

NOTHING HAPPENED

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A young man reflects on the effects of skipping church and quiet time with God.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Be careful not to play Jimmy as too over-the-top; he needs to be genuine in order for the ending to carry its weight.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Christian Living

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: 2 Corinthians 4:16

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Starter, Worship Service

CHARACTERS: JIMMY

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A bedroom

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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**

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Lights up on JIMMY.

JIMMY: I still don't see what the big deal is. So I don't go to church on Sundays anymore. So what? It's not like it was doing anything for me. I mean, honestly. If you took away all the fruits and the nuts from that place, all you'd have left is a bunch of flakes. *(He grins at this)*

I admit the first time I skipped was a little tricky. Had to convince my mom that I had a stomach ache—that they should all just go without me. Then I felt guilty when they left, and I was a little worried. You know, that God would punish me good for lying to skip church. But you know what? Nothing happened. Not a thing.

The next Sunday, I told my parents that I really had to hit the books. Big mid-term on Monday. Couldn't afford to waste a minute. They bought it, and let me skip again. I was still kinda worried—like maybe God had let me slide just once, but now I was really going to feel His wrath. *(Shakes his head)* Nope. Nothing happened.

Pretty soon, my mom stopped even waking me up on Sundays. It's pretty sweet. I sleep until about ten-thirty, then hit the couch with a bowl of Lucky Charms. And to this day, nothing's happened.

So then I start asking myself, why should I keep reading the Bible every day, like I've been doing since I was like nine? What's the point? I was doing it more out of habit than anything else. So I stopped. I kept it on my nightstand for a few weeks, but it started getting a layer of dust on it, so I crammed it back on the shelf with all the other books I never use. I felt kind of guilty shoving it in next to Stephen King—like maybe God was gonna zap me or something. But guess what? Nothing happened.

And so what if I don't spend time in prayer during the day? I felt like I was always saying the same stuff over and over again anyway, and I doubt God wants to hear that. So I gave it up. God knows what I need, so I shouldn't have to ask for it anyway, right? You think he really needs to hear my lame prayers when probably sixty kazillion people are all talking to him at once? I doubt it. And it's not like he's punished me for it or anything.

Honestly.

Nothing's happened since we stopped spending time together.

Beat. He drops his eyes. A bit sadly:

Absolutely...nothing.