

A script from



“I See Dead People”

by
Rebecca Wimmer

- What** A poetic monologue on the futility of chasing after things that are temporary instead of chasing things that are eternal.
Themes: Life, Living, Faith, Eternity, Purpose
- Who** Narrator
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** No props necessary.
A creative option is to create a cemetery or graveyard on stage. Nothing spooky, but an environment to drive home the point.
- Why** Matthew 23:27-28, James 2:14-26, John 10:10
- How** This script could very easily be divided up and given to 3-4 different readers, making it a Readers Theatre.
- Time** Approximately 2 minutes

Narrator addresses the audience very slowly and deliberately with an ominous tone.

Narrator: I...see...dead people. *(Long pause. Let it sink in with the audience and maybe confuse them a little, then after a little while again with the same intensity)* I...see...dead people. *(Another pause shorter this time then suddenly pointing over the audience's head to the back with alarm)* Look! There's one now! *(Pointing again in another direction with the same alarm)* And there! Look! There goes another one! *(Pointing elsewhere)* And there! *(Pointing again)* And there! *(Wide-eyed speaking directly to audience)* There are dead people...everywhere.

It's scary how many dead people are walking around amongst us, beside us, with us, around us *every day*. They live down the street. They walk down our halls. They sit at our tables and sleep in our homes. They're *everywhere!*

Noticing the audience's confusion or disinterest.

What? You don't see them?

Pointing again some new direction into the audience.

Look! Sitting right beside you! Dead as a doornail. I know he *looks like* he's breathing...heart's beating...eye's blinking...but he's not...*living*. Not really. *(Pointing to audience again)* And her, there. She seems awake. Almost attentive. Almost active. Almost alive. *Almost.*

Looking around and then asserting again.

I...see...dead people. Men, women, children...able bodies, ready minds, precious lives...*wasted.*

(Now getting to the point) Wasted chasing a selfish dream. Wasted chasing the wind. Wasted white-washing tombs. Dead people are everywhere. Faithless lives living out faithless agendas. Soulless souls ignoring sick sibling souls. Dreamers who dream of little more than shiny objects and bigger breaks, swankier duds, y'know...all the stuff you can't take...when you're dead. Kinda makes you dead already, doesn't it? *(Very matter of fact and slightly alarmed)* Scary.

(Imploring) Where is the life in those who are living? Where is the dreamer whose dream is less about getting and more about giving? Where is the breath of God that has been breathed into the living? It's suffocating under the weight of not real living. That's why I see dead people *everywhere*. And that makes me so sad. It's like going to a funeral...everywhere...every day.

Like in the beginning suddenly pointing over the audience's head to the back with great alarm and expressed fear.

Look! There goes another one now! *(Pointing over their heads again in another direction)* And another one! *(Pointing)* And another one! *(Pointing again)* And still another one! *(With similar intensity from the beginning)* I...see...dead people. *(Imploringly)* Please...make them go away.

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