

WAITING FOR GRACE

by Christina Morales

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: A woman in a doctor's office waiting for a medical diagnosis finds herself asking God for answers.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: In *Joining Forces*, we talked about having the actors determine to whom their characters were speaking. Here, Jillian is talking to herself and then to God. So our approach to directing must be different. The tricky part in this script is not Jillian, but the receptionist. She needs to be visible and viable, yet unobtrusive. Give her something specific to do as Jillian talks. She needs to keep busy doing "receptionist stuff" but not be so busy that she distracts us from Jillian. Perhaps have her fill out papers, enter data in a computer, etc. Then, before her last line, she needs to get a call on her phone that the doctor is ready, so she can relay that information to Jillian. Make her a sympathetic character, not just a prop.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Women, Doubts, Grace

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Joshua 1:9, James 1:2-12

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

JILLIAN
RECEPTIONIST

PROPS: Magazines

COSTUMES: Modern

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A waiting room at a doctor's office

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RECEPTIONIST is sitting at a desk SR. JILLIAN enters waiting room.

JILLIAN: *(To receptionist)* Hi, I'm Jillian Thompson. I have a 10:30 appointment with Dr. Roth.

RECEPTIONIST: Please take a seat and I'll call you when the doctor's ready to see you.

JILLIAN takes a seat. Looks around waiting room. Sees magazines on table and goes over to pick one up. Sits back down.

JILLIAN: *(Flipping through magazine)* Just read. Don't think. Don't think. Don't feel. Just look at the pictures. *(Pause, looks up from magazine)* God, what am I doing here? I want to scream or run or jump out of my skin. I hate waiting.

She gets up and walks around room. Stares at "wall" where audience is.

I hate how doctors' offices always put cheap art on the walls. It's such a weak attempt to make this seem like a happy, welcoming place. I can't forget why I'm here. Right now, the only world that exists is in this building. I feel like I'm on trial and the verdict I learn here will determine if I do have a life outside of these walls ... I can't take this.

God, where are you? I can't seem to hear you or feel you right now. You're supposed to be my protector, my provider. You're supposed to be my father; what kind of father would deliberately let sickness and pain come into his child's life? I need your strong arms to hold me and tell me everything is going to be all right. *(Pause)* I feel so alone.

I've tried to be a good person. I go to church. I tithe. I've walked the straight and narrow. What did I do wrong? Where did I fail you, God? Please tell me; what did I do to deserve this? I'm so angry with you. I know I shouldn't feel this way, but I can't help it. Why did you give me so much just to take it away? Just give me a reason, an answer. I know that in order to have a miracle, I have to have a problem. I'm not sure if I want the one to get to the other. *(Pause)* But life isn't built on wants, now, is it?

Somehow, even though I'm afraid, even though I'm mad, I still trust you. My heart has never been in such a painful tug-o-war. I want to reject you; turn my back on you. And yet I want to run crying into your arms like a child needing to be comforted. On one hand, I wonder: Where is your grace? Why did you let this happen? But on the other hand, I see your grace giving me the strength to carry me through. I feel like a bear is sitting on my chest. I can hardly breathe. My insides are in knots. I don't know if I can do this. *(Head in hands)* God, help me. *(Composes self)*

RECEPTIONIST: Ms. Thompson? The doctor will see you now.