

TRAPPED

by Scott Crain

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Three believers struggle with feelings of bondage to material concerns, obsessive thoughts, and internet pornography.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Each of the actors should address the audience directly, and never acknowledge the other actors on stage—perhaps lowering their head while the others are speaking—in order to heighten the sense of ‘isolation’.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3

TOPIC: Christian Living, Addictions

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 4:18, Galatians 5:1

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

MIKE

ALICE

CLARK

PROPS: 3 stools, if desired

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: 3 wireless mics

LIGHTING: General Stage

SETTING: A bare stage

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Lights up on MIKE, who sits on a stool at downstage center. To the audience:

MIKE: Last night I dreamed I was part of a Middle Eastern caravan, on its way across the Sahara desert. I don't know what year it was, but it felt like an ancient time. I was riding on the back of a camel, maybe ten feet off the ground, but I wasn't scared of falling—it was like riding on 'camelback' was normal. Everything was so vivid: the smell of the animals, and some underlying tangy smell, like spices. The creak of the leather saddle as we bumped and swayed over the sand. The linen scarf wrapped over my face to block out the desert wind. *(Pauses)* As we moved along, another caravan passed us going the opposite direction. One of the men passed within a few yards of me—he was on a camel, too—and when we made eye contact, he smiled and nodded his head, like we were old friends.

(Beat)

Then the alarm went off, and it was Monday morning. An hour later, I'm in a Dodge caravan, stuck in traffic on the interstate on the way to work. There's road construction—I don't know why they picked morning rush hour to do it—but they've got traffic blocked off going both directions for about two and a half miles. And there's the sound of jack-hammering and heavy equipment, and the stink of diesel fuel, and I've got my car radio blasting the morning 'zoo crew'. I look over the median and there's another car stuck in traffic going the opposite direction, and I make eye contact with the guy behind the wheel, and he shoots me this glare, like 'What're you lookin' at, pal?'

(Sighs, shaking his head)

I don't know. I mean, in my car right now I've got a laptop, a cell phone, a pager, and a portable CD player. At home I've got a DVD player, a VCR, and an MP3. When did life get so complicated? My wife called me this afternoon and asked me how I was feeling. I said...cluttered.

Lights up on ALICE, on a stool at downstage left.

ALICE: Every night before I go to bed, I check all the burners on the stove to make sure they're firmly in the 'off' position. Then I go through the house and make sure the front door is locked, and the back door, and the basement door. Then I usually check the burners again. And the coffee pot. And then I go back and check the doors one more time. Sometimes I unbolt them, then bolt them again, just to be sure. I count my steps everywhere I go: twelve steps from the upstairs bedroom to the front door. Eighteen steps from the front door to the car. Thirty-two steps from my parking space to the elevator. I wash my hands maybe a couple of dozen times a day---it makes me nervous to touch things sometimes in public places: the faucets in public restrooms, the buttons on the ATM machine.