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“I Give Up”

by

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What When faced with yet another disappointment in his search for a job, Phil is frustrated and ready to give up. His wife helps him realize that he needs to give up *to God*, and trust that He will provide.

Themes: Surrender, Trials, Trusting God, Marriage, Finances, Duet

Who Phil
Jan

When Present

Wear (Props) Phil wears a professional jacket, suit, and tie
Jan wears casual clothes.
Props needed: Table; chef’s knife, cutting board and vegetable for cutting; envelope with letter inside.

Why Matthew 11:28-30

How Because the characters in this script are processing the reality of their situation in “real time”, make sure lines are delivered with pauses between phrases when appropriate. Don’t rush this.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

Phil comes home from a job interview...one of many. He is upbeat/optimistic but reserved with it. His wife is waiting expectantly for him to arrive home. Her mood is reflected in her chopping.

Lights up as Jan is chopping vegetables. Her chopping is steady and precise. Phil enters casually.

Jan: *(enthusiastically, bursting with anticipation)* Well? How was the interview?

Phil: *(calmly)* It was ok. But...if they offer...*(hesitantly)* I'm not taking it.

Jan: What? Why? *(Goes back to chopping but this time, with anger-hacking the vegetable.)*

Phil: You wouldn't believe some of the questions they asked me.

Jan: *(skeptical with a hint of anger)* Like what?

Phil: *(getting a little defensive)* Well...first thing out of the gate, they asked if I consider myself more of a hunter or a gatherer.

Jan: *(looking at him with confusion)* How exactly does that apply to a sales job?

Phil: *(feeling a little justified)* Don't ask me. THEN, they asked me how I deal with bad odors.

Jan: *(jokingly)* Oh, that's easy. You're the KING of bad odors.

Phil: *(sarcastic)* Ha ha. There were some others but those were the doozies. *(Walks over to the stack of mail)* I don't know Jan, it just isn't the job for me. *(Pauses then with optimism)* God's got something better. Besides, Arbor Brothers is going to call me any day now. I can FEEL it. *(Starts looking through the mail)*

Jan: *(with a sad tone. Chopping slowly)* Did you...see what came in the mail today?

Phil: *(laying each bill on the counter as he speaks)* Yeah, same as yesterday—bill, bill, bill...hey, Publisher's Clearing House. *(Holding it out to Jan playfully)* You might already be a winner.

Jan gives a faint smile at the joke. She reaches over, pulls the envelope from the bottom of his stack and places it on the top.

Phil: *(looks at the envelope, then at Jan)* Arbor Brothers.

Takes a deep breath and exhales audibly. **Phil** lays down all the mail but the letter, walks two steps away from **Jan** and with this back to her and the audience. He reads silently a few seconds and then drops his head, then he drops the hand with the letter in it to his side and crushes it in his grip. **Phil** stays there while **Jan** delivers her line.

Jan: *(encouraging)* Phil. *(Pause. Tone is soft but encouraging. Convincing herself as much as him)* You're right. God's got something better.

Phil: *(with anger/frustration)* Better? This WAS the something better. *(Slams the paper into the trash can)*

Jan: Relax. It'll be ok. I'm sure I can get more hours at the store.

Phil: More hours...when? There are no more hours. *(Picking up the bills as he speaks)* The only thing there's more of is bills! *(Slams the bills back onto the counter.)*

Jan: I don't mind. We're in this together.

Phil: You've got three jobs now...plus our two kids and...*(somberly)* one failure of a husband to manage.

Jan: You're not a failure. You're just in...transition. We're making it. *(Trying to lighten the mood)* There's a roof over our heads and food on the table.

Phil: *(factually)* Leftovers.

Jan: So what if yesterday's pot roast is today's barbecue...and most likely tomorrow's casserole. God provided. He always does.

Phil: Providing is MY job. *(Rising in intensity with each statement)* I am the man. I am the husband. I am the father. I am the breadwinner. I am...done.

Jan: *(pleading)* Phil—

Phil: No. No. I am done! I—give—up!

Jan: *(pause, then, with a look of hopefulness)* There it is.

Phil: *(looks at her questioningly)*

Jan: But, don't just "give up," Give up to Him.

Phil: What, like pray? I *have* prayed. I've begged. I've pleaded.

Jan: But, have you really given it to Him?

Phil: I...I don't know. What does that even look like?

Jan: I'm not really sure, but I think it looks like trusting...and really believing it when you say God's got something better.

Phil: *(thoughtfully, deep cleansing breath)* Ok. Ok. *(To God)* It's yours. I...give up. *(Looks up)*

Lights fade.

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