

A script from



“Modern Family Turmoil: Mom Edition”

by

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- What** A mother talks sentimentally about motherhood amidst the chaos that is “her life”. **Themes:** Mother’s Day, Mom, Family, Marriage, Serving, Parenting, Conflict
- Who** Mom,
Daughter 1
Daughter 2
Son
Husband
- When** Present
- Wear
(Props)** Couch
Shoes
Presentation Board
Suit Jacket
Whistle
Black and white striped blouse for Mom, not quite a referee’s shirt, but something to give the idea of it. (*optional)
- Why** Proverbs 31:28-31
- How** This skit has a very “Modern Family” feel to it. So, characters are overly exaggerated. The Mom role is played showing the extreme emotions of being a mother. Make sure your audience sees the nostalgic side of motherhood contrasted to the utter frustration of being a mom.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

Mom is sitting on a couch in center stage. She is wearing a nice outfit; preferably a black and white-striped top or blouse of some kind. She has a whistle tucked away inside her top. She begins by speaking to the audience.

Mom: Don't get me wrong. I LOVE being a mother. I can remember as a young adult the thought of being a mother scared me to death! Was I equipped to raise a child? I mean, I was a total nightmare as a kid! How did I think I could raise one to be better than me?! And my husband and I have such great life together! We both love movies and football, and a baby would just interrupt that. There goes our freedom out the window. But, the day when my oldest daughter entered the world, I was...hopeful, you know? I looked into her eyes and saw this sweet, innocent child in my arms and I just knew that somehow we were going to be OK. A few years later, my second daughter was born. I mean, I was nervous, right? I wondered if I could love another kiddo as much as I loved my first. But, once again, when that precious baby was handed to me and I was able to place her into my 3-year old's lap to hold for the first time, it was just a sweet time. There really isn't a limit to the amount of love your heart can hold. I knew right then that they would be the best of friends.

The two Daughters are either frozen on stage right back or enter at the end of Mom's first monologue. Their conversation is fast and loud and emotional—you know, like two teen sisters arguing would be.

Daught1: What are you doing in my room?!

Daught2: What are you doing with my shoes?!

Daught1: Get out!!

Daught2: NO! Give me my shoes back! Those are mine!

Daught1: You never wear them! You haven't worn them in like 6 months!!

Daught2: I don't care! They're mine!! I bought them with MY money!!

Daught1: So, you think you can just come into my room any time you want without asking?!

Daught2: Yes! When it involves rescuing my stolen articles of clothing!

Daught1: You're always so dramatic! MOM!!!! Tell her to get out of my room!!!

Daught2: MOM!!!! Tell her to give me back my shoes...and whatever else she has of mine!!

Daught1: MOM!!! She's falsely accusing me!!! She doesn't even wear those shoes anymore! She doesn't have anything to wear with them, anyway!

Daught2: How do you know?! Have you been in my closet?! MOM!!!!

Mom has been sitting on couch trying to remain calm while the girls have their throw-down. She is pursing her lips and closing her eyes, as if to transport herself to another place in time. She finally stands up and takes out a whistle that has been around her neck and tucked into her top. She blows the whistle.

Mom: TIME OUT!!! We have offsetting penalties. We have a personal foul; off sides against the offense. We also have interference against the defense...and taking without asking. This will result in a loss of down...and phone privileges for both teams. We will repeat this down and this penalty...probably later today.

The Daughters stop and stare at their Mom like she's a crazy woman while she hands down her penalty. Daughters both walk off in a huff.

Mom: So, they aren't best friends. But, someday they will be; at least that's what *they* tell me...whoever "they" are. I can hope, right?! (*beat*) Then, there's my son; what a blessing. Having two girls in the house definitely has its challenges, but when my son came along, I just knew that having a boy around would change everything. Having a little baby brother would definitely bring the girls together. All that estrogen in the house would definitely be tempered by a young, curious testosterone-filled boy. Finally, some calm and level-headedness to the emotional world we'd been living in with two girls. You know, a *boy*. Every mom's dream. A boy to carry on the family name, to be a balance to his two sisters and with time, someone that would just grow into a responsible adult who would eventually take care of his father and I when we got old. (*Heavy sigh*) Responsible.

Son appears behind the couch, just over Mom's right shoulder. He's holding a display board; the kind kids use for presentations for school.

Son: Hey mom. Can you help me with my project for school? I'm not very artistic and you are. It's a science project. You made really good grades in science, didn't you? I think you told us that! Don't you have like a degree or something in Science or Biology or something like that? Besides, you do things so well and *fast*, too! You always get things done. I'm actually amazed at how fast you can just get something done. I leave my room with my dirty clothes all over the floor and when I come home after school, they are washed, folded and in my drawers! Wow! Super fast!!

Mom: When is this project due?

Son: Um...tomorrow?

Mom stands up like before and pulls out whistle. Blows whistle.

Mom: We have a delay of homework penalty against the offense. And a personal foul against the offense for playing the "sweet boy" card, thinking he can butter up his mother by reminding her of the life she had before kids! It was Biology; a degree in biology with an emphasis in Molecular Biology. And, yes, I am fast...and thorough. And tired. This penalty will result in a loss of sleep FOR BOTH OF US!!!

Son: Thanks, mom. *(Sweetly)* I love you! *(Sits the presentation board down beside his mom).*

As Mom begins her next lines, her Husband enters quickly and smiling nervously and carrying his suit jacket. He sits down beside Mom as to casually join her in support, but it's obvious he's in a hurry and needs to talk to her.

Mom: *(smiles sarcastically...then rolls her eyes; to audience)* Well, at least there's one person in this house who truly appreciates me for me. When everything else is a swirl of chaos, I know I can count on him to be a beacon in the storm...a rock in the sand pit...a stream in the desert. My wonderful husband. *(Sighs)* He knows me and still loves me, even after all these years. We share the load of home and family together, and the best part is we communicate about all the big things in life.

Husband: *(To audience)* That's me. Mr. Supportive. But, hey, I learned it from the *best (nudges Mom)* She's SO supportive. I mean she's always getting things done, keeps everyone moving along and prepared for stuff. And flexible! She just ROLLS with the punches, you know? Able to make last minute changes to schedules. She's patient...

Mom: Honey, what are you talking about?

Husband: What do you mean? I'm talking about you, babe! You're awesome!!

Mom: I'm not buyin' it. What's up?

Husband: We really gotta get going! The work dinner is in 30 minutes! We talked about this the other night, remember?

Mom: Um, no. We didn't.

Husband: I told you about the date switch the other night when I got back from my trip. I came in, turned off the TV and told you they double booked us with the dog pageant people, so the boss decided to bump our dinner up to this week. I said, "Yeah, I won't mind eating prime rib and the best garlic rolls in town a week earlier," and you said, "Mmm!"

Mom: Wait. The trip you got back from at 1am? I was sleeping!

Husband: But you said, "Mmm!"

Mom: I was talking in my sleep!

Husband: But you were answering, too. How was I to know you were asleep?!

Mom: It was 1am...and a Tuesday, so I had already taught 3 yoga classes, taken one kid to the orthodontist, one to dance, and one to play practice. Then, grabbed them dinner after picking them up and helping with an Economics essay, one ex-boyfriend, and one leaning tower of Pizza misunderstanding. I was out!

Husband: Okay. My bad. *(Hugs her)* But can you be ready in 15 minutes anyway. Just throw something on-you look great!

Mom: *(Blows whistle)* TIME OUT! We have an encroachment penalty. That half apology is weak and insincere. We also have a rushing penalty, which could easily cost you a loss of down sleeping on the couch. Fine. I'll go get ready, but I fully expect ice cream on the way home. LOTS of ice cream.

Husband: *(Kisses her on the cheek)* You're the best, babe. *(Mouths to the audience and points to his wife, "She's the best." Rushes offstage with suit over his shoulder.)*

Mom: Yep, I LOVE being a mother and a wife. But, some days I feel like I am the coach, the fans, the referee, and the cheerleader all in one.

Lights fade.

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