

a script from
skitguys.com

“Worry Walks In”

by
Rene Gutteridge, Sarah Wall and Rebecca Wimmer

What When "Worry" walks into the room, Julie is suddenly focused on all the things that can/have/should/will/might go wrong in her life and around the world. She ultimately sends Worry away, knowing that she was not made to spend her time worrying.

Themes: Worry, Anxiety, Trusting God

Who Julie - adult female
Worry - adult
Shame - adult
Self-Loathing - adult

When Present

Wear (Props) Julie wears non-descript casual lounge clothing. (pajamas are also a possibility)
Worry is in shades of gray.
A couch
Small coffee or end table
Laptop
Remote
Book
Bag of bagels/doughnuts

Why Matthew 6:25-34

How Shame and Self-Loathing can be one character and played by one actor.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Sitting on couch reading. a knock at the door.

Julie: Come *(turning to see who is entering then slightly thrown by who)* ... in.

Worry: *(entering friendly, with energy, then sitting down on couch)* Hello, again.

Julie: *(a civil response)* Oh, hey. You're back. *(Return to reading)*

Worry: *(cozying up a little closer to her)* Of course I'm back. Whatcha doin'?

Julie: I'm just reading my favorite book.

Worry: Oh, a classic. *(Taking book out of her hands and tossing it gently out of her reach)* Hey, did you catch the news today?

Julie: *(searching for then grabbing the remote)* No. Why?

Julie turns on the imaginary TV which is straight out to the audience. They both watch and react to horrors on the screen.

Worry: Horrible. Ugh. Just disastrous. That could happen here you know. *(Playing with her hair)* Speaking of horrible and disastrous I really wanna talk about your hair, but we'll come back to that. *(Moving her hair a bit)* Have you had that suspicious mole checked out yet?

Julie, still holding the remote, grabs her nearby laptop and furiously begins to search the web.

Worry: *(over her shoulder guiding her)* It's "WebMD". M as in murder. D as in dateline...dot com. *(Pause)* Just skip over that summary and go right to "symptoms and prognosis."

Julie: *(reading)* Changing shape and color. Fatality rates?!

Worry: Hey, did I see that Doug unfriended you?

Julie: *(whipping around)* Are you serious?

Julie, laptop still open, remote in lap, she pulls her phone out of her back pocket and begins looking at it furiously.

Worry: Yeah, I heard him talking about you. What was it he said...? Was he calling you "delightful?" Of course, he might have been saying "entitled..." Doug's the worst.

Pause as she realizes it's true.

Both: Why doesn't he like you/me?

Pause

Worry: *(as though hearing a sudden loud noise outside)* What was that?!

Julie: *(springing off the couch clutching the laptop, remote and phone)* The wind. I think it was just the wind.

Worry: Or a zombie apocalypse.

Julie looks at Worry with an "are you kidding me right now" kinda look, and still holding all the things, moves the chair in front of the door as though to blockade it then scurries back to curl up sheepishly on the couch cozying up right beside worry.

Worry: *(patting her head condescendingly)* There there. Whattya say, Netflix? Good 'ol Netflix. Such a nice thing to have when you're alone. Forever alone.

Julie: You're right. I am alone. All alone. Doug doesn't like me. Nobody likes me. I try. I fail. I'm so afraid. I'm so lost. So confused. So...so...

Worry: *(putting an arm around her)* Worried? Don't you worry. I mean...unless you want to. I'm always here.

Julie: *(pause...then a realization)* You are always here. *(Pause and then with a quiet almost determination)* Why did I invite you again? You don't belong here. *(Pause as she builds the up the courage)* Get out!

Worry: *(taken back a little)* Excuse me, what?

Julie: *(closing the laptop and putting it aside)* I said get out. This is not what I was made for.

Worry is a little put back but not convinced yet.

Julie: *(with all she can muster, she drops all the props and pointing to the door screams...)* Get out!!

Worry: *(standing abruptly and moving toward the door)* Whoa! Ok, ok. If you insist. *(Moves to exit then turning back to Julie)* I still want to talk about that hair, though.

Worry exits through the door.

Julie watches her leave then, with a breath and a steadying look up to heaven, sits down and reads again.

There's a knock at the door.

Shame: *(offstage)* Knock knock! It's us! Shame and Self-loathing!
They enter, holding up a bag of tempting treats and swinging them about.

Self-Loathing: You wanna hang out? We brought carbs!

Julie slinks down behind her book.

Blackout

PURCHASE
SCRIPT
TO
REMOVE
WATERMARK
AT
SKITGUYS.COM