

WALKING DEAD

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Dramatic monologue

SYNOPSIS: A weary middle-aged man realizes that he's lost all joy in the holiday season, and doesn't know how to get it back.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: As much as possible, play it straight. Daniel shouldn't come across as a caricature, but an every-man we can relate to.

TIME: 3 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Apathy; the Holidays

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Revelation 3:15-16

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: The Holidays

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon illustration

CHARACTERS:

DANIEL - a middle-aged husband and father

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Winter attire

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Not specified

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
ISSN 1084-5917

Publisher: Regi Stone

Executive Editor: Kimberlee Crisafulli / Assistant Editor: Scott Crain

Copyright ©2012 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

WALKING DEAD *by John Cospers*

Lights up on DANIEL.

DANIEL: Well, the holidays have descended like a Zombie Apocalypse, so it's every man for himself. Spent the day with the family at our local mall, and it was 'eat or be eaten'. Just a giant herd of unwashed humanity, grunting and moaning through the sales aisles, so I finally ducked into a Hallmark store and just waited 'em out. A salesgirl asked if I needed help, and I said I was looking for a Mayan calendar.

He sighs.

I used to enjoy this time of year. And not just when I was a kid. I mean, even recently, in my twenties, when Steph and I got married and the kids were young. We'd pack up into the minivan and head to the in-laws for Thanksgiving dinner, drive around afterwards looking at Christmas lights. It was good...it was...wholesome. I was happy.

Or at least that's how I remember it.

But maybe that's how all zombies remember their life, back when they *had* a life. Maybe when you turn into a shambling monster with vacant eyes, it's easy to look back with rose-colored glasses.

I don't know.

I don't even know when I *turned*.

I just know that one year I was genuinely brought to tears by our church's Christmas program. And then a couple of years later, I was genuinely irritated that I even had to go see the thing. And then a couple of years after *that*, I didn't even have it in me to be irritated.

I just went. Like punching a time clock. Staring at the stage while the same old songs played in the same old order, and I felt nothing.

Just...*nothing*.

Nativity scenes and angel trees and Christmas carols. The kids coming home from college for holiday break. Online posts about everything we have to be thankful for. And I know it.

But I can't feel it.

He shakes his head, lost.

Beat. His voice grows a tad somber, his eyes haunted.