



Written by  
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## “Do You Really Love Me?”

**Scripture:** Romans 5: 8

*"But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us."*

**Dramatic Category:** Monologue in a skit (*This is also a "Dream Skit."*)

**Topic:** Unconditional love for teenagers.

**Performance time:** 4 minutes

**Number of Players:** 2 women

**Objective:** To show the importance of parents modeling God's unconditional love to their teenagers.

**Synopsis:** Amanda is verbally assaulted when her mother discovers an “academic probation” notice from the college dean in the pockets of Amanda’s jeans. During a passionate speech, Amanda “mutes” her mother with the TV’s remote-control, and addresses the audience in a stirring monologue about the struggle she faces in establishing herself as a valuable person apart from having to perform the proper behaviors.

**Cast:**

Mom

Amanda (*a college freshmen--18-ish. She wears jeans and T-shirt; her appearance suggests rebellion.*)

**Props:**

A box that looks like a TV. or a real TV. (*with its back to the audience so that Amanda is looking out to the audience as she watches it.*)

A remote control

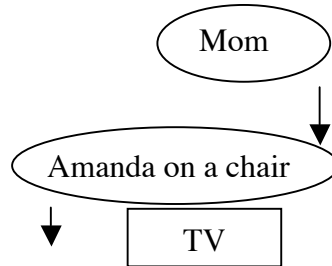
A letter

A chair

**Optional Sound:**

A CD of TV show themes to indicate the TV being switched by the remote control.

**Lights:** General stage lighting

**STAGING NOTE:****The Script:****The Scene:**

*(Amanda straddles the chair, like a horse, leans forward on the back of the chair, pointing the remote control at the TV.)*

**SOUND NOTE:**

*(Play a different TV theme song each time Amanda obviously changes the station on the TV.)*

*(Mom enters and stands just behind Amanda who does not acknowledge her.)*

**Mom:** Amanda.

**Amanda:** Mandy...my name is Mandy.

**Mom:** Amanda is your Christian name.

**Amanda:** Well, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

**Mom:** All right; I don't want to fight about this.  
*(an awkward pause follows)*  
Mandy, how was the fall semester, really?

**Amanda:** *(without turning around, but staring straight at the TV)*  
I told you....fine.

**Mom:** How were your grades?

**Amanda:** I don't know, yet. The school said they'd mail 'em.

**Mom:** Well, how long does that take?

**Amanda:** It takes a while.

**Mom:** If it takes a while, then why did you get this academic probation letter from the dean?

**Amanda:** Where did you find that letter?

**Mom:** In your jeans. I always go through the pockets before I throw them in the wash.

**Amanda:** *(Amanda gets up and grabs the letter from her mother.)*  
This letter was addressed to me; it's my "private" business!

**Mom:** Private? Nothing about your going to college is private, young lady!  
Our whole family is going college with you! Do you have any idea what kind of a financial sacrifice we're making?

**Amanda:** Here it comes. *(rolling her eyes)*

**Mom:** You're right, "Here it comes"! Your grandparents drained one whole savings account for you, and my salary goes almost entirely to your tuition!

*(The TV is blaring; Mom struggles to be heard over it.)*

Mute that TV, when I'm talking to you.

*(Amanda obediently "mutes" the TV)*

Amanda, you are the first one in this family to have the opportunity to go to college. We have such high hopes for you.

*(Mom begins to pace and work up a lather in her lecture.)*

You could be do so many things with your life if you only tried! Don't you see that time is a gift!

*(Amanda watches her mother pace back and forth, then she takes a hard look at the remote control in her hand.)*

This is your only opportunity for you to lay the foundation for the rest of your life, but what kinds of choices are you making? Are you even looking for just the right young man? Are you aiming high enough?

*(Amanda looks at the remote, then at her mother.)*

Why can't you make us proud?

*(Amanda “mutes” her Mom, but Mom goes right on talking without making a sound. She is animated and continues pacing and waving her arms, while “pantomiming” the words. Amanda turns her back to her Mom, and begins her monologue:)*

**Amanda:**     *(Amanda looks at the remote with surprise.)*

Why can't I make you proud?  
That's a good question, Mom.  
I'm sorry you have to ask it.

I wish you were proud of me just because I'm me....  
Not because of what I do.  
I feel like I'm some kind of a circus clown....  
If the show isn't just right, you'll stop applauding.  
Is that what you want? A younger version of yourself?  
A chance to start your life over through me?

Well, I have news for you....I am not you! I am me!  
And I am going to celebrate me!  
I will decide where I am going and how I am going to get there.  
What if I don't find, "... just the right man"?  
Is that how I'm supposed to define my value?

This is not grade school.  
Don't expect me to put my papers on your refrigerator,  
Or bring home a smiley face on my report card.  
My life isn't measured that way anymore.  
Why can't you accept that?

How high am I supposed to aim?  
How high is high enough? Who decides?  
*(She looks at her Mom.)* You? Me? God?  
If you can't love me just for who I am?  
How am I supposed to believe that God can?