

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

DEAR GABBY

by JOANNA JONES

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: An advice columnist dispenses conventional wisdom on conflict.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: For the sake of clarity, be sure to place the “letter people” in their own stage area that is close enough to Gabby to be in the scene but not in the same area through which the Boss and Jan enter and exit.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 6

TOPIC: Wisdom

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Proverbs 11:14

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Prayer Service

CHARACTERS:

GABBY
BOSS
MOTHER
JAN FLANDERS
BROTHER
HUSBAND

PROPS: Office desk, three envelopes, letter opener, laptop computer, bottle of Mylanta

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Six wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Gabby's office

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
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DEAR GABBY *by Joanna Jones*

Lights up on GABBY'S office, where she sits behind a desk.

BOSS: Gabby, your columns have been—well—a little odd lately. I want you to work very hard on this next edition. We have an op-ed piece on “Conflict in America.” Pull your best letters, and give it your best shot, okay, kid?

GABBY: You won't be disappointed, boss. After all, I've been helping the lost and confused of America find their way through the dark times for years now. Leave it to me. *(Looking out window, off)* Hey, buster, get outta my parking space! Yeah, you. You know who I am? Haul it! Geez!

BOSS: And Gabby, play nice with the other writers, would ya?

GABBY: You bet, boss!

BOSS walks off shaking his head, taking a swig of antacid. GABBY opens up an envelope and reads the first line simultaneously with MOTHER.

GABBY & MOTHER: Dear Gabby...

MOTHER: *(A mom in her 40s. She is wearing all black.)* I've got a problem with my teenager, I tell ya: coming home at all hours, boyfriends on motorcycles, tattoos, body piercing, loud music—she just can't accept me! She's always telling me to grow up and be responsible, and we are fighting all the time. I'm at my wits' end. What's a hip chick to do? Signed, Miffed Motorcycle Mom in Maine.

GABBY: *(Typing)* Dear Miffed: Oh, those kids today. Just remember that you are the mom, and you have a right to the age-old tradition our mothers enjoyed. Just sit her down. Hold her hand. Look her in the eye and say, “This is myyyyyy house. And as long as you live under myyyyyyy roof—I make the rules.” She should be happy she has a mom who understands how to have a good time! Remember: be firm; be fair; be the winner in all arguments.

She opens another envelope and begins to read:

GABBY & HUSBAND: Dear Gabby....

HUSBAND: Umm...I sorta...uh...forgot my wife's birthday. I just realized it was last week...the uh...night I went out bowling with the guys...and I...I was wondering how I should fix it. I think she's mad. She put my bowling uniform in the wash with brand-new red towels and “accidentally” spilled nail polish on my bowling trophy. Then I got mad and we had a fight. Then she invited her mother to live with us. What should I do? Signed, Forgetful and Feelin' It in Phoenix..