

Writer's Block — Head

by Owen Robertson

Alone writer is sitting at a desk with a pad of paper or a typewriter or a computer (you decide.) He is desperately trying to write a sketch on "Cooperation."

It was a dark and stormy night. (He sits, gazing at the words. He tears up the paper and starts over.) It was dark and stormy that night. (Tears up the paper.) It was a dark and stormy night. (Stares at the paper. After a moment he pushes back from the desk and stretches. He stands and paces, repeating the sentence over and over. His volume increases until he explodes.) Alright, I give up!! I can't think of anything else. You want me to write a sketch on cooperation? Well, how about cooperating a little yourself! How about an idea?!? I could use a little help down here. Owwww. Great, now on top of everything else, I've got a headache. Just great. (He sits and fumbles around with his pencil. The pencil falls to the ground under his desk and he reaches for it, pulling his back.) Owwww!!! Oh, my back! (He raises up, bumping his head under the table.) Owwww!! My head!! Ow! O.K. That does it. I quit! (He stands and bangs his knee.) Owwww!! (He sits and misses the chair.) Owwww!!! (He climbs back onto the chair.) What's the big idea?!? Can't you do things my way just once?!? (Pause, contemplating) Hmmm, "Can't you do things my way?" (Looking up to God) But your way is not my way. And your ways never change. If there's going to be any cooperation going on, I've got to change my ways to your ways. My ways to your ways. (He starts on a new page.) It was a dark and stormy night ... when God taught me the first step to cooperating with him.

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