

## **“Fully Known and Fully Loved”**

by  
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**What** Karen presents herself differently in different areas of her life as she tries to earn (and keep) love. But deep down, she wants to be fully known and fully loved. This sketch is a natural lead-in to Psalm 139.

**Themes:** Love, Acceptance, Flaws, Unconditional Love

**Who** Karen- 20's female  
Mom- 40's female  
Teacher- 50's male or female  
Brady- 20's male

**When** Present

**Wear  
(Props)** Contemporary dress  
Chair

**Why** Psalms 139

**How** We did this very simply. Karen standing center stage with just a chair to change up the blocking a bit. You could add some props to the vignettes, but you can also just mime everything.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Karen stands center stage, directly addressing the audience.*

**Karen:** *(to audience)* I remember exactly when it happened. It was years ago, but I still remember it clearly. That time when I realized I could lie to my parents...and get away with it.

*Mom enters stage right.*

**Mom:** Karen?

**Karen:** *(speaking as a young child)* Yes, mommy?

**Mom:** Did you do something with my earrings? I thought I saw you playing with them.

**Karen:** No mommy.

**Mom:** Are you sure?

**Karen:** I was playing with them, but I put them back where they go.

**Mom:** Did you?

**Karen:** Yes. They should still be there.

**Mom:** They're not. Are you sure you didn't lose them?

**Karen:** I didn't know they were missing.

**Mom:** Hmm. Maybe they fell into the trash.

*Mom exits.*

**Karen:** *(back to audience)* That was it. Before that moment I either told my parents the truth, or they caught me. This was a first. I lied. And she \*believed\* me.

Truth was I'd lost them down the air conditioning vent in the floor. I didn't know that you could pull the register up and fish things out. We found them years later.

But that was the moment. Before that, Mom knew EVERYTHING about me. Good and bad. Yet she still loved me. After that, it was almost like I *had* to lie to her. I couldn't let her know I'd disappointed her. If I wanted her love, I had to meet her expectations. At least, that's how it seemed to me.

School isn't much different.

*Teacher enters*

**Teacher:** Who has the answer to number three? Anyone? Karen?

*Karen squirms.*

**Karen:** Was it the Louisiana Purchase?

**Teacher:** It WAS the Louisiana Purchase! I knew you'd get that. Your project on it was outstanding.

**Karen:** *(sheepishly)* Thanks.

**Teacher:** Who can tell me something about the Louisiana Purchase...Kaaaaren?

**Karen:** *(to audience)* That's my school life. My teachers like me as long as I have the answers. I turn in my homework. I don't get written up or disrupt the class or even secretly text in class. I'm...the good kid. I'm not lying, but it's this ideal version of me. Compliant. Obedient. A good worker.

Around my friends...I'm totally different.

*Brady enters.*

**Brady:** Hey, Karen. Didja hear about Nick? Smurfin' Principal Landry is smurfin' expelling his smurf!

**Karen:** What a smurfin' smurf, you know? *(To audience)* I should explain. For the purposes of tonight *(or today)*, we'll substitute the word "smurf" for more...objectionable words.

**Brady:** Can you believe that smurf?

**Karen:** I know! What the smurf! Who the smurf does that smurfin' smurf think he is?

**Brady:** Come on. Let's go smoke.

*Brady exits.*

**Karen:** *(to audience)* You get the idea. It's another version of me and...not one that's really fit for public consumption. Brady and my friends are alright kids...just...troubled. They like me, I guess, but they wouldn't like it if they knew I went to church and did good in school and all that.

*Lights fade to intimate.*

**Karen:** So that's my life. A carefully crafted version of myself, presented to those people who I need to like me, or even love me.

And it's awful.

Because my soul needs to be loved for my perfections and my imperfections. What I crave is to be known—truly known, flaws, lumps, and scars—and to be loved anyway. Love shouldn't be something you have to perform for to get.

*Mom, Teacher, and Brady enter, surrounding her but not really hearing her.*

**Karen:** Mom, I mess up sometimes. I'm not your perfect little angel.

**Mom:** *(wistfully)* My perfect little angel.

**Karen:** Mr. *(or Mrs.)* Granderson, I really don't like American History all that much. I find it trivial and impractical. I'm not your brightest, most dedicated student.

**Teacher:** *(proudly)* My brightest, most dedicated student.

**Karen:** Brady. I don't get where you're coming from half the time. I don't know why you're so angry. It's actually kind of exhausting to keep up. I'm not soooooo cool.

**Brady:** *(impressed)* So cool.

**Karen:** *(to audience)* Where can I go? Who knows me from the moment I wake up to the moment I go to bed? Who understands the path I walk, why I walk it, and where I'm headed? Who will stay by me no matter where I go? Who will light the dark places when I inevitably find myself there?

Because to be loved but not known is comforting, but superficial. To be known and unloved is my greatest fear.

To be fully known AND fully loved? That's what I'm looking for. That's what we're all looking for.

*Slow fade to blackout.*