

CAN YOU HEAR ME KNOCKING?

by ROBYN BERDINO

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Three vignettes each show a different “needy” person reaching out for help.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: With a piece like this, you have more staging options than you may believe! If you have access to lighting, then use the stage direction in the script, with lights up/lights down on each successive character. If that's true, you have the option of placing the actors at three different points onstage, or using a single spot that each of them steps into when their time comes. You don't have much physical action for the character as suggested by the script (and the focus is on their needs), so there's no great necessity for them to move around much. Because of that, the actors will need to be prepared to convey the emotional truth of their characters without a lot of blocking or activity.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3

TOPIC: Love, Christian Living

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 7:7-12

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

Abused woman - age 20-40ish

Homeless man - age 30-45ish

Widow - age 35-45ish

Scripture reader (optional)

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Three wireless microphones; SFX: knocking

LIGHTING: Spot lighting, or general stage lighting

SETTING: Unspecified

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com

www.DramaMinistry.com

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Vignette #1:

Lights up on ABUSED WOMAN. SFX: knocking.

ABUSED WOMAN: As I knocked on her door, embarrassment flooded my mind. “Not again,” she’ll probably think as she looks through the peephole. I didn’t ask for this life.

I didn’t know what I was getting into when we got married. He wasn’t like this when we were dating. I became a Christian four years into our marriage, and I was so excited! Not only excited about the fact that God offered forgiveness and acceptance and eternal life, but excited to share this newfound relationship with Mike.

But things didn’t go as I had hoped. He didn’t want to have anything to do with God. The more I said, and the more excited I was about the Lord, the more he would withdraw. Withdraw and then eventually become angry. Anger directed at, I don’t know what, maybe just everything. Me, the kids, his job. The world in general. And he started becoming violent. First with his words, then with his hands.

“Great,” she’s probably thinking, “another black eye.” It’s so swollen; surely she can see it from inside. I’m sorry to be a bother to you again. I don’t know where else to go. I don’t know who else to ask for help. Please, can you hear me...I’m out here...knocking.

Vignette #2:

Lights up on HOMELESS MAN. SFX: knocking.

HOMELESS MAN: As I knocked on her car window, I know she was startled. I didn’t mean to scare her. I watched her as she buckled her children in safely before I approached. I wouldn’t want her to think I might do something to them. I’m not that kind of person, you know.

What kind of person am I? Well, I used to be someone you would consider very regular. Kind of like you, or your neighbor, or your friend. I was middle class, had a wife and a home and a car, and two children. I hung out with the guys from work a couple nights a week. Yeah, we’d drink. Yeah, even get drunk sometimes. The alcohol seemed to numb the reaction I’d get when I finally walked through the door at 2 a.m. I don’t know why I did it. I don’t have any good excuse. Alcohol soon became drugs, and one drug led to another. And she couldn’t take it anymore. So she took the children and left. A note was all she left and I haven’t seen her or the children since.

That was seven years ago. Seven years of loneliness. Seven years of wondering where my children are. Seven years of trying to hold on to the hope that one day my wife might forgive me and take me back. I am so sorry. It didn’t take long to run through the little money I had. Then the streets became my home. I finally stopped the