

A script from



“Digging Out”

A Monologue on 9/11 and the Holiness of God

by
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- What** A firefighter, nicknamed "Preacher," shares his experience of finding his worth in Christ amidst the rubble and dirt of a the tragedy of September 11th.
Themes: Holiness, Righteousness, 9/11, Self-Righteousness
- Who** Male-40's
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** None
- Why** Psalm 51:10, Isaiah 1:18, Isaiah 6:7
- How** The actor performing this monologue should be experienced. When performing these types of scripts, it's easy to fall into a monotone voice. Be careful to always remain in character and remember that you're telling a story, you're painting a picture. Have someone watch you and give you honest feedback.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

Lights up on "Preacher" as he addresses the audience.

The alarm went off at five thirty that morning. I rolled over in bed, looked out the window and I could tell- it was gonna be a perfect day. A high, light blue sky. The window was open, and it was warm out. The breeze was moving just a little. It was perfect.

I got up and made myself a cup of coffee. Turned on the radio, listened for the weather report. "Perfect weather," the guy says. That's when I decided: "Ditch work and go fishing". I called into Mavis, the dispatcher at the station, and told her, "I think I caught something, and I'm just gonna stay home today." Mavis says to me, "That's okay, Preacher. You stay home and get over whatever you caught...or maybe go catch something else." Then she laughs and says, "It's okay, Preacher." And she hangs up.

"Preacher." That's what everybody calls...called me at the station. "Preacher." I don't know...I guess the guys called me that sorta as a dig 'cause I've always been a pretty straight-arrow, church-going kind of guy, ya know? Don't go out drinking, or to the strip clubs with the guys after a shift. Pretty careful about my language and everything. Tell you the truth, up until now, I guess I always thought that's what it was all about: trying to be...a little better than the next guy, ya know? So, when the guys used to call me "Preacher" I don't think it was such a good thing.

So, anyway, Mavis, the dispatcher, she hangs up the phone, laughing. She knows I ain't sick. She knows I am going fishing. But that morning, I figured, "Hey. Who cares? A guy in my line of work deserves to go fishing every once in awhile. So I tell a little white lie to get the day off. No big deal. I'm not hurting anybody."

I throw some sandwiches and drinks in a cooler, put my fishing stuff in my truck, and head toward Harriman State Park, up toward West Point. In good traffic, from where I live in Jersey, I can be up there in an hour...hour and a half. There's a couple of good little lakes up there in that state park. So, I get up there about eight in the morning, fish all day on the lake from my fishing inner tube.

And it's great out there. It's fresh and clean and quiet. No noise: no radio, no phone, no nothing. I don't see one person. It's just me and the lake. I catch a few fish. Stay there 'til probably seven that night. On the way home I'm so relaxed I don't even turn on the radio for awhile. I just drive, in the quiet, thinking "All is right with the world."

But, then, when I get closer into Jersey I turn on the radio to hear the traffic report, and I hear the news. The news about...you know...about the planes and the Trade Towers that morning. I pull off the side of the

road. I can't believe what I'm hearing. I'm flipping stations trying to piece it all together.

I don't know how long I sat there on the side of the road before I started driving. It took me hours to get into the city. Even with my badge, it took me hours. I got to the station. I got into my gear and went down there...to the site. I worked, nonstop, for three days. Pure adrenaline...and horror. I'm a fireman. I've seen a lot of bad stuff. But you don't even wanna know the details about those first three days. I'm just working on adrenaline. That's the only thing that's keeping me going. No thinking. Just adrenaline.

About one full page has been omitted from this preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

It was like I finally got it. It was like God said to me: "I make people clean. I don't make 'em religious. I make 'em clean."

I'm sitting at Ground Zero, in the midst of total destruction, looking at something perfectly clean, realizing: This is what God does.

I reach down and pick up the envelope. On the back side of it there was a Post-It Note attached. On the Post-It Note was scribbled: "Send Immediately". It was like God saying to me: "Get up off your duff, and tell people what I do."

Well...that was...what? A pretty good while ago now. I'm done at Ground Zero. But I'm not done as a fireman. And I'm not done with the Post-It Note. And the guys at the station. I think they see something different in me now. Somebody dirty who God is making clean. They know that 'cause I'm telling 'em. They still call me "Preacher," but I'm not so sure it's a dig anymore.

Lights fade.