

NOTES

Poet Robert Browning once wrote, “Motherhood: All love begins and ends there.” Truer words have never been spoken. In his tribute to motherhood, Jawoine Hawkins introduces us to the mother of a special needs child, and it is her love for baking cupcakes and listening to the genius of jazz musician, John Coltrane, that pull her through her darkest times. There are a plethora of emotions in this selection. Take the time necessary to transition from lighter, more humorous, moments to the more dramatic moments, as this character should be portrayed with 100% honesty throughout the entire performance. This selection should be performed by a female and may be entered in Dramatic Interpretation or Prose Interpretation. If performed in Dramatic Interpretation, think about the physical business needed to bring about the realism of this mother baking cupcakes for her son’s birthday: Stirring the batter, spooning the batter into the cups or baking tins, not to mention putting the cupcakes in and taking the cupcakes out of the oven. If this selection is used in Prose Interpretation, the drama mask icons are simply visible to serve as suggestions for when to turn the pages of the manuscript.

Yeah, you like that? That’s an old cut of John Coltrane from one of his early works—*My Favorite Things*.

I love jazz, especially when I’m baking. It just gets me in the mood. My ex-husband, Tye, turned me on to jazz during my pregnancy.

When I found out I was pregnant, I remember just sitting by the toilet for 40 minutes. Finally, Tye walked in and said, “So, do you want me to call your mom?”

I was filled with so many emotions. I was filled with excitement, but I was also terrified by the thought of birthing a child.



Let me tell you. I must have spent about \$4,000 dollars on useless books like *What to Expect When You’re Expecting*, *Young Mothers* and *Fit Pregnancy*.

You name it, and I bought it.

Still, none of them prepared me for the whirlwind of this thing called Motherhood.



So, quick question:

What do you do when you get a call about your son pulling down his pants and “tinkling” in the sand box?

Or better yet— What do you do when you ask your son *why* he pulled down his pants and tinkled in the sand box?

He tells you...that he was *trying* to spell his name.

Honestly, what do you do?

CUPCAKES AND COLTRANE

By Jawoine Hawkins

Because you think on one hand—well, hey, at least he’s trying to spell his name now.

It’s been hard for him to identify himself. You know?

But on the other hand, you have to somehow reprimand him for pulling out his ding dong at recess.



James turns six-years-old tomorrow, and not much surprises me anymore.

My cupcakes look good and ready.

Time to get these in the oven



When I got pregnant, I bought nothing but girl clothing during the first six -months of my pregnancy; after all, the doctors told me James was a girl. And here we are five years later at the controversial sand box!



It was my grandmother that taught me how to bake. She made the best pies and cakes in North Carolina! She even had her own bakery in 1967. She said if it wasn’t for her scotch cake she wouldn’t have gotten most people to support her. They loved to drink, though, so she put lots of booze in the cake. Now, I don’t put alcohol in all my cakes, but I do play jazz music when I’m baking. Cake just tastes a little better when John Coltrane is playing his saxophone, as you whip your batter. Tye would lay a small radio tuned into the local jazz station on my stomach just about every night during my pregnancy.

We use to just lie down together and talk about life. That’s what drew me to Tye in the beginning of our relationship. He was just a good listener. We would just lay there on top of the comforter and share our dreams with each other. Our whole life together was set out in front of us, and soon, that life would include James. Yes, there were a few complications with my pregnancy, but nothing prayers and a good night’s sleep couldn’t fix.



After James was born, for the first few years, Tye and I—we noticed that James wasn’t developing as fast as he should. For example, one day I remember very vividly: James was running around the house, and he accidentally fell and scraped his head. While he was crying hysterically, I picked him up and said, “Oh, is Mama’s big boy okay? Here, let Mama kiss the boo-boo.” And he just looked at me. So then I said, “Mama loves you. Can you tell Mama you love her back ?” No response. He just kept looking at me...