

Sacredise

Seeking to be Fully Alive
Resources for Integrative Liturgical Spirituality and Worship

If Only I Could Start Again

A short skit reflecting the guilt and struggle people face after doing things they regret. Its purpose is simply to set the scene – not provide answers. It should be followed by worship or preaching that can address the questions raised, or at least take the reflection further.

Characters:

Peter, the Apostle

A regretful woman looking back on a past affair

A young girl/boy struggling over a theft recently committed

Peter: *(Stumbling into center stage)* Man! That was close! All those questions – I thought they were going to arrest me. Why couldn't they just leave me alone?

Well, now they have. . . and now I wish I could go back. I wish I could just go up to them and say it – “Yes, I knew Him! I'm one of Jesus' closest friends. And I'll die with Him if that's what you want!”

I promised Him that once. “I'll die for You, Lord,” I said. The words came so easily. They made me feel strong and important; special. But, when it came down to it, I couldn't do it. I couldn't even admit that I knew Him. I lied, and left Him to face their nails alone! And now, I don't know how I will ever forgive myself. I'm such a coward! If only I could start again! *(Walks to side of stage dejectedly and freezes)*

Woman: *(Entering slowly & thoughtfully)* How did it come to this? I had always thought we were as happy as could be expected. We had our fights . . . but, doesn't everyone? And yet, when the chance came, it was so nice to feel really listened to . . . appreciated. I'd never thought of myself as the “hidden affair” sort – I certainly didn't plan it. It was so nice at first – exciting and fun, like new lovers. But, in the end I couldn't carry on.

I thought ending it would do it – finish the stress, take away the guilt, but . . . not really. I never told my husband, but I think he knew that I'd changed. He never asked about it, though. We just sort of . . . buried it. It was years ago, but it still haunts me. If only I could start again! *(moves off to opposite side from Peter and freezes)*

Girl: *(Enters with obvious stress and frustration)* What was I thinking? I knew it was stupid, I knew it! But, there were debts to pay, and the money never seems to last.

Anyway, what did they expect? It was right there, waiting for someone to take it! I had only meant to borrow it. . . pay it back when I got back on my feet. Somehow I never did.

Now they call me “thief.” I'm not really, you know. I just didn't think. If only I could start again! *(Sighs)*

All: *(Turning to face the audience)* If only I could start again.

Written by John van de Laar © Sacredise 2008

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