

A script from



“Joy Comes from the Inside”

by
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- What** In the scenarios that follow, notice how life often determines our joy or lack of joy, instead of joy determining how life will play out for that day. What happens when we get older and look back on our lives? (Themes: Joy, Contentment, Seize the Day, Regret, Happiness)
- Who** 1 Female
- When** Present, Future, Distant Future
- Wear (Props)** Phone
Laundry basket
Robe
Bible
Photo album
Camera
- Why** Psalm 51:12, Psalm 126:3
- How** This was written as a monologue and is a great piece for your more experienced young actress. Another option is to use three different women representing each age. Just be sure that there is something connecting them so that the audience knows it's the same person, but in different times of her life. For instance, have each woman/girl wear the same colors or use some creative blocking (i.e. the teenager walks over to the mom and touches her on the shoulder signifying that she's now a grown woman, and so on with the grown woman to the older and wiser woman).
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

Teen girl: *(on a phone talking to a friend; very dramatic as she tells her “horrible” story)* Jennifer! You will not believe this: first of all, I’m grounded *again* for like the third time in two months! Second of all, I don’t know if you knew this but last night my parents called me at the party to tell me to come home. Can you believe that? I was so embarrassed! I just *know* everyone’s going to be talking about it at school on Monday. I mean, just because it was two in the morning doesn’t mean my parents have to be all worried and stuff. Did you get grounded?... What? You didn’t?... What time did you get home?... Oh, ten, that’s what time I was supposed to be home.

Well, then my mom comes into my room and wakes me up at 11:30 this morning, and she’s all mad because she said I used up all the gas in her car – well, if my car wasn’t a piece of junk and would work, then maybe that wouldn’t happen... OK, fine, my car sort of works, but it’s just... it’s really ugly, and I don’t want to drive it. It would be so much better if I had a new car – one that at least looks good. It would be great to have a convertible, so I could get a tan while I’m driving; leather seats would be fun too, and it has to have a great stereo.

Oh, and guess what else. I’m grounded from my cell phone... Yeah, I’m talking on our home phone right now. I’d forgotten how lame these phones are; you can’t do anything on them, except talk. I’ve never been grounded from my cell phone, and it’s driving me crazy. I have to go to the dentist today, and what am I supposed to do while I’m waiting – just sit there? That’s so awkward. What if someone comes in that knows me, and they see me just sitting there? They’re going to think I don’t have a social life. Things are just so horrible! I need new parents. I love *your* parents; why can’t mine be more like yours – you never get grounded...

That’s true- you always do what your parents tell you *(disgusted look on her face)*. Oh, and on top of all of that, they’re making me go on vacation with them this summer. This is my senior year – I don’t want to go on vacation with *them*; I want to go somewhere with my friends... We’re going to Hawaii... I know, I should be thankful, but do you know what this means? It means... that we’re going to *Hawaii* where there’s lots of cute guys with great tans, and none of them are going to pay attention to me, *(becomes dramatically horrified)* because... because laying on a beach towel next to me will be my hairy dad, and they’ll just walk right past me. Why is all of this happening to me? You know, I think things will be so much easier when I’m older and out of the house; I’ll have my own car; I’ll be able to come in when I want to, because I’ll have my own house... How will I pay for it? Hello, for everything else there’s MasterCard. *(rolls eyes)* I’ll have a job, OK. You know, I think I’ll be... a lot happier.

Teen girl turns around, puts on a robe, maybe messes up hair a little, and picks up a basket of laundry; she turns back around and is now a mom

Mom: *(she plops the basket down on a small table where her Bible is lying, gives a tired sigh and looks up to pray)* God, I know I need to have my quiet time with you, but if you don't mind, I've got so much to do today, so I'm gonna fold laundry while I have my quiet time. I should read a verse first. *(opens Bible and flips thru pages)* Job, no not today... Psalms... Psalms is good, let's see... *(quickly skims through a verse about joy)*

That's great, that's really great, and I want to... meditate on that today, but this morning, God, has just been chaos, and I feel like I need to unload some frustration. First of all, I woke up thinking, "What's on my list of things to do today?" And this list of a million things ran through my head, as I laid there in bed becoming a stiff ball of stress. *(as she says that her shoulders come up and her movements are very stiff and tense as if feeling that stress all over again)*

The first thing I thought of, because it was the first thing I *saw* crawling out of the closet, was laundry. Will it ever end, God? It seems to grow! *(sounds like she's verging on insanity as she looks down at her laundry basket)* And I never see the bottom of the little basket – never see the bottom. *(snaps out of it)* But that's even beside the point; that's small compared to what my morning was like, God. I went downstairs after prying myself off the bed and started making breakfast – I'm a good mom and wife; I make breakfast every morning for my family. So, I'm whipping up some yummy pancakes and as I was putting them on the griddle, I look over to see my teen daughter coming down the steps – oh, you have blessed me with a wonderful, special daughter. I love her, I do. But I must say she's a little too creative for my taste with her blackish, bluish hair and the really dark makeup; I don't have time to talk about the interesting clothes. I love her; I'm just not thrilled with the costume every day. Anyway, she came down those stairs with *the* grumpiest expression on her face I had ever seen, and I'm thinking, "Stay positive" and so I say "Good morning sweetie, are you ready for some pancakes?" She mumbled something and plopped down at the table – guess she wanted to be served.

Then my youngest daughter, so sweet and laid back, came in, and she said, *(as she tells the following dialogue she goes back and forth from mimicking a little girls voice to her own voice)* "Mommy I forgot to finish my project last night." *(with calm and sweetness in her voice)* "What project, sweetie?"

"The one on tornadoes and thunderstorms, Mommy."

"Have you started this project?"

"No."

"Well... we're going to need to work on this aren't we? (*losing patience in her voice*) You eat your breakfast and next time you *tell* Mommy when you have a project."

"But I just did."

"Right... go eat!"

Then I turn around to see that three of my pancakes were burned on one side. You know, I don't know, maybe I was just low on steam this morning but that just sent me over the edge; I couldn't hold the joyful act together. And then I started doing what moms seem to do so well - I started firing questions and giving orders. Don't put too much syrup on your pancakes. Where's the note I need to sign? Someone needs to feed the dog. If you want lunch today, then you had better get in here and make it. Be sure to clear your dishes off the table. Did you put your homework in your backpack? Don't forget to brush your teeth. Then... my husband comes down... He greets everyone – Grumpy, Forgetful, and me, the ragged-looking Snow White. He says, "Girls, I'm going to be home a little bit late from the office today, but when I get home, let's go get some ice cream and just hang out at the park."

Well, that good, fun news caused me to be furious inside. Doesn't he realize that Kim has play practice right after school for 2 hours, and so I pick little Jennifer up from school, who has 30 minutes to grab a snack and work on homework before she has to be at soccer practice. I pick Kim up at 5:00, then start making dinner while she does her homework. I have her watch over dinner until I can get back from picking up Jennifer from soccer. Then Jennifer has to finish any homework that's not finished. We eat. We clean up. We get ready for bed. There isn't *time* for ice cream and going to the park. Doesn't he know this? Well... I wasn't about to offer the information, because I might have exploded, so I opted for the silent treatment.

You know, I used to think things would be easier when I got older, but maybe that comes after the kids are off to college. And this verse... this verse about joy – how do I find joy in a morning like that, God?

The mom turns around, removes robe, puts on reading glasses and picks up a photo album; turns back around

Older: (*her monologue is directed toward the audience*) You know, when you get older you do a lot of reflecting, a lot of looking back. And in the midst of the fun memories and good times, at least for me, there are a lot of things I wish I had done differently. I wish I had loved better. I wish