

a script from

231 WORSHIP

"Mom's 'Day Off'"

By
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What On the verge of a much-needed Mother's Day staycation, a Mom tries to hold onto her calm despite her family's constant interruptions. Just as she reaches her breaking point, she's reminded of the beautiful tension of motherhood: wanting a break... and never wanting to miss a moment.

Themes: Mother's Day, Family, Motherhood, Parenting, Love, Sacrifice

Who Mom
Dad
Riley (Older sibling - male or female)
Taylor (Younger sibling - male or female)

When Present Day

Costumes Casual clothing

Props Overnight bag/clothes to pack (*optional*)
"Happy Mothers Day" sign
Cup
Baby doll (or real baby if you're feeling brave)

Why Proverbs 31:28, Galatians 6:9, Psalm 127:3

How This script relies on strong pacing, with quick entrances and exits that build tension as Mom is constantly pulled in different directions. As the scene progresses, her stress should visibly escalate. When the kids reveal their gift, slow everything down and let the emotional shift land before ending on a light comedic note. Also, Dad is not incompetent - he's eager and trying to support his wife the best he can.

Time 5-6 minutes

Mom is packing an overnight bag in her bedroom. **Dad** “helps”. The scene starts in the middle of their conversation.

Packing props (suitcase/clothes) can be real, or pantomimed.

Mom: You know, I think this’ll be the first time I’ve stayed in a hotel room by myself since the kids were born. Instead of a pack and play, I’m going to order *room service*. And a pay-per-view rom-com.

Dad: I don’t think they do pay per view anymore. It’s like... a Netflix login situation.

Mom: Ooh, then Gilmore Girls. Season six. *No Dean*.

Dad: Team Logan all the way.

Mom: I have a massage booked for this afternoon, then I’m going to sit by the pool until I’m crispy and finally finish this “quick read” book I bought at the airport last Christmas.

Dad: Oh yeah, that was the trip where we found out Taylor got motion sickness.

Mom: Yeah, zero reading got done on that flight. *(beat)* But today... no one touches me. No one needs me. I will change exactly zero diapers. Just me, myself, and a hot cup of coffee I’ll actually finish in one sitting.

Dad lovingly grabs her shoulders from behind - an encouraging hug.

Dad: You deserve it. Happy Mother’s day.

A sweet beat between the couple. Then, on cue, a **BABY CRIES** offstage.

Mom jumps, instinctually, but **Dad** stops her.

Dad: Keep packing. I’ve got this.

Dad exits stage left. **Mom** picks up her book and talks to it.

Mom: Let's see if I can make it past page three this time.

Mom puts the book in her suitcase as **Riley**, the older child, rushes in from stage right.

Riley: Mom! Where's the tape?

Mom: Masking or clear?

Riley: Clear.

Mom: Middle drawer in the desk.

Riley: Thanks!

As **Riley** scurries off stage right, she crosses paths with **Taylor**, the younger child, as **Taylor** enters. **Mom** starts packing again before she is interrupted by a loud –

Taylor: MOMMY!

Mom: Yes?

Taylor: I need strawberries.

Mom: Bottom drawer in the fridge.

Taylor: Bananas?

Mom: Counter.

Taylor: Okay!

Taylor skips off, stage right. **Mom** gets herself back in the zone.

Mom: Pool. Book. Stars Hollow.

Dad rushes back in, stage left. His energy is more frazzled than when he left.

Dad: Where are the baby wipes?

Mom: In the diaper caddy.

Dad: Finished those. This one’s a doozy. What are we feeding that kid?

Mom: Prunes.

Dad: Well, they’re working.

Mom: There’s a box of wipes in the baby’s closet.

Dad: Got it.

Dad charges off stage left. **Mom** closes her eyes to reclaim her zen.

Mom: From here on out - a poop free day.

Riley runs in from stage right.

Riley: Mom! Where are the scissors?

Mom: (eyes still closed) Junk drawer.

Riley: And the glitter?

Mom’s eyes shoot open in terror.

Mom: No. Why?

Riley: Never mind, I remember where it is.

Riley runs off stage right and **Mom** starts to follow her...

Mom: No glitter, Riley!!

Dad bursts in from stage left, disheveled. **Mom** stops following Riley and turns toward **Dad**.

Dad: The baby is painting with poo. There is poo everywhere. I need those sanitizing wipes.

Mom: Guest bathroom – do you need help??

Dad: No! I’ve got this. Our son is an artist!

Dad runs off stage left as **Taylor** comes in from the right. **Mom’s** stress level is pretty high.

Taylor: Mommy where’s the step stool?

Mom: It’s in the pantry. What are you guys making? Is it a glitter bomb?!
(she takes a beat and tries to adopt a calm demeanor) Never mind, I don’t want to know. If it explodes, wait til after I leave.

Taylor: Okay, we will!

Taylor exits stage right, excitedly.

Not quite the answer **Mom** wanted to hear, but she’ll take it. Not her problem.

Mom: Just one day for myself. Is that too much to ask for?

Dad shouts from offstage.

Dad: (offstage) Where’s that magic stain spray?

Mom: (yelling back) Laundry shelf.

Dad: (offstage) Never mind. We’ll just have to burn this onesie.

Mom is moments from snapping. **Riley** and **Taylor** enter stage right holding a decorated “Happy Mother’s Day” sign and a smoothie. **Mom** is still facing toward stage left.

Riley/Taylor: MOM!

Mom: *(finally snaps)* What?!

Mom’s “what” is not so harsh that the **kids** are upset, but harsh enough for **Mom** to have a healthy dose of mom guilt about it.

Mom sees their sign and the smoothie and she melts a little bit.

Taylor: We made your favorite smoothie. *(Taylor hands the smoothie to Mom)*

Riley: And a sign. *(beat)* I was careful with the glitter.

Taylor: And we wrote all the things we love about you.

Riley and Taylor read the sign out loud as **Dad** and the **Baby** *(doll)* enter from stage left.

Riley: “We love how you make us Mickey Mouse pancakes before Church on Sunday, even though it means you have to wake up before it’s bright out.”

Taylor: “We love how you read us a book every night before bed, even when you’re sleepy.”

Dad: “Thank you for juggling a million things all the time and keeping this family together.” That one’s from me.

Mom’s speechless.

Mom: You guys... I can’t leave now. I should cancel.

Dad: No, you’re going.

Mom: But Sunday morning pancakes...

Dad: I’ll make them. They might be a little burned, but I’ll make them.

Mom: Make sure you use chocolate ch-

Dad: Chocolate chips for eyes. I know.

Taylor: Dad already promised I could have extra whipped cream.

Riley: He said I could try coffee!

Dad: No I did not.

Riley: No he did not. *(beat)* You should go, Mom.

Mom: Well, okay...

Mom’s hesitant, but agrees. She grabs her bag.

Mom: But I’m Facetiming you guys tonight to read a book before bed.

Riley: Deal.

Mom walks toward stage left and stops to look at her family, lovingly. Then...

A huge BANG! comes from offstage right. Taylor and Riley look guilty.

Dad: What was that?

Riley: Uh....

Mom: Glitter bomb. Vacuum’s in the coat closet. Bye!

Mom scurries away off stage left. Dad glares at the girls.

Lights out or exit.