

A script from



“Silencing the Noisemakers”

by
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- What** A woman reflects on her imperfections, resolutions over the years, and the changes each new year brings. Themes: New Year, Change, Image, Resolutions, Goals, Expectations, Perfection
- Who** 1 Female
- When** Present; New Years
- Wear (Props)** Actress is dressed casual
Noisemaker and/or New Years party hat (you can find this at a party store)
- Why** 2 Corinthians 5:17, Hebrews 13:8, Malachi 3:6, Romans 8:29
- How** Be very conversational as if you are sitting across from a friend having coffee. You might use a stool to sit on while you are speaking.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

A woman is inspecting her reflection in a hand-held mirror...possibly holding tweezers.

Eleven.

That's the number of years I've been married to a pretty great guy. Also, coincidentally, the number of pounds I've gained so far over the holidays, AND the number of grey hairs I plucked out of my head this morning. They're simply no match for me and my age-defying, time machine tweezers. I guess it's probably a huge understatement to say that I'm not the same woman my husband married over a decade ago.

Well, we've just come through Christmas, so I feel like I can finally stop and breathe for a minute. Of course, now there's a New Year headed straight for us. Ready or not, here it comes! I remember when I was little; I used to think New Year's Eve was such a magical time. I mean, on December 31st, "tomorrow" was actually next year! So fun. Parents let you stay up 'til midnight. They even encourage you to make a ton of noise...handed me this tiny device called...get this: A NOISEMAKER. *(Pause)* ON PURPOSE. To a 5 year old, this was like the holy grail of commotion. When they gave it to me, a beam of light shone down from the heavens, and my little kid brain thought, "I have been assigned the task of noisemaking, and surely this will be my finest hour." I'd huff and puff and blow on that thing until I was lightheaded. Stopping only when my mother told me to take a break because she thought I might pass out. So committed was I to New Year celebration and festivity.

As I got older, I noticed how grown-ups were always talking about their "resolutions" for the New Year. They were going to lose weight, quit smoking, spend more time with family...learn a new language...volunteer at the library...save the whales...and resolve the national debt. Somewhere along the way, I too began associating the changing of the calendar with the changing of the person. Each New Year called for a new YOU. So when I was a teen I'd resolve to study better. In teen-speak that means I'd start opening the books and actually reading the words, rather than using them as a platform for my alarm clock. Then in college, I'd resolve to stop procrastinating and be more punctual...man, I bet my husband wishes those two had stuck. Every year I'd look in the mirror and consider all the ways I was dissatisfied with myself.

Now, I realize we **need** to change. Otherwise we'd never improve, right? So I'd find myself caught in the hustle for progress, just like everyone else. I got married and my last name changed. Then God blessed us with children...this was the woolly mammoth of change. HUGE. And a little smelly. Still, I was determined I'd be the best thing to happen to motherhood since nap time. I mean, I'd read all the books, right? Surely that had to count for something. I probably don't need to tell you that notion was short-lived.

***To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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ENDING:

There's freedom in my Father's acceptance. He loves me...frizzy haired, chronically late, less-than-toned **ME**. I can't wait to see what He'll change in me this year. I'm really hoping for 6-pack abs and incandescently white teeth, but we'll see what He's got in mind. Now if you'll excuse me, *(she puts on New Years Eve hat or glasses)* my husband and I have an appointment with Dick Clark, a sparkly ball, and... *(blows on noisemaker)*...well, you didn't think I'd give THESE up, did you?

Happy New Year! *(Lights out. The end.)*