

A script from



"You Love Me?"

by

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What Three different people question why and how God can love someone like them. These are three monologues that work perfect as a sermon starter.

Themes: God's Love, Feeling Unworthy, Feeling Unloved, Fear, Anger, Hurt

Who Man
Woman 1
Woman 2

When Present

Wear (Props) Each actor is dressed in casual clothes.
For "You Love Me? I Don't Believe You", woman should have a pregnant belly that can simply be made by a stuffed pillow case with Velcro straps attached. Be careful not to make the "belly" too pronounced, but realistic.

Why Isaiah 41:10, Romans 8:35-39

How Man- He appears strong and confident. In general he never appears timid. He's not forceful or aggressive but he is pretty self assured of his beliefs. He doesn't deliberately try to offend or be disrespectful to God as he speaks, he's just "keepin' it real." And speaking his mind.

Woman 1- She enters appearing a little timid and self conscious. She looks around at her surroundings, she may seem to cower in her own skin as she speaks.

Woman 2- She seems to carry a grudge on her should her manner is stoic but there's a pain behind her hard exterior as she speaks.

These monologues can be done separately or altogether.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

"You Love Me? So What?"

As though speaking to God. Slightly up and forward to the audience.

Man: You love me? *(A little confused and untouched then after a pause very matter of fact)* So What? I mean...thanks...I guess. *(Hesitantly)* But...I don't really reciprocate. And I don't see how you loving me should really matter. I mean...well...it's just that...I'm fine. I'm doing fine. My life is fine. Everything's fine. I'm not unhappy. I'm not alone. I mean, I have my days, sure, but...I'm really ok so...*(very direct)* I don't need you.

(Changing tone) Why don't you go love a homeless person? Or a poor person? Or a lonely person? Or a sick person? Or just anyone else? Because I'm good without you. I don't need to be loved by you or love you to be ok in this life.

I mean, what can you really do for me anyway? You're just going to tell me to do good things. Stop doing bad things. You'd want me to change who I am and no matter what, no matter what I would do I'm sure it would never be enough. So, I think I'll just say...*(very politely and diplomatically)* Thanks. But no thanks.

Your love just requires too much. I mean, I guess you can love me if you want, but me loving you? I can't do it. I can't commit to it. All that praying and singing. I can't sing. All those rules and regulations. Do this. Stop doing that. It sounds so confining. So boring. So not fun.

You love me? Ok. Love me. I'm ok with that. But just don't expect anything in return because loving you...loving you just doesn't sound like something I can do.

Exit.

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"You Love Me? Why?"

A **Woman** enters. She enters appearing a little timid and self conscious. She looks around at her surroundings, she may seem to cower in her own skin as she speaks.

Woman 1: (As though speaking to God. Slightly up and forward to the audience) You love me? (A little confused and bewildered then after a pause very heartfelt inquiry) Why?

Pause. She is still a little confused standing almost ashamed to be speaking to God.

I mean, thanks...for loving me, but I guess I just don't know why you would love me. I'm not really important. I'm nothing really. Nothing special. Just like everyone else in this world. Just trying to find my way.

(To herself) I get lost a lot. I feel lonely. Unworthy. Unknown. Unloved. I don't know really where I'm going or what I'm doing here. (To heaven) What am I supposed to be doing here?

You love me? (Pause) But why? Every day I wake up and I know I am going to fail so many times that day. I don't feel like anything special. I don't look like anything special. (Sadly to herself) I'm not anything special. Why do I matter to you?

Are you looking for a project? Is that why you love me? You're looking for some poor lonely sad person to fix up and make all better. Like turning a caterpillar into a butterfly. An ugly duckling into a swan. A nobody into a somebody.

So, why do you love me? Because when I look in the mirror, when I reflect on who I am, and who I'm not...(a little defeated) I just don't know why you would love me.

Exit.

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"You Love Me? I Don't Believe You"

A **Woman** enters. She seems to carry a grudge on her should her manner is stoic but there's a pain behind her hard exterior as she speaks.

Woman 2: *(As though speaking to God. Slightly up and forward to the audience)* You love me? *(Pause)* Yeah, I've heard that before. *(A little tongue in cheek as though reciting promises she's been given)* You love me? You would never leave me? You'll be there for me? There's no one like me? You'll stand beside me? You'll always be there?

She laughs a little and then rather angrily she speaks to heaven.

I don't believe you.

Why should I believe you? Everything I've experienced...all the broken promises. The empty vows. The sworn assurances that people would stand by me, stay with me, never go away and leave me alone and hurting and scared...all that proves to me is that any promise, even one from heaven, is sure to be broken and thrown back in my face leaving me alone and broken all over again.

You love me? I don't want your love. If it's anything like their love. Cheap. Empty. Failing. I don't want your love if all it's going to do is take take take. And I know you demand a lot.

(A little worn and slightly defeated) But I have nothing left to give. They've taken so much from me. I thought love would feel...more...loving. I thought love would be more kind. I thought love would never fail.

But love has failed me. *(Sudden epiphany)* Or maybe that wasn't really love at all. *(She shakes her head. She's confused and bewildered)* I just know that people have told me they love me...and then they've hurt me.

Looking down at her pregnant belly then back up.

And I have to live with that. *(Back to heaven)* So when you say you love me...I want to, I really do...but I just don't believe you.

Exit.