

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

by Gena McCown

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: Grace attempts to reconcile her thoughts on her parents' divorce.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: A few minor word changes can make the Grace character younger.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Family, Divorce, Youth

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Malachi 2:16, Ephesians 5:22-6:4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Youth Events (meetings, retreats), Marriage Events (meetings, retreats)

CHARACTERS: GRACE

PROPS: None required, although she could be writing in a diary

COSTUMES: Average teen, casual

SOUND: One wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage; spotlight for Grace (optional)

SETTING: Home (or school guidance counselor office)

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Lights up on GRACE.

GRACE: Everything is so weird right now. Everyone is tiptoeing around me, trying not to talk about the divorce. But I hear what they're saying when they think I'm not listening. My grandparents on my dad's side, they said they were surprised their marriage lasted this long. My grandparents on my mom's side, they seem to think that this is just a big misunderstanding and in a few months this whole thing will blow over and things will be back to normal. Right, normal. Where have they been lately? My mom and dad said, "It's no one's fault, honey, sometimes these things just happen." But they don't know I can hear them arguing when they think we've gone to bed; I sure hear a lot of finger pointing going on then. "If you had only done this," "Well, if you had done that..."

My brother and sister aren't even talking to me. But I heard them in his room the other day; they say it's my fault. That everything was fine until I came along. Everyone knows that I wasn't planned, but come on—that was like 16 years ago. How am I suddenly to blame for their marriage falling apart? I mean, sure, it caused some money issues over the years, but I can't believe enough to cause them to get divorced. Everyone is looking for someone to blame or otherwise trying to ignore it, like it isn't happening.

My dad found an apartment yesterday. It's going to be weird coming home today and not seeing his running shoes on the steps, or hearing his keys rattle as he unlocks the front door. I remember when I was little and I couldn't wait to hear that sound. I would come running through the house, sliding on those silly carpets my mom has through the house, and as soon as the door opened I would jump into his arms yelling, "Daddy's home!" I guess one day I got too old to do that anymore.

Sometimes I think if I just pray hard enough, I will go to bed and wake up the next morning and things will be back to the way they used to be. No more fighting, no pointing fingers, just breakfast at the table, the five of us, giggling at the silly joke my brother just told and Mom cleaning up a spill from me reaching across the table. You know, normal family stuff.

It's not that I'm rebellious. I honor my mom and dad, I never steal, I've never killed anyone, and I hardly ever lie. But is a little leniency or understanding on this "love my neighbor" thing possible? I'd sure like to know. Thanks, Lord.

I know there's more going on than what they're saying, I mean, there has to be. The other night, I heard them talking about church and it made me really sad...and for the first time, I'm not looking forward to going to church. They decided Dad would go to the first service, and we would go to the second service. Can you imagine? They can't even be in the same church at the same time? My mom said she would take us kids with her. Don't I even get a say? Maybe I would like to sit with Dad.