

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)*

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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