

A script from



“Agony of Defeat”

by
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What This skit shows two brothers struggling to find healing. (Themes: Forgiveness, Friends, Pride, Drinking)

Who Jake Tom

When Present Day

**Wear
(Props)** Wheelchair
General bedroom scenery
Sketch pad and pencil

Why Please see the *Life Hurts, God Heals* outlines for several scripture references. Goes with “Support Others” messages. Messages can be downloaded at www.simplyyouthministry.com.

How This skit is very serious. Make sure two actors are cast who will be able to play the subject matter as believably as possible.

Time 4-6 minutes

The skit starts with Jake in his wheelchair. His brother, Tom, enters. Jake looks out the window while sketching pictures on a pad and doesn't realize Tom has entered the room.

- Tom:** *(Covering Jake's eyes and disguising his voice)* Guess who?
- Jake:** Uhhh, Grandma Pennington back from the dead.
- Tom:** Close, but I don't have a mustache.
- Jake:** *(Turns around in chair to hug Tom)* Good to see you. Mom said you were coming home tomorrow.
- Tom:** I caught an earlier flight out. Anyway, that gives us more time together. I can't believe how everything can change except the house we live in. Weird. Hey, what are you drawing there?
- Jake:** Uh, nothing. Nothing worth looking at. *(Trying to cover it up, he sticks it on the side of the wheelchair and changes subject)* So, how's college life treating you?
- Tom:** Studying is too demanding, the food stinks, and I have become a walking hormone ever since I stepped onto campus. *(Awkward pause)* I've missed you, man.
- Jake:** Same here. House has been kinda quiet without your stereo blaring, endless incoming e-mails on our computer, and the phone ringing at all hours of the day and night.
- Tom:** Yeah, my A.D.D. has its ways of coming out I guess. *(Pause)* Mom said that your physical therapy is going well and that you're improving every day.
- Jake:** Look, some days are good and some days are bad. I'd rather not get into the state of my well-being.
- Tom:** *(Awkward pause)* Hey, I saw some of your old college buddies. You know, Chris, Danny, Peter... they were all asking about you and...
- Jake:** *(Interrupting)* Did you come here just to tick me off?
- Tom:** I'm sorry, what are you talking about? I'm just trying to tell you I ran into...
- Jake:** And I'm telling you that I don't want to hear about my old college buddies. They aren't a part of my life now.

Tom: Sure they are. In fact, I invited them to come over tomorrow night when they all get into town.

Jake: You did what? Without talking to me first?

Tom: What's the big deal? They're your friends. I invited them because I haven't seen you talk to a soul in a year. It'll be good for you.

Jake: Do me a favor. From here on out, don't decide anything for me, alright? Those guys won't want to be around me for more than ten minutes. It'll just be all edgy and uncomfortable. *(Starts rolling around Tom in circles.)* Then when they leave they'll all start talking. "How much Jake has changed. Just a freak in a wheelchair."

Tom: *(Stops Jake and holds onto chair)* Will you stop it? You're not a freak. How can you say that about yourself?

Jake: Hello, I'm paralyzed, handicapped, mobility challenged, whatever you want to call it. By now my legs have atrophied, so I guess I'm stuck in this chair for good.

Tom: Jake, you've got it all wrong. When you give up on your life, your soul, that's being handicapped.

Seeing no response from Jake, Tom starts to walk out of the room.

Jake: He's dead.

Tom: It was an accident, Jake.

Jake: I killed him.

Tom: Is this what you do all day? Beat yourself up for what happened to Will?

Jake: All that night he kept dropping hints to give him the keys to drive home. I pretended I didn't get the hints. I was fine. Will knew better.

Tom: Best friends do.

Jake: Some best friend I was.

Tom: He's gone, Jake. You gotta let go. For his sake and for yours.

Jake: That night... the sound of the crunching metal screams through my brain never giving me a moment's peace. How do you let go of that?

Tom: You're not the only one who has gone through pain, you know. Do you know how hard it has been to have people come up to me and instead of a smile it's always this aching face and "How's Jake?" I've lost all