

A script from



“I Always Knew You Loved Me”

by
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- What** Kids aren't the only ones who mature—so do moms. Three adult children speak about their mothers, who seemingly have only one thing in common: love. Fun O. Henry-esque ending. **Themes:** Comedy, Drama, Mother's Day, Love, Relationships
- Who** Kevin – 30-40 years old, well-educated, witty
Amber – 25-30 years old, tomboyish, blunt
Hannah – 20-25 years old, life of the party
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Video camera on tripod
Chair and Stool
Mini-cam
Cell Phone
Umbrella
Newspaper
Gift Box
Brown Bag with Bow
Flower Bouquet
Modern day dress—including raincoat, overcoat, slicker/rain hat combo.
Sound Effects: chime or buzzer, thunder (optional).
- Why** 1 Corinthians 13:4-8; 1 Peter 4:8; Proverbs 22:6
- How** The age of the actors is not as important as much as that there is a discernible age *difference* between them.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes.

Kevin enters carrying video camera on tripod, places it down left, turns it on, hits record button, then goes and stands center.

Kevin: Okay, here goes. "My Mom," by Kevin. Every time I think about you, Mom, I think of the decorations. You didn't get into baby Jesus in the manger—we didn't do church until I was older—but, man, you were Santa Claus's uber-elf! Every year around October you'd start making these home-made decorations, and since I was your only child and later your only non-drooler, you drafted me as your elf-corps. It lasted all the way through Thanksgiving into Bing Crosby time. One year—remember?—we made 3,000 stars out of colored plastic soda straws and drank enough cocoa to employ every man, woman, and child in Brazil! To this day I refuse to drink from a straw. But I still love cocoa, and I still remember the look on your face when we hung the stars in every room in the house, even the closets! They were pretty awesome, actually. And just to be fair, it wasn't all Good Housekeeping; you made me excellent wounds oozing Miracle-Whip pus for Halloween too! So...what do I remember best? Easy: your love. You weren't perfect—*(self-mockingly)* that was up to *my* generation—but I always knew you loved me. Always. Love you, Mom!

Kevin turns off the camera, then picks camera and tripod up, and exits as...

...Amber enters with a chair and low stool, sets mini-cam on stool, hits record, and plops down on chair in front of it.

Amber: Hey, Mega-Mom, happy you-day from Amber! So this isn't so flattering, but it's the first thing that pops into my head. And you know I always say the first thing that pops into my head. So when I was little you got kinda—how do I put this?—"husky?" I mean, you're not exactly Skinny Minnie now—wait, this gets better—but you're really kinda buff for an "old lady." Really. But when I was little I thought you were, you know, the Queen of Everything. Until one day stupid Mary Fascher called you "Mrs. Wobbly Legs." I beat the you-know-what out of her—first time I ever got in a fight, and I *liked* it!—but when I got home and saw you sitting on the couch, I thought, "*whoa*." I didn't know till later about the depression. But I started climbing up onto the couch and watching TV with you every day when I got home. You didn't say much, but you always put your arm around me. I know it was hard for you to even get out of bed to get us off to school, but you did it. Every morning. Later when you got a job again and started coming out of it, we began reading Bible stories. I remember the Book of Esther because in my mind you *were* Queen Esther. So I guess what I remember most is that no matter what you were going through, I always knew you loved me. Always. That's it. Ciao for now.

Amber clicks off the mini-cam, tosses it in her bag, then grabs stool, chair, and walks off as...

...**Hannah** enters, holding her camera phone at arms length, and begins videoing herself.

Hannah: Yo, Mama Bear, it's Hannah Bear, happy, happy! So like the first thing I remember is church, which I was pretty sure was about me. I mean you spent like a month making me look perfect every Sunday. And then at church Aunt and Uncle Everybody hugged me and asked me to show off my pretty dress. So I'd twirl and twirl. Which made it confusing, because when I got to Sunday School it suddenly wasn't about me anymore! The Sunday School teachers always wanted to talk about God. And you were the worst! I kept getting stuck with you. You became Kid's Church Coordinator when I was, what, five, and when you asked Bible questions, you always gave stars to the kids who knew the answers, instead of me just for being adorable! So I started actually looking at the lessons, and the first time you gave me a star because I was the one who actually knew the answer, I was like, *Yes! This is better than Pretty Pretty Princess!* (Pause) I won't lie. High school was insane. I mastered the art of deception, but then you turned into Sherlock Holmes. For a while I thought I hated you, but when I graduated—which would *not* have happened without you—I looked over and saw you all streaky mascara-y, and I knew you'd never stop loving me. Ever. Thanks to you, I now know I'm not the Queen of the Universe. Yet.

Almost one page has been omitted from this preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

Kevin: Hannie's right, though, Amber. Mom's grown up *with* us.

Amber: She had to keep changing tactics to survive!

Kevin chuckles.

Hannah: But one thing never changed.

Pause.

Kevin: You're right, Hann.

Amber: True. We always knew-

Hannah: -that she loved us. Yes.

Kevin: Always.

Amber reaches forward and presses an invisible button. A chime sounds. *Beat.*

All: Hey, Mom! Happy Mother's Day!

Lights out.