

“Mother’s Day from the Dog House”

by
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What A husband forgets Mother’s Day and ends up in the dog house. But when he sincerely starts listing all the wonderful reasons moms are celebrated on this day, he just may be able to escape the oversight.

Themes: Moms, Mother’s Day, Family, Husbands, Wives

Who Man
Mom

When Present

Wear (Props) The Man is wearing dress pants, a button down and slightly undone tie. A “doghouse” could be an actual large doghouse or a cardboard cutout doghouse.

Why Proverbs 31

How Keep the dialogue conversational and real. While speaking, internalize the words you’re saying so the audience can connect with you. They’ll begin to think about their own wives and mothers. During the monologue, you can shift from all fours to sitting to switch it up.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

Crawls out of the opening of a large doghouse and begins speaking from "all fours."

Man: You're probably wondering what I'm doing here. If I told you that I forgot it's Mother's Day today are you still wondering why I'm here? No? That's what I thought. Yup. Mother's Day. Don't know how I missed that one. If you were smart you might circle it twenty times in bright red marker on your calendars. Every calendar. You would set alarms on your phones, your computers, four months out, six weeks out, fourteen days, twenty-four hours, moments before...you name it, you would set all the alarms. Or better yet, you would have a mother circle all the calendars and set all the alarms.

As though telling himself again.

I told myself, "Don't forget Mother's Day". Well, you see how *that* worked out. I'm not even sure how it's even humanly possible to forget Mother's Day...not with every Hallmark commercial warning the masses, and every billboard or advertisement from here to kingdom come screaming out across the land, "Don't forget Mother's Day!"

But seriously, how could I possibly forget? How could I ever forget *her*? What she does for us? I mean, without her here...me and the kids, our family, our little world, the universe just doesn't spin the right way. How could I *ever* forget that? I know...I know sometimes, *many* times, I don't always stop and appreciate all that she does. I don't always tell her or show her that I see all the little things and the medium size things and the big things and the really big things she does for all of us every day. And it's not just all the things she *does* for us either. Believe me, it's important that I *see* what she does every day for us, and she does *a lot*. But I see more than just all that she *does*.

Really getting to the heart of it.

I see *her*. Her smiles. Her patience. Her loving spirit. Her heart. She exudes calm in the storms that touch our lives. She is the picture of grace under the everyday pressures *we* all face. She is peace when we are restlessly waiting. She is kindness and compassion when we are selfish and self-centered. She isn't perfect, but she knows that and tries, with God's help, to be better for Him...for *us*. And even though she's not perfect...she sure is perfect for *us*.

Mom walks in and stands, armed cross "unseen" by the Man who continues to speak out to the audience. She watches him.

How could I forget Mother's Day? There aren't enough flowers in the world to give her to show her how much we love her. Hallmark doesn't have nearly enough words to express our gratitude for that woman and

everything she does and *is* for us. Every day could be Mother's Day and that still wouldn't be enough to honor *her*.

Mom: *(clears her throat)*

Man: *("noticing" her for the first time since he started talking)* Oh...hey, Honey. How long have you been standing there?

Mom: Long enough. *(pause)* Why don't you come inside now?

Man: Sure thing.

Looking back at the audience and with a wink and sly knowing "thumbs up" to the audience he tugs on his tie and follows her out. Lights out.

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