

RUNNING WITH SCISSORS

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic monologue

SYNOPSIS: A father's concern for his son's dangerous play leads him to question the safety of his own actions.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Keep the pace and delivery relaxed and natural.

TIME: 3 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Obedience; Temptation

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: James 1:15; I Cor. 10:13; II Cor. 11:3

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship service, sermon starter

CHARACTERS:

RICK

PROPS: A pair of pinking shears, a shoebox, a chair

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A home

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Lights up on RICK; he holds a pair of silver pinking shears in one hand and regards them fondly, opening and closing them a few times, which produces a metallic 'snicking' noise.

RICK: My grandmother's pair of pinking shears.

She was a part-time seamstress and used to keep these by her chair in the living room, always in easy reach. Now that they're mine, I keep them hidden in a shoebox at the top of the closet. Because even though they're bright and shiny and fun to look at, they're still sharp as a razor.

One afternoon, I intercepted my son Connor as he ran past me in the kitchen, yelling like an Indian brave—with these scissors in his right hand. I pried them out of his fist, and very calmly tried to explain to a three year old that these are not a toy. These are dangerous.

He surrendered the scissors, but with a disappointed look of mild disdain.

The kind of look that a wild gorilla might give to a zoo-born monkey.

It's hard to tell a kid that shiny things often come with sharp edges. He probably thinks I'm some kind of cosmic killjoy for tucking these things away, but someday he'll look back and be glad that I did.

Beat. He sits, wearily.

It's been a long week, with a lot of late hours.

A couple of nights ago, I was up working on my laptop while the rest of the family was asleep. My eyes were starting to cross, and I decided to take a break from the spreadsheets and check the internet.

Surfing the net at 1 AM isn't always a good idea. And it wasn't long before I was venturing into some wild territory. But at that moment, sitting in a dark house, zoned out by the light of a computer monitor, I remembered Connor and these scissors.

He opens the scissors, looking down at the edges.

Remembered why I keep them tucked away in a shoebox, safely away from small hands.

I imagined how my heavenly Father might be looking down at his son at that moment, trying to gently explain that these things are dangerous. That they're not a toy.

That shiny things can have sharp edges.