

## INTO THE BLACK

by MOLLY WU

**GENRE:** Dramatic monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A small business owner is increasingly concerned about our sense of focus around the holidays.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Take care that Dan's tone doesn't slip into "preachy". He's genuinely concerned, and shouldn't come off as smug.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1M

**TOPIC:** Thanksgiving

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:**

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Thanksgiving

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Services; sermon illustration.

**CHARACTERS:**

DAN

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Contemporary

**SOUND:** Wireless mics if desired

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Unspecified

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**INTO THE BLACK** by John Coper

*Lights up on DAN.*

**DAN:** Black Friday.

I used to joke that it was my favorite holiday of the year—at least the most anticipated one.

A small business owner like me? A third of my annual sales would hit on that weekend, and keep us in the black for another round. I'd go to bed Thanksgiving night like a kid on Christmas Eve. (grins) All aflutter.

*His smile falters a bit.*

But something's happened recently. I guess Black Friday sales were going so well that folks started opening the stores a day early. "Thanksgiving" sales. And while I don't think there's anything necessarily wrong with that...(beat)...I don't know. It seems like a subtle step in the wrong direction.

See, Thanksgiving's a special time in our family. Always has been. We'd gather generations of Carters around the same table, take our time, enjoying the meal, and when it was done, we'd each take turns saying what we were thankful for. Didn't have to be something huge—sometimes the best things in life are small—but we always left that table feeling so, I don't know...full.

But the conversation has shifted now.

Rushing through the meal to make shopping plans. Going around the table and reciting our Christmas lists.

The meal used to be about what we were thankful for, and now it's about what we want. What we wish we had.

And more and more, I'm starting to see Black Friday (smiles ironically)—the most wonderful time of the year—through different eyes. Watching shoppers scurry from aisle to aisle. Shoving past each other, their eyes scanning the lists and the shelves, oblivious to each other except as obstacles.

Full stores of empty people.

And I can't help but wonder if this subtle change in the holiday is moving us ever so slightly out of the light...

...and into the black.

*..... Lights down.*