

“My Name is Shame”

by
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What This monologue personifies the feelings sometimes evoked by the subversive emotion of shame. It brings to light the feelings that keep the truth of God’s mercy and forgiveness at bay.

Themes: Shame, Guilt, Sin, Forgiveness, Redeemed, Mercy, Salvation

Who Shame- female adult any age

When Present Day

**Wear
(Props)** No props needed

Why Job 10:15, Psalm 32:4-5

How This script is short and would be a good sermon set up or intro to a message about shame or sin. Be wary of being too melodramatic with the lines. 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 by several actors as a reader’s theater.

Time Approximately 2 minutes

Actor or Actress enters and addresses the audience.

Shame: My name is Shame. I break people...slowly. I make them lose themselves in themselves. I'm good at hiding and controlling and cajoling you into self-pity and self-loathing. I'm not spoken of much. I know. But that's good for me. I'm not trying to step into the limelight here.

Let's be clear. If I do that, I might have to disappear. Because my name is Shame, and if you cast the *right* light on me and pin the *right* name on me you might have to try and understand me. And if you understand me you might have to reconcile with me. And if you reconcile with me, you'll see that we have no business being together at all. And that would be my downfall. Because guilt over your sin and me are not the same thing at all.

Shame, Shame...you know my name, and even the faithful seem to believe that I'm heaven made, heaven given, heaven laid at the feet of the unforgiven.

Changing. Slightly viscous.

And that's my sweet spot...right there.

My name is Shame, and you believe God wants me here. To teach you something, perhaps. Oh, I'll teach you alright. I'll teach you this:

Like a scolding teacher or parent.

My name is Shame, and what you have done is unthinkable, unsolvable, undeniably horrible and don't forget this: You are unworthy...unlovable...unforgivable. It's unreal exactly how "un" you are.

Coy

Don't pretend you don't resonate with this. It doesn't sound like heaven's whispers. Does it? No, not a bit. And yet, here we are. The teacher and the student.

My name is Shame, and I will take this human-made matrimony binding sin and shame and gladly let you bear my name. Because when you do, you wallow and stew and think even the Savior, who's eyes saw into the soul of every soul while on the cross, somehow can't bear the sight of you. I will take it. And with it, I'll take you too.

My name is Shame. (*sort of happy*) So now, go screw on the smile and show the world you don't feel us. Go dance, go sing, go lie and pretend

"My Name is Shame"

that you don't realize this: My name is Shame. And you're mine, until you release the hold I have on you.

Lighthearted

Pity, doesn't sound like something someone so *UN*exceptional, like you, would do.

With a little wave she smiles coyly and exits.

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