

WRINKLES

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: While waiting for an ominous phone call, a widow irons clothes and reflects on some of life's wrinkles.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The tone is bitter-sweet, and therefore a tad tricky. Encourage your actress to explore the many nuances of what Jenny's going through mentally and emotionally.

TIME: 3 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1F

THEME: Faith; Trusting God

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 12:13-21; Mark 12:41-44

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker services; sermon illustration

CHARACTERS:

JENNY – mid-fifties

PROPS: An iron, ironing board, spray starch, shirts, clothes hangers, cordless phone

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A home

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Lights up. JENNY stands at an ironing board, carefully ironing a white shirt. This continues for a few moments, her expression set in concentration.

JENNY: Orrin used to laugh at me and my ironing. ‘When the good Lord returns from on high with His angels, Jenny, you’ll ask Him for a few more minutes to finish starching those shirts.’

She smiles fondly.

Can’t expect a man to understand such things. The importance of finding every wrinkle.

When I got back from the funeral home, I remember Ricky kept asking me to sit down, try to eat something, Ma, get some rest. (shakes her head) But I had all this laundry to do. Sorting and washing and folding and ironing. It’s good therapy, you know? Reminds us that life continues. Even if it feels like the world is ending, you can take a quick look around the house, and say ‘Nope. The world can’t be over just yet—there’s still dishes in the sink.’

Beat.

I’ve got plenty of wrinkles of my own now.

I’m like an old locomotive, I guess. Chugging alone down a rusty track. And these kinds of mundane chores are what keep me gathering steam.

She lifts the iron off the ironing board, and it hisses with an answering gust of steam. She sighs and continues her work.

I was standing at this ironing board six years ago when I got the call that Orrin had collapsed at work.

I was standing here six months ago when Ricky called to tell me I was gonna be a grandmother.

Standing here six days ago when the headaches got bad enough for me to finally put the iron down and call Doctor McDonnell.

Beat.

Sitting in that freezing exam room, wearing a stiff paper gown, when he came in and said they still need to run some tests, but it doesn’t look good. That it might be time for me to go home and put things in order.

Smiles sadly.