

## YOU'LL BE SORRY *by John Cospers*

**GENRE:** Dramatic monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A man recalls how he joked with a friend he disagreed with about his eternal destination, but he never said anything serious to share Christ with them.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Mitch should play like this is a humorous monologue to start then shift the story in a different direction as it gets serious, drawing the audience in and then letting them have it.

**TIME:** 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1M

**THEME:** Witnessing, Evangelism

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 7:15-23

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Evangelism Training, Sermon Illustration

**CHARACTERS:**

MITCH—a Christian and a salesman

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Business suit

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage lighting or spot light

**SETTING:** Unspecified

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*MITCH walks on in a suit. He starts with a convicting, condescending rant to the audience.*

**MITCH:** Some day, you'll be sorry. When you're standing before the Lord, and He reads the list of things you've said and done in your life, you'll be sorry. You wait! There will be consequences, and believe me, you are not gonna like 'em!

*MITCH lightens up.*

Anybody here ever wanted to say that to someone? You know, that idiot friend of yours that went off and did all the stupid stuff in college? Or worse, one of them worldly types that think they know better than you. No matter how hard you try to talk sense into them, there's no budging them!

"You have no right to tell me what to do!"

"You keep your Bible to yourself!"

"It's my life, and I'll live how I want to!"

I worked with this guy named Alex. One of those highly-educated-but-hardly-knows-anything types. You know what I mean. This guy had an answer for everything. Pro-choice, believed in evolution, supported euthanasia—you name a topic, he had it wrong.

Christian fella that I am, I made it my business to talk sense into the guy. I told him I was a believer, and I told him flat out he was wrong. Well, that just set him off. "How can you believe in that old book? It contradicts itself! Miracles are impossible. Jesus was a good teacher, but not God." On and on and on.

Alex and I went round and round for years. Every morning, every afternoon, there was a debate by the coffee machine. Some folks enjoyed the spectacle. Some thought we were both idiots. One fella even took up smoking just to have an excuse to leave the building when we got into it.

Don't get me wrong, I didn't hate Alex. He was a good guy, and a good co-worker. We made a good team going out to the trade shows, working the booth. We just didn't get along so well once the clock was punched.

One night in Seattle, we really got into it. I had a few drinks and so did he. And that's