

WAVES

by Joanna Jones

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A woman tells the story of being saved from drowning by her sister, who then led her to salvation.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Effects with scrim, lighting, and video can enhance the experience of the monologue, but are entirely up to the discretion of the director and not at all necessary for the scene to be effective. The voice of Cathy, likewise, can be prerecorded, spoken into a microphone offstage, or simply made part of WOMAN's monologue without the need for another actress.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Salvation

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 8:22-25

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

Woman —any age
Cathy—a young girl (voice-over only; optional)
Two young girls in shadow (optional)
Two older women in pantomime (optional)

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: General

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WOMAN stands in front of a screen showing two children in silhouette. They are playing. As the story begins, ripples of water appear on the screen—all backlit. All is silhouette. The children act out the drama.

WOMAN: When I was five, my sister and I were at a water park with our parents. There was a section of the deep end called The Wave Pool and, every ten minutes, a machine would produce big rolls in the water. Now you were supposed to pay twenty-five cents for a raft to float on the waves, but we were sure we didn't need it—Dad was a life-guard, and we could swim as soon as we could walk.

So there we were, laughing and splashing, when the storm hit.

Huge waves that slapped me in the face, knocked me over until I fought to the top and caught half of a breath, only to inhale water as it forced its way into my mouth. My arms and legs fought wildly as I searched for my sister in the blinding waves. As the waves would ebb I saw flashes of people, lifeguards, my parents tanning, only to be caught in terrifying solitude again when surrounded by a wall of water.

When I could catch enough of a breath, I would scream and scream and scream for help. But they all looked at me with a smile—if they even heard—thinking, I'm sure, it was the squeal of a playful kid.

I was never more terrified. And then—my sister.

CATHY V.O.: “Annie...over here. Aaaaanniiiiie...over here!”

The children behind the screen hold onto a bar—now suspended and visible in shadow.

WOMAN: Cathy had found—a foundation. A steel bar imbedded in the side of the pool, a framework around a drain. She had a hold. A strong hold for a little girl—but oh so powerful to me. She pulled me in and with her strength held my hands around the bar. My body would slip down each time a wave crashed and she, my senior by two years, held my head up enough to breathe. She was screaming.

CATHY V.O.: “Help us, take us out, my sister is drowning!”

WOMAN: Finally, the waves stopped. Exhausted, angry, and grateful—we cried. Convinced it was worth it, we gave up our quarter for a raft.

The water sound effects and waves cease. The ripples of the water slow to smooth lines. The children are now sitting on a platform level with the water line. The sound effects reveal light water and young laughter.