

MY FIRST MEMORY OF PAIN

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Three adults recall their first experience of pain, and the peace that Jesus can bring to those childhood memories, even years later.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The pain of each character is distinctly different, so allow each actor's delivery to have its own individual tone, finally merging together as one "ensemble" when Jesus is introduced.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3

TOPIC: Love, Healing

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 4:18, John 16:33

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Sermon Starter

CHARACTERS:

LONNIE

KURT

SARA

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Three wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecific

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Lights up on LONNIE.

LONNIE: My first memory of pain. (*Frowns, trying to recall*) I was two years old, and I fell down the basement stairs. We had these old plywood steps leading down to our unfinished basement. The door was supposed to stay locked, but somehow I must've gotten it open, and—down I went. Headfirst.

Lights up on KURT.

KURT: My first memory of pain? (*Takes a deep breath, thinking*) Christmas. Our first Christmas without my dad. I was too little to know what the word “divorce” meant, but I knew that Mama was the only one opening up presents with me under the tree. My dad sent me a Christmas card that year—I’ve still got it tucked away somewhere in the attic. It says “I hope someday you’ll understand.” Me, too, Daddy.

Lights up on SARA.

SARA: My first memory of pain. My grandmother’s funeral. She used to keep me during the days while my big brother was in school. We’d watch “The Price is Right,” and sometimes she’d make cookies and let me lick the beaters. (*Beat*) I’d never been to a funeral before, and my father had to lift me up to peek into the coffin. I didn’t understand it when I saw my grandmother lying there. She didn’t look like the woman I knew at all. She looked more like a statue. (*Drops her eyes*) I can see it so clearly in my memory. Her hands clasped over her stomach...

LONNIE: The concrete floor rushing up to meet me.

KURT: The empty place at the table.

SARA: The room full of flowers.

LONNIE: The panic.

KURT: The hurt.

SARA: The confusion.

LONNIE: I see darkness.

KURT: I see my mother crying.

SARA: I see the coffin being lowered into the ground.

LONNIE: And then— (*Brightening a bit*) I see Jesus.

KURT: I see Jesus.