

“My Name is Regret”

by
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- What** This short script personifies the role regret can sometimes play in our lives. It can be performed as a monologue or could be divided into lines to be presented by two actors or as a Reader's Theater.
- Themes: Regret, Shame, Guilt, Repentance
- Who** Regret- male or female adult, any age
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Regret can be dressed in dark colors. I might suggest black or gray pants, and a black or dark hoodie. Regret should appear confident but a little shadowy and slightly sloppy. Consider the use of supporting jewelry and accessories that support the imagery presented by Regret. A simple chain necklace or two. Leather wrist cuff, bracelets that dangle with strings, nautical rope jewelry, and similar. Regret can wear a nametag with “Hello my name is Regret”.
- Why** 2 Corinthians 7:10
- How** This script is short and would be a good sermon set up or intro to a message about regret, repentance or guilt. Be wary of being too melodramatic with the lines but Regret should appear very comfortable with themselves and almost patronizingly cool despite a somewhat slovenly appearance. The poetic nature of the script lends itself to a natural rhythm and if needed or wanted, this script could be divided into lines and presented well by two actors, one male and one female, or by several actors as a reader's theater.
- Time** Approximately 2 minutes

Actor enters and addresses the audience.

Regret: Hello. My name is Regret. Ooooh, I just made you cringe a little bit, didn't I? Because you know me. I riddle your history. I am the doubts you had then. I am the doubts you have now. I'm the reason you reasoned away a chance, a moment, an opportunity, or when you simply *(making a little patronizing bowing motion)* bowed out.

My name is Regret. I am prevalent in stories of lost bravery. I am the dots at the end of a line... *(makes the three "dots" of an ellipse in the air slowly with hand while saying...)* dot...dot...dot. The coulda', shoulda', wouldas' of a look back in time. I am courage squashed. I am resolve dissolved. I am a fight lost. I am hope fled and gone.

My name is Regret, and I eat away at what should have been fonder memories. I feed on you fancying yourself better off if only things would have gone differently. I haunt your olden days. I spook you on the current page of your life. You look to *me* instead of heaven to figure out which next step is right.

(beat) I am Regret, and I tether best laid plans to uncertainty. I chain down big dreams to impossibility. I imprison faithful followers to mediocrity. I'm in your head. My favorite place to be. Because when I'm there, I cloud your ability to see clearly. I make you see the shot missed. Not the shots made faithfully. I turn you to your guilt and not your need for repenting. *(a little pouty)* You feel sorry for yourself but maybe not sorry. You should be penitent but you sit petulantly wallowing in what *was* instead of what could be.

I am Regret. And I can push you to greater things *(making marionette puppeting motions with hands)* or I can pull the strings. I am Regret. And I can lead you to a heart that is contrite or lead you down the path devoid of the Light.

My name is Regret. *(a little surprised thinking it audacious)* I've been told some try to live life without me. I guess some know that they can *use*, rather than get used by me. Sure, now and then I may find a place in your story, but it doesn't have to be the defining one. You know that, right? When all is said and done, whether I'm a drag or your drive, that's your say.

My name is Regret. Tell me, what role will you have me play?

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