

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

NO PEEKING

by MOLLY WU

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: While wrapping a Christmas gift for her son, a mother recalls an incident in her own childhood when she was caught 'snooping'.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Some rehearsal may be required to get the "timing" of the stage business down. The package should be completely wrapped by the end of the monologue, allowing the last lines to be delivered with no distraction. Perhaps the actress could place a bow on the package at the very end, to create a little 'punch' before she exits.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Christmas

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 4:18-19

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Christmas

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Starter, Worship Service

CHARACTERS: KAY

PROPS: A package, Christmas wrapping paper, scissors, tape, ribbon

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A kitchen or living room

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NO PEEKING *by Molly Wu*

Lights up as KAY enters and sets a package on a table. She begins to wrap it in brightly colored wrapping paper, and continues to do so as she speaks:

KAY: Christmas Eve, and I'm still wrapping. I have to be sneaky—Cameron's a master. The boy doesn't even have to shake the package. He's got some kind of second sight. He can just look at the box and know it's a remote control car or a new action figure. So I've started hiding the presents and not even wrapping them til Christmas Eve. That's the way my mom used to do it.

Beat.

Of course, then the game is to try to find where your mom's hidden everything. I remember one year I found one of my presents in the back of her closet. Way back in the corner, behind her shoes. It was a Baby Thumbelina doll—all the rage at the time. Unfortunately, she found me there in the closet. She was so angry that she took the doll and sat it on my dresser. Wouldn't let me take it out of the box or play with it until Christmas day. Torture. "Rules are rules, Kay, and we aren't allowed to go snooping around in other people's closets. No peeking."

Sighs.

But I used to love playing in my mom's closet. I'd part the clothes and squeeze in, then pull them all back into place behind me. It was my favorite hiding spot for hide and seek with my brother. He never found it. He'd open the closet door and look in, but all he'd see is a neat row of dresses, and I'd stay there in the dark—the smell of clothes and leather, nothing but the sound of my own breath. My heart pounding. It felt like such a safe place. Surrounded by my mother's things. Safe in the cramped dark. That is, until the 'Baby Thumbelina' incident. I couldn't understand why my mom got so angry at me. Didn't understand until I was grown, actually.

Beat.

Mom was angry because she was afraid I'd stumbled onto another little secret. A secret she kept hidden away in the closet. You see Mom was an alcoholic, and the bedroom closet is where she always kept a six pack of beer.

Beat.

It's funny, but we never talk about it. I found out from Chris—what are big brothers for—but to this day, mom and I have never talked about her...problem. We talk on the phone and make chit chat and she asks how Cameron's doing and I ask about her cats. Tomorrow we'll go over to her house and sit and joke across the table at Christmas dinner, but we never talk about the real stuff.