

Drama Ministry®

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THE CREEP

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A man looks back over his slow but steady descent into an emotional affair.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Mitch should be played sympathetically, yet without seeming like he's trying to justify his actions. It's a tricky balance, but important for the effectiveness of the scene.

TIME: 4 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Addictions; Marriage

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: James 1:12-15

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Worship Service

CHARACTERS:
MITCH

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
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Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

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Lights up on MITCH.

MITCH: It kinda...crept up on me.

Pause

I know. That's the banner cry of every antelope while the lion is tearing into it, but it's true. I didn't see it coming. There wasn't like a single moment where I thought, "now I'm officially sinning"—it was just a series of stumbling steps that eventually turned into a full downhill slide.

Right into the lion's jaws.

Last year was rough. On every level. Our marriage has frankly never been easy—not from the first year—but last year was worst than most. My hours at work got cut back to part-time just as my daughter was diagnosed with a heart condition—lots of bills we couldn't pay, with no health benefits, and it made things...tense.

My wife never said a word about being frustrated. Never gave the slightest hint that she was disappointed in me as a husband, but she didn't need to. I felt it enough for the both of us. I wasn't working, so at night I wasn't tired, and I'd lay in bed next to her while she softly snored until finally I'd crawl out of bed and hit the computer again, checking for job listings.

It got lonely.

I wasn't... connecting... with my wife, and frankly never felt so worthless and unattractive. Time alone with her was the last thing I wanted. Just being in the room with her made me remember how much I was failing. I felt dry. Empty. Used up.

Sort of like an old sponge.

And there I was in the middle of the night with my laptop.

Beat.

It's not like I'd never looked at the stuff before, but it had never been a major struggle. Not til those hours in the night, with my family sleeping downstairs and me haunting the halls. Nothing on TV but infommercials.

It became kind of... compulsive. But it still felt empty. Because I wasn't connecting with anything real, and the fantasy just made my reality look all the more bleak when the sun came up.

So I found an online chat room. A place open all night where I could talk to people,