

A script from



“No Strings”

by
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- What** A man, speaking directly to the audience, tells how Jesus delivered him from Demons. This is a retelling of the story from the Gospels. (Themes: Power of Jesus, Freedom, Demons, Faith, Mercy, Salvation)
- Who** 1 Male
- When** Bible times/ New Testament
- Wear (Props)** String
Men’s Bible costume
- Why** Galatians 5:1
- How** During monologues such as this one, direct your actor to actually “see” the circumstances the character has been through. A good tip is to act out with another person the events that happened, so when he explains it to the audience he will have a better understanding. It’s important that he paint a vivid picture with his words and actions.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

The man delivered by Jesus of demons, speaks directly and simply to the audience. As he speaks he plays, almost absent-mindedly, with a string, possibly making a string web or crow's feet out of it.

Man: They could make anyone run. The Voices, the - I never knew what to call them - my "Wicked Companions". Hiding. Always hiding, just out of reach... in here (*referring to his head*) ...in here... somewhere. Hiding... waiting for the right moment to come shrieking out, like hornets from a disturbed nest.

Sometimes they would wait for days. Nothing. Nothing but silence. And I would dare to think, "They're gone. It was just some... some bad dream." Or maybe... when they came, they would come disguised as friends. They would (*Here a subtle indication of "pulling the strings" might be nice*) ... make me do something funny, or clumsy. And people would laugh, and maybe... just maybe, for one day I'm fooled into thinking I have my life. I'm not the monster, and women won't shield their young children as they pass me on the street.

The village, the people, they never knew, of course, when the vileness might come pouring out. Or when. Neither did I. That was the worst of it, I think, not knowing when. When will I become a drooling, cursing and raging fool, yet again? So, at best they avoided me. I helped them as best I could. Stayed on the outside. Came into town only for whatever food or work I might beg, and then hurried back to be alone with the cold embarrassment the whispering Voices might bring.

But some days... especially Sabbath...when I knew that families were gathered in a Synagogue, where familiar words would be read... sometimes on those days the loneliness would... would whisper louder, and I would hurry into town, hoping to somehow outrun them, the Voices. I would stand at the very back of a Synagogue, as if I were a normal man, gathered with his family to hear the words.

I would stand, small, in shadow, hoping that my Companions would not embarrass me suddenly, once again, in front of all of these people.

The Rabbis, when they saw me standing there, always glanced away. They were powerless to stop me, of course. They had no authority over the realm in which I lived, the realm of cold, unpredictable fear. So the Rabbis would read... tensely... darting their eyes my way, hoping to just get through the service.

He takes a beat, still playing with the string.

But on this day... on this day there was a new - I'm not sure what he was. He was not like the others. He stood to read, and the words were fire. As he read, he looked more at the people than at the words. I