

## SHAKEN

by Molly Wu

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** A woman wrestles with anxiety while facing an economic recession and the uncertain future.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Keep it real—there's no need for Megan to be portrayed over-the-top or melodramatically.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Purpose, Christian Living

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 6:24-34, Philippians 4:6-7

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Service, Sermon Illustration

**CHARACTERS:**

MEGAN

CREDITOR (V.O.)

**PROPS:** A cordless phone, stack of bills, a checkbook register, a calculator, couch, coffee table

**COSTUMES:** Contemporary

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** A suburban living room

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*At lights up, MEGAN sits on the couch, frowning down at the bills in her hands and punching numbers into the calculator. Her expression is grim.*

*The phone begins to ring. She picks it up, looks at the caller ID display, then closes her eyes and sighs. She puts the phone back down as the answering machine picks up:*

**MEGAN (V.O.):** “Hello you’ve reached the Simms residence and we can’t come to the phone right now. Please leave your name and number, and we’ll call you back.”

**CREDITOR (V.O.):** Hello, this is a message for Megan Simms. Mrs. Simms, this is Roger with GMAC, calling about an overdue payment for your 2008 Saturn Vue.

*MEGAN stands and goes to the answering machine.*

Our records indicate that there’s an outstanding balance of one thousand, three hundred...

*She presses a button on the machine, cutting the message off abruptly.*

*She moves back to the couch, sits heavily, and leans forward, her face in her hands.*

*Beat. She looks up at last, anxiety writ large on her face.*

**MEGAN:** They’re calling six, seven times a day now. Either about the car or the house or the water or the gas or the electricity. Mark says not to worry. He’s got his resume at a dozen firms and sooner or later the phone’s gonna ring and it’s gonna be somebody wanting to set up an interview. “So don’t fret, kiddo.”

But I am fretting.

All night long, while he snores away in the bed, I’m fretting. I tried watching TV, but nothing’s on at three in the morning and it just reminds me that sooner or later they’re gonna be cutting the cable off, too. So I put some tea on to boil or I look at these numbers again (*Nodding at the stack of bills before her*) or I just walk around the house. Roaming the halls. Haunting this place like some kind of ghost. And I want to wake him up, so we can at least be miserable together, but there’s no sense in that. At least one of us ought to be able to rest. And I don’t know what I’d say to him, anyway. That I’m scared? That I’m absolutely terrified that they’re going to come and take away everything we have?

*Her voice catches, but she swallows down the tears.*

And maybe he’s right. Maybe the phone is going to ring any minute now with some great job offer, but he’s not here during the day like I am. He’s at the gym or getting coffee or doing whatever, but he’s not here for all of these other phone calls.