Workshop: Video Script

Sarah’s Diary

How a very good Christian girl could be seduced by her principal

By Sarah Browne

**For the convenience of the facilitator**

March 15

Dear Jesus:
 Thank you so much for working it out for me to go to this little Christian school -- To think I’ve been able to come back every year since I was in the first grade! I know it was really scary for my mom to ask Daddy if I could be here because he doesn’t go to church and he didn’t want to spend the money. I think the talk they had about it was really serious because he was so upset that he even thought about leaving us, but You changed his heart. Once he promised, he hasn’t said anything more, he just writes the checks and he even helps at the school sometimes. Mom says the reason You are blessing his business so much is because he’s sending me here. I’m so proud of him!

 Today is an example of why it is good for me to be here because even though I have always loved You, I keep learning more about being a Christian. Mr. M said we could write our prayers if we wanted. I hope it really is OK with You because I think it will help keep my mind from wandering like it does when I just talk to You in my head.

 Love,

 Sarah

PS. I think Ronnie likes me, don’t You? He’s so cute!

April 23

Dear Jesus,

 Our teachers are all so nice! Mr. and Mrs. D share the lower grades and Mrs. C teaches our Home Ec class. She teaches me piano, too, and she always makes me laugh. Mr. M is the principal but teaches most of the classes for my grade. His wife teaches the other ones. Mr. M teases me sometimes by stepping on my toes or “spanking” me with the ping pong paddle when we’re a team in foursies, but he’s gentle and it’s just his way of saying hi. He told me today that he thinks I would make a really good schoolteacher and that maybe someday we can be teachers together at the same school. Wouldn’t THAT be something?

 Yesterday was our all-school picnic, and my parents did the food. Everyone loved it! I am so happy with how well my dad gets along with Mr. M, and the other teachers, too. Maybe they will be a witness to him and he will start going to church!

 Please help me do well on my Bible test tomorrow. All of those minor prophets are hard to remember.

 Love,

 Sarah

May 10

Dear Jesus,

When I was still really little, I asked You into my heart. You have helped me lots of times when I’ve been afraid or didn’t know what to do. Now I need Your help again because I think I’m getting a crush on Mr. M. How else am I supposed to feel when he looks at me the way he does? It’s kind of how Ronnie looks at me, but way more… I don’t know, but I can’t stop thinking about him. He’s so handsome! He says there is “something special” between us, which means a lot to me, and we do make a really good ping pong team at recess.

Please, Dear Jesus, help me not to think about him so much.

Love,

Sarah

June 3

Dear Jesus,

 GUESS WHAT! Well, of course You don’t need to guess because You already know everything, but I’m SO excited!! Mr. M told Mom that I’m more mature than the other kids and really good at typing and organizing things, and asked her if he could hire me to help him in the office after school every Monday. She said of course I can help him, but that he wouldn’t need to pay me – I could do it as a volunteer for the sake of the school. Did I say I’m excited??? I feel so honored, and my parents are really proud of me! Oh, I hope I can do everything he wants me to do, and I’m sure I’ll get over my crush by then. Think of how good this will look on my resume… That I’ve been the principal’s secretary! Please help me, Jesus, to do a really good job!

 Love,

 Sarah

September 20

Dear Diary,

 I have to write to you instead of Jesus now because of what has been happening with Mr. M. I almost got over my crush because he was gone somewhere all summer, but he wrote me a really nice letter and that made me start thinking about him all over again. Now the new school year has started and he says I’m doing a really good job as his secretary. It’s that “something special” between us that is causing me trouble.

When I was in the little copy room, he came in and closed the door. He came up and put his arms around my waist from behind and gave me a long hug. Mr. M gave me a hug! He has given me little side hugs before, but this was a full-on hug! And after he hugged me from the back, he turned me around and hugged me from the front. I can’t begin to describe the beautiful feelings that washed over me. I blushed so much but he said I’m adorable when I’m blushing, that I am irresistible. How can he resist me, he said, in that blue dress that brings out the color of my eyes so much? Then he left, but I had a hard time calming down enough to go back to class. I was shaking and felt like I was blushing the rest of the day and couldn’t look at him in class for fear people would figure out what had happened.

 Since then, it seems something like that has happened between us nearly every day. He is very clever about finding opportunities to hug me or just to say “I love you”. He has started kissing me, too – long, beautiful kisses, just like in the movies! I feel SO GUILTY sometimes, which is why I’m writing to you, Diary, instead of to Jesus, but it’s all so amazing!

 My mom says I sure seem happy lately – like I’m in love! But of course I deny it. Ronnie does still seem to like me, and held my hand when we were on a field trip the other day. I tried to be sweet about it, but why would I want a BOY when I already have a MAN?

I’ll write more later – WHO KNOWS what will happen next!!!

 Sarah

October 25

Dear Diary,

When he writes anything to me, Mr. M has started addressing me as “MID”, which means “My Impossible Dream”, after the old song he taught us in choir. He initials things “LYT” which means “Love, Your Tiger”. Isn’t that just the sweetest??

We got to be alone longer than usual after school today, and we were having such a nice time on the couch in his office, hugging and kissing and talking. I love it when he plays with my hair like that! Anyway, we were getting really snuggly when all of a sudden, he pulled away. “I had the surgery,” he said, “but it didn’t take away the desire!” He sounded all upset, and left. I can’t imagine what he meant. I thought he’d be right back, but he went all the way down to the boys’ bathroom and stayed for a while, then when he came back, he didn’t care about kissing anymore. I’m so confused. I don’t dare ask him any questions about it – I try to act like I know what he’s talking about so I’ll seem more grown up.

Do you think there is something about this in the encyclopedia?

 Sarah

November 3

Dear Diary,

 Today, Mr. M took me to a new place for the hugging. My mom and some of her friends were at the school, setting up for a rummage sale in the gym, so we needed to be even more careful than usual. He took me into the janitor’s closet that has a little stairway in it, and up the stairs to an even smaller closet at the top of the stairs. The smell of chemicals was really strong and it was dark, but it was definitely private. He said my new dress made him feel so much love for me that he couldn’t bear to wait for later. He was way more under my clothes than usual, and in the darkness, he had me lie down. I wasn’t sure what was happening, and it hurt. He said thank you, but he didn’t need to, because of course I was glad to make him so happy. Later, he said he’d been worrying about me all afternoon and wanted to know if I was OK, and I said of course I was OK, but I didn’t tell him about the blood.

 He calls it making love, and since then, he’s “made love” to me at least once a week, usually on Mondays when I stay late to work. It doesn’t hurt anymore – it’s wonderful! One time, Mr. D came looking for us and almost caught us in the room off the gym stage. I heard him say, kind of gruffly, “Where’s Sarah?” It was SCARY! I hid in the stage curtains and then escaped out a back door and went around the building before I went back in -- to make it look like we’d been in different places all along. Later, Mr. M said that if we ever got caught, he would go to jail. So I’ve been thinking about how to not get caught, and what I would do if we ever did get caught, and how I would defend him and try to keep him out of jail.

 Sarah

January 11

Dear Diary,

 Sometimes when Mr. M wants to be alone with me, he gives the class an assignment and then says, “Sarah, please meet me in my office. I have something for you to do for me.” Since I’m his secretary, nobody thinks anything about this and we can go off to the biology lab or somewhere and be lovers. He’s so clever! And I know he must love me very much to risk so much in order to be with me.

 There is a school program coming up and the PTA leader wants him to sing a love song. Mr. M said he wanted me to play the piano for him to sing and that he would bring me the music so I could practice. But then his wife said SHE wanted to play, so I guess she gets to. But I thought it would have only been fair for ME to do it, since I’m the one he loves and at least we could have had one sort-of public moment together. She’s a better piano player, but I would have practiced hard. Oh well, at least I know that in his heart, even though she’ll be playing the piano, he’ll be singing to ME.

 I know that if we were discovered, it would bring a lot of trouble, but maybe at least some people would think more highly of me if they knew such a wonderful man loves me.

 Sarah

February 4

Oh, dear Jesus,

 Mr. M had a very serious talk with me before I left school today. He dismissed class a little early and called me into his office. He said that he loves me and that if he had known what was ahead, he would have waited to get married so he could marry me. But it’s Friday. He has special responsibilities at church this weekend, and it’s making him feel really guilty about being unfaithful to his wife, and so he broke it off with me. I think he even said a prayer with me, but it’s all a blur.

 Oh, Lord, my heart is broken! I know it shouldn’t be, but it is! I will miss our special times so much! At least I get to see him at school every day, but it won’t be the same. Yet, I know we have to stop, I know it isn’t right. He is very upset. Please calm him and help him get right with You and love his wife again, and help him to be a good daddy.

 I have spent a lot of time in my room this weekend, crying as quietly as I can, and my mom can tell something’s wrong. I just tell her I don’t feel well. The good part about this is that I will be glad, dear Jesus, to be praying again. I have missed you!

 Love,

 Sarah

February 9

Dear Diary,

 Mr. M had been sitting a couple of rows behind my mom and me in church, and he said the light came in the window and shown on my hair and it was so beautiful that he couldn’t wait until Monday to be with me again. I came to school prepared for us to be good, but he said he couldn’t resist me. Honestly, I was a little disappointed because even though I was heartbroken about it, I did have a sweet peace about breaking up, but the school year will end and we’ll never get to be together after that…

 We did talk more about the possibility of getting caught. He said that if anyone found out what we were doing, my dad would shoot him. Daddy does have a gun, so I am thinking about this. I had never even considered telling anyone about our love, but now for sure I won’t, because I don’t want Mr. M to be killed and I don’t want Daddy to go to prison for murder. All because of me.

 I didn’t mean to cause all this trouble. I must try to help Mr. M be more careful. Maybe I should go back to fixing my hair the old way, and stop wearing the blue dress.

 Sarah

March 25

Dear Diary,

 This week has been a little rough. On Sunday, Mr. M rode his motorcycle over to our house and after visiting with my dad for a bit, offered to take me for a ride. My parents didn’t say anything, so I went. We had such a wonderful time together up in the hills above my house! Later, my dad got after me for going off like that with a married man. He said it didn’t look good. Well, I was just glad they didn’t say anything to Mr. M – that would’ve been awful!

 Then a couple of days later, I caught my mom with my purse, and it was open. I had written out a love poem for Mr. M and it was in there, and she might have seen it because she looked upset. She didn’t say anything about it though. WHEW!

 I really don’t want to hurt my parents. They are important people and they would be SO disappointed if they knew what was happening… and I don’t want to be a bad witness to my dad. I am going to have to be more careful.

 Sarah

April 15

Dear Diary,

 I know I have no right to complain, but still, I JUST HATE IT when Mr. M is all lovey-dovey with his wife. Everyone thinks they are so adorable together and that it’s so cute. Well, it makes me sick! How can he be like that with her when he’s in love with ME???

 I told him, hey, I know she’s your wife and you probably have sex with her sometimes, but do you have to act like that in front of me? I thought he’d be really mad at me for saying that, but he seemed to understand and it got a little better.

 How am I supposed to trust anything I see when I know that at least some of it is so FAKE???

 Sarah

May 27

Dear Diary,

 I love Mr. M so much. I wish I could marry him. I won’t be old enough to get married for a while. Maybe by the time I am, Mrs. M will get cancer or something, and then he and I can be together. His kids adore me, so that part would be OK. I can’t imagine ever loving or marrying anyone else. Would it even be OK for me to get married to someone else? I know he is tied to her for life, but since I’ve had sex with him, am I now tied to HIM for life? It’s confusing to me.

 Also, it seems like I should be able to call my lover by his first name, but I don’t dare. It would just be too weird. He’s an adult, my teacher, my principal, my boss, and a leader at church. No, it wouldn’t be right for me to call him by his first name. Maybe I can someday. Maybe I really will become a teacher, and he will hire me, and then we can work together like he says we could and then I can call him by his first name.

 Dear Diary, I wish you would talk back to me. I really need someone to talk to.

 Sarah

Several years later

Dear Father in Heaven,

 Here I am in college, my first year, and today I FINALLY had the opportunity to talk to someone. I was having so much trouble with one of my assignments in English that the professor sent me to see a school counselor. I wanted SO much to tell him all about Mr. M. I think he would have understood, but my loyalty was still too strong and my shame too fresh and too great, and I couldn’t do it.

The thing is, Mr. M was on campus two weeks ago, to recruit teachers. That’s how it goes… Just when I’m making progress and getting on with my life, he calls or writes or even comes to see me. He moved away from my hometown and encourages me to date guys but how can I date anyone when we are still in touch sometimes? And if he loves me as much as he says he does, how can he tell me to date? It just feels weird!

He says that even though we’ve had to break up as lovers, our friendship is too special to give up and that his life is richer and better with me in it. “I can’t live with you, but I can’t live without you!” he says. It’s NICE to feel so adored! I loved seeing him again! There has never been anyone else who has understood or believed in me like he does. But even though our intentions with every visit are that we will behave, he always wants “one more time” with me, and of course I melt... I may be an “adult” now, but my ability to tell him no is the same as it was in the beginning. He always calls me later to say he’s sorry, which I know is the right thing for him to do, but honestly, I JUST HATE IT. Will somebody someday love me who doesn’t have to apologize for it???

I tried calling him by his first name… once…

I’m glad he has continued teaching and being a principal but I know he has struggled in his career, and I know it’s my fault because You, Lord, have not been able to bless him after all that happened between us. Thank You that at least nobody found out about us and he didn’t lose his teaching ministry and his marriage. Maybe he’ll finally move on from us, and that will make it easier for me to move on as well.

It's really hard for me to connect deeply with people. My big secret is always in the way. Who could understand it? But without knowing that, nobody can really know me.

 Oh, Lord Jesus, I’m so grateful to be in a Christian university. I want a Christian education and a Christian husband with a home where You are honored, but the kind of guy I’m looking for will not want me. I’m not a virgin. I’ve had an affair with a married man. Who will accept that?

Last week, there was a bridal shower in the dorm for my friend Heather. She got some really beautiful nighties, and the girls were all giggly, talking about having sex for the first time and giving their virginity on their wedding night. I sat there thinking about that time in the janitor’s closet… When you give up your virginity, aren’t there supposed to be flowers on the nightstand, maybe candles, something silky draped over the chair, gold on your finger, maybe bird seed still in your hair? Couldn’t he have done something to make it special?

Lord, You’ve given me such a good life and done so much for me… Please forgive me for still feeling depressed, and confused and ashamed so often. I claim that verse that says You know the plans You have for me, to give me a future and a hope. My sins have been like scarlet, but You’ve promised You can make them white as snow. Please wash me and make me clean. Please heal me and someday, Lord… Please use me to make a difference in the world.

 I love You,

 Sarah

\*Sarah Browne is a pseudonym.