

IF I STEP ON ANOTHER LEGO

by STAN PURDUM

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A hard-working mother complains about her son's slovenly room and his irresponsible behavior even while she dutifully cleans it for him.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: 1) Keep Mom's acts of cleaning almost unconscious. She's doing it in a familiarized routine that doesn't require thought. That's the whole point. They should think about it.

2) Keep her moving as she cleans. The toys can provide a lot of things to keep her hands busy and make the sketch visually interesting.

3) This part could quite easily be converted to a father's role.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Parenting

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Numbers 14:18, Proverbs 3:12, Proverbs 13:4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Youth Service, Worship Service, Mothers Day

CHARACTERS:

Mom – oblivious to the fact that she's created the problem she laments

PROPS: 1) Legos

2) Other assorted toys

3) Toy box

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless mic

LIGHTING: General stage. A tight pool of light on her would add a nice effect.

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Scene opens on empty stage littered with children's toys and a box. Actor's off-stage voice should begin before actually entering the scene.

"I'm coming, I'm coming. OUCH!! What is that?"

Enters scene and addresses audience directly.

Here it is. This is the dirty little culprit. A Lego. Not intended by its manufacturers to inflict excruciating pain on an unsuspecting heel. But capable, nonetheless, of bringing a full-grown adult to his or her respective knees in agonized whimpers. You wouldn't think it, would you? Just a little piece of plastic. A few sharp edges. But pity the foot that finds it in the middle of the night. Kingdoms have fallen at the hands of a well-placed Lego.

I don't know how many times I've told him to put these things away. *(starts putting toys away)* I tell him and tell him and tell him. But he doesn't learn. I can't figure it out. When I was a kid, I would never have gotten away with a room like this. Had to clean it every day. But Terrance. He just doesn't get it.

I sit down with him and explain the importance of a clean room. I show him where everything goes and how to put everything in its place. But it doesn't do any good. The next day it's back to chaos.

I tell him he can't come out of his room until it's clean. So he stays in his messy room playing, and it doesn't bother him a bit. Eventually, I have to bring him out for dinner. I can't figure out why he won't do it. It's so easy, really. A little bit each day. Books on the shelf. Toys in the box, and not under the bed. I show him. But he still can't do it.

It'll be like this for a day or two. And then I won't be able to stand it any more. And the whining. All the whining. I've found it's faster to just do it myself than to try to get him to do it. I can come in, and in five minutes it's done. If I try to get him to do it, I have to put up with two hours of complaining.

I just can't see why he doesn't catch on. Why won't he learn to take the initiative? Is it really that hard? I learned it when I was his age. Why can't he?

That's the problem with kids these days. They don't have any responsibility. They want the adults in their lives to be their slaves. Well, I've had it! I'm not being his slave any more. See if I put any more books away for him! I've put away my last book. Well, maybe I'll just finish these books and the Hot Wheels track. Okay, the books, the track and the Pokemon cards. But not these Lego pieces. This is the last Lego I ever pick up. He can just step on them himself after this one. This one. And that one. And these two pieces over here. They're the last ones. These four here and the pile there are the last ones. Because once they're cleaned up today, that's it. Today and tomorrow. After