

A script from



“Mom's Are Fruity”

by
Sarah Wall

What Not all moms are the same, and depending on our circumstances, Mother's Day can be bittersweet for some. This monologue attempts to connect with all ladies who have a Momma's heart, and who bear the fruit of motherhood.

Themes: Motherhood, Mothering, Sacrifice, Moms, Kids

Who Mom, 20's-40's

When Present

Wear (Props) “Around-the-house” clothes, a simple table/chairs, with 2-3 “dirty” dishes/cups, at least one cup with juice in it, a basket for collecting stray shoes and clothing items

Why Prov. 31:30, John 15:13

How This sketch should be performed as if the audience is peeking while Mom accomplishes an every-day morning routine and thinks aloud about Mother's Day and the nature of motherhood. As Mom speaks, she slowly straightens a table and picks up messes.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

We see a mom picking up shoes, clothes, and gathering up breakfast plates from a table.

Mom: I'm gonna tell you WHAT, though...she BETTER have put on clean socks and underwear this morning...Ohhh, lookit that. She wrote "Happy Mother's Day" with jelly on her plate. So sweet. *(Beat)*

Mother's Day...I guess that IS this weekend, isn't it? We idealize it, but there are probably as many TYPES of mothers as there are SHAPES of mothers. Take me, for example. I think I'm what they'd call a "pear shape." Basically it just means that one-piece dresses and button-up shirts are my arch nemesis. I'm certain, if there was ever a flag designed to fly over the tribe of pear-shaped women, it would be nothing but the silhouette of a lady with the bottom button of her shirt undone for practical fitting purposes. I think I'm a pear. Or does my mid-section scream "apple"...? I don't know, it's some kinda fruit. Maybe a hybrid. A PAPPLE. The point is, we're all a little fruity.

No... 'scuse me. What I meant to say is that we're all different flavors. Different kinds. Right now, I'm the kind that's fiercely loving a socially awkward 5th grader.

And maybe you're the kind that's already watched her chicks fly away. We're just not all the same, are we? Maybe you're the kind that's tried and tried, but you've never felt the flutter of life within your womb. Or maybe the time you spent mothering your baby was limited to the peace they knew before being born. It could be that you and your kids don't share even a single genetic marker. Maybe you've let go of a child so they could be welcomed into the loving embrace of another family. And maybe you live every day just finding ways to be who you must so that you can guide your little ones toward who they will be.

No matter what the flavor, if you've ever loved a child more than your own breath, or given yourself up that a child could thrive, or wept because, your pain was bad, but seeing THEIR pain was worse. If you've ever been so proud of a kid that you could cry at the beauty of their light on display. Or if you've come alongside a child and whispered, "This is the way. Walk in it..."

Then you, dear lady, have mothered. God made you for many of His purposes in this world. And THAT is worth celebrating. Because you really know a mom by her fruit more than you do by her labor-and-delivery story, anyway.

Lifts high a half-drunk glass of juice.

So here's to all the cradle-rockers and tear-wipers and safe harbors.

Takes a drink then looks at glass.

Man, I really hope this was mine.

Looking into glass, observes a floating bit of food.

Ohp, no such luck. I did not eat peanut butter toast this morning.

Shrugs resignedly as she walks off stage with her basket of collected items.

Ah, well. A little protein never hurt anybody.

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