

“The Wall is Loud”

by
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What	This monologue (with optional sound effects) is based on Joshua and the walls of Jericho. Themes: Faith, Joshua, Adversity, Doubt
Who	Joshua
When	Old Testament
Wear (Props)	Modern clothing or Biblical Robes
Why	Joshua 6
How	While the sound effects are optional, they are also a powerful presence. Don't be afraid to get loud with them or with Joshua as he tries to overcome the sound. There is also an immense power in silence onstage. Play the pauses so we have a dynamic between the insane amount of noise and those quiet honesties. Also, there should be NO sound effect for the whisper. This is something only Joshua hears.
Time	Approximately 5 minutes

Joshua enters and addresses the audience.

Joshua: Some sounds you expect to hear during the course of your life. They're...commonplace: a bird flying overhead, an animal straining against the plow, the cry of a newborn baby. Others are a bit more...unusual: the croaking of millions of frogs in the night, the sound of untold numbers of locusts...the screaming of mothers upon finding their firstborn dead in the morning. Those stay with you.

For the past forty years, I've heard the complaining and groaning of a people being led this way and that through a never-ending desert. More recently, I listened as my commander, my mentor...my friend said goodbye and placed me in charge...me...in charge...of an entire nation...lost in the sand. I've heard the sound of rushing water halted in the middle of the Jordan river as the footfalls of thousands of people crossed on dry land. I've heard many things. But I've never heard anything...like a wall.

Walls are LOUD, really loud, deafening really. Even when they're not tumbling down, they're immensely loud. Like this wall. Jericho. With its walls, those huge, ancient fortifications. Now, I know there's an entire city behind this wall,

SFX: bustling city; add noise as it is mentioned.

...bustling and making all sorts of racket with people and markets and animals and jobs. But I can't hear a thing because this wall is so thick.

SFX: Noises stop

And I've got the whole nation of Israel at my back,

SFX: Crowd of people

...people talking, mostly complaining, yelling, crying, animals, and carts, but all I hear

Noises stop

...is this wall. I'm surprised no one else can hear it, it's almost deafening. And its saying, "Nope...turn around." So I listen. Because when something is that loud

SFX: slowly crescendoing deep bass

...you can't help but hear it. Because this wall extends as far as you can see and it's taller than you can measure and every inch of it is thick stone just filling your senses with a simple message

The wall sound is overpowering him now and he is shouting to overcome it.

... the very reason it was built and IT'S JUST DROWNING YOU OUT UNTIL THERE *(sound drops out suddenly)* IS NOTHING LEFT BUT THAT WALL!!!

Breathes hard, regaining his composure.

And that wall...is loud.

So, I turn around. Take a step back. And the moment I do, I hear a different sound: this little voice in the back of my head.

SFX: menacing whispers.

Just a tiny, insignificant voice. I know what it is, I've heard it so many times these past forty years. Because it just keeps saying the same thing over and over and over—"Failure."

Whispers stop.

I usually block it out, but right now, I just can't. Because if I press forward, there's that wall, that massive, noisy wall telling me I can't do this. But if I turn back, it's that little voice reminding me of why I can't do this, that I shouldn't even be in charge, that I am a failure. And all the time, there's the grumbling of the people that I'm *supposed* to be leading to their promised land of milk and honey!

So here I am...stuck between a wall and a desert...listening.

It's so soft I almost miss it. In the middle of this noise, I hear a whisper. It's barely even that. The same quiet voice that freed us from bondage. The same soft, still command that parted the Red Sea. The same whisper that fed us when we were hungry. So, I listen. Despite the wall booming at me, and that demeaning voice within, and the grumbings from the desert, I listen...and obey.

The next day, I gather the people together. I explain the plan. There are grumbings of confusion, but eventually they listen. And we march.

SFX: marching

We march to the wall and around the wall in silence with priests

SFX: add horns

blowing ram horns as they lead the Ark of the Covenant around Jericho. We march around the walls once and return to camp.

Sounds stop.

Now there are different sounds. Soldiers questioning my authority, people wondering about my sanity. Marching around a wall? I almost agree with them. But I listen for a whisper...and I obey.

The next day, we do it again.

SFX: Marching, horns.

We march to Jericho, and this time, we're joined by guards atop the wall hurling insults at us

SFX: add indistinct insults.

And still we march in silence...once around the city. And back to camp.

Sounds stop.

We do this for six days, march around the city with horns blowing and insults being hurled at us during the day. And night, the gnawing voice within me coupled with the growing complaints of the people. Six days we march, each day the marching, the horns, the insults, that badgering voice, and the grumblings of my own people all merging to become a cacophony, threatening to overwhelm me.

On the seventh, we march.

SFX: marching, add each noise as he lists it.

The noise is almost too much to bear: the feet marching, the horns blowing, the insults being yelled, that nagging voice, the exhausted people. I'm listening for a whisper. Still we march. Once...twice...seven times we circle this wall. And all this time, the wall

SFX: add the wall sound, crescendo the whole mess.

mocking us for trying to bring it down. And the whole noise is bouncing off of its loud laughter and raining back upon us and I'm still trying to hear a tiny whisper amidst this broken symphony and as we finish our seventh and final trip around the wall and I start to believe that I just can't take any more of the noise, the WHOLE NATION SHOUTS

SFX: add loud shouting, the noise of everything is almost deafening before it drops out suddenly.

...and that's when I finally hear it. Amidst all that sound, I hear it as clearly as a conversation in a quiet room, that same, still, quiet whisper saying again, "Now...look." And the wall, with all its boisterous noise, and thick stone...falls. Crumbles. Not at marching feet, or blaring horns,

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or shouting soldiers, but at a whisper... And I see it...through the dust and smoke and rubble... Our promised land.

I can't tell you what it sounded like when the wall fell. I can't tell you what we shouted as we stormed the city. I didn't hear any of it. The only thing I heard was a soft, still, quiet whisper...

"Delivered into your hands."

Lights fade.