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“The Undone”

by
Don Bosley

- What** In this Readers Theater, a person takes an all too familiar journey into spiritual isolation and hopelessness, only to find Christ’s grace pursuing and surrounding, even in the deserved darkness.
- Themes:** Grace, Forgiveness, Restoration, Spiritual Darkness, Recurring Sin, Celebrate Recovery
- Who** Reader
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Everyday clothing. In some ways, the more ordinary, the more universal the message.
- Why** Psalm 34:4-7; Luke 15:3-7; Luke 15:11-24; Matthew 18:21-22; Psalm 61:1-3
- How** The Reader’s opening posture is one of deep sorrow and frustration. Having looked up to find that he has wandered away from God yet again, he is disconsolate about both his spiritual character and his ultimate fate. When the change begins, it is quiet and barely perceptible at first...but as the Reader’s confidence in Christ’s presence grows, so too does his/her victorious exaltation.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Reader enters and addresses the audience.

Reader: And suddenly I am wandering again through the hallways of my own soul. What forward movement I can generate is mostly a weak stumble. From random room to random room I go—softly knocking, peeking inside, shining a light. I am calling in the weakest voice.

I have lost You again.

Anguish and shame are the worn carpet of this journey. I am disoriented and staggered by present circumstances, by the weight of my own flesh—but more than any of that, by the abrupt awareness of Your distance. How could it happen again?

Beat

How long did I keep on talking after You left the room? I had opinions, and I had questions, and I had requests, and I had more and more of them all the time, and many of them were very good and perhaps even occasionally selfless, and they burned in me to be expressed, and so I just kept talking, telling all that I saw, affixing my own spin to each item, being diverted into whatever side slough came along, erupting with petitions and observations and laments and calling it conversation.

How long did I keep on walking after You steered off in another direction? How many impressive miles did I travel without bothering to glance and see if You were still there? Hypnotized by the numbing, everyday drone of the road passing beneath me, I reveled in the clicking odometer, thrilled at the brazen speedometer...and forgot about the compass. And so it was that I got nowhere...but very fast.

How could it happen again? How many times do I need to go flying off the road? How many foolish ideas of my own do I need to embrace? How many sinful selfs do I have to die to...until I finally get the right one—the one that never animates again? The questions are infuriating, and they are newly shattering.

The only thing that keeps me from utterly despising me is the knowledge that somehow...for some reason...You do not.

Beat

You do not.

Beat

The practical absurdity of Your grace suddenly belts me where I stand. My feet stop moving, all on their own. Unaware of the full depth of my sin and weakness, I am still inclined to give up on me. *Fully* aware of my depravity, you are somehow *not* inclined to give up on me. It is all nonsensical and backwards. If your favor was undeserved the first time I transgressed, how much more is it undeserved *now*, the 23,456th time I've crossed the line? The tear running down my face is so hot and angry now that it rips the flesh as it goes. Pain begins to sear—and then to consume.

I am done for, this time, and I am certain that it is just as well.

Beat

In the loneliest spot of the darkest hall, the change begins.

Beat

Absent eyes flicker. The heavy chin ticks upward a millimeter, listening. Something has alighted on my sagging shoulders. A hand. A breeze. A tiny epicenter of tiny tremors, now rippling quietly and decisively toward my heart and my brain, my noise and my pain. The growing current pulsates in wave after wave, muting sobs and swamping dumb intellect and murdering cursed isolation. The lies die in front of me and are cremated on the spot. Instant ash.

Something leaps. Something kicks and fires. My far-ness has just careened headlong into your Nearness. My faithlessness has just collided spectacularly with your Faithfulness. My desperation has just been splatted on the grill of your Sufficiency. It is the most glorious mess, and I amidst the smoke and skid marks and twisted metal and howl a giddy laughter of freedom.

I am not done for. Not this time. I deserve to be...but not this time. It makes no sense to me...but not this time. I am way past due...way past excuses...way past seventy-times-seven...but, praise God Almighty, one more time...

It is not this time.

Lights out.