

Am I going in the right direction?
Monologue about prayer
Props: Chair and Steering wheel Traffic soundtrack

I can't believe I've been sitting here in traffic for 30 minutes and I've gone, what, two miles. (Pause) Oh No. No, no, no-! Now the radio has to quit. Great! What am I supposed to do, talk to God? (Chuckle and look up) Is that what you want, for me to talk to you? Well, I guess it does take a traffic jam sometimes to slow me down enough to talk with you. (Horn sounds) *Hey, stop blowing your horn! Can't you see we're ALL in this together?* Sorry God, where were we, oh yeah, I know you know I'm going to the interview I prayed to you about a year ago. So, I have to wonder, why you stuck me in traffic. It makes no sense. You give me the interview I ask for and then park me on the freeway behind an 18 wheeler so I'll miss it. Look at the other side smooth sailing. If I was traveling home right now, I would be there already. I know I have a good job close to home. But this job means more money and more security. Even though it is further away and requires more time, it will be worth it in the end.

(Becoming more frustrated.) I promise, if you get me there in time for my interview and I get the job I will take Jane on that second honeymoon. You know Jane has been begging me to spend more time with her. Of course, it would be my only week of vacation for the year. So, why not waste it on my wife. (Pause) *Hey, what do you think you're doing? Get a clue as to what's going on here! God just zap him!*

Yeah! I'm heading in the right direction. Just think the health benefits at this new job will help pay for Timmy's surgery; and Jane says I don't think about my family.

Finally, were moving. As soon as this 18 wheeler creeps out of my way I will be able to see what happened that wrecked my whole day. (Look around with curiosity and then sinks in chair in horror.) A bad accident, looks like fatalities. Is that a purse and oh no a doll. (Pause) Somebody is really going to miss them. (Reflect on what has just transpired. Pretend as if turning on blinker and then look over shoulder.) I've got to catch this exit and head home. I'm going in the wrong direction. (Look up and say softly) Thank you for showing me the way.

End