

A script from



“An Essay on My Mother”

by
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- What** This script shows appreciation for our mothers from the perspective of a Small Child, a Teenager, a College Student, a New Parent and an Empty-Nester in that succession. Themes: moms, children, parenting, love, sacrifice, Mother’s Day
- Who** Small Child
Teenager
College Student
Young/New Parent
Empty-Nester
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** 5 Pieces of paper that “essays” are written on
Cell phone
Laundry basket
Text books
Shirt with college logo
Child car seat
Diaper bag, etc.- stuff a new parent would need
Sweat shirt that says “Best Mom” or similar
- Why** Proverbs 31:28
- How** Each character should have a sheet of paper off which they read their short “essay” to the audience. These roles can be played by males or females except for the final part of the empty-nester who needs to be played by a woman.
- Time** Approximately 5-6 minutes; This script is 2½ pages long.

A small child's essay on their mother. Think quirky, childlike and a little awkward while reading and speaking. Costuming should be bright pink and pigtails for girls or baby blue and hiked up pants and almost well combed hair for boys.

SMALL CHILD:

An essay on my mommy: My mom is great. She smells good. She wears pretty earrings. She makes me peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with the crust cut off because the crust part is icky and she knows I do not like that part so she cuts it off. She reads me bedtime stories about Jesus, and Moses and Noah and stuff. I like those stories. I like the one about the guy who got eaten by a whale and then thrown up by the whale and stuff like that. My mom kisses my boo-boos and that makes them better. *(Looking up at the audience as though sensing they don't believe her.)* It really does! *(Back to reading)* My mom is magical! My mom is the best mom. She is better than your mom. I love you mom! *(A quick bow and an awkward exit.)*

A teenager's essay on their mother. Think "whatever", like a teenager who's acting too cool to be there. A teenager that might really like their mom, but is trying not to be too kind for fear of being un-cool. Not a lot of eye contact and almost mumbling. Costuming for guys might be pants worn way too low and untucked, almost unkempt shirt and hair covering eyes if long enough. Girls might wear something very trendy, furry boots and jewelry.

TEENAGER:

An essay on my mom: My mom is ok, I guess. I mean, she's not *too* annoying. She drops me off a block away from the movies like I asked so my friends don't see her. That's kinda cool. Sometimes she hugs me in public which is totally against the rules, but whatcha' gonna do? She bought me a cell phone. *(Looking up at the audience and pulling out the cell phone)* Not the color I wanted, but...whatever, I guess. *(Puts away phone maybe after a quick text to someone.)* She makes me go to church every Sunday. But I guess that's ok because she doesn't make me dress up or anything. She says I can wear whatever so...whatever. She won't let me stay out past 11:00 yet. That's kind of dumb. But, she's pretty cool for a mom...I guess. *(Struggles to say this final line, mumbling it almost unintelligibly into the paper)* I love you mom. *(Quick exit)*

A college student's essay on their mother. Think naiveté mixed with independence for this one. For the first time, a college student can actually be more like a friend with their mother and this should come across, but also not lose the fact that they still depend on their mom for very "mom-like" things. Costuming could be a college jersey/sweatshirt with a very obvious school logo. Also a laundry basket with clothes in it and maybe some textbooks.

COLLEGE STUDENT:

Putting down the laundry basket and fishing through it as though looking for something, finally coming across the piece of paper, un-wrinkling it and starts to read.

An essay on my mother: I actually like my mother now. It's kind of cool! We actually talk about things like politics, music, movies, and God stuff. Y'know? I don't think I realized 'til now how much my mom impacted what I believe about God. And when I'm home, I don't hide away in my room. I actually want to talk to her and see how she's doing, and tell her how I'm doing. It's kind of strange. She used to drive me nuts. *(Looking up at the audience)* Not to say she still doesn't now and then, but I really do like her. *(Back to looking at the paper)* And I like that she lets me be an adult...but still sends me money for rent... *(pauses to think of what else)* and groceries... *(pause then looking at laundry basket)* and laundry day. I love you mom. *(Putting the paper back into the pile of clothes, picking it up and exit.)*

A new parent beside a "baby" in a portable car carrier or something like that. As they read, it's almost a hushed talking as they are highly aware of the sleeping baby beside them and not daring to wake them. They can be carrying as much "baby stuff" as you want to help create more of the picture of an almost "overwhelmed-by-being-a-new-parent" person.

NEW PARENT:

After putting the baby gingerly down, look for the paper in one of the many baby bags you're carrying maybe pulling out a diaper or bottle or two, a rattle, almost dropping it, until you finally realize you somehow managed to get it wedged under the sleeping baby. With every quiet bone in your body you ever so carefully dislodge the piece of paper from under your baby, open it, maybe wipe something off of it before starting to read.

An essay on my mother: My mom must have been a superhero to do this 4 times! I get it now. I get how she worried so much about where I was going, who I was going with, and what time I was getting home. I understand why my mom always insisted on me wearing a coat and eating my vegetables. My child is 3 months old and already I'm freaking out about if that cry is a bad cry, is she drinking enough, is she dressed too warm? Is that poop an ok color? I get it now. I get how my mom let me make mistakes and how each one she let me make must have broken her heart. I get how she used to kneel and pray by my bedside every night. I have to pray to God for help with this, because I just can't do it on my own. I don't want to have to do it on my own. *(Picking up the baby carrier)* I get it now. I love you mom.

A middle-aged empty nest-er. Think wise. Very, very wise and yet, someone who may feel like they haven't lived up to who they wanted to be as a mother. She wears a shirt or sweatshirt that boldly reads "World's Best Mom" or "#1 Mom" or something like that.

EMPTY-NESTER:

An essay on my mother: I know my mother didn't do everything right, but she could have done a lot more wrong. I know I am who I am today in large part because of her...for better or worse. *(Looking down at her shirt)* My kids bought me this shirt a couple years ago, when my oldest was just heading off to college. They insist that I wear it every mother's day. I don't feel worthy of this shirt. How could I be? Just as my mother didn't do everything right, I know I sure didn't. But I guess my kids must think I did alright. If they only knew how hard I prayed every night and through every day for them. If they only knew how many times I struggled to let them out of my hands and put them into God's hands to see them through. My kids used to think I was magical. They thought my kisses actually healed their boo-boos and uh-ohs. I used to think *my own* mom was magical. I guess in some way, she was something like magical. Not because of anything she did...but because of what God did through her...for me. My mother showed me Jesus through her forgiveness, her understanding, and her unconditional love for me. It was through her words and her actions that I first experienced the love of Jesus Christ, who I now call my Savior. So yeah, my mom *is* magical! *(Folding the paper carefully and starting to walk off, then turning back to the audience)* And I still think she's better than your mom! *(Exit)*

Lights fade. The end.