

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

AM I OKAY?

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Light Drama

SYNOPSIS: At the beginning of another busy day, a woman takes stock of her life, uncertain if she is doing too much, or not enough, with her life.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The actress must be aware she is not only speaking but driving during this scene. Sound effects can help, but she has to move with the car.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Worry

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: 2 Corinthians 12:9

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Starter, Women's Ministry

CHARACTERS:

Jane- a busy woman and mother

PROPS: Chairs designating a car.

COSTUMES: Business attire for a woman

SOUND: One wireless microphone; sound effects of car tires

LIGHTING: General stage or spotlight

SETTING: A car

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JANE is seated in the driver's seat of her car as the lights go up. She is leaning out the window, yelling to her daughter.

JANE: Goodbye, sweetheart. Have a good day! I'll pick you up at three right here. What? No, you will not get a ride. I will be here at three. Yes, Kayla, I will be here. At THREE, Kayla!

She shakes her head as she drives away.

Unbelievable. You to pick up your child one day, and you're the worst mother in the world. It's not my fault the budget meeting ran late. They always run late. Not that she appreciates what it's like to work a job AND play taxi AND cook AND maid!

A car horn sounds. She yelps, not seeing a car, and hitting her brakes.

Hey! Now that gesture was uncalled for. Stupid young people. When you have a teenage daughter and a job that distracts you, we'll see how you drive. Maybe it's not her; maybe it is me. Am I too wrapped up in my job to be a good mother? That's crazy talk, Jane. You're the best mother on the block. You're at every ball game, every cheerleading competition, every school dance... which means I'm smothering her! I'm wearing myself down and smothering her. And one day, she'll write a book, go on TV, and tell it all to Oprah. I should never have taken that promotion.

If she doesn't, Danny will. Not that I haven't tried taking an interest in Danny's life, but there's only so many hours of Halo a mother can play. And he's on that thing all night. Did we drive him there? Did I not nurture him enough? Did I nurture him too much, and this is his way of rebelling, blowing away fellow space rangers on the Internet?

"He's just a boy." That's what Rick keeps saying. He says I'm crazy to worry about Danny. He probably just thinks I'm crazy. No matter how busy I get with work, he takes it all in stride. If I stay until 10:00 p.m. working on a job, he smiles and welcomes me home like it's 5:30. What's the matter with him? Doesn't he realize if it was HIM staying at work til ten, I'd be screaming at him?

Maybe he's not worried because he enjoys the peace and quiet. Jane's away at the office. He gets to relax. He doesn't miss me. How do you miss someone who drives you crazy. Or maybe...

No. Rick wouldn't cheat on me. Sure, I'm hardly home, and when I am, I'm almost never in the mood. But we still talk. We still sleep in the same room. I still get hot meals on the table... even if it is Domino's. He assures me I'm okay, that everything is okay, but if I was he, and he were me—