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“Diagnosis Mom”

by
Sheree Mann

- What** This lighthearted skit finds a woman visiting her doctor to discuss extreme worry and exhaustion. After several tests, there can be only one diagnosis—she’s a mom. (Includes options for a Mom of Young Children or a Mom of Older Children.) Themes: Mother’s Day, Women’s Ministry, Parenting, Family, Children
- Who** Doctor Mom
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Doctor should be dressed professionally. Mom should be dressed casually, maybe even somewhat disheveled.
Desk or Table
5 Chairs
Purse
Paper and Pen
File folder
Voice recorder or cell phone
Inkblot Cards (See “How”)
- Why** Proverbs 31:25-31, 1 Corinthians 13:4-7
- How** The stage should be set like a doctor’s office with a separate waiting room. A desk or table should be on one side of the stage, with a chair behind it and another chair facing the desk. In another area of the stage, there should be 3 chairs lined up to represent a waiting room. For inkblot cards, use large index cards and draw random shapes with a black permanent marker. Or, for more authenticity, place a blob of black acrylic paint in the center of the cards, then fold cards in half and unfold. Lay flat to dry. At least 6 different cards are needed. Mom should be played as a woman who loves her children supremely but struggles with worry and exhaustion. Doctor should be played as calm and kind.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Option for Mom of Young Children

Doctor should be sitting at her desk and Mom should be sitting in any of the "waiting room" chairs. Doctor stands and walks to the "waiting room".

Doctor: *(to Mom)* I'm ready for you now.

Mom: *(nervously)* Oh thank you, doctor. *(Gets up from the waiting room chair and enters Doctor's office, acting flustered, forgetting her purse, bumping into the doctor, etc.)* I'm so sorry. I'm very nervous.

Doctor: No need to be nervous. *(Shows her to the chair opposite her desk)* Please, sit down and relax.

Mom: I'll try to relax. It's hard though. I really shouldn't even be here. *(Getting progressively louder and more panicked)* I had to get a babysitter and who knows what sort of junk food she'll feed my kids while I'm gone. And what if something terrible happens, *(fever-pitch)* like my baby girl takes her first step and I'm here instead of with her??? I think this is a bad idea!

Doctor: I'm sure the children are fine and I doubt the baby will start walking in the next hour. How old is your baby?

Mom: *(panicked)* She's already 5-months-old!

Doctor and Mom look at each other, Doctor with a kind smile on her face, Mom smiles as she realizes the ridiculousness of a 5-month-old starting to walk.

Mom: *(taking a deep, calming breath)* Ok. I think I'm ready.

Doctor: Wonderful. Why don't you tell me what brought you here today?

Mom: *(sighs)* I'm just so tired all the time. And I worry. Like, I don't think anyone understands how much I worry! What if the baby chokes? What if the toddler NEVER gets potty trained? Goodness, his wife would hate me! And what if my oldest figures out our Alexa can order Barbies on Amazon? As many as she wants! *(Pause)* And did I mention I'm tired? I'm just so tired.

Doctor scribbles some notes.

Doctor: I see. Well, how about if we try something so I can get to know you better? I'll show you some cards and you tell me what you see. That's easy enough, right?

Mom: Sounds like it. Ok.

Doctor picks up a stack of Inkblot Cards and shows Mom the first one.

Doctor: Ok, now what do you think this looks like?

Mom: A pile of laundry.

Doctor: Interesting. Ok, how about this one...

Mom: A sink full of dirty dishes.

Doctor continues to show her new cards quickly, while Mom responds with the following words...

Doctor: This one?

Mom: Spit up
Laundry
Ewww. A mud stain on my freshly mopped floor!
Another pile of laundry!!!

Doctor: You seem a little preoccupied with laundry and cleaning.

Mom: Me? You're the one with all the chore cards!

Doctor puts down the Inkblot Cards and scribbles some notes.

Doctor: Maybe we'll try something else. I'll say a word, and you say the first thing that comes to mind when you hear that word, ok?

Mom: I think I can do that.

Doctor: Ok...cookie

Mom: Sausage chip

Doctor: Great. How about— *(Interrupting herself)* Wait, did you say SAUSAGE chip?

Mom: *(smiling)* I did. For Mother's Day my oldest... *(quickly going off topic and rambling)* Oh, she's such a fun kid. She's 8 and just so smart. She wants to be a chef and she can already... *(bringing herself back)* Sorry. Anyway, she wanted to do something special for me, so she made me chocolate chip cookies. But I always tell her we need to eat more protein, so she added sausage to them. She was so proud.

Doctor: *(incredulously)* Did you eat them?

Mom: How could I not? I just broke them into little chunks, took them like pills, and prayed to Jesus I wouldn't throw up. The smile on her face was worth every wave of nausea.

Doctor scribbles some notes.

Doctor: Impressive. Let's continue. Car.

Mom: Crying

Doctor: Car makes you think of crying?

Mom: Oh yes! As soon as I strap the baby into her car seat, it begins. Baby starts crying. Toddler starts wailing. Then, when everybody is finally strapped in, a diaper needs changing. That's usually when I start crying.

Mom gives Doctor a big smile.

Doctor: That sounds difficult. But you're smiling?

Mom: About the time I start crying, my oldest will always lean over and pat my arm and say, "Mommy, it's ok. I'll help you." *(Puts her hands on her heart)* Melts my heart every time!

Doctor scribbles some notes.

Doctor: One last word. Spoon.

Mom: Hug.

Doctor: Tell me about that.

Mom: Well, yesterday I caught my toddler... *(quickly going off topic and rambling)* He's such a sweet boy! Chatters a mile a minute. The chubbiest little cheeks you ever did... *(bringing herself back)* Sorry. Anyway, I caught him feeding the baby some applesauce with his little Spiderman spoon. Between each bite, he would lean in and give the baby a hug and say, "Good girl. Good eating!" Could anything be more adorable?

You know, they really are the greatest kids! I mean, they are sassy and stubborn and messy...and they take every ounce of energy I have, but goodness I love them. They are adventurous and curious, imaginative, and so funny!

Sudden change of heart from panicked about being away to just plain missing them and being excited to get home.

Oh Doc, thank you so much for your expert advice! I feel so much better! *(Looks at watch)* I really should get home to those adorable monsters!

Mom stands and starts to hurry out, then turns back to Doctor, suddenly back to a little panicky.

Mom: But I can come back next week, can't I? Same time next week, right?

Doctor: *(smiling)* I'll see you then.

Mom breathes a sigh of relief and exits, hurrying and smiling.

Doctor: *(picks up notes she has written and talks into a voice recorder/cell phone as she peruses them)* Initial consult: Client is overworked, underpaid, and severely sleep-deprived. She receives no days off, no vacations, and little-to-no time to herself. Yet, she smiles easily, serves happily, and is supremely devoted to her work.

Doctor puts down the recorder/phone and places the notes in a file folder.

Doctor: *(speaking to herself)* There is only one category for this condition...

Doctor picks up the recorder and speaks into it one final time.

Doctor: Diagnosis...Mom.

Lights out.

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Option for Mom of Older Children

Doctor should be sitting at her desk and Mom should be sitting in any of the "waiting room" chairs. Doctor stands and walks to the "waiting room".

Doctor: I'm ready for you now.

Mom: *(nervously)* Oh thank you, Doctor. *(Gets up from the waiting room chair and enters Doctor's office, acting flustered, forgetting her purse, bumping into the Doctor, etc.)* I'm so sorry. I'm very nervous.

Doctor: No need to be nervous. *(Shows her to the chair opposite her desk)* Please, sit down and relax.

Mom: I'll try to relax. It's hard though. I really shouldn't even be here. I should be home, cleaning...or out shopping for food. *(Getting progressively louder and more panicked)* My daughter is coming home from college this weekend and she said she's bringing a friend and a surprise. A friend and a surprise??? What if it's a boy? What if she secretly got married and she's bringing him home to meet me? What if he's a linebacker and I don't have enough food in the house to feed him! *(Fever-pitch)* I don't even know how much bean dip a linebacker eats!!

Doctor and Mom look at each other, Doctor with a kind smile on her face, Mom smiles as she realizes the ridiculousness of her tirade.

Mom: *(taking a deep, calming breath)* Ok. I think I'm ready.

Doctor: Wonderful. Why don't you tell me what brought you here today?

Mom: *(sighs)* I'm just so tired all the time. And I worry. Like, I don't think anyone understands how much I worry! I mean, what if my youngest figures out our Alexa can order Barbies on Amazon? What if my son has a car accident? Or fails high school? Or never learns to put the toilet seat down? Oh, his wife would hate me! And what if my daughter graduates from college and can't get a job because she's overqualified? Or *(embarrassed smile)* you know, comes home married and I don't have enough bean dip? *(Sigh)* And did I mention I'm tired? I'm just so tired.

Doctor scribbles some notes.

Doctor: I see. Well, how about if we try something so I can get to know you better? I'll show you some cards and you tell me what you see. That's easy enough, right?

Mom: Sounds like it. Ok.

Doctor picks up a stack of Inkblot Cards and shows Mom the first one.

Doctor: Ok, now what do you think this looks like?

Mom: A pile of laundry.

Doctor: Interesting. Ok, how about this one...?

Mom: A sink full of dirty dishes.

Doctor continues to show her new cards quickly, while Mom responds with the following words...

Doctor: This one?

Mom: Another pile of laundry.
A mud stain on my freshly mopped floor!
Laundry.
Chips...spilled on the carpet. Stepped on a few times. *(Leans in and looks closely at the card)* Yeah...greasy potato chip dust is what that is.
Gross.

Doctor: You seem a little preoccupied with laundry and cleaning.

Mom: Me? You're the one with all the chore cards!

Doctor puts down the Inkblot Cards and scribbles some notes.

Doctor: Maybe we'll try something else. I'll say a word, and you say the first thing that comes to mind when you hear that word, ok?

Mom: I think I can do that.

Doctor: Cookie

Mom: Sausage Chip

Doctor: Great. How about... *(interrupting herself)* Wait, did you say SAUSAGE chip?

Mom: *(smiling)* I did. For Mother's Day my youngest... *(quickly going off topic and rambling)* Oh, she's such a fun kid. She's 8 and just so smart. She wants to be a chef and she can already... *(bringing herself back)* Sorry. Anyway, she wanted to do something special for me, so she made me chocolate chip cookies. But I always tell her we need to eat more protein, so she added sausage to them. She was so proud.

Doctor: *(incredulously)* Did you eat them?

Mom: How could I not?? I just broke them into little chunks, took them like pills, and prayed to Jesus I wouldn't throw up. The smile on her face was worth every wave of nausea.

Doctor scribbles some notes.

Doctor: Impressive. Let's continue. Marriage.

Mom: Bean Dip.

Doctor: For the linebacker?

Mom: *(groans)* I know I get carried away sometimes. My daughter is a good student and a thoughtful young woman. *(Pause)* You know she comes home every weekend and does her OWN laundry now? Of course, it sits in the dryer until she throws it all into a heap in the backseat of her car 5 minutes before she heads back to campus, but it's progress, you know?

Doctor scribbles some notes.

Doctor: One last word. Friend.

Mom: Ice.

Doctor: Tell me about that.

Mom: Well, yesterday my son brought a friend home to play some video games. *(Quickly going off topic and rambling)* My son is so friendly, you know. He's great at making people feel comfortable and you should see him... *(bringing herself back)* Sorry. Anyway, they'd been playing a while and I thought they might be thirsty so I brought them two big cups of ice-cold soda.

Doctor: That was thoughtful.

Mom: Right? And it would have gone over really well, except I tripped. And the soda went over...really well. It went over me, the couch, the dog... I thought he'd be so embarrassed by me. But you know what my son did? He laughed and said, "I told you my mom was cool. I just didn't say she was cold!" He just laughed it off and thanked me for the drinks! How sweet is that???

You know? They really are the greatest kids! I mean, they are sassy and stubborn and messy...and they take every ounce of energy I have, but goodness I love them. They are adventurous and intelligent, hard-working, and so funny! *(Sudden change of heart from panicked about being away to just plain excited to get home)* Oh Doc, thank you so much for your expert advice! I feel so much better! *(Looks at watch)* I really should get home now! I have laundry to do and bean dip to buy!

Mom smiles, stands, and starts to hurry out, then turns back to Doctor, suddenly back to a little panicky.

Mom: But I can come back next week, can't I? Same time next week, right?

Doctor: *(smiling)* I'll see you then.

Mom breathes a sigh of relief and exits, hurrying and smiling.

Doctor picks up notes she has written and talks into a voice recorder/cell phone as she peruses them.

Doctor: Initial consult: Client is overworked, underpaid, and on the brink of complete exhaustion. She receives no days off, no vacations, and little-to-no time to herself. Yet, she smiles easily, serves happily, and is supremely devoted to her work.

Doctor puts down the recorder/phone and places the notes in a file folder.

Doctor: *(speaking to herself)* There is only one category for this condition...

Doctor picks up the recorder and speaks into it one final time.

Doctor: Diagnosis...Mom.

Lights out.