

SAY SOMETHING

by Joanna Jones

GENRE: Light Drama

SYNOPSIS: While attending church, a woman talks to God and expresses her frustration with his apparent silence.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: In Say Something, the interplay of a woman pantomiming a church service on stage while we hear her thoughts could be unintentionally amusing unless done carefully. Try rehearsing with your actress and her recorded voice as much as possible to see what's "too much", and it may be wise to bring in a trusted second opinion to view it in advance. There are some lighthearted moments at the scene's opening as the woman struggles with her checkbook and critiques the pastor's sermon. You want to make sure the audience is chuckling at the lines and not the theatrical device!

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Prayer, Waiting

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 11:1-13, Psalm 37:4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Worship Service

CHARACTERS: WOMAN

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless microphone; prerecorded sound effects

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A church pew

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Lights up. WOMAN walks into pew—apparently late. There are no other actual people with her, but they are indicated by her movements. The first 60 seconds of this drama represent the entire service in fast forward. The lights shift and sound changes to show the different elements.

Just as she squeezes past the invisible people, they stand to sing.

VOICE-OVER (Her thoughts): Oh, I love this song. I'm not ready to sing it in front of actual people, but I love this song...

Oh, I need an envelope... Where's my checkbook?! *(She writes a check.)* I really screwed up this week, better double that...*(She writes a new check.)*

Lights shift as she prays. She is listening to the sermon, taking notes. SFX: Muted talking, congregation laughter and "amens".

These sermons are great: the jokes are lame, but you can't help but love the guy. But I'm not getting answers! I'm not getting answers! I'm not getting answers!

Lights change: She stands for prayer, smiles as people are leaving. Steps into aisle. People are gone— she looks desperately at the altar. Sighs — turns to leave. Then stops. She speaks in prayer, now live:

WOMAN: I'm not getting any answers! Please, say something. Okay. Maybe you're shocked that it's not even Easter and I'm here. I've tried everything, and I had this feeling that maybe I should try harder to talk to you.

Are you talking to me? I guess you know about that...well, that thing I did - a few weeks ago. You know, where...Well you are...*(Looks at notes)*...“Omniscient”— of course you know, but the fact is... that I am sorry. I really am. I feel terrible and it messed everything up so here I am. Here I am.

So that's it...You're mad at me and now the rest of my life isn't working. But he just said today that you don't work that way...so why is something missing?

When I graduated, I thought it was that I needed a fulfilling job—but I've got that now. A great job. And I feel empty.

My friend Sandra talked to this psychic healer who says the key to fulfillment was proper breathing. I tried it and hyperventilated—so I'm pretty sure that's off track.

Besides, it hurts to sit like that... *(She strikes odd “meditation” pose.)*