

SkitMissions

A collection of skits and monologues.

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SkitMissions

A collection of skits and monologues.

by

Kelvin Bueckert

To the cast and crews of shows past and present.

Especially Tracie Yee and Liz Viewig.

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Authors' Notes.

The material in this book was written and performed during various events over the years. Some with by own acting group, Clockwork Productions, and a few with my colleagues in NoEclipse. (*NoEclipse.ca*). One piece had not yet been performed at this writing but was an idea that I thought worth including.

A fair amount of the material was born in and from stressful circumstances. It is quite remarkable to think of the stress that surrounded some of these skits and performances. However, I am thankful that they have survived long enough for you to read them, and that I have survived long enough to present this material to you:)

At this writing I'm not sure of any performance video out there on the net, but, by the time you read this, that may have changed. Check our websites and you may see us performing some of this material live. Stranger things have happened!

The main point of this book is to provide you with material for your own ministry. If you have the resources to do so, please consider purchasing a print copy. The royalties will go toward financing the acting groups who inspired this material in the first place. This will help us to create and perform more material for you :)

Thank you so much for your understanding and your support...and for taking the time to read this! God bless.

Kelvin Bueckert -2010

P.S. Some free Christian script sites on the net.

www.dlampel.com

www.primeexample.com

www.dramatix.org

www.bobsnook.org

A Church Play...by Play
By Amy Teichrib & Kelvin Bueckert

Characters: Three. Two men, one woman. *(Easily altered to fit the cast available.)*

Tone: Humorous

Setting/Props: Sports anchor desk. Table with two microphones. Large Bible. Appropriate papers, drink bottles on the desk.

(Lights up. Roberta and Blake enter full of pride and seat themselves at the table in stage center. Smoothing their hair, prepping themselves for the sportscast. Director walks up and intones. 3, 2, 1, and action. Claps clapper and steps back.)

Roberta Sanders: Hello, I'm Roberta Sanders. Welcome back to another Sunday morning in church. I'm here at the Lakeview Community Church with Blake Cregg to give you a minute by minute play by play of this service.

Blake Cregg: Well, Roberta, the congregation is beginning to file in. It seems that most of the regular attendees are here and there are a few visitors...now, in the past this congregation has NOT been very welcoming, we'll see if they can break that trend today.

Roberta Sanders: Well, it doesn't appear as if they are even going to try, everyone is now getting ready for the run into the sanctuary to get to their favorite seat.

Blake Cregg: Coming up the right aisle now are the Smiths...whoa, it looks like they will retain their position in the front seat for yet another Sunday.

Roberta Sanders: Don't be too sure about that! On the left aisle the Petersons are rapidly advancing and look determined to take the front seats...Smiths see Petersons...they pick up the pace...both break into a run...I can't believe it! Petersons have taken the front! The first time in three years that the Smiths have lost it and to the most unlikely...Petersons! This is incredible!

Blake Cregg: Yes, it is Roberta. I can see the visitors in the back. By the looks on their faces they have never seen a play quite like this! Some of them seem to be making a fast exit of their own.

Roberta Sanders: Back here in sanctuary everyone has been seated. Song leader North is starting "Amazing Grace" and when we reach the part about saving a wretch we will be getting some looks toward the left side of the sanctuary where all the rebellious teenagers sit...wait for it...here come those looks now.

Blake Cregg: And a fearsome lot of looks they are...Don't look now, but the Pastor seems ready to take the pulpit. Today's sermon is part of the series "Resolving to Break Bad Habits", the title, "Judge Not Lest You Be Judged." What a great message for the new year Roberta. I can think of a few here who could benefit from this sermon.

Audience Member: *(Walking up onstage out of the audience. Obviously disturbed. Taps Roberta on the shoulder.)* Hey! I'd just like to...

Roberta Sanders: *(Roberta turns to Audience Member and frowns.)* Sit down and be quiet! Can't you see we're on the air? Goodness. Some people's kids never learn. *(Roberta turns back to the action. Audience Member shrugs and then reluctantly returns to their seat in the audience. Roberta begins to speak again.)* Ahem. This message about judging comes at a time when the congregational record for judging is at an all-time high. Oh, this just in, the Hudson's have just now slipped into the back pew. Mrs. Peterson in the front seat has turned and given a self-righteous look to Mrs. Hudson.

Blake Cregg: Mr. Hudson doesn't look very enthusiastic to be here.

Roberta Sanders: He's not; Mrs. Hudson manages to drag him to service about twice a month for usually half the message.

Audience Member returns, pacing along the side of the stage. Obviously working up the nerve to speak again. Scratching head, thinking, studying his large Bible and generally working up a head of steam as the following dialogue takes place.

Blake Cregg: Do you know why Mr Hudson has a lump on his head?

Roberta Sanders: Well Blake. It is common knowledge that his wife *is* a Bible thumper.

Blake Cregg: Oh, I see, that would definitely explain it. That looks like a five pounder there. Alright, we're coming up to the closing and Mrs. Phillips gets ready to wake her husband up for the closing song. ...out comes the elbow...she pulls it back...here it comes...the jab and Mr. Phillips is awake and standing! But, today he stands too soon...the Pastor is not quite finished. Mr. Phillips sinks back down somewhat embarrassed. Perhaps his timing will be better next week.

Audience Member: *(Charging forward. Enraged now.)* Wait just a minute! I'd like to say something! You two...

Blake Cregg: *(Interrupting.)* It seems like Mr. Phillips isn't the only one with a bit of a timing problem. Pardon me. *(To the Audience Member.)* Go on. Get out of here! Shoo! *(After persuading the Audience Member to beat it, Blake straightens and gives a fake smile. Awkward pause. Blake speaks through clenched teeth.)* Take it away Roberta...please...

Roberta Sanders: *(A little flustered but professional.)* Mr. Williams is now leading his family out while the congregation sings the last song. It's a known fact that Mrs. Williams makes a great meal on Sunday and Mr. Williams is more concerned about not letting it burn until the message is over.

Blake Cregg: *(Nervously eyeing the Audience Member who has not quite left and is loitering nearby.)* The closing prayer has been said and now the congregation is quickly filing out. They know that the last one in the Sanctuary will be asked to gather the hymnals. Everyone seems quite unwilling to do that.

Roberta Sanders: Well, that wraps up another Sunday. I hope you enjoyed the New Years Day message "Judge Not Lest You be Judged" from the series "Resolving to Break Bad Habits." Tune in next week for another exciting play by play on GCF Television, channel 45.

(They are obviously relieved to be done their task. They pause for a drink and then gather up their papers preparing to leave.)

Audience Member: *(Walking up and crosses his/her arms.)* FINALLY. Now it is my turn to talk.

Roberta & Greg together: Not you again!

Audience Member: Listen! Don't you realize that you are doing the exact same thing you are criticizing others for doing?

Roberta Sanders: What do you mean?

Audience Member: Jesus said; take the plank out of your own eye before you pluck the splinter out of another's eye.

Blake Cregg: Well, we were just sharing out of concern. How else are people going to know better if we don't tell them the truth?

Audience Member: That is exactly what I've been trying to tell you! If you've got a problem with somebody, the Bible says you are supposed to take them aside to discuss it PRIVATELY. NOT here in front of everybody!

Roberta Sanders: *(Long pause. Blank stare.)* Really.

Audience Member: *(Holds up Bible.)* Why don't we go somewhere private and I'll show you exactly what I mean. *(Audience Member herds Blake and Roberta off-stage as they protest and argue. Blackout.)*

Benji

Monologue.

Tone: Comedy/Drama

Setting/Props: The bare minimum is necessary for this monologue. An empty stage and a microphone will suffice. Or, a couch and chair in center stage.

(Empty stage. Narrator walks onstage and sits on the chair. Reads newspaper for a moment, then looks up and begins speaking.)

I believe that animals have something to tell us about life. Even if you aren't Doctor Doolittle.

For example, I once had a dog. A little German Shepherd named Benji. Every afternoon when I'd go out, he'd be waiting for me. Bouncing around like a ball of naked electricity waiting to be set free.

Hey Benji! Aren't you worried about the economy?

(Excited) NolwannaPlayNolwannaPlayNolwannaPlay!

No matter what life threw at him, Benji had something better to look forward to. I would let him go and he would streak across the yard in a blaze of joy.

Of course, the cats weren't as impressed. But really, they were cats, they don't party like some other creatures do...they are more into *(slip into a French accent here if possible)* black tie affairs and filet mignon...and we love them for it. Honestly.

Benji's end came after a stranger... *(pause.)* I think it was a cat person, wandered into Benji's yard. This...cat...person was profoundly disturbed that a creature would live life with such exuberance.

Benji was promptly reported as a hazard to the community and soon the appropriate authorities arrived to do their heroic duty. Yet, even toward the end, Benji remained the same.

Hey Benji! Aren't you angry at the person who accused you?

(Excited.) NolwannaPlayNolwannaPlayNolwannaPlay!

(Sigh.) Benji died that day, true to his principles. Those who killed him, true to theirs. Yet, Benji taught us that in life, no matter what happens, there is something better to look forward to. That moment when our Master sets us free. That glorious moment when we can run across God's country in a blaze of joy. Free from resentment, free from guilt, free from worry. Maybe some of you don't know about this freedom. Who this master is. To you I can only say this; wouldn't you want to know someone who could set you free?

No Rabbits Here!

Tone: Humorous/Children's

Characters: Four: Two boys, one girl, and one bunny.

Setting/Props: The setting is in the middle of a forest. A few plants/trees. A backdrop that serves as the home of the Rabbit. The backdrop must be large enough to hide a large bunny prop and its operator. Characters are all dressed casually to suggest young people on a walk in the forest. Two big books. Small Bible. Map. Candy. Carrot.

Wendell and Mary enter from the back. Proceed down the aisle to middle of the audience. Stop. Begin dialogue.

Wendell: *(Looks around, frightened.)* I sure don't like the looks of this forest. There could be anything out here...lions, tigers, puppies...

Mary: Puppies?

Wendell: *(Flustered.)* Well, maybe not puppies...but...but...

Mary: This forest isn't any scarier than your room! *(Grabbing Wendell and forcing him to follow her.)* Now come along, you wanted to see a rabbit, didn't you?

They again proceed down the aisle toward the stage. Stop short again.

Wendell: There isn't any such thing as rabbits. I told you before! I have a book right here that says there isn't any such thing as rabbits!

Mary: We'll soon see about that, won't we. Oh my, what is this?

Wendell: It looks like...like someone left a trail of candy for us...it's a trap! I just know it! Someone is trying to lead us into a trap! AAK. *(Girlish scream.)*

Mary: *(Sighs. Clearly exasperated with Wendell's childish behavior.)* Probably all that happened was that someone had a hole in their pocket. *(Bending to pick up a piece of candy.)* Hmmm. *(Wendell attempts to take the piece of candy but is stopped by Mary.)* Remember, mother said you can't have candy. We'll just toss these into the forest. Perhaps some wild animals will eat them.

They continue forward, tossing candy into the audience. Stop before the stage.

Wendell: *(Glances around nervously.)* No rabbits here! I guess that means it's time to go home. Well, I'll see you later. *(Begins to leave.)*

Mary: *(Stopping Wendell by grabbing his shoulder.)* The thing about rabbits is that you need patience if you want to see them.

Wendell: Ha! There isn't any such thing as rabbits. I'll never see one if I stay here for a million years!

Mary: Just be quiet and wait. Look, here is a fresh carrot...that must mean there is a rabbit somewhere close by...shhhh...if you be quiet...maybe he'll pop out.

Wendell: *(Grumbling.)* Be quiet and wait...humph...After a moment of silence Wally is seen approaching Wendell from behind. He taps him on the shoulder.

Wendell: *(About to scream, but puts his hand over his mouth just in time. He chuckles nervously.)* I'm not afraid, really. You thought I was going to scream, didn't you?

Wally: No actually, I wasn't wonderin' that...What I was wonderin' was if you saw any candy layin' around here. I left a trail of it so I could find my way home after my walk.

Mary: Oh...oh... *(changing the subject)* You know Wally, should stay here with us. We're waiting to see a rabbit. After we see it, we'll take you home.

Wally: *(Laughs)* A rabbit? My my goodness. There ain't no such thing as rabbits!

Wendell: I've been trying to tell her that all day!

Mary: And how do you know that there isn't any such thing as rabbits?

Wally: *(Opening big book.)* Right here in chapter 357 it says there ain't no such thing as rabbits. It's scientifically proven and everythin'...here, take a look see yourself!

Wendell: That is exactly what I said!

Mary: I believe that the Bible it says in the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth. And all the animals...including rabbits! So I don't really care what your silly books say...

Wally: Oh yeah, let's just see if we can find ourselves a rabbit then.

Wendell: Yeah!

(Wally and Wendell walk onto stage before the backdrop.)

Wendell: If I look over here, I sure can't see any rabbits! *(Laughs.)* Nope. No rabbits here! *(Laughs again.) (Behind their backs...Rabbit pokes his head out from behind backdrop opposite side that Wendell is looking...seen only by Mary.)*

Wally: Sure enough, there ain't no rabbits over here neither! Here rabbit! Here rabbit! *(Laughs.) (Behind his back Rabbit sticks his head out from the opposite side of the backdrop that Wally has been looking.)*

Wally and Wendell together: There aint' no such thing as rabbits! *(They stand on opposite sides of backdrop...Rabbit bounces up in the middle...unseen by either of them.)*

Wally: Now that we got that all settled I think we can all head home.

Wendell: That is the best idea I've heard all day. Which way do we go?

Wally: My trail of candy is gone...so I've gotta find some other way to get back...hmmm... *(flipping through his book.)* In chapter 512, it says that the way home is this way...follow me! *(Begins walking in a large circle as Wendell follows him. Mary shakes her head as she observes these two silly boys.)*

Mary: Hey... *(stops speaking as she realizes she is being ignored.)*

Wendell: *(Stops suddenly and begins flipping through his book.)* The funny thing is...chapter 119 in my book says that we have to go the other way. *(turns Wally around, they head the opposite way in a large circle.)* Hmmm...my book says for sure that this is the way. *(Finally, they are stopped by Mary.)*

Mary: *(Opening her Bible and removing a map.)* Stop! I have a map in my Bible...it says there is only one-way!

Wally and Wendell together: That way! *(Pointing opposite ways.)*

Mary: *(Turning Wally and Wendell to face the exit.)* Look, it is that way!

Wally: Really?

Mary: *(Sighs)* And another thing! While you two boys were busy wandering around in circles, the rabbit popped out! You missed him!

Wally: I sure didn't see no rabbit.

Wendell: Ha! I didn't either...I'm going home.

Wally: Yeah...let's go....

Mary watches as they begin to leave. She toys with the carrot and then tosses the carrot toward the backdrop. Rabbit appears. Wally stops suddenly as he spies something on the floor. Wally turns back as he speaks...

Wally: Hey! There's one of my candies...I did leave 'em here! *(His eyes catch sight of Rabbit peeking up from behind the backdrop.)* Ahh...hey hey...it's a a rabbit...oh my my goodness...Look! *(grabs Wendell and turns him around. They are both amazed. Rabbit disappears again.)*

Mary: Now do you believe me?

Wendell: It was a rabbit! It was really a wabbit...I mean rabbit!

Wally: Oh my my goodness...

Mary: Now we can go home. I sure hope you two learned something today.

They begin walking along the aisle toward the exit.

Wendell: Yeah, I guess you were right after all. Hey! What else does the Bible say? It sounds like there's some pretty neat stuff in there.

Mary: Really, what you should do is read it yourself. It would be a lot better than those other silly books you were reading.

Wendell: Oh, I will read it, everyday!

Wally: Me too! We sure don't need those other books now! Wow, that was sure neat. A real live rabbit! Who knows! Maybe the rabbit ate that candy trail I left...I heard that rabbits can be real rascals and stuff!

(Stop in the middle of aisle for final dialogue.)

Mary: Ah...Wally.

Wally: Yeah?

Mary: We threw your candies into the woods for the wild animals to eat. I'm sorry.

Wally: You threw 'em to the wild animals? Oh well, that's alright I guess, the animals need somethin' to eat too...and Mary you know...I'm sorry too for laughin' at you an stuff...My goodness...that was a real rabbit! Wait till I tell everybody at school!

The group chuckles and adlibs as they exit.

Balaam & Jonah

Characters: Three. Two men, 1 donkey voice.

Tone: Humorous/Children's

Setting/Props: A coffee shop. Two chairs. Table. Coffee.

(Lights up. Balaam and Jonah enter from opposite sides of the stage.)

Balaam: *(Walking on stage.)* Good afternoon Jonah.

Jonah: Balaam! Dude. How have you been?

Balaam: Hey man, don't even get me started!

Jonah: So that's the way it is, is it? Man, do I have a story for you.

(They sit down at table. Start drinking coffee.)

Balaam: Another fish story no doubt. *(Laughs.)* I doubt you could beat my story though. Donkey trouble, you know how that is. I've got this little grey haired beast with a big mouth. Her name is Gertrude. Every day when she starts, it's like...

Donkey: *(Offstage voice. The louder, the cheesier the voice is the better.)*
Hee-haw! Hee-haw!

Balaam: Yep, it's like.... *(Interrupted by braying.)*

Donkey: Hee-haw!

Balaam: Yeah, every day about bedtime I....

Donkey: *(really starts to bray.)* Hee...haw...he...haw....

Balaam: QUIET! Sheesh. That's donkeys for you. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, it all started when the Israelites, God's chosen people, came close to my country. You see, the King was afraid of the Israelites and wanted me to put a curse on them. So he sent some men to try to persuade me...they told me about the... *(looks greedy and rubs hands together)*...the money that the King would give me. But God said no, don't go, and I said no! I won't do it! *(Crosses arms and looks stern.)* Then the King sent more men. They said the King would give me lots and lots of money *(rubs hands and looks greedy)* to go and curse God's people. *(Laughs nervously.)* So I said. *(Pause.)* I'll think about it. *(Brief pause for effect.)* Finally, I said to myself. Hmm...lots and lots of money, hey, why not? *(Pointing extravagantly.)* Take me to the King, men!

Jonah: *(shaking head.)*: Dude, you shouldn't have done that!

Balaam: Just wait, that wasn't worst of it! What do you think I had to ride? Yep, my little grey friend, Gertrude. I rode a little way with the King's men and then guess what happened? Gertrude galloped off the road and into a turnip field!

Donkey: Hee-haw!

Balaam: Then she started braying, just like that! First, I tried to push her pack onto the road, you see...just like this... *(Balaam starts to demonstrate enthusiastically.)*

Jonah: Hey, hey, calm down dude. Cool it...we got people watching.

Balaam: *(Noticing audience.)* Oh yeah, right. Anyway, do you think that pushing worked? No! Finally, I was so angry I beat her with a stick! Eventually we got back on the road, but man, I was embarrassed. The King's men sure thought I looked silly. They laughed and laughed. AHAHA, look at Balaam and his donkey they said.

Jonah *(gravely)*: You should have listened to what the Lord said.

Balaam: Yeah well anyway, we went a little further until we came up to a narrow path with two stonewalls on either side. Can you guess what happened then? *(Kicks foot against chair.)* Bam! Gertrude slams my foot into the wall! *(Grimacing.)* You better believe it; I brought out my stick and hit her again! Hard this time! But the stick bounced off her hide and hit my eye!

Donkey: Hee-haw!

Balaam (*Off stage*): Yeah you laugh, you donkey! Humph. Anyway, yeah, that is what happened. Do you think getting angry helped? Nope, all that happened was that I got a sore eye. Humph! We rode another five minutes then guess what happened? Gertrude lay down in the middle of the road! I rolled right off her back and into a mud puddle. The King's men laughed at me again. AHAHA...Look at Balaam they said. I was so angry I grabbed the biggest, strongest stick I could find and I smacked her. Hard! (*Pause.*) Just guess what Gertrude did then?

Donkey: What have I done to make you beat me these three times?

Balaam: Yep, my donkey spoke to me! Believe me, I dropped my stick right there in the mud puddle. Then I told the donkey a few things! Then the donkey talked to me again! Just like a human!

Donkey: Am I not your own donkey? Have I been in the habit of doing this to you?

Balaam: No. (*Pause.*) That is what I said. That is all I could say. Then I was in for a bigger surprise! Can you guess why the donkey didn't want to go forward? There, in the path, was an Angel. The donkey knew better then to go against an Angel. (*Shakes head.*) Silly silly me, I didn't listen to the Lord. Anyway, the Angel said I could go along with the King's men, but that I must only speak what the Lord said. So I went along with the King's men... And when the King asked me to curse God's people, I told the King: I must only speak what the Lord puts in my mouth. And I did, I only said blessings instead of curses on God's chosen people.

Jonah: Dude, see how much easier it would have been if you had listened to God in the first place? You thought a donkey was bad; fish are worse, let me tell you....

Balaam: Another fish story eh?

Jonah: Yeah, you could say that. It all started when God told me to go to Nineveh. (*Points stage R.*)

Balaam (*Shaking head*): Oh my, let me guess, you didn't go....

Jonah (*Points stage L. Crosses arms*): Nope. I sailed off to Tarshish instead!

Balaam (*Wagging finger*): You should have listened...Where is Tarshish anyway?

Jonah: It wasn't where I was supposed to go...that's all that matters. Now if you'll just listen; I'll get back to my fish story. We were sailing along nice and peaceful like till we ran into a vicious storm. (*Rocks and weaves in chair imitating the stormy waves.*)

Balaam: Whoa man, cool it. People watching...remember?

Jonah: Yeah, yeah. *(Settling down, but not missing a beat in his story.)* Anyway, the sailors on the ship I was on threw me overboard! *(Pause.)* That was when the fish ate me. *(Pause.)* Swallowed me right up in a big gulp. *(Opens mouth wide, and closes it to demonstrate. Pause.)*

Balaam: *(eyes wide.)* Whoa. The fish swallowed you? That was a bad day! You know, I've always said that the good thing about donkeys is that they don't try and eat you...Well, out with it...How did you finally get out of that fish?

Jonah: I cried out to the Lord for help and he helped me. He made that fish spit I tell you what. Guess where that fish spit me out?

Balaam: Nineveh Beach?

Jonah: Yep. So I thought to myself, well, I'm here anyway...Maybe I better preach what the Lord said before things get worse!

Balaam: Then what? Then what?

Jonah: *(Blandly.)* The people repented, just like the Lord wanted them to.

Balaam: There, you see how much easier it would have been if you had listened to the Lord in the first place?

Jonah: Dude, you should know. But anyway, I suppose I better get going. It is getting late. I have a long walk ahead of me.

Balaam *(Rubbing hands):* Walking are you? Hmmm...You wouldn't need a donkey, would you? Let me tell you about my Gertrude...if you're looking for a good little donkey...she's your filly...perfect for those little trips to Tarshish.

Jonah: Trust me; I'm not going back there anytime soon!

Balaam: Of course not, of course not...Now you just come with me. You know man, she is actually a nice little donkey...And you'll love this, she won't eat you! I guarantee it. As a matter of fact....

Donkey: He-haw He-haw He-haw! *(Braying drowns out Balaam and Jonah as they walk off-stage talking to each other. Blackout.)*

One Wise King

Monologue.

Tone: Comedy/Drama

Setting/Props: Well-dressed. Obviously a rich and successful man. Lavish furniture if available. Or it could be as simple as an empty stage with a microphone. It is important that the audience is taken off guard by the first lines in the monologue and drawn into a story that some will soon realize is somewhat familiar and biblical.

(Walk into stage center. Stop. Begin speaking.)

I am the wisest man who ever lived.

I knew that my Kingdom was doomed.

I suppose that is why I wrote my book, my memoir, the accumulated wisdom of my futile life. And what a life it was, even if the end was so cruel.

I took over the Kingdom when I was young and idealistic. If someone needed money, I'd give it to them. If someone needed wisdom, I was more than happy to dispense it. If someone needed security, I'd send some men or some small, but ferocious women over.

Somehow, my sense of humor has stayed with me.

Yes indeed. Things were moving along just fine. I decided to build myself a palace, and then I thought, why not build another? I got myself a wife, and then I thought. If one is good, another would be better! Yeah, I think that was around that point when things started to slide for me.

Even a King has his limitations...and by the end, I had 700 wives to remind me of those limitations. It wasn't as much fun as you might think. Maybe some of you know what I'm talking about.

The ironic thing was that even through everything that I did, I knew what I was doing was stupid! Why did I do it? I knew what the end would be...I wasn't a fool, even if I acted like one.

Maybe I went out in search of experience, to experience as much as a man can before he admits the obvious. Maybe I just enjoyed myself a little too much. Whatever the reasons, my distractions cost my family the Kingdom.

To think that I could see it coming. Everything! The civil war, the invasions, the final bitter end when my Kingdom was destroyed and my people were hauled off into slavery. I knew it all, but I was just too distracted to be as idealistic as I was when I started out.

I knew the whole purpose of man. To fear God and to do exactly what he says. I knew everything else is a chasing after the wind, but you know, I loved the thrill of the chase too much.

Looking back, yeah, it seems like yesterday; even it was around 3,000 years ago...Look around you now, not much has changed over the years. I guess you could say that there is nothing new under the sun.

Another ironic thing is that my book is one of the few things that survived the downfall. And the really amazing part is that it is still doing quite well. Maybe you've heard of it. If you haven't. Google it sometime. It is called, Ecclesiastes.

And who am I? Well, you can just call me Solomon, the second King of Israel.

Thank you for listening to my story.

The End

Characters: Three. Two women. One man or woman. *(Could be changed to two men with a few minor adjustments.)*

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props: Setting is the bedroom. The only prop necessary is one chair. A door in stage center dividing Ellen and Denise is also required. Death wears a black robe. Denise and Ellen are dressed normally.

***Notes.** *The End followed by One More would flow well thematically.*

(Lights up. Ellen is sitting in a chair on stage R. Head in her hands. Denise enters from stage L. Knocks on the door in stage C. No answer. Denise paces for a moment then stops.)

Denise: *(Looking up. Stressed.)* God...Oh God...what do you want from me? I came here to talk to her...like you wanted. She won't even answer the door! *(Pause. Look up. Subdued when she speaks again.)* Oh, okay, if you want me to... *(Kneels in prayer on stage L. Ellen looks up and stares blankly at the audience.)*

Ellen: Who would have thought that it would end like this? I have it all! Everything! People, who know me, envy me. I am always happy...laughing, joking, and having fun. Ha! Maybe I have a bit too much fun now and then, but, hey, I can have what I want, why wouldn't I take it? Isn't that what makes life special? *(Pause.)* I'll admit it. School isn't that easy for me. Well, is it for anyone? I scrape by with a 51% average. It kinda sucks because some people make fun of me. If I didn't party so much maybe, maybe I'd do better. Who knows...*(sarcastically)* maybe I am smart. Whatever, when it comes down to it, I'm the kinda girl who will try anything. Truth is, I'm alone most of the time...nobody really likes me. Boys only want to go out with me because they know I'll give them what they want. Jerks! Will they miss me when I'm gone? *(Falls silent and hangs head. Death enters slowly, places his hand on Ellen's shoulder.)*

(Denise stands and walks to the door once again. Knocks longer this time. Still no answer. Denise kneels once again.)

Denise: *(Even more anguished.)* Lord, you alone know what evil Ellen is facing tonight. Show her your love for her...move in her life...wrap your arms around her; let her feel your peace Lord! Do not let her fall. Do not let the evil take her Lord. *(Pause. She looks up wonderingly.)* What? You want me to do...what? *(Denise slowly stands and approaches the door. She knocks again. The knocking grows louder and more frantic as Ellen's speech carries on.)*

Ellen: *(Stands and then walks to the front of the stage. Death approaches again, stands beside her.)* I hear people talk about me when they think I'm not listening. I know what they think. They think I'm fat. They think I'm a flirt, they think I'm a fool just because I want someone to care. To care just a little! How hard could that be? *(Death places hand on Ellen's shoulder.)* I even saw you sometimes...yeah you...you would stare at me when I walked by on my way to school. You wouldn't come close to me, would you? No, you wouldn't! I'm a freak! That is all you say about me! *(Pointing out at the audience.)* Don't you? *(Shouting, almost crying.)* You don't know the pain I feel...you don't know the reason I cut myself! *(Shows cut arms.)* I'll do anything to kill the pain! Anything... *(Death takes Ellen's hand and leads her back to her chair. He helps her up. Ellen stands on the chair. Denise begins attempting to break down the door.)* Whatever. I'm done with you! Maybe you'll remember me after tonight. *(Rope is now around her neck with Death holding on one end.)* The rope is tight and ready...I'm just about ready to step off the edge. Oh, I know people will be surprised...I sure put on a good show of being happy, didn't I? Well, that is over! *(Pause. Denise manages to force open the door. Stands in shock for a moment listening to Ellen speak.)*

Denise: *(Softly.)* Ellen!

Ellen: *(Ignoring Denise.)* It won't be long now...Is there a Heaven, a Hell? I don't know. I suppose I'll find out. Whatever's next can't be worse than being alone. I, I just wish I'd had someone to help me through all the crap...I, I just wish someone would catch me when I step off the edge....

Denise: *(Louder now. Walking up to the chair.)* Ellen! Stop!

Ellen: *(Looks dazed. Surprised to notice that someone is talking to her. Death stands still, watching.)* Denise! What...what...are you doing here? How did you get in?

Denise: *(Extending her hand.)* Take that rope off...please. *(Gentle. Coaxing.)* Go on. Take off that rope...take my hand. You don't want this...please believe me. There is something better. Don't let this be the end.

Ellen: *(Pause for a dramatic moment. Ellen decides her fate, removes rope, and then takes Denise's hand. Death fades into background.)* How did you know I would be here? *(Steps down slowly.)* Did someone send you here?

Denise: You could say that.

Ellen: Who. Who sent you here?

Denise: Jesus.

Ellen: *(Disbelieving.)* Jesus? Why would he care? Seriously. Why did you come?

Denise: Jesus sent me here because he loves you. (*Puts arm around Ellen.*) I came because...because I love you. (*Pause.*) Can I tell you more about Jesus?

Ellen: Will he kill the pain?

Denise: I don't know. Accepting Jesus doesn't mean you won't have hard days...but you'll have help if you want it. From Jesus, from people like me who love you. Don't you want that?

Ellen: (*Doubtful.*) I don't know. What will it cost?

Denise: Nothing. His salvation is a free gift. You just have to accept it.

Ellen: Well... (*long pause.*) Why not? I haven't made much of my life so far, have I? Maybe I need to try something new.

Denise: (*Smiles.*) Good. And, Ellen, promise me one thing.

Ellen: (*Suspicious.*) What?

Denise: If you ever get these kind of thoughts in the future, talk to me, or talk to someone you trust. Just don't let those dark thoughts continue. Alright?

Ellen: Okay. Okay. I will.

Denise: Promise?

Ellen: (*Smiles for the first time.*) I promise.

Denise: Good. Now, I'd like to introduce you to Jesus. Just pray with me. (*They pray. Blackout.*)

One More

Characters: Five men.

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props/Costume: A party scene. One table stage center with a couple of beer bottles on it. Death/demons are dressed in black robes. Bill is dressed to party. Larry is dressed more casually. Party music. Siren sound. Rewinding tape sound. *(Optional)* A video projection of hellfire.

**Inspired by Tom and Julie of NoEclipse.*

(Lights up. Party music thunders. Death walks onstage stands stage L near the back of the stage. Death begins speaking.)

Death: *(Black robe & mask. Booming voice.)* Tonight I would like you to meet young Bill Patterson. *(Bill walks on stage. Goes to stage center. Looks around. Full of cocky attitude.)* He only has one more minute to live. The funny thing is...he doesn't know it yet. Ha. He doesn't even see me here waiting for him. Let's see what happens...shall we? *(Bill spots liquor table and heads over to it. However, he is interrupted.)*

Larry: *(Walking onstage.)* Bill...What's up?

Bill: You blind? Booze, chicks, they're all here. Let's get this party started! We haven't got forever!

Larry: Hey, don't you think it's time to serve the Lord?

Bill: Ahhh...I got lotsa time for that. I'm young! *(Laughs and slaps Larry on the shoulder.)* Tell ya what. One more party and then I'll serve the Lord! *(Laughs and swaggers to table. Grabs a bottle and begins to drink. Party music gives way to the wail of a shrieking alarm.)*

Death: *(Lifts hand to point at Bill.)* Hey, Bill! TIMES UP! *(Laughs evilly.)*

Bill: *(Two black Demons charge onstage. Bill is dragged offstage screaming. Video screen flashes to a video of a fire burning wildly. The Demons freeze at the edge of the stage as Bill screams.)* Nooooo...Oh God...God...give me one more chance! Please...PLEASE...Please... *(Silence. Video stops. Brief pause.)*

Death: *(Drops hand.)* I so hate to be overruled, but such is life. Well, no worries. I'll get him on the next go-round. Here we go...

(Sound of rewinding tape. Demons fade into the background as party music begins once again.) (Bill walks on stage L. Stands in center stage for a moment and then heads toward the liquor table. Met by Larry walking onstage.)

Larry: Bill...What's up?

Bill: You blind? Booze, chicks, they're all here! Let's get this party started! We haven't got forever.

Larry: Don't you think it's time to serve the Lord?

Bill: *(Thinks for a moment, then nods. Party music begins to fade. Death looks disappointed.)* You know man...I think so. I've been thinking lately...I sure...I sure...wouldn't want to go to Hell.

Larry: I'm glad to hear that. Why don't we leave this party and go somewhere private, somewhere we can talk. *(Start walking offstage.)* You know, if you are serious about it, the first thing you gotta do is give your heart to Jesus...*(They walk off-stage in intense discussion as party music fades away.)*

Death: *(Walks to stage center of the now empty stage.)* Sadly, Bill managed to escape me this time. Now, what about you? *(Points out at the audience.)* Hey you! TIMES UP! *(Laughs evilly.)* Don't worry. I'm just joking...this time. But you never know, do you? Think about it. You might not get one more chance. I'm not going to wait forever. *(Pause.)* Well, that's that. I better move on. Places to go, people to see, you know how it is. *(Begins walking off-stage.)* Hey...maybe I'll see ya around sometime...*(Blackout.)*

To Forgive

Characters: Three men.

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props: The setting for the first half of the skit is an alley. The setting of the second half of the skit is in the gangster's clubhouse. We used an empty stage for the alley scene and then pulled out two chairs to set the stage for the clubhouse scene. Gangsters wear gang colors/chains. Preacher is dressed in a suit. Prop gun. Tract. Rap music. Amazing Grace music.

Notes. *Inspired by and with input by Tom, Jeff, and George of NoEclipse.*

This has been one of the most powerful skits in the NoEclipse catalog. Casting and appropriate music are essential for this skit. The Gangsters must be authentic and able to project an air of danger. The Preacher should be a contrast to the gangsters with a meek almost boyish look. Music must be appropriate to the theme.

(Rap music begins to play. As the rapping starts, the two gangsters enter walking up the aisle toward the stage. The two gangsters embrace on stage R and begin chatting it up. Gangster 1 shows off gun to Gangster 2. Music slowly fades as Preacher enters stage L, stops, and then begins to pray.)

Preacher: Lord, I ask that you give me the strength to talk to these guys. In Jesus name, amen. *(Stops praying and walks over to the two gangsters.)* Hi. I was just wondering if I could talk to you guys for a minute.

Gangster 1: Hey, man. You can talk, that don't mean we're gonna listen. *(The two gangsters laugh mockingly.)*

Preacher: I just wanted a minute, you know, to talk about Jesus with you guys.

Gangster 2: Jesus? *(Laughs.)* What's up with you man. You crazy?

Gangster 1: Comon' let's do'em up. *(The two gangsters begin to crowd the Preacher threateningly.)*

Preacher: *(Backing up slightly. Nervous.)* Well...okay...if you don't have the time to talk...just take a minute to read this. *(Hands over tract. Gangster 2 takes it and shoves it into his pocket without looking at it.)* Jesus loves you; you know...that's all I really wanted to talk to you guys about.

Gangster 2: *(Laughs.)* Jesus loves us? Tell ya what preacher...we got some harlots back at the clubhouse that'll love us up too.

Gangster 1: Yeah what's with ya man? Jesus ain't interested in guys like us. *(To Gangster 2.)* Comon' let's do'em up.

Preacher: *(More nervous now as the gangsters crowd him even more.)* Well...I just wanted you to know that Jesus loves you...he'll forgive you no matter what you've done. That's all I wanted to tell you guys.

Gangster 2: Oh yeah...Jesus still gonna love me if I do this? *(Punches Preacher in the mouth. Preacher falls.)* Get real man!

Preacher: *(Struggling to get up.)* He would...he...

Gangster 1: Yeah, is Jesus gonna love me if I do this? *(Kicks Preacher and flattens him. Rap music starts again as the two gangsters swagger back down the aisle to the back mocking the Preacher all the way. Preacher lies on stage for a moment and then stands. He staggers down the aisle after the Gangsters. Brief pause. Gangsters reenter down the aisle. Mocking the preacher. Walk up on stage and take a seat, just kicking' back in the clubhouse. Music fades.)*

Gangster 1: We sure did him up good. That Preacher sure ain't gonna be doin' any preachin' anytime soon.

Gangster 2: *(Reading tract. Subdued.)* I don't know man. Maybe we went too far with that preacher, I was readin' that tract he gave me...maybe there's something to what he said. I dunno...

Gangster 1: *(Laughs. Hits Gangster 2 on the shoulder.)* Come on bro, you gettin soft on me? He was just a preacher. He's nothin' man.

Gangster 2: I just don't know...A preacher, a man of God...he wouldn't have let himself get beat for nothin' would he?

Gangster 1: Ahhh...don't worry bout him...we aren't gonna see him again anytime soon. Relax man...we're in the clubhouse...forget that Preacher. We aren't gonna see him again anytime soon. Have a drink.

Preacher staggers down the aisle toward the stage...makes motion of knocking.

Gangster 1: Well, well, I wonder who that could be. *(Walks to the door. Opens door.)* Ha! It's that Preacher. I tell ya...You sure got some nerve preacher, comin' to the clubhouse. *(Laughs.)* Well, come on in...*(Drags preacher in.)*

Gangster 2: *(False bravado.)* We'll kill ya man. Comin' by the clubhouse. You know what we did to the last guy who came by here? Huh? Do you?

(Gangsters begin crowding Preacher as before.)

Preacher: *(Subdued. Calm.)* I just wanted to let you know that there's no hard feelings and I'd like to talk about Jesus with you guys. That's all.

Gangster 1: *(Rushing forward.)* Oh yeah...Jesus want you to get another beatin'? *(Prepares to throw punch. Gangster 2 pulls out gun.)*

Preacher: I just wanted you to know that I forgive you guys for what you did. That's all. Maybe we could talk some more about Jesus. *(Surprised by the calm response. Gangster 1 backs down.)*

Gangster 2: *(Gun is visibly shaking.)* Jesus ain't gonna punish us, is he?

Preacher: That's what I wanted to talk to you guys about before. Jesus loves you, he will forgive you guys no matter what you've done. If you repent...You think maybe you're ready to listen now? *(Gangster 2 lowers gun.)*

Gangster 1: Well preacher, you sure got some nerve. That's all I can say. Maybe there is somthin' to your Jesus. *(Pause.)* Sure Preacher...if you wanna talk, then talk. What do ya got to say? *(Preacher gets out Bible and begins to talk as Amazing Grace begins to play. The music builds and then in a dramatic finish, the gangsters drop their gang chains and gear, kneel with the Preacher, and begin to pray. Blackout.)*

A Personal Judas

Monologue.

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props: Empty stage. Lowlight. Eerie atmospheric music. Judas wearing plain ordinary clothing. The idea is Judas is telling his story from Hell.)

(Walk on to an unlit stage. Single spotlight on Judas as he begins to speak.)

Oh, how to begin...well, let me be blunt, it seems that I have helped to kill a man. Surprised? You shouldn't be. I'm the type after all, the kind that betrays a friend for money. You know me, I'm sure you do. Sometimes maybe you even envy my money and me.

Oh come now, don't look like that! Maybe that pious religious act works where you live. Ha! We both know your heart is as black as mine.

Maybe you'd like to know how I pulled my last black trick?

Well, let's just say that it started when a stranger called me. He looked like a revolutionary type. At first, I just thought I'd just see what he was about, what his ideas were about government. You see, I was interested in revolt and he seemed to be the type who could motivate a country in that direction.

Yep, that is how it started. I answered his call and joined the movement. He appointed me the treasurer of his group and we were all set to begin the revolution.

I thought so at the time anyway. I never really knew what would come of it all. If I had, would I have changed things? Who knows.

Anyhow, after I joined up, things seemed to take off beyond all expectation. The crowds were continually getting bigger. They barely left him alone...My those days were full of potential...Why, I can remember one time when we had to escape by boat because the crowd was so intense. Those were exciting days, I could've shivered with the excitement I felt coursing through me.

The moment of revolt was at hand. The day was in sight when we would overthrow our degenerate government! It was a goal that I had wanted to reach all my life.

Oh, how did things go so wrong?

Hmm...Well, there was the money. I needed it. I stole just a little at a time from the treasury. I worked hard after all. I was one of the faithful who would be there until the crown was placed on his head. My service was worth a little bit, wasn't it?

I thought so, and as the people kept coming, they kept giving to the cause and I kept spending it. A funny thing was, the more I spent, the more I lost confidence in my friend, our teacher. He started to act strangely in my eyes, not at all like a King. It was as if he didn't have any ambition. I could see it plainly, once my lover pointed it out. She had an eye for a man's character, and for beautiful presents, but that is another story for another time.

I could never figure out why the others in the group couldn't see the truth. Our leader obviously had no plans to overthrow our government! The theory I came up with was that since the rest of them got more face time with our leader, they were too close to the situation. And I...I was getting farther away. I could see things clearly from my distant vantage point. I could see that all our leader needed a little motivation.

LISTEN! (*Louder, almost shouting with disbelief.*) He could've been King; the crowds were ready to crown him! They hailed him as we walked through the streets of the capital city. Even the officials were afraid of him. It was the perfect time to revolt, and he didn't. He didn't! That's what puzzled me. It angered me really. There I was, I had invested my time and effort to make him King and he wouldn't even take the crown when it was offered!

My lover was outraged. I think she was lusting after the beautiful presents I could buy as a confidant of a King. Since I wanted her...well, I went along with her opinions. You know how it is, don't you? (*Pause.*)

The straw that really pushed me over the edge was when some woman, a hooker I think she was, came in with the perfume. It wasn't some cheap junk either; it was a rare collector's edition. What a fine donation to the cause I thought, already planning on how to spend the portion I would steal after we sold it. She spoiled my plans when she dumped it, a year's wages worth of rare perfume spilled out on the floor! Then she knelt and washed my friend's feet with it. And he approved... bah, he approved!

We needed that money for our cause and here she was wasting it! Our leader allowed it; he even said something about how it was suitable for his upcoming death. He had clearly given up all ambition to the throne! The people were waiting for a signal to rise up in revolt, and he had gotten himself a death wish!

My lover threatened to leave me over it. There was no future in me if I wasn't about to keep company with a King. I knew then what I needed to do. I seized the first chance I had and went to make a deal with the government.

They had been waiting years for a chance to kill him. Since our leader was popular with the people, the government couldn't capture him outright. They needed the right opportunity, and I decided to give it to them.

I reasoned that maybe something drastic would motivate some sort of kingly response from our leader. I knew he had it in him.

It is so easy it is to justify the betrayal of a friend, isn't it? And when the money slips through your fingers on its way into your pocket, so much easier yet. Oh yes, soon my lover would return to me...

To be honest, I did feel guilty during that last supper we had together. All twelve of us in the inner circle were there, crowded into that dim and candle lit room.

Everybody else was eating and drinking, talking, and having a good time. I was seated beside our leader in a place of honor. (*Laughs sarcastically.*) What a fine helper in the revolution I was, but I digress.

Somehow, we both knew it was the end of the road. There was a somberness weighing upon us that the others didn't quite feel yet. Later on, I'm sure they looked back and realized what had happened that day.

I remember looking at the bread he offered me in his outstretched hand, a plain piece of bread but it seemed to have something important attached to it.

Something incredibly serious...I hesitated.

Should I actually go through with my plan?

The vision of my lover appeared before me. So much could be mine if I betrayed him as planned. Oh, yes...

As I munched on my piece of dry bread, my friend told me to do what I needed to do. Somehow, he knew of my plan, but he wanted me to do it! What kind of man tells his friends to betray him? Such a thing to think of now. Now that it is too late. After that, I don't remember much, it was as if a dark cloud came over me and drove me to my duty. I felt like a lunatic as I met with the officials. Then after they had gathered their lynch mob, I guided them undercover of darkness to the garden where my friend was resting.

Call me Judas, but I had to kiss him when I saw him. It was necessary to identify the one I was betraying. That was part of the deal you see.

I remember his eyes were full of sorrow as they looked at me, it was too late for him even then, but still he loved me as a friend. (*Almost shouting again. Obviously tormented.*) He loved ME! (*Pause. Voice returns to normal, but strained.*)

He always loved...always...he could have saved me from myself, but I knew better. I had to do my own thing.

The officials were determined to kill him. Kill him, when all I wanted them to do is give him a beating. Something that would awaken the leader I knew was in him. I was wrong as usual. I felt like a cup of sorrow had been poured over my head, baptizing me into the faith of dark iniquity. I had discovered I was evil. I knew I had sent an innocent man, my friend, to die.

All those poor he helped, the kindness he showed to everyone around him didn't matter to me in the end. I lusted after money and he would die because of my sin. Oh, I blamed my lover and her seductive charms, but I knew that the responsibility was mine. I knew then what I had to do.

First, I threw the blood money back to the government dogs. Then, I found a cliff and did what I thought was right in my own eyes. I thought I would die then, I thought the fires of my madness would be quenched when I hit the ground, but I was terribly wrong.

Life, such as it is, feels like Hell now. It seems that all I can do is look back at my burning sin. Well, I suppose you'll find that out when you find me.

I really needed a messiah, a leader, a King, and so my friend turned out to be in the end. But I found out too late to save myself, ironic isn't it?

You need someone, don't you? Oh yes I know you, you're like me in many ways, you don't need anyone.

All you need is the love of money.

Of course, for you it might be something else, after all there are so many pretty little things in the world that a body wants...The more you want the less you believe in the ideals of the revolution. But whatever excuse you use, you'll betray your friend in the end, won't you?

When you do, watch for me. I'll still be here, waiting and whispering like a deathly spirit to welcome you to the mental anguish you can't escape.

We are all damned to the fate we design for ourselves. However, we don't need to be. I could have made the call for help. I could have been released from the evil lurking inside me.

You too could be released. But if you insist on looking me up, bring along a drop of water to cool my tongue. I've been thirsty in these days of consuming darkness.

Stubborn people like us will always be alone in the end. Won't we? Don't take my word for it, find out for yourself. You know how it is, don't you? No, no, I'm just Judas. What do I know about you? That is what I hear you saying, and I don't blame you. Well, whatever. Have it your way. (*Shrugs and walks off the stage. Blackout.*)

Joseph's Decision

Monologue.

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props: Empty stage. Nothing special is needed. Just an empty stage and a microphone. Could be in period costume, or in modern dress, it is up to you :)

(Lights up. Walk onto stage. Pace for a moment. Stop. Address audience.)

What would you do with a sinner?

Picture this...You love someone, you really love someone...Then the news comes...The person you thought you knew, the person you thought that God had placed into your life, the person you were going to marry...*(pause, begin pacing once again.)*

The betrayal was hard...I couldn't sleep after I heard about it...What could I say? What could I do? Mary disgraced me...she disgraced our vows, and she disgraced herself before God...How could she do such a thing?

What would you do with an adulteress?

I couldn't disgrace her...No! I couldn't allow that. She sinned...true...the child would be proof of that. However, God is merciful and we must be the same...But what should I do? What's that? *(looking out to the audience)* A quiet divorce? Hmm...Yes...A quiet divorce... *(Obviously in torment. Turn back on audience. Pause. Turn back for effect.)*

Yesterday, I would have agreed with you! Yesterday, I would have divorced her. You can understand why I would think that way about Mary, can't you? *(pause.)* Today, I thank God for sending the Angel. It was a dream, but the message was clear. The child was conceived by the Holy Spirit...His name is to be Jesus, because he will save his people from their sins.

Oh, you don't know how long our people have waited...how we have longed for the Messiah to come...To think that I am only a humble carpenter, but I will hold the Messiah in my hands...Yes, I Joseph!

(Shaking head.) Who can know the ways of the Lord?

Now I must continue on my journey. I must be obedient. I must take Mary home to be my wife. May the Lord bless you as much as he has blessed me.

Directions

Characters: 2 men, 1 woman.

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props: Empty stage. Water. Sunglasses. Remote. Crown. Chair.

**With inspiration/input/direction by Janice and Charlene Bueckert.*

***Notes.** *This could be performed as a reader's theater or as a more dramatic piece. Left is Satan. Right is Jesus. The Middle is everyone. Spotlights are optional, if you have them, they would add visual effect. However, the script works without them. Consider them optional.*

Blackout.

The Middle: *(Walks onto stage center. Single spotlight illuminates her as she begins to speak.) Where am I going? What am I doing? How can I fill the emptiness in my life?*

Left: *(Walking onstage and standing to the left. Single spotlight illuminates him as he begins speaking.) Do what feels good. Be...happy! (Steps into the spotlight of the Middle. Hands crown to the Middle. The Middle smiles and places the crown on her head.)*

Right: *(Walking on stage and standing to the right. Single spotlight illuminates him as he begins to speak.) For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.*

Left: *(A sleazy salesman voice.) Buy more! Live better! Be happier! (Puts sunglasses on the person the middle. Takes money in return.)*

Right: *Keep your lives free from the love of money and be content with what you have, because God has said, never will I leave you; never will I forsake you.*

Left: *500 channels! You will never be bored again! News! Sports! Celebrities! And for those late night hours...adult entertainment! (Hands over remote. Shoves middle person into a chair in the middle of the stage. Pats on the shoulder.)*

Right: *(Walking in front of the chair and pointing directly at The Middle. Speaks boldly.)* It is written: worship the Lord your God and serve him only! *(The Middle Person waves away Right with their remote.)*

The Middle looks excited. Leans forward in chair, intent on their television watching...gradually slumps as they becomes bored, blank, and weary looking. Right returns to their own spotlight, distressed.

Left: *(Hovering over the shoulder of the Middle.)* Looking for meaning in your life? Look within! Come to Natural Way Healing Center. If you sign up before the end of the month, it is only 79.95 to register! Unleash the spirit within you!

The middle person gets off of chair and sits in the middle of the stage meditative position. It isn't working. Gets up, obviously thinking of themselves and their state...becoming distraught. Left returns to their spotlight obviously satisfied with the state of things. The following dialogue is competitive and intertwining and should grow louder and more intense as it builds toward the climax.

The Middle: *(Depressed.)* I feel like there is nothing inside.

Left: *(Commanding.)* You are worthless.

The Middle: Yes. I am worthless.

Right: May the God of hope fill you

Left: You are empty.

The Middle: I am empty.

Right: with all joy and peace as you trust in him

Left: There is no hope.

The Middle: No hope?

Right: so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit!

Left: Why don't you just end it now?

The Middle: Maybe I should just end it now.

Right: You are loved.

The Middle: *(shocked)* I am?

Left: No!

Right: You can have hope.

The Middle: *(Hopefully.)* Hope?

Left: Never! There is no hope. Just end it...end it now!

Right: Just have faith! Believe! Surrender! Cast all your cares on me because I care for you!

The Middle thinks for a moment, and then slowly bows. Right enters the spotlight of the Middle. Spotlight of Left turned off. The Middle places crown at the feet of Right. Right pours water on the head of The Middle. Grasps hand and lifts The Middle. Both are pleased, joyful.

Right: Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness for they shall be filled! Now go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the father, and of the son, and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely, I am with you always, to the very end of the age! *(Points out into the audience. House lights light up instantly/stage lights blackout at the same instant. The Middle walks into the audience, speaking, shaking hands ect. Right is frozen in their pointing position, then unfreezes and walks quietly offstage.*

I Wish We'd All Been Ready

Characters: 12+ Narrator. Narrator (optional), Guitar player/singer, Mother, Gangster, NonChristian Man, Father, Child #1, Child #2, Christian Man, Mother's Demon, Gangster's Demon, NonChristian Man's Demon, Jesus.

Tone: Serious

Setting/Props: Empty stage. Gun. Empty Bag. Present/Bible.

****Notes:** A performance skit about spiritual warfare in the last days. There is no dialogue. This skit is performed to the classic song, I Wish We'd All Been Ready by Larry Norman. (c)1969 Beechwood Music Corp. Be sure to clear copyrights on the sheet music before performance time!*

Narrator: Reads Matthew 24: 40-42

Guitar player enters, sits down on a stool set up off to the side, and then begins to play I Wish We'd All Been Ready.

Intro to the song.

Jesus enters from stage right...he moves to the center of the stage. He stands observing, reacting to the following events as they unfold.

Mother, Mother's Demon, Father, Child #1 and #2 enter on stage right. Father is carrying a Bible wrapped with a bow. Father gives the gift to Child #1, obviously prompting her to give it to Mother as a present. Mother receives present with joy, as Mother's Demon grasps greedily for the Bible. Mother slowly loses interest and Mother's Demon grabs Bible away from her.

Simultaneously as the family is entering on stage right, Gangster, and the Gangster's Demon enter from stage left. Gangster obviously nervous, carrying gun and looking about. Gangster's Demon is prompts Gangster to cross the stage to Father. As Mother hands off the Bible to her demon, the song should shift from the intro into verse one.

Verse one.

Gangster walks over, waves his gun at Father, Father resists, and is punched by the Gangster. Father falls to the floor as the Gangster walks off-stage. Father is lifted to his feet by Mother and they cross to stage left, leaving Children at stage center. Father and Mother stand side by side on stage left. At stage center, the Children drop to their knees, begging while being tormented by the Gangster's Demon. NonChristian Man quickly walks past, glances at them, shrugs indifferently, and then walks off-stage, urged on by NonChristian Man's Demon. The Children then begin slowly crumbling to the stage as the lyrics suggest. Gangster's Demon moves off to stage right out of the way of upcoming events.

Chorus. Brief pause in the action on stage.

Verse 2.

Jesus obviously disturbed by the events in verse 1, slowly moves toward Father. In time with the lyric, Jesus touches Father on shoulder and leads him off to stage right, leaving Mother behind, obviously puzzled. Christian Man and NonChristian man enter up stage center, walking up the hill. Jesus approaches the Christian man and touches his shoulder. Jesus leads Christian man off to stage right, leaving NonChristian man behind, obviously disturbed.

Chorus. Brief pause in the action on stage.

Bridge. Guitar solo.

Mother, NonChristian man, Gangster, obviously in a panic, rush out into the audience, looking and calling for their vanished loved ones. The three Demons have abandoned their charges and now spread out across the stage, crossing their arms and obviously in charge of the situation. Meanwhile, behind them all, Jesus moves up stage center.

End of guitar solo.

On the line, *the Father spoke...* Jesus spreads his arms.

Blackout. Brief pause.

On the line, *the demons...* Jesus drops his arms. Stage lights go on instantly. Demons fall to the stage. Brief pause.

On the line, *How could you...* Jesus bows his head and gestures toward the audience, obviously in sorrow. Brief pause.

Chorus repeated.

Jesus walks over and rises up Child #1, and Child #2. Jesus beckons to Father and the Christian man to follow him. Jesus exits, leading his followers behind him. Meanwhile, Mother, NonChristian Man, and Gangster have returned to the stage, obviously still disturbed. Gangster sits stage center, at the edge of the stage, pondering his gun and suicide. He sighs, and then exits, using the opposite exit as Jesus. NonChristian Man paces the stage from left to right, and then exits. Mother has picked up the Bible she abandoned in the opening scene and is flipping through it frantically. Finally, Mother is left alone on stage. She walks to the edge of stage left and pauses on the last chorus...*you've been left behind*. Then the Mother exits, using the opposite exit as Jesus.

Blackout, allowing Demons and Guitar Player to clear the stage.

Narrator reads Matthew 24: 43-44.

Reuben's Story

How far would you walk for someone you loved?

Five miles?

Ten miles?

One hundred miles?

We encountered Reuben (not his real name) in August 2006. We were operating a clinic near Solwezi, Zambia. It was a busy day, which wasn't unusual. Obviously, I don't remember when he entered the compound. However, I will always remember his remarkable journey.

Reuben was desperate. He had already walked many miles through sun and sand, searching for the one bottle of antibiotic that the Doctors needed to cure his mother. His mother was laying deathly sick in a mission hospital a couple hundred miles away. Reuben had visited all the hospitals and pharmacies he knew of and each time was faced with a negative answer. There were simply no antibiotics available. With one last desperate attempt, Reuben came to us with his heart-wrenching story. At first we thought we did not have that particular antibiotic either. However, we searched and found one bottle of the medication. He could not express his gratefulness enough.

Soon, he had gone, anxious to return to his mother.

We had to return to our other patients. Then, after a few weeks our team left Zambia and returned to Canada. Our term had been completed, but memories remained.

This memory is of the miracle of one.

For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have everlasting life. John 3:16 (NIV)

All evil needs to flourish is for one good man (or woman) to do nothing.

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Kelvin talks about himself.

What could be better than a man talking about himself? A lot of things, but for now I'll settle with talking about myself in the third person. Ahem. Kelvin lives and writes on the plains of Manitoba, Canada. He is generally a creative and somewhat eccentric personality. This fact serves him well on stage, but tends to make life off-stage more interesting than necessary. My what a cryptic, yet intriguing thing to say, isn't it? You'd almost think that there was a story there. Oh well, moving right along. Kelvin has been published in a variety of magazines, including, Plumb, Inscribed, Horizon and many others. Connect with Kelvin Bueckert using the following free services.

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