

a script from  
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**“Do It Again”**

by  
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**What** What begins as a person's lament about being tired and sore from walking, turns into a series of prayers to God, asking Him to breathe new life, quench thirst, and perform miracles in the world.

**Themes:** Miracles, Surrender, Pain, Need for God, Worship, Prayer

**Who** Actor

**When** Now

**Wear  
(Props)** A box or stool for the Actor to stand on.

**Why** Joshua 6:20

**How** This can be a reader's theater piece, but it can be very, very effective if it's memorized, freeing up the performer to look up to heaven when talking to God. Though the performer sits at the beginning, this is not required, and the performer should stand at some point.

**Time** Approximately 3 minutes

*Actor enters, with weariness evident. Sits, brings one leg up and rubs his/her foot.*

**Actor:** My feet hurt, Lord. My feet hurt. Needles of pain with every step I take.

And I've taken a lot of steps, Lord. Don't need a fitbit to tell me that. My throbbing ankles count out every one.

I've watched the sun set and rise, set and rise, set and rise. And still I'm walking. Legs dragging. Lungs burning. Sweat pouring.

So right here, God, I'm stopping. I'm stopping so I can look right at you and ask you for something.

I'm asking 'cause I've heard the stories. And I believe them, Lord. So...

Do it again, God.

With all my heart I believe that before time began, you spoke and nothing became something. Dark became light. Formless became formed and emptiness was filled with masterpiece after masterpiece.

Do it again, God.

'Cause I believe that you shaped the dirt into a body like ours and you leaned in and you breathed into our nostrils and there was life.

Do it again, God.

I haven't only heard the stories, Lord. I've quenched my thirst from the waters of the bitter spring you made sweet. I've used the oil from the jar that should have run dry a long time ago. I've seen the waters part and I've walked through the sea on dry land.

Do it again, God.

Cause it's been a while. And my feet hurt so bad. I'll take that next step in a minute, Lord. But first, can I ask you...

Do it again, God.

Take my lunch and feed the multitudes. Speak to my demons and make them flee. Touch my disease and make it whole. Give sight to blinded eyes. Give strength to withered legs. Give speech to muted tongue. Speak stillness to the storm and make the winds and waves obey. Pull me up and let me walk on the water by your side.

Do it again, God.

"Do it Again"

PURCHASE

These walls ain't crumbling just yet. So I'm gonna keep walking, Lord, cause you told me to. And the rhythm of my steps and the song of my heart will be...

Do it again, Jesus. Do it again. Do it again.

*Lights out.*

SCRIPT

TO

REMOVE

WATERMARK

AT

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