

A script from



“One Hundred Love Points”

by
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- What** A mom and dad realize that it's too hard to love their kids, so they come up with a plan to make it easier. This is a satirical look at how we sometimes believe we can earn God's love by how we live our lives. **Themes:** God's Love, Grace, Mercy, Unconditional
- Who** Mother
Father
Nick
Hannah
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** The setting is a kitchen. You can go as big or as small with this as you'd like. A simple kitchen table will do.
Dress for each actor is casual
Ear buds for Hannah
Phone for Hannah
- Why** Ephesians 5: 1-6
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and be careful not to overact.
- Time** Approximately 6 minutes

Mother and Father stand near a kitchen table. **Mother** folds her arms and is turned away. **Father** has his head down in defeat.

Father: So should we tell them?

Mother: I can't see any other way.

Father: *(Nods. Then, sadly calls off)* Kids? Nick! Hannah! Come in here, please.

Nick and Hannah enter. **Nick** is a handsome well adjusted teenage boy. **Hannah** is in a "phase". She has her ear buds in and constantly looks at her phone.

Nick: Yeah?

Father: Ah. Yeah, would you two please sit down? We need to have a family counsel.

Hannah: *(Rolls her eyes and looks into her phone)* Ugh.

Father: *(Removing her ear buds for her)* I need you listening this time, Princess.

Nick and Hannah sit at the table.

Father: Your mother and I have been talking. I'm sure you've noticed that things around here aren't...good...right now. There's no easy way to say this. You both know I love my job, right? And it's taking so many extra hours of my day. I love it, but it means more time at the office. And your mother is spending more time than ever as PTA vice-president and with the Homeowners Association, which as you know, she loves dearly.

Nick: We know, Dad. So what's up?

Father: Well, uh...Carol?

Mother: We're feeling...stretched. Thin.

Father: There's only so many hours in the day and you both are important to us, but...

Mother: We've talked about it and worked it out.

Father: Yes. *(Beat)* Your mother and I are going to have to start loving you less.

Nick: What! Why?

Hannah: That's totally unfair!

Father: Now, now, before you bite our heads off. I think it's important for you to remember that your mother and I used to love you very, very much.

Nick: Dad! What are you saying?

Father: I'm saying we only have so much love to give. And with all the other things requiring our love, it's just...there's not enough to go around.

Nick: So why don't you work less?

Father: *(Hostile)* I just got a promotion! Are you insane?

Hannah: Why does it have to be us?

Mother: Honey, I know, at your age all of this is very confusing. But think about it. I love my work. I love my sleep. I love clothes. I love Netflix. I love to eat. There's only so many hours in the day! What do you want me to do? Make the earth spin slower? I can't do that.

Hannah: *(Dejected)* No. I guess not.

Father: Hey, cheer up. Your mother's first idea was not to love you at all.

Hannah: What?!

Mother: It's true.

Hannah: Why?!

Mother: Honestly, you've been a pill for the last six months. You don't talk to us, you listen to your iPod at dinner, you roll your eyes whenever we speak. You call me Carol. Frankly, it's exhausting trying to love you.

Hannah: I'm in my rebel phase. You're supposed to fight through that.

Father: You call her Carol?

Mother: I'm not saying it's them but ever since you got into One Direction-

Hannah: Oh, don't blame this on them. They didn't do this!

Mother: It just makes it very difficult to love you. *(Beat)* It's honestly not worth it anymore.

Father: Not like Nick.

Mother: Nick, see, he's much easier to love. He has a part time job. He's responsible. He's funny-

Father: Not that funny. Kid can't tell a joke to save his life.

Mother: Okay, but still. He deserves to be loved, amiright?

Father: No doubt.

Mother and Father high five.

Hannah: I hate this family.

Mother: That isn't helping your cause, sweetie. Be glad we're not just getting rid of you altogether. Trust me...we looked into it.

Father: Not legal.

Mother: Nope.

Father: *(Bitterly to himself)* Sure a sixteen year old girl can leave a baby at a fire station...

Hannah: *(Face palm)* I just can't with you people. I just can't.

Mother: It's only for a little while. Until you go off to college.

Nick: You'll love us more when we're in college?

Mother: No. But we'll see you much less. So when we do see you we'll love on you just like old times. And when you're gone we won't have to love you at all.

Nick: So how's this going to work?

Mother: Great question, Nick.

Mother gives a look to Hannah. (See?)

Father: We decided we should take our love we have for you two- not our old love, mind you, but our new reduced love and turn it into one hundred points. Yay! A hundred points!

Mother: And every week you'll be able to tell us what you've done around the house or how you've helped out and then, based on who did what we'd divvy up the love points.

Nick: We have to earn our love points?
Mother: Sure. So like right now, we'd give...well, like Nick would get all one hundred love points.

Hannah: Mother!

Father: Fifty-Fifty! Right now it's fifty love points each. Even-Steven. But the first week is a gimme, okay? From now on, it's every child for his or her self.

Nick: So what do we do with these love points? Once we get them.

Father: They can be redeemed. Like tickets at Chuck E. Cheese.

Hannah: Redeemed?

Mother: Sure. If you want food, or clean clothes or if you want your allowance that week or not.

Father: Or fatherly advice. You can spend it on that.

Hannah: I don't think it's right we have to earn your love.

Mother: Well, we're tired of just giving it away for free all the time, okay? So...

Nick: I thought we were supposed to love each other like God loves us. You told me that once.

Father: Ha! I was wrong. The kid *can* tell jokes. *(Claps his hands)* All right, I'll give you each ten love points if you both stop talking and go to bed.

Nick and Hannah look at each other and then race each other offstage.

Mother: *(Looking fondly offstage)* Look at 'em go. We honestly should have thought of this years ago.

Lights out.