

## **“A Mother’s Day Carol”**

by  
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- What** In a take on the classic tale The Christmas Carol, Carol accidentally falls asleep while doing laundry on Mother’s Day and has an odd dream in which she runs into herself in various forms. Through it, she learns a gentle lesson about the blessings that come with motherhood.
- Themes: Mother's Day, Motherhood, Moms, Parenting
- Who** Carol- 40’s  
Young, fit Carol- 20’s  
Pinterest Carol  
Old Carol
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Carol—everyday clothes such as sweats, t-shirt, tennis shoes  
Young fit, Carol—workout gear  
Pinterest Carol—super cute work outfit such as blazer, high heels, lots of makeup, really polished hair, etc., carrying shopping bags  
Old Carol—an elderly-type outfit such as cardigan, skirt with sandals, white wig, glasses, cane, etc.  
Throw pillow, shopping bags, laundry basket full of laundry
- An idea to convey the idea that they are all the same person, have them wear similar colors.
- Why** Isaiah 66:13; Proverbs 31:25
- How** This is based on Dicken’s A Christmas Carol, but there’s no need to overemphasize it. Make sure Carol seems confused as she confronts each “ghost,” as she is still in a dream state, but as she interacts, it should feel like a regular conversation.
- Time** Approximately 5-6 minutes

*Carol, 40s, sits in a chair with a coffee table. In front of her is a huge basket of laundry, half folded. She seems to have fallen asleep for a brief nap until Young Carol comes jogging in wearing spandex and looking super fit. Carol wakes up and looks a little startled. She stands up as the woman jogs in place.*

**Carol:** Who are you? Why are you jogging—and looking super cute doing it—in my house?

**Young Carol:** *(checks her pulse)* I used to live here.

**Carol:** You did?

**Young Carol:** *(stops jogging, starts calf stretching)* Yes...you seriously don't recognize me?

**Carol:** You look kinda familiar, but I am so sorry, I'm completely dropping your name. It's kind of a thing I do these days.

**Young Carol:** It's Carol!

**Carol:** Oh, that's my name!

**Young Carol:** I'm you!

**Carol:** This feels like the point I should dial 911 but...I feel like I really do know you.

**Young Carol:** It's me, silly...I'm us when we were in our twenties...

**Carol:** *(gasps)* Are you...are you the ghost of Carol's Past?

**Young Carol:** *(looking at her own skin)* Am I that pale? Maybe I should do a tanning bed.

**Carol:** No! NO! Trust me, skin cancer is a real thing. And don't do bottled tan until 2015 or so. Before that, orange and streaky is the best you can get. *(pause)* You don't need to do anything. Look at you! Look how pretty you are! So fit! So...so...so put together!

**Young Carol:** Sure, sure. Pre-kids, you know. Five-mile runs. Chicken on the George Foreman grill. Velour leisure suits.

**Carol:** I miss velour.

**Young Carol:** And, how are you?

*Carol looks down at herself...mismatched sweats, hair in a ponytail. She starts to feel self-conscious.*

**Carol:** Uh, you know...four kids later and I still have hair, so that's a win.

**Young Carol:** Absolutely! Well, listen, I gotta keep my heart rate up so I better get back to my run. Good luck with the laundry. Any big plans for Mother's Day? Where's your family?

**Carol:** Oh, they're out getting me a present, actually.

**Young Carol:** Oh! At that boutique you love?

**Carol:** At Walgreens.

**Young Carol:** Ah...well, you can't find "As Seen on TV" products just anywhere. Take care! Good seeing you!

*Young Carol jogs off.*

**Carol:** *(after she leaves)* That was weeeirrrrr...

*Pinterest Carol arrives, looking like someone needs to pin her somewhere. Super cute outfit. Perfectly curled hair. LOTS of makeup, including contouring and heavy eyeshadow. Mall shopping bags full of stuff in each hand.*

**Carol:** ...I'm afraid to ask, but who are you?

**Pinterest Carol:** You don't recognize me? The jacket? The shooooees! *(sets the bags down, pulls out throw pillow)* Look! I finally got that down throw pillow we've been drooling over in all those farmhouse pictures.

**Carol:** Oh my gosh! I've been wanting that forever! And that jacket. How did we even afford it?

**Pinterest Carol:** You know how they have all those payment plans. Ten dollars a month for five years. It's fine! I think the pillow costs more than your couch but boy, what a statement it's going to make.

**Carol:** But...you don't really look like me.

**Pinterest Carol:** It's the eyeshadow. You know how you've been watching all those eyeshadow tutorials. Well...great news. You nailed it.

**Carol:** *(astonished)* Are you...Pinterest Carol?

**Pinterest Carol:** Aren't I fabulous? Do you want me to do your favorite memes? Because I can do them. I can doooo them, girl.

**Carol:** But how did you get your curls to stay?

**Pinterest Carol:** Remember Becky's Beauty Vlog? (*Carol nods*) I followed her suggestions. Bought all those hair products. Invested in the three-hundred-dollar curling iron. Took my time with the curls. I had to get up at 4 a.m. to get this look, but I'm worth it, right?

**Carol:** Oh...wow. Well, you certainly look pulled together. It's about all I can do to get clothes on these days. Between soccer practices and trying to cook at home a few times a week, I hardly have time to pay attention to all this stuff that I pin on Pinterest.

**Pinterest Carol:** But you know what I love? All those scriptures that you pin. And all those motivational sayings. I mean—you are one spiritual woman! I almost thought I'd come in and see you levitating on God's goodness.

**Carol:** Oh, well, you know—I mean, sometimes I get tired before I have a chance to crack open the actual Bible and—

**Pinterest Carol:** OH! Have you read those Fun Facts? Did you know that the stickers supermarkets use on fruits are completely edible?

**Carol:** Question for you, Pinterest Carol. What do you think your longest attention span is? In minutes.

**Pinterest Carol:** Oh, we'll need to do seconds. And I'd estimate it's probably at about—you know what really makes me happy? Dog videos. I. Love. Them.

**Carol:** Okay. Well, speaking of attention spans, I need to get back to—

**Pinterest Carol:** Have you seen that video on how that lady folds her bedsheets?

**Carol:** Door's that way.

**Pinterest Carol:** Oh thanks! Have you seen the new technique for painting your front door? Increases the value of your home.

**Carol:** Off you go. (*sits down, exhausted*) Wow. She's exhausting. (*beat*) I'm exhausted. Where did young me go? I was running five miles three times a week and the next thing I know I'm at best running errands. (*sighs*) And Pinterest me. Could I ever live that out? Please. Just a fantasy at best. Why do I even try? I'll never be that woman.

*Suddenly Old Carol walks on. Slowly. Carefully, with a cane. She's bent over and struggles to make it. Carol jumps up to help.*

**Old Carol:** Thank you, dear. Thank you so much.

**Carol:** Oh goodness. You're me in ten years, aren't you? I knew it. Pinterest recommended relaxation techniques and I ignored it. I'm aging at ten times the normal rate. Why didn't I drink castor oil like it said to do?

**Old Carol:** No, no dear. I'm your future. I'm eighty.

**Carol:** Oh! Oh...well, you look terrific.

**Old Carol:** Osteoporosis. Arthritis. Bowel issues. *(grins)* Not bad, considering you gave me six hours sleep a night, tops.

**Carol:** Come sit down. Please.

*Old Carol sits. Looks at the laundry.*

**Old Carol:** Oh, goodness, what I wouldn't give to have these precious clothes to fold again. *(grabs one and holds it to her heart)* Such fun to pick out clothes when they're young. Then watch them grow into their own fashion choices as they get older.

**Carol:** You miss this? Laundry?

**Old Carol:** Oh, I miss plenty, my dear! Plenty! My heart can hardly contain all the joy I have about being a mother.

**Carol:** Oh...really? Well, that's...that's good to know. Sometimes, when I think about it, I realize how hard it's been on my body, my mind—I can't remember anything these days!—and I just...I wonder what it would be like if I could jog a mile or something.

**Old Carol:** *(laughing with heart)* My dear, right now you are in the thick of it, but one day...one day this house will be quiet. And picked up. Dusted. Laundry will be in order...you'll only need to do it twice a month, believe it or not. Windows won't have fingerprints. You'll have time to go through the mail...and you'll sit and think about these days with a lot of affection.

*Carol sits next to her, pondering it.*

**Old Carol:** Oh, my dear, what can be tiring and exhausting now will be the fullness of your heart one day. Yes, your bones will be brittle, and your blood pressure will be high. Your hair finally does fall out. You can't see well enough to put on lipstick, much less contour. And...there will be a certain amount of loneliness that sets in. But you...you...will have made a beautiful difference in your children's lives. They will go through hard times, as life usually causes that...but they'll always have in their back pocket the knowledge that they were fully loved by you. And when they

need it, they'll pull it out and put it by their heart. It will mean something to them and might be the thing that carries them to the top of the mountain again.

*Carol is weepy. She stands and turns away, trying to contain it.*

**Carol:** Oh, Old Carol, that is so good to hear. Such great perspective. Sometimes you can lose yourself being a mother, but now I see...I clearly see...what a difference it all makes.

*She turns around to find **Old Carol** dead on the couch, her head fallen back against the couch she was just sitting on. **Carol** rushes over.*

**Carol:** Old Carol? Old Carol? Oh no!

*Old Carol slaps her hand away.*

**Old Carol:** It's called a nap. Try it, my dear. It greatly improves your perspective on life.

**Carol:** Oh...

*Carol sits down and slowly falls asleep. Once she's asleep, Old Carol gets up and walks away. Carol jolts awake, looks around, realizes it was all a dream.*

*She shakes it off and takes out the final pieces of laundry. In the bottom of the basket is a little kid toy. She smiles and holds it to her heart as lights fade.*

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