

IN TIME Sides for Auditions

By Maxwell Bruhn

Synopsis

Psalm 139:16: 'Your eyes saw my unformed body; all the days ordained for me were written in your book before I came to be.'

Our days are numbered. That fact, at times, can be a source of great anxiety, or truth from which we take immense comfort. The knowledge that, regardless of how we understand or observe it, our Creator is dictating our steps forward.

But how do we choose to move?

What decisions do we make to use the time we're given, knowing that it will end?

What do you do when that time runs out, and you're left to pick up the pieces instead?

IN TIME investigates this very premise. In River City, a West Coast metropolis searching for ways to grow, we focus in on the life of Daniel, a young, stargazing newswriter months away from marrying Skye, the woman of his dreams. He's surrounded by Jake, a young SRO and his best friend, Lewis, the pastor of their church, Colette, Skye's baker-turned-roommate-turned-friend, and a troupe of townspeople looking to help tell this snapshot of the story. Daniel, and the rest of the cast pursue the plans for their lives, but are those plans theirs to dictate?

Throughout the narrative we explore what it means to move forward in faith, to trust that even the worst circumstances ripple outward to be so much more than we could even dream of. The characters and the city combine, stepping forward to seek the Lord, living their lives in His providence.

Characters:

Daniel: A 20-something writer for a major River City news agency. Fiercely loving, talented, but maybe too attached to the version of the future he has in his mind. **(20's-30's, Vocal Range F2 - F4)**

Skye: A 20-something journalist for River City News. Full of light and care, friendly but a little too in-the-moment that reads like a fear of hope. **(20's-30's, Vocal Range - C4/Middle C - G5)**

Jake: A young peace officer, and Daniel's best friend of many years. A natural wingman who feels like he has to earn back what he thinks he gave away. **(20's-30's, Vocal Range A2 - F#4).**

Colette: A young baker, Skye's new friend and even newer roommate, who wants to see what she can make of what she's got. **(30's, Vocal Range C4/Middle C - A5)**

Lewis: The pastor of River City Christian Fellowship, where the main characters and many others congregate to worship and learn about Christ. Lewis serves his community dutifully and strives to utilize himself as best as he can. **(Late 30's- Early 50's, Vocal Range G2 - F4)**

Editor: An aspiring writer-turned-manager at River City News. He or she misses being on the front lines and yearns to be creating again. **(Late 30's - Early 50's, Vocal Range (A2 - E4 if male, A3 - E5 if female)**

Brandon: A young man, balancing responsibilities and the shadows of being the life of the party, and searching for a reason to move forward. **(Late 20s-Early 40s at latest, Vocal Range G2 - D4)**

Wendy: Colette's mother, single for many years after her husband moved away and cut all contact. She pours into her community and her daughter deeply, even when the latter doesn't want it. **(Late 40's - early 60's, Vocal Range G3 - E5)**

[Context, EDITOR: Your job is to write, not to think.]

Daniel: WHAT DO I WRITE, WHAT DO I SAY?

WHATEVER I THINK BETTER GET OUT TODAY.

'You're not paid to think!'

How else could I write?

What comes to mind and stokes the fire?

'Stokes the fire?' I'm gonna get fired.

I'm a writer who can't write, what a sight.

You can do this! What to write, what a plight. (beat)

At least I can still wax poetic.

I NEED A STORY,

I NEED SOMETHING TO SAY.

I NEED SOMETHING THAT LIGHTS UP THE

CORNERS AND BRIGHTENS THE DAY.

I KNOW I CAN DO THIS.

I'VE DONE IT BEFORE.

I'M SEARCHING FOR WORDS, SOME LOGIC, THAT TUNE,

THAT TALKS TO THE PUBLIC AND SHOWS THEM THERE'S MORE.

[Context, SKYE: All your plans are so big, and we're just starting out.]

Daniel: I don't really need any of these. I didn't have a ton of friends growing up, but the library was a second

home to me. I found solace in stories, literary journeys; a thousand dreams in a million pages. My future's always been full of ideas. I know you were raised in the church, just like Jake. And you guys brought

me in, and I'm not leaving. I've found truth, and I found you, too. Just give dreams a chance, okay?

[Context, DANIEL: I know, I know, I can't plan for everything that can happen.]

Jake: Oh, there's definitely a plan, Daniel. But trust me on this; it's not yours. I'm not where I thought I'd be

even a couple years ago. Just walk by faith.

PLAN'S CAN CHANGE,

BUT YOU'RE ON THE CLOCK.

DON'T WORRY FOR NOTHING (beat) LIKE I COULD TALK

OF THE COUNTLESS YEARS I THREW AWAY, THE

TERRIBLE CHOICES, ALL TO PRAY

FOR A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING

EVERY SINGLE DAY.

NOW I CHOOSE TO SAY-

TICK TOCK, IT'S NOT MY CLOCK.

EACH DAY IS A GIFT.

TICK TOCK, GIVE UP YOUR FEAR.

At worst it's a story that someone could hear.

Jake: TODAY MARKS THE DAY -
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE FATED TO SAY I DO.
I LEAPT AT THE CHANCE
TO STAND FOR ROMANCE-
THOUGH NONE OF US HAD A CLUE.
THE LORD HAD A PLAN, I DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY WE'RE LEFT WITH THE PIECES,
THOUGH I PRAY YOU DO.
I FEEL LIKE I LOST BOTH MY FRIENDS THAT DAY.
I'M SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS, THE RIGHT WORDS TO SAY
AND HE'S JUST OUT OF REACH.
I JUST WANT TO TELL HIM
I'M HERE, I HEAR YOU.

Lewis: It's been a while, Daniel. We missed you in church again this week.

[Daniel: Why are you here?]

You asked me to be here for you. I don't remember when you asked, but I had you marked down for today, and I try to keep my word. (beat) I was set to officiate for you, Daniel

[Daniel: You don't need to anymore.]

I'm sorry, but I disagree. Even if that weren't true, there were four people this week that asked about you. I'm the first one, but I understand you missing my call. I don't hold it against you. We all just want to know how you're holding up, to see if we can walk with you.

Brandon: I'M SORRY.

I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO GIVE,
NO REASON WHY SHE HAD TO DIE
AND WHY I GOT TO LIVE.

I'M NOT ONE FOR CHURCH OR PRAYER.

I'M AFRAID THAT HE WOULD LAUGH AT ME;

THE ONE WHO LIVES UP THERE.

BUT STILL I CAN'T ESCAPE THE THOUGHT THAT SHAKES ME TO MY CORE.

THAT SOMEONE GOOD WOULD DIE FOR ME

IT PROVES THERE'S SOMETHING MORE.

Editor: If you're waiting for Spring to come before your next piece, you're three weeks early and two weeks away from a new job. Your job is to write, not to think. You've got a good head on your shoulders; a couple hits under your belt. Keep writing. Soon you'll be where I am, having to direct other talented daydreamers back to their task at hand. Then you can think. - Instead of actually writing. - Just go get us a story. Work with Skye. I assume that won't be an issue. Get it done. Tick Tock!

[context, Daniel: Is the event for building that youth shelter downtown?]

Skye: That's the prayer, anyway. It's a winter gala for some of the bigwig execs in the area to look generous, so they've invited board presidents from most of the non-profits in the county. Soup kitchens, hostels, homeless shelters, conservation groups, you name it. Pastor Lewis is there, too, he's helping serve the main course.

[Daniel: Do you think it's gonna be successful?]

It's a win-win, really. River City News has a good story and coverage, and the city will have more funds to share with those who need it. I'm hoping for the youth shelter, though. That area of town could really use a safe haven for all the kids I've seen around there. Been like that since I was young.

Skye: All your plans are so big, and we're just starting out. I'm just – out of practice. But I know I want Him, and I know I want you. That's a good start, right? Now: you've gotta get back to work, and I have to set up for tonight.

Wendy: It's not what happens at the height of success that defines us. It's what follows after tragedy that makes us who we are. For those finding what remains after loss, every thought turns to making sense of it all. We pray for time to stop, that the world would stall its spin for just one moment, but life continues on.

Colette: SHE'S HOME –

I KNOW SHE'S HOME.

THE LIGHT SHE BROUGHT OUR PLACE IS GONE, BUT THEN AGAIN

IT WASN'T HERS ALONE.

I MISS MY FRIEND.

WHEN WE MET A YEAR AGO, I DIDN'T THINK THAT IT WOULD END

AND NOW I'M LEFT BEHIND WITH SHATTERED GLASS.

THOSE JAGGED EDGES;

THEY CUT, WE BLEED AND FIND THE NEED FOR SOMETHING MORE.

WE REDEFINE.

THEY SAY TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS, BUT IT'S IN HIM WE FIND,

TO FINISH UP THE PUZZLE, FAITH AND PRAYER IS THE GLUE.

WHEN EVERYTHING YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE IS PIECES ON THE GROUND,

THE LORD MAKES A MOSAIC OUT OF YOU.