

GOD, ARE YOU LISTENING?

by STEPHEN D. LARSON

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: When you pray, do you ever get the feeling that you're doing a monologue, that God isn't listening or that he just doesn't care?

DIRECTOR'S TIP: This piece needs a powerful actor who is not afraid to express the character's frustration and despair with life and with God, particularly in the final lines. Let the emotional intensity build until the end when he cries out in anguish to God and hopes for an answer. There is no resolution to this piece, so the pastor had better be prepared to give some answers to the age-old question: Where are you, God?

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Doubts, Listening to God, Prayer

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Psalm 5:2, Psalm 61:1

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

MAN—A regular guy saddled with debts, doubts, and frustrations. He pours his heart out to God and wonders if he is really listening.

PROPS: A chair

COSTUMES: Everyday dress

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Abstract

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: Regi Stone

Executive Editor: Kimberlee Crisafulli / Assistant Editor: Scott Crain

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

GOD, ARE YOU LISTENING? *by Stephen D. Larson*

At the opening, the stage is set with a chair. A MAN enters, a little apprehensively.

MAN: Well, I'm here...I'm not really sure it's going to do any good, but as long as I am here, I might as well get on with it. *(He sits on the edge of the chair, thinking, not sure where to begin.)* I came to you today because...well, I've been feeling a little depressed lately...All right, a lot depressed. I think a good bit of it comes from...I guess people might call it the old "midlife crisis."

First of all, I've got to admit that not everything's been bad, you understand. I've got a wonderful wife and two really great kids...but, frankly, they deserve better than what I can give them. We're not starving, I know that, but I'm tired of living paycheck-to-paycheck, you know? For a long time I've been working longer hours, having to take on more and responsibilities and not seeing a dime more for it—and it doesn't look like I'm ever going to.

I've been looking for a new job for quite a while, but...I just don't understand it. Every time I apply for a job where I know I have all the qualifications they're looking for, all I ever get is one of those letters. You know the ones I'm talking about: "Thank you for applying. We've had many qualified applicants, the decision was difficult...blah, blah... We will keep your application on file..." In other words, "We picked somebody else. Sorry, Charlie."

I tell you, it's really frustrating. I don't mean to brag, but I've got talent, abilities, some people say a measure of intelligence and creativity. You want computer skills? I've got 'em. Good work record? Got that, too. Need to work late on a project? I'm there. I think I've paid my dues, so when is it going to be my turn to have some measure of success in this life? Look at me! I'm forty-two years old, more than halfway through my three-score and ten. I've been working since I was eighteen and what do I have to show for it? *(He pulls out his wallet and opens it.)* That's what. Zilch, nada...No, that's not completely true. I do have maybe a thousand bucks in my life savings—and a stack of bills this high with more on the way. It feels like life is coming down on me in one great big pile and I can't get out of the way! It's never any big crisis, but just one thing after the other that's eating a hole in me little by little.

And it's not just me. She doesn't say anything, but I can tell our situation is getting to my wife, too. When we were first married, we made a commitment that I would work so she could stay home with the children. We thought it was important that our kids have their mother at home during those early years. It's really paid off, too. Both of them are smart as whips and I give credit for it all to my wife. But commitments have a way of pounding you on the head sometimes. The monthly bills just kept going like this *(Traces an ascending line in the air)* while my paycheck went like this *(Traces a straight line left to right)* and that's when I wasn't laid off.