

HUMMINGBIRD

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic monologue

SYNOPSIS: When Stan's father slips into a coma, it forces him to take a painful look at a life of missed opportunities to express his love.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The tone is sober but warm. Encourage your actor to find his own pace and rhythm to make the delivery as natural as possible.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

TOPIC: Pride, Priorities

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ephesians 6:1-3; Ecclesiastes 12:1-7

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon starter

CHARACTERS: STAN

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A hospital

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: Regi Stone

Executive Editor: Kimberlee Crisafulli / Assistant Editor: Scott Crain

Copyright ©2013 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

HUMMINGBIRD *by Scott Crain*

Lights up on STAN.

STAN: My father was a cabinet maker. Spent most of his life hunched over a work-bench, sawing wood, then sanding it down. *(smiles)* He always wanted me to follow in his footsteps and join the family business, but...*(sighs, shrugs)*...I guess I didn't want to spend the rest of my life with calluses on my hands and sawdust in the cuffs of my pants.

Beat.

About the only thing he and I ever had in common was a love of music. He taught me how to play the guitar when I was just a little boy, and when I was fifteen, I remember he bought me this used Gibson Hummingbird for my birthday. Had a beautiful sound to it, low action—just a joy to play.

The problem was, like I say, it was used. The pick guard was a little scratched up and the finish was a little worn. *(shrugs)* When you're fifteen, I guess stuff like that's important, and the truth is, I was embarrassed to bring the thing out when other folks were around. So I sold it and bought a new guitar. A pretty little Fender that looked great, but just never had the same ring to it.

Dad never said a word about it. That was just his way.

Seems like the older I got, the more we grew apart. I went off to college, then medical school, and Dad would call from time to time to check in, but it seems like I was always too busy to talk for long. Too busy to come and visit. Too busy to care much.

Truth is, I was embarrassed by him too, I guess. By his simple trade and old-fashioned ideas. When my friends asked me what my father did for a living, I'd tell 'em he was an 'engineer'.

He shakes his head, sadly.

I've got a teenage boy of my own now, and he's into music and fashion that I just don't get. I try chasing after him for a little bit of time and attention, but it seems like he's always too busy to talk for long. Too busy to hang out with his Dad with his lousy fashion sense and old-fashioned ideas. Too busy to care much.

It hurts. I won't pretend that it doesn't. But I don't say a word about it. I guess that's just my way.

Beat, his expression turns deep, care-worn.

Last night, my father slipped into a diabetic coma. The doctors aren't giving him much longer to live.