

“Motherhood is an Unfinished Journal”

by
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- What** In this Mother’s Day monologue, a discouraged mom finds that her old diary contains an encouraging surprise, even though most of the pages are blank. Can easily be performed live or virtually.
- Themes: Mother’s Day, Moms, Encouragement, Parenting, Zoom-Friendly, Monologue, Adoption
- Who** Mom
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Casual clothing
A desk with drawers (can substitute a table piled with papers if necessary)
Chair
Gift-wrapped diary (or other book that looks like a diary)
- Why** Proverbs 31, 1 Corinthians 13:4-7
- How** “Mom” should speak to an invisible offstage husband but not expect an answer. If using a table instead of a desk, the gift-wrapped book should be hidden under a pile of papers that “Mom” can rifle through. When “Mom” starts to throw away the diary, she should grab the back cover of the book so that it falls open to the latter pages. She should also make a clear distinction between when she is reading the diary entries and when she is making other comments, possibly by picking up the book each time she reads and putting it down when commenting. This skit is easily performed on any online platform (like Zoom). “Mom” would just enter, sit in front of the computer screen, and look off-screen each time she talks to “Jack”.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Mom enters as if she is looking for something. After a few Moments of looking around, she sits at the desk and opens some drawers as she says the next lines to an offstage husband.

Mom: *(looking offstage)* I'm in the office now, Jack. Am I getting warm? *(To herself as she looks around in the desk)* I gotta say, scavenger hunts never get old when there is a gift at the end of them. *(Toward offstage again)* I'm at the desk. Am I getting warmer or colder?

Mom suddenly stops as she finds the present. She quickly unwraps it and reacts with surprise and delight.

Oh! Oh, look at this. My old diary. I haven't seen this in so long!

She rubs the front, looking at it with fondness.

I bought this the day I learned I was expecting Sarah. I was going to document every moment of my journey as a mom.

Opens the diary and reads out loud.

April 1st: No joke! After 5 years of heartbreak, we are FINALLY going to have a baby. I just found out. The baby is due right before Christmas. Best present ever! I have 8 months to read all the books and join all the Internet groups so I can figure everything out. I'm a little scared right now, but I'm sure by then I'll have it all together.

(An aside as she turns the page) Still waiting on that having it all together thing.

May 9th: Mother's Day. Just think—by this time next year, I'll have a baby in my arms! It will be heaven! She will never need to cry because I'll hold her all the time. Or maybe it's a him. Oh, I can't wait to find out. And I'm totally doing cloth diapers. They are so much better for baby's skin. And I plan to start making and freezing my own organic baby food soon!

(An aside as she turns the page) Well that was optimistic.

November 13th: November! I haven't documented this pregnancy very well. I've had some complications so life has been different from what I thought, but I'm sure I'll write more once the baby is here.

Turns a page, then another, and another looking for the next entry.

Wait...that's all I wrote? Three entries in a journal that was going to document my entire journey as a mom?

Flips through the pages she just read again as she says the next line.

And I didn't even accomplish the things I DID write about! *(Sigh)* You know what? This goes in the trash. I definitely do not need another reminder of all my "Mom Failures".

Mom starts to toss it but "accidentally" sees more entries and stops.

Oh! There ARE more entries! *(Opens to a page further back in the book)* But... *(Pause)* that's not my writing. That's Jack's! *(Yells offstage but trails off as she speaks)* Jack... did you...?

Mom turns back to the diary and reads out loud.

December 7th: My dearest love... Today I watched as you gave birth to our tiny daughter. I've never known anyone who was as strong and as beautiful as you were today. You are so amazing.

Covers mouth with her hand with deep emotion, then slowly turns the page.

My dearest love... Today we started our adoption journey and I watched as you transitioned from one child to four in the space of a single hour. I didn't think you could get any stronger or more beautiful than you already were, but I was wrong. You are so amazing.

(An aside as she turns the page) Oh Jack!

My dearest love... I watched you with our kids today. It was an ordinary day. No momentous events happened. You just took care of everything. You made the meals and cleaned the stuff. You played with the kids and taught them to love each other. You hugged them, listened to them. You even tried to help Sarah with her Geometry, and we all know how you feel about math! You were just THERE... for all of us. Just there taking care of us. You are always strong and always beautiful, but I think maybe it's these ordinary days when you are the most amazing!

Mom sighs as she comments on what she just read.

Oh Jack. I don't feel strong, or beautiful, or amazing. I feel like I've failed at every single thing I expected to be as a mom. I couldn't even fill the pages of a single diary! You had to do it for me!

(Turns the page) My dearest love... It's been a while since I wrote in here but today is Mother's Day and I wanted you to find this diary because I think you should see something. So, stop reading right now and flip through this entire book.

Mom looks up, confused, then shrugs and flips through the entire book as she says the next line.

(An aside) It's just blank pages, Jack. Why would I want to see blank pages? That's like salt in a wound.

Mom finds the final entry again and reads out loud.

Did you do it? Did you see all the blank pages?

Mom looks up, rolls her eyes, and sighs.

(An aside) Yes, Jack, I saw all the blank pages.

Mom reads again.

I know you very well. I know you see those blank pages as failures. You think that because those pages are empty, you didn't do what you were supposed to do. But did you stop to think that those blank pages represent not failure, but success? That they are symbols of a life so exceptional and well lived that you didn't have time to sit and write about it? Oh, my beautiful wife, instead of documenting events, you were busy living them! Instead of recording memories, you were making them. You have chosen to love us with every single moment you've been given. The blank pages show a full life. You are a great mom BECAUSE of those blank pages, not in spite of them! Never forget how beautiful, strong, and amazing you are in my eyes. Happy Mother's Day, my love.

Mom flips through the entire book again, slowly touching a few of the blank pages, as she says the next line.

I wanted this book to document my entire journey as a mom.

Mom pauses, then closes the book and smiles.

Maybe an unfinished diary does just that.

Lights out or walk offstage holding the diary.