

## **“She Used My Full Name”**

by  
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**What** This script is a humorous testament to the power of mothers. Can be performed as a duet or monologue.

**Themes:** Mother’s Day, Parenting, Salvation, Faith, Raising Children

**Who** Son  
Mother

**When** Recent past

**Wear  
(Props)** Modern clothes

**Why** Proverbs 31; Proverbs 22:6

**How** Son addresses the audience directly, but the mother behaves in the moment, never knowing the audience is there. If performing with a single actor, Son simply performs his mother’s tirades with an affected voice.

If only using one person, amend the end of each section to read “Then of course, she’d say “you’ll thank me for this one day.” The ending would then read: Thank you mom for saving my life. *(pause)* To which she would reply, “Told you so”

Son’s name can be changed to the actor’s actual name.

**Time** Approximately 5 minutes

*Man is standing on stage, addressing the audience directly.*

**Son:** I'll never forget the time my mother saved my life. Well, she saved my life a lot of times, but there was this one time when I was just a little boy. There I was, playing in the mud like all boys do—I was smashing my trucks together burying the smaller cars and then trying to find them like buried treasure—when the worst thing happened.

**Mother:** *(calling from the other side of the stage)* Bobby!

**Son:** The absolute worst thing for any young boy playing outside in the summertime.

**Mother:** Bobby!

**Son:** My mother called me in for lunch.

**Mother:** *(insistent)* Bobby!!

**Son:** *(to her)* Coming, mom! *(back to the audience)* I mean, I had just buried three matchbox cars! Three! If I didn't get the bulldozer pretty soon, I'd have to dig through the whole mud pit again just to find them! It might take forever! Like...ten minutes!

**Mother:** Bobby! Get in here now!

**Son:** I trudged back to the house for lunch, plans to build a giant mud city in the afternoon already filling my head. But! Before I could land a single foot on my porch...she used my full name...

**Mother:** *(fully facing him)* Bobby Lee Ray Conrad!! I know you're not planning on entering MY house looking like a pig who has wallowed in filth for their entire blessed life! You are not bringing in those germs and nastiness to my kitchen! You stand right there!

*Mother acts out the next part in pantomime around him, all the while, muttering scathing rebukes.*

**Son:** And she proceeded to scour me from top to bottom with a water hose *(wincing as she mimes spraying him)*, using the "jet spray" setting on my hair, then my face, even up my nose and into my ears, waging her war on the fugitive germs I was supposedly harboring. After a thorough cleaning that would make most modern car washes jealous, I was marched, dripping wet and tender skinned, to the bathroom...where I was given another bath with actual soap. And THAT...is how my mother saved me from the germs and from being unclean.

**Mother:** You'll thank me for this one day. *(huffs across the stage)*

**Son:** I wound up finding those three matchbox cars years later with the lawnmower. Of course, my mother saved my life another time too. I was playing baseball with my friends in the backyard. The bases were loaded, and I was up to bat. Billy was on the old stump we used as first base and Olly was inching past the ugly mushroom that was second base. Andrew was pitching from my sister's baby doll that had been left out in the rain too many times. He wound up and threw the ball way over my head and into the ditch near the road. I turned around and darted after it, only to be stopped a breath away from the road by a thundering sound...

**Mother:** Bobby!!!

**Son:** My mother...

**Mother:** Bobby!! Lee! Ray! Conrad!!!!

*Again, she pantomimes this on her path to the Son.*

**Son:** Using my full name. Out of the kitchen slash dugout she roared, kicking over the ugly second base mushroom and charging right past the baby doll pitcher's mound, stepping right through the smiling Italian man on the pizza box we used as home plate, all the while brandishing her rolling pin like a medieval sword, ready to vanquish the scourge of my ignorance.

**Mother:** How many times have I told you to look both ways before you cross the street? Do you WANT to end up as a giant skid mark on the highway? What if a car had come flying by? Huh? What if Mr. Jones from down the street came flying by in his Winnebago? You know that man can't see three feet in front of his face, and I don't know how on God's green earth he gets a driver's license.

*She continues listing things under Son's next few lines.*

**Son:** And so, with my friends looking on in amused horror...

**Mother:** Or a semi-truck!! Or even a moped!? Why you could have been hit by a...  
*(continues on)*

**Son:** ...she proceeded to detail how every possible mode of transportation was intent on ruining my day...

**Mother:** ...and then flipped you up in the air like a pancake! Then I'd be left heartbroken with just your sister and father! Do you think you could live with that kind of guilt?!

**Son:** She then picked up the errant baseball, took the rolling pin in her hand, and I kid you not, she knocked it clear over our fence and into old lady Smather's yard, where it still rests among the garden gnomes today. And that's how my mother won the game and saved me from traffic.

**Mother:** *(serenely returning to her place across the stage)* You'll thank me for this one day.

**Son:** Of course, this was directly contradicted by my dad, who told me to go play in traffic whenever I woke him from his Sunday afternoon nap.

*Son sits in a chair. Mother is sitting in a chair on the other side of the stage.*

Another time, I was a teenager, at church, sitting in the back row with all my buddies, as teenagers do, goofing off during the song service. Not loud enough to make anyone notice, but also definitely not singing the 185th verse of Just as I Am. Right as the pastor asked us to bow our heads to pray, my best friend Brian made a face that was somehow both like a cat about to vomit and our pastor's prayer face simultaneously. And in that tiny silent moment before the pastor began to pray... I laughed. *(his mother's head turns to him from across the stage)* And across the church, I saw my mother's eyes, closed just enough to look like she's praying, but open enough for me to have an entire silent conversation with them. Her eyes said...

*Mother speaks in a controlled hushed voice. She means business.*

**Mother:** Boy, you better stop that nonsense right now or I promise you will NEVER see the outside world again when we get home.

**Son:** *(shrugging)* To which, my shoulders replied, "But mom! It's not my fault! These other boys made me laugh!" And my mother somehow squinted her eyes tighter, which meant—

**Mother:** Bobby Lee Ray Conrad.

**Son:** *(gulps)* She was SQUINTING my full name.

**Mother:** I am NOT these other boys' mother. Because if I was, you can bet that I'd have every last one of you lined up on the front row of this church with coats and ties on and Bibles open to read Genesis to Revelation in one sitting.

*Mother stalks over to Son and acts out the next part as he describes it.*

**Son:** And so, during "fellowship time," my mother grabs my arm in that vice grip that only angry mothers have, she walks me up the aisle, *(they slowly make their way to the other side where Mother was sitting)*

shaking hands and smiling and telling people that God loves them and God bless them and what a wonderful morning it is to be in church and my arm is turning purple from blood loss until we get to our pew. She jams me down right beside her in the third row, smiles at the pastor...then leans over and starts whispering to me how I better listen up and listen good because ain't no child of hers gonna be disrespectful in God's house, no sir. She slapped that heavy Bible in my lap, put her arm around me...not in a loving way...but to make sure I'm facing the pulpit, and began to whisper a lecture that only I could hear. The preacher was preaching up front and my mother was preaching in my ear and I had better listen to the preacher because you know she's gonna give me a pop quiz when we get home, but I don't dare ignore my mother and I'm trying to find the Bible verses from both in that big family Bible.

*Pause.*

And that's how my mother made sure I was saved for eternity.

*An appreciative pause.*

**Mother:** *(moving away from him)* You'll thank me for this one day.

**Son:** To this day, I don't sit any further back than the third row. My mother can't quite snatch me up nowadays. But what her hands can't do, her eyes and words sure can. So, before I lose the opportunity, I just want to say...

*Faces her.*

Thank you, mom for saving my life.

**Mother:** *(after a moment)* Told you so.

*Lights out.*