

## **“Chronicles of the Messy Wonderful Life Entry 1: The Grocery Store”**

by  
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**What** A woman chronicles her life as a mother of two young and relentlessly energetic boys. She honestly recounts the difficult challenges that face every mother, yet continually concludes that through each obstacle the immeasurable treasure of Motherhood is always worth it.

In this entry, Mom is frazzled after pioneering thru the jungle (aka grocery store) with kids. Mid chaotic journey she recounts how an older woman’s gentle reminder of how quickly time passes strikes her.

Themes: Motherhood, Life, Children, Mother’s Day, Women’s Event, Sanctity of Life, Pro-Life, Monologue.

**Who** Mom– a mother of young children

**When** Present Day

**Costumes and Props** Table  
Chair  
Purse  
Grocery Bags  
Bottle  
Lollipop  
Groceries – specifically cherry tomatoes and a glow stick

**Why** Psalm 127

**How** Mom should speak directly to the audience, breaking the 4<sup>th</sup> wall.

Props help this script come to life but are not necessary to the success of the monologue. This monologue can be done with a bare stage and no props. Personalize the grocery store and location references as needed.

**Time** Approximately 3 minutes

"Chronicles of the Messy Wonderful Life Entry 1: The Grocery Store"

*Center stage there is a table and a chair.*

*Mom enters from stage right. She is carrying multiple bags of groceries and a purse. She speaks directly to the audience as if recounting a journal entry. She is not disheveled for this first line; she simply says it matter of fact.*

**Mom:** Chronicles of the Messy Wonderful Life, entry one: The Grocery Store.

*Now in character, she struggles to center stage and dumps the bags on and around the table.*

**Mom:** The grocery store. I went to the grocery store. That was my response when my husband asked me: "What did you do today?" Six years ago, I would have never counted that as a real answer to that question. Going to the grocery store wasn't a task worth noting when asked about one's day. Now, it was not only noteworthy, it had become a triumphant task, a feat bravely executed, a significant accomplishment. What changed in six short years?

*She pulls out her keys from her purse. As she places them on the table she realizes that a sticky half eaten lollipop is stuck to her keychain.*

**Mom:** I became a mother.

*She slowly starts to unload the groceries, putting them on the table and folding up the bags.*

**Mom:** When I worked in downtown Auburn, I used to go to Wegmans, get coffee and grocery shop. I never meal planned. I decided what I wanted to eat that day while browsing the aisles, sipping on my hot coffee. I no longer shop at Wegmans. I'm now an Aldi's bargain shopper. I meal plan. I make a list. Two difficult tasks for my artistic brain. When the boys were younger, I would use Instacart and let them nap. Lately, I begrudgingly hear the voice of my mother and grandmother in my ear: "Don't you want to pick your own produce, especially for that price?" I am slowly finding my place in a long lineage of deal-shoppers that dominate my Italian heritage. So...that is how I found myself in Aldi with two young boys just before lunchtime this past week.

*Beat.*

Not my best moment.

*Beat.*

My oldest was tasked with navigating his brother in the stroller while I scrambled to push the cart through endless aisles with the pace of a determined jungle explorer. That's what the grocery store has now

become. A jungle. The youngest pulling at anything in his reach, while the oldest views the rows like a carnival prize shelf. He continually asks, "Is this free?"

*She pulls a glow stick out of one of her bags.*

Things end up in my cart that I didn't even know they sold at Aldi. I bought two dozen eggs because the first one ended up hopelessly destroyed by my young, too-eager helper.

*She pulls a container of cherry tomatoes out of one of her bags.*

*(Reminded by the tomatoes)* Then...right at the moment when I heroically saved a container of cherry tomatoes from being brutally tossed across the store, an older woman approached me. She smiled and said, "Enjoy these years. They go too fast."

*Beat.*

*(Almost whispering in bewilderment)* What?

*Beat.*

I smiled, politely nodded and responded, in auto-pilot mode, "Oh I know."

*Beat.*

But in my mind I was screaming: "What am I saying?"

*Beat.*

The truth is, the past forty-five minutes had seemed like an eternity. But it was then, at one of my lowest points in the week, that a divine thought tugged at my heart. "Isn't it always the temptation to miss the diamonds and reach instead for the cubic zirconia?"

*Beat.*

She was right. That older woman was right. And it was a true kindness for her to see me, a mother, mid-chaotic meltdown, and to give a simple reminder of what was truly important and valuable.

*She finishes unloading the final groceries and folds up the final bag. She then collapses in the chair next to the table.*

Motherhood isn't easy. Anyone who says so, isn't a mother. But it's also the greatest life-changing gift. The momentary chaos doesn't compare

to the lifetime of endless treasure that my children are to me. I don't want to miss one moment, not even one heartbeat, of these precious gems that God has granted me. I'm grateful to the woman who helped me last Thursday in the middle of Aldi to remember: Motherhood is a gift and being a Mom is always worth it.

*Lights down.*

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