

## GETTING AWAY WITH IT

by SCOTT CRAIN

**GENRE:** Drama (Reader's Theatre)

**SYNOPSIS:** A man looks back on a lifetime of lies, and nervously forward to his final appointment with the God of Truth

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** The scene can be performed either as monologues, with each "DAN" standing along the downstage edge of the stage in their own spotlight, or in Reader's Theatre style (seated with small music stands). Regardless, it may be in your best interest to dress each of them alike---or at least in the same color---to make it clear that they all represent the same person.

**TIME:** 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 3M

**THEME:** Cheating, Lying

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Romans 14:10-12; Revelation 20:12

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon starter, illustration

**CHARACTERS:**

DAN (played by actors of three different ages):

DANNY - 14 or so

DAN - 30s

DANIEL - 70s

**PROPS:** None.

**COSTUMES:** Contemporary

**SOUND:** Wireless microphone (optional)

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** General stage

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*Lights up on DANNY.*

**DANNY:** Asparagus is the worst thing on the planet. Whenever my mom cooked it, the whole house smelled like asparagus for days. It gets into your clothes, that smell. It haunts your dreams. Just, green and...evil.

Anyways.

The rule, growing up, was that I had to try it once a year. Had to eat at least one bite of asparagus, and so that night's dinner was always the worst. I'd open the door to my bedroom and that smell would hit me and I'd break into a cold sweat. Knowing my time had come.

Except this one time, at dinner, when I was miraculously spared.

See, I always put off the moment of truth as long as possible—I'd eat the whole meal and the asparagus would sit there on the plate, like impending doom. (*miming the following:*) Then I'd take my fork and cut off the smallest bite my mom would allow, and take like a deep breath—so I couldn't smell it, ya know?—and then try to chew it with just my teeth, without letting it touch my tongue.

Only this one night, just as I got it to my mouth, the phone rings in the kitchen. Like the governor calling, with my pardon. Except that it was a telemarketing call. But it didn't matter, 'cause while my mom was distracted, I slipped the bite of asparagus off my fork and into my napkin.

Then she comes back into the room and I act like I'm chewing, and all grossed out, and I make this face as I swallow, like this—(*demonstrates*)—and then show her my tongue.

I was half-kidding. Seriously. Like I really overdid it, thinking she'd roll her eyes and say "Nice try, Danny." But she bought it. She really thought I'd swallowed that awful bite of despairagus, and I was off the hook.

I went to bed grinning that night.

I couldn't believe I got away with it.

*Lights up on DAN.*

**DAN:** The secret to a happy marriage...remains a secret. (*grins*) It's not that I'm unhappy—I love Stephanie to death and wouldn't want to be married to anybody else, but, I don't know. You get to this point, I guess, where you know something's missing in your marriage and just don't even bother looking for it anymore. Everything just becomes a routine, ya know?