

## BABY GIRL

by BETHANY WALLACE

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** When a father finds that his daughter has breast cancer, he struggles to understand why God would choose to intervene miraculously in one person's life and not in another's.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** There are three things that must change in each scene. The character must gradually show increasing signs of age, as well as the effects of the stress and strain, and he must also be able to transition from one piece of stage business to another. Having blackouts (and music) between the scenes will help make these transitions easier, but the whole piece may be even more effective if the actor evolves in full view of the audience WITHOUT the benefit of blackouts. Try it both ways in rehearsal to see which way works best for you.

**TIME:** Over 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Death, Healing

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Mark 1:40-42

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Worship Service, Bible Study

**CHARACTERS:**

FATHER—a man shown at five different stages in life, spanning 20 years

**PROPS:** Various school pictures of daughter, newspaper clipping, chair, Bible

**COSTUMES:** Modern dress

**SOUND:** Wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General; possible use of spotlight

**SETTING:** Abstract

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*MAN is standing, pulling something out of his wallet.*

Did you see this? Did you see this? *(Holding up picture)* This is my baby girl, Emma-Jean. This is the best thing that's ever happened to me.

I have to admit, I had been asking God for a son—someone to play catch with, someone to help me to work on that clunker sitting in the garage...I'd been dreaming up all sorts of things we could do. But when I saw this little girl come out with her arms flailin' and her mouth screamin', I knew there wasn't nothin' in the world I'd ever want again so much as that little baby girl, safe in my arms.

After the birth, the doctor told us that my wife wouldn't be able to have any more babies. He said it was a miracle that Emma-Jean had been born, but it would be risky to try again. I didn't mind too much. Her momma and I knew right then that we were just gonna have to pour all our love into one little baby, and that was that.

*MAN is sitting, holding new picture from his wallet.*

See this? This is my baby girl. Well, all right, I admit she's 13 already, but she'll always be my baby girl. She just got her braces off, and her smile reminds me of a brand-new white picket fence, all neat and tidy, and lined up in a perfect row. She has the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. She can hardly keep the boys away. Her mother's been teachin' her how to wear makeup, and they even went to Macy's to buy her first... *(Embarrassed)* Well, you know ...underwear—for women. *(Quickly, almost defensively)* But that doesn't mean she's gone completely soft on me—oh, no—she's the best offense they've got on Junior Mountain High's girls basketball team. I never knew a girl so small could be so intimidating!

*He stands, begins to mime dribbling and shooting a basketball.*

Emma-Jean and I practice almost every day now before dinner 'til her mother calls us in. We play pig and horse, and bump, or just go one-on-one, and she almost always beats me. We have this deal going, where every game she beats me, she gets a dollar towards these new basketball shoes she wants. They're pure white, with a red stripe on the side, and, boy, do they look sharp. Truth is, I was planning on getting her those shoes anyway, but I wanted to give her some sort of incentive to play even harder. I've had that money saved up for a long time now, and it's just sittin' in the bank until she earns it. Though at the rate she's playin', it won't be sittin' there long.

*Holding newspaper clipping.*

Did you see the picture of my baby girl in the newspaper? At the state championships? Emma-Jean scored 23 points that game, and she's only 16 years old! I figure at this rate, she might be able to get some sort of scholarship for that college of hers she