

a script from
skitguys.com

“Mothers Needed”

by
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What When Tia interviews to become a mom, she's so overwhelmed by the demands put on mothers that she almost turns away. Then she realizes that all a mother truly needs is a humble willingness to allow God to parent through her.

Themes: Parenting, Moms, Mothers, Mother's Day, Raising Kids, MOPS, Duet

Who Interviewer (Int)
Tia

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Desk
Two chairs
Papers

Why Psalm 51:17

How This skit ends with the lights fading. If you do not have the capability to do that, simply have the actors start to exit off stage right together.

Stage Direction
Center Stage- CS
Right/Left Stage- RS, LS
Downstage- DS

Time Approximately 2 minutes

CS there is a large desk that is slightly tilted toward SL. There is a chair on either side of the desk.

The Interviewer is sitting behind the desk. Tia enters from SL.

Tia: Hi.

Int: Hello?

Tia: The sign out there says that there is an opening for mothers?

Int: Yes. This is Storks Incorporated, and Mothers are always needed! You've come to the right place.

Interviewer stands and shakes hands with Tia, then motions for Tia to sit down in the chair opposite the desk. They both sit.

Tia: My husband went to the Dad interview.

Int: Perfect. Between you and me that interview is a piece of cake. *(Mimicking the dad interview)* Can you cheer your wife on during labor? Can you hear the baby wake up at night? Honestly, most can't handle that question. Can you coach little league? That kind of stuff.

Tia: Oh. He'll do great.

Pause.

Tia: How easy is *this* interview?

Int: Do you have any experience?

Tia: Being a mom?

Int: Yes.

Tia: Oh. No. The sign didn't say—

Int: No experience necessary.

Tia: Good. I've definitely done some babysitting.

Int: Oh great. Let me get out the form here.

Interviewer hands Tia a form.

Int: Just name, phone number, email address, trust fund password, the basics.

Tia: Ok.

Int: Well, let's get started. Labor.

Tia: That sounds hard.

Int: It's laborious.

Tia: *(jokingly)* Well, hips kind of run in my family. *(nervous laughter, pause, trying to answer correctly)* I mean, I don't know how good I'll be at it, but I'm ready to try it.

Int: Perfect. That's the right answer.

Tia: *(relieved)* Oh. Good.

Int: I have just a few more questions for you.

Tia: Ok.

Interviewer picks up a sheet and begins to read from it.

Int: Changing dirty diapers.

Tia: Excuse me?

Int: Have you? Changed a dirty diaper?

Tia: I think a few times—

Int: Like a blow out one. One that not only requires new pants, but a hose down...or a bath.

Tia: Umm...I don't know...

Int: Ok. If you're not sure, we're going to put down no. Blow-outs are things you don't forget. Boogers?

Tia: What?

Int: The ones that you have to suction out.

Tia: Umm—

Int: I'll put down a no.

The Interviewer looks over her sheet.

Int: Now this question deals with problem solving. Let's say, your new puppy pees on the floor at the same time your 6-year-old spills the milk all over your 4-year-old's coloring sheets. Now your 4-year-old is crying about the spilled milk, while your 2-year-old son hits the dog with a

plastic—but still very hard—bat. You're on the phone with your mother-in-law and dinner is boiling over causing a possible stove fire. What do you do first?

Pause.

Tia: I don't think, I'm ready for this.

Int: Oh—

Tia: *(deflated)* I just thought God had called me to...to be a mother. I wanted to love a child with unconditional love, which I'll never be able to do. Only God can do that. But I just wanted to really try to be the most selfless version of myself. I wanted to preach God's love every moment of every day by drying tears and giving hugs and praying for a child. But...I don't know if I can handle all—

Int: You're perfect.

Tia: What?

Int: A loving heart and a willingness to allow God to work through you. You'll make a perfect mother.

As the lights begin to fade, the Interviewer keeps talking.

Int: Now, the blow outs are going to happen, just breath. But not through your nose. And the problem-solving answer is: the stove. Fire is always first. The mother-in-law is always last.

Lights Out.