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“Boxbob’s Mother’s Day Gift”

by
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- What** Boxbob draws the "perfect" portrait of his mother, but Boxesue doesn't understand the picture until he explains that his mom looks like love.
- Themes:** Mother’s Day, Love, Children's Ministry, Kids, Moms
- Who** Boxbob
 Boxesue
- When** Present
- Wear
(Props)** The Boxies are each wearing a large cardboard box. Their heads poke out of a hole in the top, and their arms poke out of holes in the sides. They have door flaps cut into their boxes over their hearts with a heart drawn on the front. Sue has small box of crayons taped behind her flap. Boxbob wears black glasses.
- Why** I Corinthian 13:4-7
- How** There’s a table on the stage with a piece of drawing paper on it. There’s also a chair. When Boxbob sits down to draw, he uses a red crayon and draws a heart, but the audience should not be able to see it until he holds it up. It’s a good idea to already have the picture drawn since it will be a little cumbersome to draw while wearing a box.
- Boxbob is an overly enthusiastic, well-meaning, goofy fellow and Boxesue is his patient sidekick. Ham it up. Can be played by adults, but teens would also be very effective.
- Time** Approximately 3 minutes

Boxsue is onstage coloring. Boxbob enters.

Boxbob: Hey Boxsue, do you have any crayons I could borrow?

Boxsue: Sure, Boxbob, I have some right here. *(reaches in flap and pulls out a box)* What do you want them for?

Boxbob: I want to draw a picture of my mom and give it to her for Mother's Day.

Boxsue: That's a great idea.

Boxbob: I think so, too.

Boxsue: What color paper will you use?

Boxbob: I don't know.

Boxsue: Pink might be pretty.

Boxbob: Yeah.

Boxsue: But tan and white are nice, too.

Boxbob: Yeah, they are.

Boxsue: Well, which color will you choose?

Boxbob: I don't know, what color do you have?

Boxsue: What do you mean?

Boxbob: I need to borrow a piece of paper, too. What color do you have?

Boxsue: I don't have any. But, look, there's a piece on that table.

Boxbob: Perfect.

Boxbob sits down to draw and Boxsue looks over his shoulder.

Boxsue: *(beat)* Boxbob, that's a great picture...but it doesn't look anything like your mother.

Boxbob: Sure it does. It looks exactly like her.

Boxsue: I think you're going to have to explain.

Boxbob: *(pointing at various parts of the picture)* This right here. These are her eyes.

Boxsue: Hmm! I've never seen eyes shaped quite like that.

Boxbob: And these are her arms

Boxsue: *(doubtfully)* Okay.

Boxbob: And this? This is her mouth.

Boxsue: Well, it is red.

Boxbob: There! I'm done. I can't wait to give it to her.

Boxsue: I'm sure she'll love it. Show me how you're going to give it to her. I'll pretend to be your mom.

Boxbob: Oh! Okay. *(leaves)*

Boxsue: Where are you going?

Boxbob: I'm going to knock on the door and surprise my mom. *(re-enters and knocks on table)*

Boxsue: Come in, Boxbob. Why did you knock?

Boxbob: I just told you, I'm going to knock on the door and surprise my mom.

Boxsue: No, I was pretending to be your mom just now. She's probably going to ask you why you knocked on the door.

Boxbob: No, she won't.

Boxsue: I think she will.

Boxbob: I always knock on her bedroom door before I go in. It's polite.

Boxsue: Oh, I thought you were going to knock on your house door.

Boxbob: That would be silly. I'll still be in my pajamas.

Boxsue: Okay. I understand now. You're giving her the picture first thing in the morning.

Boxbob: Yeah. I'm going to make her a big bowl of cereal and carry it in and give it to her with this card.

Boxsue: Got it. Come in.

Boxbob: I am in.

Boxsue: I'm being your mom again. Come in.

Boxbob: Hi, Mom. Happy Mother's Day. I drew a picture of you. *(holds it up, so everyone can see)*

Boxsue: Oh! How sweet. What a surprise.

Boxbob: But Boxsue, I just told you I was going to surprise my mom.

Boxsue: *(a little aggravated)* I'm still pretending to be your mom. She will be surprised, and then she'll probably say how pretty it is, and then she'll ask you to tell her about it.

Boxbob: Okay. Thanks for helping me. See ya later. *(starts to leave)*

Boxsue: Wait. We haven't finished. Tell me about your card.

Boxbob: Oh, yeah. Well, I drew my favorite parts of you, Mom.

Boxsue: I get it now, you drew her heart.

Boxbob: No, I drew your heart.

Boxsue: You drew my heart?

Boxbob: Aren't you still pretending to be my mom?

Boxsue: Oh, yeah. I forgot. Okay, let me try it again. You drew my heart. That's so sweet. Is that your favorite part of me?

Boxbob: No.

Boxsue: But you just said you drew your favorite part of me...your mom... me. Am I your mom or me right now?

Boxbob: I don't know. I'm confused. Anyway. This is not my mom's heart. See, here are her arms, *(points)* her eyes, *(points)* and her mouth. *(points)*

Boxsue: You just pointed to the same thing three times.

Boxbob: Exactly!

Boxsue: I give up.

Boxbob: See, my mom, when she looks at me with her eyes, I can tell she loves me no matter how many times I mess up. And when I do something dumb, she says things with her mouth to make me feel better. And

whenever I feel lonely or sad, she hugs me with her arms tight. My mom looks like love.

They turn and start to walk out.

Boxsue: That's a perfect picture of your mom. I wish I had some paper, so I could make my mom one.

Boxbob: *(opens flap)* Here, I have some. Do you want white, pink or brown?

Boxsue: You told me you needed to borrow some paper.

Boxbob: That's because I was saving this for you.

Lights out.

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