

BLACKOUT

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: During a power outage, a father has time to reflect on the darkness that covered the earth during the crucifixion of Christ.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: No need to overdo it; Mike is an everyman, and the thoughtful moments at the end don't require any melodrama.

TIME: 3 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Trust; the Crucifixion

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 23:44-45; Psalm 119:105; Isaiah 30:21

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter; Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker services; sermon illustration

CHARACTERS:
MIKE

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A home

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Lights up on MIKE.

MIKE: We were in the den watching television when the power went out. The program was some kind of nature channel documentary on nocturnal animals, and then BAM--a living reminder of why we humans typically scurry back to our caves when the sun goes down.

Dark. Just *blackness*.

We live in the suburbs, and I guess I didn't realize just how dark it could get in the modern world, smack in the middle of civilization. I told everybody to sit still, and groped my way into the kitchen, banging my shin right into the corner of the coffee table, and finally managed to rummage blindly through the kitchen drawers until I found a lighter and a couple of Suzie's scented candles. And then we sat there, in a dark room with two flickering little flames that smelled like apple blossoms.

It was too early to go to bed, and my son was that kind of half-excited, half-scared that kids get, and he said "What do we do now?"

I shrugged. "We wait."

So...we waited.

Beat, while a few moments tick by and he awkwardly...waits.

Another thing I didn't realize is how quiet the world could be. No television or internet or even the kind of white noise non-sounds that we hear all the time, but have stopped noticing. Things like the hum of the refrigerator, or the whistle of the air through the floor vents.

It gave me time to think.

I guess I tend to cram my life full of light and noise these days. The TV comes on first thing in the morning, the car radio is blaring all the way to work. Even at night, I'm usually on my laptop til I'm ready for sleep.

How often do I sit in actual dark and silence anymore?

Do I ever?

And there's value in the dark and silence. Makes us slow down, for one thing. Reevaluate where we are. Take more careful steps, so we don't run into a wall or a sharp corner.

Makes us wait.