

MAN TO MAN

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Upon returning late from the office, a young father has a “man to man” chat with his unborn child.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Care should be taken in staging: the couch should be set parallel to the audience, with RENEE lying lengthwise on it. When JOHN sits, it should be on the floor, leaning back against the couch, roughly in front of RENEE's feet. This allows the mother, child (in her belly), and father to be viewed as one single picture, and places JOHN and RENEE's heads on roughly the same plane.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Marriage, Family

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ephesians 5:25-33

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

JOHN

RENEE

PROPS: Couch, small table, two plates with food, two candle stubs in holders, a Father's Day card with envelope, a briefcase, car keys

COSTUMES: Business attire for JOHN, housecoat and pajamas for RENEE (with padding to produce the look of a pregnant woman)

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A living room

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com

www.DramaMinistry.com

ISSN 1084-5917

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

MAN TO MAN *by Scott Crain*

Lights up on RENEE, asleep on a living room couch. She is dressed in a housecoat and pajamas, and is very pregnant. Behind her at USL is a small table set for a “candlelight” dinner: the candles are burned almost completely down, and only one is still burning. Two untouched plates of food are set on the table, and a sealed envelope is between them.

After a few moments, JOHN enters, carrying a briefcase. He sets his keys on the table, frowning at the plates and candles, then looks at his sleeping wife. He sighs, sets the briefcase down, and runs a hand through his hair. After a moment, he picks up the envelope and opens it, removing a card. He opens it, reads, and smiles sadly.

JOHN crosses to the couch and looks down at RENEE. Softly:

JOHN: You awake, hon?

She doesn't budge. Beat. He carefully places his hand on her belly . Quietly:

How 'bout you, kiddo? *(He smiles, feeling a kick)* Yeah, looks like you're awake and kicking. Good.

He sighs and moves around the couch, then eases himself onto the floor in front of it, the card still in his hand.

'Cause I think it's time that you and I had a “father-son” chat. Just ... man to man. See, there are a lot of things my father never told me. Some important things.

Beat.

Truth is, my father was ... well, he's gone now, but ... *(Shakes his head)* ... he wasn't around too much, even when he was alive. Most times when he was home, he was either upstairs in his study or parked in front of the TV. Your grandpa used to watch the local news, then the national news, then 60 Minutes— *(Smiles)* — he was one of the most informed men you'd ever want to meet, but eight hours at work and three hours in front of a TV set doesn't leave much for the family.

He was a hard worker, though. I'll give him that. Long after everybody in the house had gone to bed, he'd still be up in his study with the door closed. I used to sneak up there in the middle of the night and press my ear to the door, trying to imagine what was going on in there. It's weird, but whenever I think of my father — your grandpa — that's the picture I get in my head. Not of him at the dinner table, or mowing the yard, or any of those “regular things” that daddies do, but just that closed door.

Beat.