Drama Ministry POINT, CLICK, ACTION!

REPOSSESSED

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A man in the midst of financial difficulties questions the real drive behind his desire for things.

playing him as a caricature. He's a normal guy.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Christian living, spiritual warfare, finances

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 12:43-45; Luke 12:13-21

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon starter, worship service, seeker service

CHARACTERS:

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

Drama Ministry

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Lights up on MIKE.

MIKE: I gotta say, I'm not a huge believer in demons.

I mean, you read the New Testament, and it seems like they were everywhere. Jesus couldn't take a walk around the block without running into a demoniac. So where'd they all go, right? Most cases today where someone's ranting and foaming at the mouth—that's just mental illness, you know? It's treatable. It's not...demonic.

It's 2013. We're...wiser...you know? We don't go running to rabbis and priests for problems that aren't spiritual.

And yeah, I guess that makes us a little less likely to look to heaven when we feel like our problems are more...earthly.

But. That having been said...

Drops his eyes, with a defeated, sheepish expression.

I'm not above praying when I find myself in a tight spot.

Beat. He sighs, running a hand wearily through his hair.

I got a promotion last year, and it was...significant. We weren't suddenly living on caviar, but still. It was a big step up. We moved into a new house, traded in the old clunkers and got new cars, moved the kids into private schools. Stuff like that. Seemed like things were turning around.

Until all of a sudden, things turned back.

My position got fazed out.

Then the bills started adding up fast. We lived on credit cards for a few months, and then fell behind on those.

And... (shrugs, helpless) ...it got out of hand. It's like once that downward spiral starts, there's no way to get your head back above water, and we're meanwhile trying to keep the kids and our friends and families believing that everything's still OK.

Sighs, wearily.

Collection agencies were calling all the time. Pam and I were fighting like cats and dogs, not even sleeping in the same bed.

So one night, I started praying. Not the kind of mumbled rehearsed thing I usually say before meals, but really talking to God and asking for help. Something.