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“Toilet Paper”

by
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What When Lori's at the end of her rope with her kids, Jesus offers to take her "what ifs" to lighten her load. He reminds her that she can trust Him with it all.

Themes: Parenting, Mother's Day, Mom, Trust, Fear, Stress

Who Lori
Jesus
Little Girl

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Lori: Mom clothes
Jesus: Biblical clothes
Little Girl: Cute dress

Why Sometimes we don't think God can relate to our parenting problems, and when we take it on ourselves, we can get hyper-focused on small problems and fail to see God's in control.
Isaiah 41:10; Romans 8:28

How Make sure the dialogue runs quippy—Jesus and Lori have a nice bantering style together.

Time Approximately 5-6 minutes

Lori enters the living room, holding an empty toilet paper roll. Laundry lays half folded on the chair. She's cradling a cell phone in her shoulder. On the floor are a few scattered toys.

Lori: *(into phone)* I'm just saying...because I'm your mom, that's why...I don't think that's a good idea...no, that's not what I'm saying, it's just that you're young and...if you'd just listen to...hello? HELLO?

Frustrated, she drops the phone onto the chair.

Lori: *(shouting up the unseen stairs)* Conner! CONNER! Come get these toys right now! I've told you three times!

No answer. Lori slouches and sulks her way onto the couch. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, bows her head, and appears to be praying.

At that exact moment, Jesus enters the stage, looking like he just stepped out of a Children's Bible illustration.

Lori: There you are.

Jesus: You rang?

Lori: Very funny.

Jesus: Not in the mood for jokes?

Lori: Oh...I'm just...I'm just... *(holds up empty toilet paper roll)* ...it's this. THIS. Do you know what this represents?

Jesus: Charmin?

Lori: Laziness. Pure and simple. And we all know what laziness gets you.

Jesus: A nap?

Lori: Failing a whole grade at school.

Jesus: Oh wow—that went dark.

Lori: You fail one grade, then you start skipping class, then the next thing you know, you've dropped out and from there you're penniless and desperate and shoplifting at Target.

Jesus: Lori, why don't you sit down.

Lori: I am sitting down.

Jesus: In your mind. It's racing like the Boston Marathon. Sit it down. Give it a rest.

Lori attempts a big, deep breath but before she can get the breath out, she's blurting—

Lori: See these toys? That's not even laziness! That's pure obstinance! And do you know what happens to boys who refuse to mind?

Jesus: Let me guess. Thirty to life?

Lori: Yes. YES!

Jesus: Lori, if I may say a few things.

Lori: It's just exhausting. I try to teach them the right things, you know?

Jesus: If I could just interje—

Lori: But it's like beating my head against a wall. Everything falls on deaf ears.

Jesus: I know the feeling...

Lori: I don't expect you to understand. I'm sure it's hard to relate.

Jesus: To, um, being a parent of children who disobey...?

Lori: I mean, you see it all. You know it all. Everyone listens to you.

Jesus: Not really.

Lori: But I have to be down here, watching all my kids make mistakes that could affect their lives. Their whole lives!

She crushes the toilet paper roll in her hand and puts the other hand over her face, trying not to cry.

Jesus: No one tells you how hard motherhood is going to be, do they?

Lori looks at Jesus, gently shakes her head.

Lori: I feel like a failure. If they can't change a toilet paper roll, how will they change a diaper? Or a bad habit? Or change the world for good? Or change someone's life?

*Suddenly a **Little Girl** comes walking across stage in a pretty little dress, noticing neither of them, looking very sure of herself as she crosses in front of them and to the other side, out of sight. **Lori** looks perplexed.*

Lori: Who was that?

Jesus: That was you.

Lori: Me? Oh wow. I was cute.

Jesus: Do you know what you were doing?

Lori: *(excited)*What?

Jesus: Leaving the bathroom.

Lori: I don't know why, but that's not what I was expecting you to say.

Jesus: Do you know what you weren't doing?

Lori: I'm gonna let you take this one.

Jesus: Changing the toilet paper roll like you'd been told a hundred times. *(beat)*. And you turned out beautifully.

Lori slumps, looking at him with embarrassment.

Lori: I'm overreacting, aren't I?

Jesus: You're tired. Being a mom does that to you sometimes. Here's an idea. Why don't you give me your "what if's".

Lori: My what if's?

Jesus: What if Lily starts running with the wrong crowd? What if Conner doesn't pick up math better? What if I haven't done a good enough job? Those what if's that run around in your mind from morning to night.

Lori: *(emotional)*They're awfully heavy.

Jesus: You carry them around with you all the time, my child.

Lori: No wonder my scale's been weighing heavier these days. Or could be stress eating those cupcakes last week.

Jesus: You can give me that too.

Lori: Look at me...how did I end up such a mess?

Jesus: I picked you, you know. You're the one I picked to be their mom. That was on purpose.

This really touches her. She looks at her hands, unfolds them and hands over the toilet paper roll—and a few hundred other things it represents—to Jesus. He gently takes them into his hands.

Jesus: I promise, you can trust me with these. All of them.
Lori looks affectionately at him, closes her eyes and takes a moment to process. When she opens her eyes, he is gone. She finally takes that deep breath, smiling.

SCRIPT

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