wilson
WINKIE BIRDWELL	Val Phillips

ON LICENSING *DELIVER US FROM MAMA!*

Under no circumstances should any female role in this comedy be played by a male or any male role in this comedy be played by a female.

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All of the characters portrayed in *Deliver Us From Mama!* are fictional creations, and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

AUTHORS' NOTES

THIS PLAY REQUIRES NO UNIT SET. All locations can be suggested by minimal furniture, props and specific lighting. A giant map of the United States covering the back of the otherwise empty stage is highly suggested.

This play can be staged with as few as nine actors (doubling) or as many as twenty-five or any number in between.

The pace of this play is rapid-fire. Therefore, scene changes, costume changes and the changing of the minimal props and furniture must be done as quickly as possible.

We strongly suggest up-tempo music be played pre- and post-performance and during scene transitions.

The name "Rema Jean" should be pronounced "REE-mah Jean."
The word "Sabine" should be pronounced "Să-BEAN."

We suggest that Walker appear in the curtain call holding a "baby" wrapped in a blanket.

The characters Loretta Colaccino, Dink Honeycutt and Lora Lunsford listed in the World Premiere cast no longer appear in the script.

CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

SAVANNAH HONEYCUTT

NORLEEN SPRUNT

DENTON CROCKER

WALKER SPRUNT

HAYLEY SPRUNT (V.O.)

TAMARIND

ANDRE

ARIANA

RUDY EARL

LEON

REMA JEAN

COUSIN CHICKEN

ARDALE

UNCLE FERD

SUEBRENDA LUTZ

ORLAN HINKLE

JOHN CURTIS BUNTNER

REECE

FLEETA

MARIQUE TATUM

JUDGE HUBBARD

DUVAL

LEONARD

MR. TOLIVER

NURSE KELLY

WINKIE BIRDWELL

CHARACTER DOUBLING

For the minimum number of cast members (4 men, 5 women), we suggest this pattern of doubling. Actors doubling will play various ages.

WOMEN:

1. Savannah Honeycutt
2. Norleen Sprunt
3. Tamarind, Ardale, Fleeta, Winkie Birdwell
4. Ariana, Suebrenda Lutz, Judge Hubbard
5. Rema Jean, Marique Tatum, Nurse Kelly

MEN:

1. Walker Sprunt
2. Rudy Earl, Cousin Chicken, John Curtis Buntner, Mr. Toliver
3. Andre, Leon, Uncle Ferd, Reece, Leonard
4. Denton Crocker, Orlan Hinkle, Duval

PLACE

Various locations in the U.S. from Birmingham, Alabama, to Santa Monica, California, and back, and many points in between.

TIME

Spring. The present.

DELIVER US FROM MAMA!

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Morning. Lights come up on Savannah Honeycutt's "living room." A loveseat is downstage right, a small suitcase sits beside it on an otherwise empty stage. Savannah Honeycutt, a feisty Southern businesswoman, 40s, in an ultra-accessorized business suit, stands downstage left, talks on her phone.

SAVANNAH. (*Frustrated.*) ...Now Chrissy, I *really* want to believe in you, so this is your big chance to show me you *can* handle running Successories while I'm gone... For heaven's sake, Chrissy, I am *not* going to a sales convention! I have told you *three times* Mama and I are flying to L.A. to see my brother and his wife... (*Holds the phone to her chest. Low to herself.*) Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can and wisdom to know manslaughter in the State of Alabama carries two to twenty years. (*Into phone.*) ...What?... Yes, we're all ready to go. (*Norleen Sprunt, a spirited, tenacious woman, 70s, in a denim pantsuit, colorful scarf at her neck, hurries in downstage right, parks a small roller bag in front of Savannah. Savannah gives her a thumbs up as Norleen hustles out downstage right.*) I even convinced Mama not to *overpack* for once. After a lifetime battling with that stubborn woman and losing, I cannot tell you how proud I am that she has *finally* listened to me. Talk about teaching an old dog new tricks!... (*Unseen by Savannah, Norleen quickly enters downstage right, drags in an oversized bag, places it next to the club chair, hurries off downstage*

right.) ...Wait! What's that screeching? ...Oh, no! *Today is Bring Your Daughter To Work Day?! Look, in theory, it's a lovely idea, but a three-year-old running loose in a high-end women's accessory shop is a recipe for—What was that crash?!... Alright, but just as long as she doesn't touch anything else and understands the parent always makes the rules...* (*Unseen by Savannah, Norleen hauls in a huge trunk, quietly sets it down, races out downstage right.*) ...Well, of course I trust you, Chrissy—especially now that I've installed a twenty-four-hour security camera and can watch you like a hawk. Bye-dee-bye! (*Hangs up.*) Come on, Mama! Denton should be here any minute. (*Unseen by Savannah, Norleen enters downstage right, pulls a huge duffel bag, plops it down.*)

NORLEEN. Alright, Savannah. Let's get this show on the road.

SAVANNAH. Now admit it, Mama—wasn't it easy to squeeze everything into your little carry-on suitcase like I— (*Savannah turns around, sees Norleen and the mountain of luggage for the first time, screams.*) Ahhhhh!!

NORLEEN. Good, right? I cut it down to the bare necessities.

SAVANNAH. Oh, no ma'am! You cannot take all this.

NORLEEN. Of course I can. (*Re: large suitcase.*) Clothes. (*Re: small bag.*) Personal grooming items. (*Re: duffel bag.*) Snacks. (*Re: large trunk.*) Gifts for my first grandbaby, don't even try. Bare. Necessities.

SAVANNAH. You are killing me!

NORLEEN. Be that as it may, but I *believe* I just heard someone in this room say, "the parent always makes the rules."

SAVANNAH. (*Defeated, sighs.*) Fine. Drag it all behind you and leave skid marks for all I care. My hands are full enough dealing with *Chrissy*. Every time she calls, she gives me *another* message from *Dink Honeycutt!* I told her I never want to talk to my Ex *ever* again. How hard is it to tell that deadbeat, "I'm sorry but Savannah seems to have vanished into the Witness Protection Program"?

NORLEEN. I've got a bone to pick with *Chrissy* myself. She always tells me I'm aging gracefully. Anyone over fifty knows *aging gracefully* is just a nice way of saying you're *slowly looking worse*. (*Denton Crocker, 70s, jovial and energetic, in khakis and a work shirt, enters upstage right.*)

DENTON. Hey, ladies! Just ran into my pal, Artie. He said, “Denton, promise me when I’m dead and buried you’ll pour a bottle of the finest Kentucky bourbon on my grave.” I said, “Sure thing, Artie. But I hope you don’t mind that it passes through my kidneys first!”
(*He and Norleen roar with laughter.*)

NORLEEN. You still got it, Sweet Cheeks! (*They share a quick kiss.*)

SAVANNAH. Thanks for taking us to the airport, Denton.

DENTON. No problem-o. (*Eyeing Norleen’s luggage.*) Looka here! I see you’re traveling light, Norleen. (*Gets the suitcase and duffel bag.*)

SAVANNAH and NORLEEN. Just the bare necessities.

DENTON. I know Walker’s going to be happy to see you.

NORLEEN. That’s my boy. He always is. (*Denton exits upstage right.*)

SAVANNAH. Considering how much you hate to fly, you *must* be desperate to see Walker and Hayley. But I still don’t get why you insisted that I go, too.

NORLEEN. Just roll with a good idea for once. It’s our last chance to spend grownup time with them before the baby comes. And maybe you and Walker can manage to get along for once.

SAVANNAH. Mama, Walker and I get along fine.

NORLEEN. *Fine?! You’ve been spiteful to that boy since day one. It’s not his fault he was born and squashed your dream of being an only child.*

DENTON. (*Hurries in upstage right.*) I’ve got another one—so, a young man says, “Pop, I’m leavin’ home to go lookin’ for adventure, excitement and beautiful women.” Pop rushes toward him. The young man says, “Don’t try to stop me.” Pop says, “*Stop* you? Hell, I’m goin’ *with* you.” (*He and Norleen roar with laughter.*)

NORLEEN. (*To Savannah, re: Denton.*) Two new hips, one new knee *and* a sense of humor. Am I lucky or what?

DENTON. Let’s double-check your “don’t forget” list. Got your reading glasses?

NORLEEN. Yep.

DENTON. Distance glasses?

NORLEEN. Yep.

DENTON. Eating glasses?

NORLEEN. Check.

DENTON. Gas-X?

NORLEEN. Tablets *and* gel caps.

SAVANNAH. And everybody trapped in Economy near you thanks you in advance. Now let's hit it—we've got a plane to catch.

DENTON. Well, I *hope* you do, but they keep threatening that strike—not just here in Birmingham, but nationwide. This could be the day.

NORLEEN. Don't worry. Those Air Traffic Controllers are bluffin'. I'm an expert when it comes to bluffin'. (*Denton starts to pick up the trunk.*) Oh, I'm not takin' that, I was just yankin' Savannah's chain.

SAVANNAH. What?!

NORLEEN. See? Told you I'm an expert at bluffin'. (*She and Denton crack up.*)

DENTON. Woman, we are two of a kind—made for each other, meant to be together! (*Throws open his arms.*) Come on! Marry me, Norleen!

NORLEEN. (*Deer in the headlights.*) Uh... well... I... just... uh... I forgot my Tic Tacs. Be right back. (*Hurries out downstage right.*)

SAVANNAH. Make it fast, we're running late and— (*Quickly turns to Denton.*)

SAVANNAH and DENTON. *You've got to help me!!*

DENTON. Six months ago, me and Norleen were all set to move to Florida and start our new life together. Then out of nowhere she gets cold feet.

SAVANNAH. I know! She sold her house and was ready to go. But then she backed out, moved in with me and it all hit the fan! What happened?

DENTON. That's what *I'd* like to know. What is wrong with that woman?

SAVANNAH. You mean *besides* the hearing loss, unwanted advice, short temper, nonstop talking and bladder the size of a peanut?

DENTON. Yes. I love her, but I'm starting to think our relationship is doomed.

SAVANNAH. (*Grabs him by the collar.*) No, no, no! You can't think like that! If you do, I'll never get her out of my house. Just give me this trip to get her straightened out. I will *never* get my life back if I don't fix this! Don't. Give. Up!

DENTON. I'm not a quitter, but these good looks aren't going to last forever. (*Grabs the small suitcases.*) I mean, I can hold off those lusty widows at the Senior Center for just so long. (*Exits upstage right as Norleen hurries in downstage right.*)

NORLEEN. Okay, let's hit it. By the way, once we get home, we're replacin' those tacky drapes in the den and buyin' us side-by-side sleep chairs. Oh, and I'm gettin' us matchin' medical alert necklaces on that two-for-one special.

SAVANNAH. (*Sighs. To herself.*) Oh, you bet I'm gonna make this happen.

NORLEEN. What's that? (*They start to exit.*)

SAVANNAH. Getting you out of here... I mean, to the airport.

NORLEEN. Great! I can't wait to see my sweet daughter-in-law and precious boy.

SAVANNAH. You know, you never did tell me what Walker said when you let him know you *and I* are coming to visit him and his *tremendously* pregnant wife. (*Silence. Then, suspicious.*) Mama! You *did* tell him, didn't you?

NORLEEN. Oh... uh, I may not have said those exact words.

SAVANNAH. Well, what exact words *did* you say?

NORLEEN. (*Caught.*) Alright, he's got no idea *either one* of us is comin'. This was somethin' I came up with...to surprise him.

SAVANNAH. Hold on. You mean my uptight, control-freak little brother has no idea we are *both* arriving, unannounced, to upend his life for a whole week?!

NORLEEN. That's the gist of it. But it's not gonna put a damper on things, is it?

SAVANNAH. Are you kidding?! Suddenly, I'm *super* excited about this trip. Let's go, go, go! California, here we come! (*They exit upstage right. Blackout.*)

DELIVER US FROM MAMA!

by Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope, Jamie Wooten

4 men, 5 women (doubling)

Mama's back—so chaos can't be far behind! This rip-roaring, hilarious, high-octane race to beat the stork begins when Walker Sprunt's wife, Hayley, goes into labor with their first child. The problem? She's in Alabama, and he is in L.A., trying his best to get through a surprise visit from his meddling mother and his bossy big sister, Savannah, when he gets the call. Unfortunately, an air traffic controllers' strike has just begun across the nation and Walker is at a loss for what to do. But his Mama, as usual, is not. And when she proclaims "Family Road Trip!," Walker, from experience, knows disaster can't be far behind. And is he ever right—as the clock ticks, Mama and her squabbling offspring jump in a car and sprint across two thousand miles of America and through its most unbelievably eccentric and colorful communities, and comedic chaos follows them everywhere. Despite experiencing zany alien encounters near Roswell, New Mexico, witnessing an uproarious last-minute wedding with off-their-rockers relatives, participating unwillingly in a high-speed police chase across Texas, surviving a churning river on a daiquiri party barge, and even escaping a wild New Orleans Mardi Gras night court, this exuberantly desperate trio drive on, determined to make it to Alabama before the new baby is born. And heaven help anyone who gets in Mama's way, because she WILL be in Birmingham in time for the birth of her first grandchild! This flat-out-funny Jones Hope Wooten comedy will get your motors racing as it delivers miles of smiles and loads of laughs!

Also by Jones, Hope, Wooten
FUNNY LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE
MAMA WON'T FLY
'TIL BETH DO US PART
and others

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ISBN 978-0-8222-4071-6



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