

MOVING ON

by CLARE SERA

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: To open a discussion on dealing with death or loss.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Joanne isn't out to make any moral statements here; she's just stating the facts of her life and expressing how profoundly she misses her late husband. She truly loves Trevor, and that should be evident when she talks about him. But it should also be evident that an important part of her died with Danny, and she is still struggling to cope with that. She has "moved on" for her children's sake but is still coping for her own.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Death, Family

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ruth 1:16-17, Psalm 63:8, Song of Solomon 3:1-3

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

CHARACTERS: Joanne ~ A sensible woman; happily married, but still in love with her late husband

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary clothing, appropriate to character

SOUND: One wireless mic

LIGHTING: General stage, dimmed or colored to denote moonlight

SETTING: Bare stage

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Lights up on JOANNE, in a melancholy mood.

JOANNE: Danny proposed to me in the moonlight. He called me his starlight girl and told me I should never venture out before noon, but that I was born for twilight romance and soul-deep talks at midnight. Well, after we were married, with children, I began to see more sunrises than sunsets; but every now and then, Danny and I would steal out at twilight and sit on the front porch. We'd share a bottle of root beer and let our souls talk until midnight. Sometimes we'd get kinda silly and giggly, and one time we woke up the kids with our laughing. They loved catching us in trouble like that, and we slinked up to our bedroom under the stern eye of our eldest daughter, Elizabeth, and the wide-eyed bewilderment of our son, Jeremy. Elizabeth chided us for getting Jeremy excited at this time of night. Jeremy was 4 years old and "easily excitable." The minute we were behind the door, we shook as we tried not to laugh even louder than before and get in more trouble with the kids. I think at that moment I felt closer to Danny than I'd ever felt to anyone. Even in our simple life, our relationship felt like an adventure. I loved him. He died suddenly. As big as his heart was, I guess it wasn't so strong. Elizabeth was 10 years old, Jeremy was 7, and Christine had just turned 5. I just ... hadn't expected it. The five stages of grief — as they call them — moved slowly for me. There was ... there is no way to replace what Danny was to me. His unique personality, mixed with mine and set in that time with those circumstances, was a gift. An unrepeatable gift that is gone in the way I knew it. I saw the children watching me. Learning from me how to — or not to — move on. I watched them struggle without Danny around, and I saw their need for a father. And my need for a husband. I've been married to Trevor for six years now. He's a good man. He loves me and the children, and he is a wonderful father. He's been right there, for Jeremy especially. I knew that Jeremy would need that sort of discipline and role model to see him through high school. He's a great kid, of course ... Trevor calls him "high — strung — like a fine-tuned instrument." I prefer the term "bratty." I know I never could have handled him myself. Trevor is patient and strong. A good, good man, and I am blessed to have him for my husband and as a father for my children. I love him. And every now and then, when the grocery store stocks the bottled kind, I pick up a root beer and sneak out to the porch at twilight.

..... Lights down.

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