

A script from



"Who Are You, God?"

by
Ben Gazaway

What	These three scenes each depict an individual dealing with personal crisis. Through their monologues with God, they each reveal a different attitude reflecting their belief as to who God is. Themes: Character of God, Loss, Suffering, Consequences, Despair, Loneliness, Hope, Death, Punishment, Misconceptions
Who	Man Woman Teenage Girl
When	Present
Wear (Props)	Headstone of grave Winter Jacket Cane Yellow Roses Small picture Table Bag of Groceries Long envelopes (at least 5) Park bench Pregnancy costume Baby book
Why	Romans 8:38-39; Psalm 27:7-9
How	The purpose of these monologues is not to answer the tough questions they raise but rather reveal how their perception of who God is permeates their perspective on life. The actors should be experienced. Be very careful not to become melodramatic with the more dramatic dialogue as it will come off "cartoon-y". Remember that anger is not always yelling loudly, but can sometimes be a controlled, quieter voice but with great intensity.
Time	Approximately 3-5 minutes; This script is 2 pages long.

Lights come up on a headstone and man in a winter coat walks up to the grave carrying yellow flowers. He walks with a limp and the help of a cane. Kneeling at the graveside he lays the flowers down and then pulls out a small picture from his coat pocket. He looks for a moment at the picture, then kisses it and places it on the flowers.

Man: *(Talking to the grave)* Hey sweetie, I brought you some flowers...they're yellow, your favorite. *(Laughing to himself)* You have no idea how hard it is to find yellow roses this time of year...but I know they're your favorite.

Sighs heavily and then looks up as if to God.

I sure hope you're taking better care of her up there than you did down here. All that prayer for healing... *(Laughing incredulously)* and yet here I stand.

Pausing for a moment and then bursting with anger.

Don't you have any idea what you've done to me...to my family? *(Struggling, he manages to stand to his feet)* I'm the one with the problem...I'm the one with the addiction remember? I'm the one who's guilty here...who should pay...but no! You crippled *me* and took *her* instead! A sweet...innocent... *(stops abruptly)*

Collecting himself and looking down.

You, know...I just don't get you sometimes. You're nothing like what my Sunday School teacher said you'd be. *(Looking at his cane)* I guess this is my punishment, huh? A quiet snowy graveside and a cane...I think I liked you better when I was a kid.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

Girl: *(Looking up)* Oh thanks...yep, 8 more weeks. It's a girl, thanks for asking. Sophia... *(Looking uncomfortable)* thanks, it's my grandmother's name. You too...

Well God, that makes 3 in the last hour...how many youth group parents come to this park anyways? You know, it wouldn't be so bad if they didn't act so fake. *(Mocking)* Oh, I didn't know you were expecting...how many weeks along are you? *(Seriously)* Like they didn't know...like they actually care. The only thing they care about is a juicy "prayer request" that they can share with their church friends. It's funny how loving they are until the girl in youth group shows up pregnant...you'd think I was going to spread my pregnant cooties all over their kids. *(She picks up the book and tries to read again)*

"Who Are You God?"

(Putting it down) You know, God, I can't tell if *you're* mad at me too. It wouldn't surprise me. All those years in youth group...all those purity pledges I signed...I'm sorry...I wasn't thinking... You *do* still love me...right?

Lights fade out. The end.