

NO ONE CALLS ME FRANK ANYMORE

by TOM DIFFEE

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: In this monologue, Frank, an elderly gentleman, ponders his changing status as he moves from being a parent to being parented.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Frank is an elderly man whose mind doesn't "put two and two together as fast as it used to." Don't be afraid of the pauses as he tries to pull his thoughts together. He is not particularly angry, just saddened by, and wondering how to deal with, his change in status.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Parenting

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Isaiah 46:4, Proverbs 17:6

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS: FRANK

PROPS: A park bench, eyeglasses, walking cane

COSTUMES: Casual

SOUND: One wireless mic

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A park bench

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FRANK delivers the monologue to the audience and to himself in a musing sort of way with occasional pauses to collect his thoughts. He enters from stage left, walks rather slowly to center stage, and stands in front of the park bench.

Frank: *(Yells toward stage right)* Yes, yes ... I'm right here. Don't worry, I'm coming. Just give me a minute. *(Sits down, talking to himself)* No, I'm not lost for Pete's sake. *(To audience)* You know, they just don't give me much credit now, do they? Oh, I know I've slowed down some...and that includes my brain. But I do still have one, ya' know. It just doesn't put two and two together as fast as it used to.

Pause.

Heh... now John, my poor boy there *(Looks off right)*...doesn't know exactly what to do with me anymore. You see, I've become kind of a burden to him. Oh, he tries real hard to tell me that I'm not...but I can see it. I'm not blind...*(Raises his glasses and squints off in the distance)* well not completely yet, anyway. And I know what's happenin' here. He just doesn't know how to handle havin' a dad who needs nearly as much lookin' after as his own kids.

And I know that I do need some lookin' after. There I said it. But I just can't bring myself to admit it to him now, can I? And I suppose that makes it even harder for him to know how to deal with the situation. But I've watched him take more and more responsibility for me...

Pause.

Now, when Hester and I first moved in with 'em, it seemed like everything was going to be okay. Hester's health had kind of set us back a bit, and we were grateful for the chance to stay in the extra bedroom and save some money. We were still pretty independent back then...could pretty much go places when and where we pleased ... didn't disrupt the family routine too much.

Pause.

But then...well, ya' know, Hester got worse and was sick for a long time...and when she died...*(A little choked up)*...well, I just haven't been the same since and things have kind of gone downhill. My eyes have gotten bad enough that they won't give me a driver's license. So I gotta depend on my son or his wife to get around. And I do get a little confused about things, now and then. But, you know what one of the worst things is? There's no one around to call me "Frank" anymore. What with Hester gone, and most of my friends havin' passed on, almost everybody I know calls me either Dad or Grandpa or some such...and there's nobody left to just call me Frank.