

SOAP DREAMS *by Terrie Todd*

GENRE: Light Comedy

SYNOPSIS: A woman describes her slide down the slippery slope into soap opera addiction, with helpful illustrations from the children.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: This script is mostly a monologue, but the added scenes depicted by child actors, the costuming and music, hold the audience attention and really drive the message home.

TIME: 6 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1F adult; 2F age 6-10; 1M age 6-10

THEME: TV, Addictions, Parenting, Lack of romance in marriage, Worldliness, Worldly entertainment

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: 1 Corinthians 3:19; 1 John 2:15; Titus 2:12

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sunday Service, Women's Event

CHARACTERS:

WOMAN – she addresses the audience directly

GIRL 1 – plays bride; daughter; nurse

GIRL 2 – plays bridesmaid; friend

BOY – plays preacher; doctor

PROPS: large family Bible, sad bouquet of flowers, couch, end table, tissue box, remote control, large laundry soap box, toy medical kit, can of hair mousse or whipped topping

COSTUMES: The woman is in jeans and a sweatshirt. The children will need the following dress-up clothes: wedding dress, bridesmaid's dress, man's suit, doctor's coat, nurse's uniform. Even better if the clothing is oversized.

SOUND: Four wireless microphones (or you can get away with three if the children switch off between scenes)

LIGHTING: General stage; spots on wedding scene and playing house scene, if possible

SETTING: Woman's living room

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Scene opens with organ music, “Here Comes the Bride.” Little girl dressed in mother’s wedding dress walks slowly across the stage where little boy “preacher” with large family Bible and “bridesmaid” with weed bouquet are waiting. As the music fades, WOMAN (to one side) begins monologue. The woman speaks always to the audience.

WOMAN: Every little girl dreams of standing before a flower bedecked altar, candles glowing, gazing meltingly into the eyes of her handsome heartthrob, and hearing the minister speak the words,

PREACHER: Wilt thou, Princess Lucy, take Sir Galahad to be your awfully wedded husband?

WOMAN: And she, whispering enchantingly, says—

BRIDE: I wilt.

WOMAN: My mother has a photo of this little timeless childhood charade in the family album. *(Walking into the scene as she describes it; the children remain frozen.)* My sister was the bride, dressed in Mom’s wedding dress. My brother was the minister, my sister’s friend was the bridesmaid. And I, being the youngest with no say in the matter, was the audience. My role was to sit there and shut up. I’m not bitter. The only thing missing was the bridegroom. But pretend bridegrooms tended to be a lot more cooperative than real ones in those days. Come to think of it, they still are... *(Wedding party exits the stage as the organ plays wedding march, turning into minor discord.)*

Like most little girls quickly do, I grew up. I found my handsome knight in shining armor. I was certain that he was the most valiant, daring, and brave champion on the face of the earth. He alone could win my heart. He in turn was convinced that I was the most beautiful and fair maiden in the land. The sun paled in comparison to the light of my smile. I let him whisk me away into that land of love where I just knew we’d be this happy forever.

Ten years later, I found myself stuck in the mud somewhere between “once upon a time” and “happily ever after.” Oh, it wasn’t that life was horrible. It was just...boring.

One afternoon in the middle of diapers and dishes, I sat down for a breather. The children’s television programming was over for the morning and a show came on I hadn’t seen before. At first I had a hard time following the story line, but as the drama unfolded, I realized I was privy to something far more exciting and enticing than what surrounded me. I found myself identifying with Nicole, the shy nurse dedicated to her