

Trusted Promises©

Theme: Ever had a promise made to you which turned out to be a “Piecrust Promise?” You know, the kind: “easily made, easily broken.” It all sounded so good, so sincere, yet somehow the offer turned out to be nothing more than words, nothing more than empty promises. Promises that not only didn’t deliver but made you become a little, (or a lot), leery about trusting.

Bible Reference: Ephesians 4:25

Cast: 1 (monolog m or f)

Set: blank

Sound: wireless mic if available

Costumes: standard

Props: Bible, piece of paper marked “Personal”

Special Instructions: none

Time: 6

Script:

actor comes on stage, deep in thought, agitated, glancing at paper

How could I fall for that?

I mean, I’m not new to slick offers, you know the kind:

takes on a fast-talking “salesperson” attitude and smooth way of speaking

Ladies and gentlemen, stop right up, be the first on your block to own this amazing, professionally engineered piece of new science which will revolutionise the kitchens throughout these United States of America!

Fashioned from the latest in space-age plontonium, *(pauses for impact)*, nope not plutonium, that’s like **yesterday-ville!**, I am talking plontonium, the outstanding new breakthrough metal fabrication which is making old and tired stainless steel derivatives and all “yesterday technologies” as extinct as the dinosaur!

looks out in audience, fixes on a non-existent person, smiles too broadly, continues

I can sense your hesitation, sir, you too ma’m!” I can read your troubled expressions, let me just guess!

You too have been taken in by fast talking, smooth salesperson types who have convinced you that the kitchen products they were hawking to poor, misguided consumers were the real thing!

Ladies and gentlemen

actor returns to normal talk

Yes, I know all about those kinds of people, but that's not what is bringing me down! Those kinds of phoney people hurt themselves more than they hurt others!
My vulnerability wasn't with people flogging kitchen gizmos or the latest sports cars or self-help diet programs. Nope, it was a person whom I really thought was a true friend, someone who seemed to really care about me, understood me.

takes a few steps, indicates painful memory, holds up paper showing "PERSONAL"

Who treated me as if our relationship was real and . . . personal!
I mean, someone who I was very sure really cared for me, and who said I was valued, as a friend!
Know what I mean?
And then all of a sudden, when it mattered most . . .

(shows genuine hurt emotion)

This . . . friend . . . had asked me to share with him(*her*) how I really feel, how I really . . . am . . . deep inside and . . . and this person took my inner feelings and spread them . . . all over . . . to my friends, to my family . . .
I mean, how could he (*she*) do this, to me . . . to *us*?
I mean . . .

(takes a few steps, emotional, pauses, becomes belligerent)

My first thought was . . . "I will show him (*her*)!
No one, and I **mean . . . no . . . one** . . . does this to Billie Weston!

(pauses)

Billie Weston, that's my name . . .