

WAITING FOR KNIGHT RIDER

by Scott Crain

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A husband searching for God's healing remembers a time in his childhood when God seemed to be asleep at the wheel.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The monologue contains some real emotional highs and lows, but care should be taken to keep it from being too forced. Allow your actor to find a pace and delivery that is natural and believable, not overdone.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Faith, Heilig

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 21:21-22, John 14:13-14

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Sermon Starter

CHARACTERS: CODY

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

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Lights up on CODY.

CODY: You remember the TV show “Knight Rider”? Back in the eighties, starred David Hasselhoff before his “Baywatch” days? When I was a kid, that was my absolute favorite show in the world. I used to dream about riding around with Michael Knight—cruising through the streets and fighting crime in Kitt, the black Trans Am with the swooshing red light on the front...

He demonstrates the “swooshing sound” for a moment.

Anyway. When I was seven years old, I was in Sunday school, and the teacher’s talking about prayer. She reads from Matthew, chapter twenty-one, where Jesus says, “And all things you ask in prayer, believing, you will receive.”

I thought, “Wow”! This is my big chance! So I closed my eyes right there in the classroom, and I said,

He clasps his hands and closes his eyes, in imitation of prayer.

“God, please bring Knight Rider to my house today. Have him drive right up the street, pull up to my house, and take me for a ride. In Jesus’ name, Amen.”

He opens his eyes.

I was so excited. It’s all I could think about during the service, and when I got home, I practically swallowed my lunch whole, then I ran out to the front yard.

At the time, we were living in a new subdivision, and there was this duty road leading up to our house. I remember I stood on the first step of our front porch with my eyes glued on that road, waiting for my prayer to be answered. Waiting for Knight Rider.

I stood there all afternoon. Finally, the sun went down, and my mom made me come inside.

Beat.

I was heartbroken. I couldn’t understand it. I’d done exactly like Jesus said—and I’d believed it, REALLY believed it—so why didn’t he answer my prayer?

Pauses.

Well. As you can see, I’m a lot older now, with a wife and kid of my own. A few weeks ago, my wife found a lump under her arm.

He indicates a place in the pit of his right arm.