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Short Drama for all Occasions
By Bruce Hennigan
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Revised February, 2012

Contemporary Short Dramas Volume 1
Contemporary Short Dramas Volume 2
Humorous Short Dramas Volume 1
Humorous Short Dramas Volume 2

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTEMPORARY DRAMA VOLUME 1

PEOPLE OF THE HARVEST 6

A SIMPLE QUESTION 8

FALLING STARS 11

SOMETIMES BAD THINGS HAPPEN 13

CHASING THE WIND 15

THE ELIMINATOR 18

HE GAVE AT THE OFFICE 21

BUSINESS IS BOOMING! 25

IT’S JUST LITERATURE! 29

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN 32

CONTEMPORARY DRAMA VOLUME 2

JUST A CARPENTER! 37

GOLIATH NEVER DIES 39

MAUI MADNESS! 42

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| THE COMMITTEE | 44 |
| THE JUMPER | 47 |
| A HANDFUL OF EAR | 50 |
| THE INNKEEPER | 52 |
| A TYPICAL SUNDAY MORNING | 57 |
| SAVING PRIVATE LAMB | 60 |

CONTEMPORARY HUMOROUS DRAMA VOLUME 1

| | |
|---|-----------|
| IN DARWIN WE TRUST | 63 |
| THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBULATIONS! | 66 |
| HAILING FREQUENCIES CLOSED | 70 |
| AREN'T WE BLESSED! | 73 |
| MORE THAN DONUTS | 76 |
| FAMILY NIGHT | 79 |
| THE WORM | 84 |
| THE FORGIVENESS MAN | 87 |
| THE TWILIFE ZONE: THE PERFECT FAMILY | 94 |

CONTEMPORARY HUMOROUS DRAMA VOLUME 2

I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO BE THERE! 103
COOLIN' IN THE FRIDGE 106
BE SURE YOUR TRASH WILL FIND YOU OUT! 110
HAPPY, HAPPY, JOY, JOY! 113
WORK SMARTER, NOT HARDER 115
THE WRONG FOUNDATION 118

PEOPLE OF THE HARVEST

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

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KEYWORDS: HARVEST, WITNESSING, COMMITMENT, APATHY

PEOPLE OF THE HARVEST was written to accompany a sermon on the concept of the fields being ripe for harvest and not having enough workers. It can be used to emphasize witnessing or to address complacency, comfort, and apathy. In the case of Brookwood Baptist Church, this play was written to introduce our new purpose statement, "Equipping God's People to Reap the Harvest".

CAST:

ZEB

DUB

TWO FARMERS IN OVERALLS

ZEB: Mornin' Dub.

DUB: Mornin' Zeb.

ZEB: Pretty day, ain't it?

DUB: Yep. Gonna be a hot one.

ZEB: Yep.

DUB: Sure is. How's the taters?

ZEB: Growing like weeds. 20 acres of them. How's the corn?

DUB: (Pulls out an ear from his pocket.) See for yourself.

ZEB: Well doggy! Sure is pretty. How many bushels you gonna get?

DUB: Bushels? I ain't gettin' no bushels.

ZEB: I thought you planted 20 acres of corn?

DUB: Sure did. Sweated and busted my backside for six weeks planting 20 acres.

ZEB: And didn't you fertilize them?

DUB: Sure did. Took a whole week just to spread the fertilizer.

ZEB: And didn't you have to weed them?

DUB: Yep. Every week for the past two months I been out there weeding the whole 20 acres.

ZEB: And all you got to show for all that work is this one ear of corn?

DUB: Well, that's all I wanted.

ZEB: But, Dub, I can see twenty acres of corn over there shining in the sun, ready for harvest.

DUB: Yeah, but all I want to fool with is this one ear of corn. Harvesting the rest is too much trouble.

ZEB: You gonna let the rest of it just rot in the field?

DUB: Don't care about the rest of it, Zeb. I just care about this one ear of corn.

ZEB: But, Dub, we're farmers.

DUB: Yep. I farmed. I planted and watered and fertilized and weeded. I done all

the hard work and now I'm getting my one ear of corn. I think I'll go home and rest in my nice, cool, comfortable living room and enjoy this one ear of corn.

ZEB: (As Dub walks off.) But, Dub, we're more than just farmers. We're people of the harvest.

A SIMPLE QUESTION

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

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KEYWORDS: CREATION, GOD'S LOVE, SATAN, ANGELS

A SIMPLE QUESTION was written to introduce a sermon on questions you might want to ask God. The question: Why do we exist and why do we question?

CAST:

GABRIEL

LORELEI

GOD

The angels, Gabriel and Lorelei come out onto stage. They are obviously disturbed, acting very nervous. God is working just in front of them over a bowl whose contents cannot be seen.

GABRIEL: Lorelei, why are you so nervous?

LORELEI: Well, Gabriel, I have a question I want to ask God. And, He's been rather busy lately with that new universe he made.

GABRIEL: Lorelei, He always has time for His angels. Come. Let's go ask him.

LORELEI: OK.

(They walk over to God who is making something in a large bowl.)

LORELEI: Uh, Master . . .

GOD: Yes, Lorelei.

LORELEI: Gabriel has something to ask you.

GABRIEL: What? You have something to ask Him!

LORELEI: Yes, I, uh (Notices God's hands covered with clay.) Just what are you doing?

GOD: That was not a difficult question.

LORELEI: No, that's not my question.

GOD: I see. I am making something.

LORELEI: What?

GOD: You know that universe I just created. Well, I have made a wondrous creature to live in it.

LORELEI: More angels! Like me!

GOD: (Holds up a stick figure made of clay.) No. Behold, man.

LORELEI: That's it? Looks kind of puny to me.

GOD: I made him in my image.

LORELEI: (Recovering from his mistake.) He looks lovely. Not exactly angelic, but lovely.

GOD: I made him a little lower than the angels.

LORELEI: Good.

GABRIEL: Can we talk to him? I mean, I wouldn't want him to get lonely.

GOD: He will have perfect fellowship with me. But, in time I will make him a companion like unto himself.

GABRIEL: Where will you put them in the new universe?

GOD: I was thinking of a cozy blue and green planet with a nice garden with lots of plants and docile animals.

LORELEI: Sounds very relaxing. Will he love you as much as we do?

GOD: Good question. I certainly hope so.

GABRIEL: So, you are going to give him a choice?

GOD: I gave you a choice.

LORELEI: Yeah, and look where Lucifer almost took us.

GOD: You chose wisely. You see, I would rather have a love freely offered than a love that is demanded and given grudgingly.

GABRIEL: Yes. But what if he chooses to disobey you?

GOD: I have already considered that. I will have to cast him out of the garden into a harsh world. He will lose his perfect fellowship with me and live a life of constant questioning, searching for answers within his own limited knowledge.

LORELEI: Sounds dreadful. Are you sure you want to do this?

GOD: Oh, yes. I love him too much to imprison him in a universe with no choices. He will just have to live with a life of questioning and will have to rely on faith.

GABRIEL: How will you restore his relationship with you?

GOD: A very good question. I have a plan, Gabriel. Have you ever heard of

a village called Bethelhem?

FALLING STARS

**A ONE ACT PLAY
BY**

**BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: EVANGELISM, MISSIONS

FALLING STARS was written to accompany a sermon on the question of what happens to those who have never heard of Christ.

CAST:

BROTHER
SISTER

The brother and sister in this drama should convey an exotic location. This can be accomplished with unusual dress or with a faintly foreign accent. But, do not try to portray them as any particular ethnic group.

BROTHER: My sister, do not the stars shine brightly tonight?

SISTER: Yes, my brother, they do. Look! Did you see a shooting star? Watch! See it falling behind the mountains?

BROTHER: Yes! What does it mean?

SISTER: Why must it have meaning, my brother? It is a star that has fallen from the sky. Perhaps it is finally ripe, like the pears in summer, and it falls to earth to be eaten up the ground.

BROTHER: Or, perhaps someone is mad at us.

SISTER: Someone? No one lives among the stars, my brother.

BROTHER: Our father tells us there is truth in the universe. And, yet, I can not find it. If the stars fall without reason, then we are truly alone in the universe.

SISTER: We have each other, my brother. And, our relatives and friends.

BROTHER: But, my sister, do you not wonder where the stars came from? And where the earth came from? Do you not wonder why we are here and for what purpose we live out our days on this earth?

SISTER: Yes, I wonder. And, I am sure someone, somewhere has the answer to those questions. I must admit, at times it is painfully obvious when I look upon the stars that there is a hand behind the handiwork. I must admit, at times, I sense a power and a presence behind the majesty of the world around us. But, I do not know who this may be.

BROTHER: If someone made all of this and all of us, what would he think if he became one of us? Think of it, my sister, a creator of the universe walking among us like brothers. Why, if such a thing were to happen, then the creator would know us. He could tell us our purpose. He could give our life meaning.

SISTER: Alas, my brother, there is no such being. I have never heard of such. Father and mother do not speak of such a one. He must not exist.

BROTHER: I wonder what happens when we die?

SISTER: My brother, perhaps we will become falling stars.

SOMETIMES BAD THINGS HAPPEN

**A ONE ACT PLAY
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KEYWORDS: SUFFERING,TRIBULATIONS,DEATH,SORROW

SOMETIMES BAD THINGS HAPPEN was written to accompany a sermon on the question, “Why do bad things happen to good people?” It has no answer and this drama should be used to introduce a devotion or discussion time or a sermon in which the answer can be discovered.

CAST:

**FATHER WITH A PLATE OF COOKIES
SON WITH A VIDEO GAME CONTROLLER**

FATHER: There you are, Samuel. I brought you some cookies.

SAMUEL: I’m not hungry.

FATHER: I see. What are you doing?

SAMUEL: Playing Goldeneye. I’m James Bond and those are the bad guys. Watch. (Explosion.) See, they get what they deserve.

FATHER: Seems kind of violent. Maybe you shouldn’t be playing it.

SAMUEL: Brad let me play it. He let me play it all the time. He told me it wasn’t real. Just pretend.

FATHER: Maybe I should have been a little more careful in letting you have all of Brad’s stuff. Some of his games may be too old for you. He was a

typical teenager.

SAMUEL: Yeah, and now he's dead. Like these guys. Only it's not pretend. He's really dead.

FATHER: I know you miss your big brother.

SAMUEL: Why couldn't the car wreck have been pretend like this game? Huh?

FATHER: Life is real, Samuel. It's not a game.

SAMUEL: Yeah, but in the game, the good guy always comes back to life and the bad guys always die. Brad was a good guy. He made good grades. And, he always ate all of his spinach. And he never smoked cigarettes or said bad words. And he was always good. Except when he caught me playing with his baseball cards.

FATHER: You always managed to get peanut butter on them.

SAMUEL: Well, now they're all mine. And I would rather trade them all in for Brad to come back. How come he had to die, Daddy?

FATHER: I don't know, son. Sometimes bad things just happen.

SAMUEL: Yeah, but why do bad things have to happen to good people?

CHASING THE WIND

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

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KEYWORDS:DEATH,RICHES,WORDLINESS

CHASING THE WIND was written to accompany a sermon on the futility of spending your life on transient treasures and ignoring the Kingdom of God.

CAST:

MR. SMITH, A BUSINESSMAN (OR ADAPT FOR BUSINESSWOMAN.)
TIMEKEEPER, A MAN OR WOMAN IN A WHITE SUIT WITH A SHOEBOX FILLED WITH DUST, WHICH CAN BE FLOUR OR ASHES.

MR SMITH: Taxi! Taxi! Oh, they never stop when you need one.

TIMEKEEPER: Excuse me, are you Mr. Smith?

MR SMITH: Uh, yes, I am. Are you a taxi driver?

TIMEKEEPER: (Checks watch.) No.

MR SMITH: Oh. (Timekeeper just stands there, tapping his foot as he watches his watch. He is carrying a shoe box under his arm.) So, where do I know you from?

TIMEKEEPER: We've never met.

MR SMITH: You must have read that newspaper article about me.

TIMEKEEPER: No.

MR SMITH: Then, how do you know me?

TIMEKEEPER: I've been watching your life.

MR SMITH: My life?

TIMEKEEPER: Yes, I am the Timekeeper. I keep an eye on the time you spend in your life. You know, a time to be born, a time to grow up, a time to . . .

MR SMITH: I get it. Speaking of time, I'm late for a meeting downtown, Mr. Clock.

TIMEKEEPER: Timekeeper.

MR SMITH: Right. (He looks around him and notices something strange.) Hey, everyone and everything seems to have stopped in its tracks.

TIMEKEEPER: Good. I can stop watching my timepiece. Shall we begin?

MR SMITH: Begin? What's going on here?

TIMEKEEPER: We're here to review your life. What do you have to show for it?

MR SMITH: What do I have to show for it? You've got to be kidding! I'm James Faulbert Smith. The Fifth. Did you get that? The fifth!

TIMEKEEPER: I know who you are.

MR SMITH: And you obviously are unaware of my accomplishments.

TIMEKEEPER: Why don't you tell me some of them. They seem to have slipped my mind.

MR SMITH: My mother and father were very wealthy. The Avoyelles' Smiths. You know, oil? I attended the best schools growing up. I won

every football trophy there was to win in high school. At my house, there is an entire wall of trophies. And the awards. Dozens of scholastic awards. Scholarships to every prestigious college in the country. Of course, I chose the best.

MR SMITH: Let's see. I graduated first in my class in high school. First in my class in college. First in my class in law school. Then, I was invited to join Berlington, Bing, and Boudreaux, one of the most prestigious law firms in the country. I was their youngest associate to become a full partner.

TIMEKEEPER: Very impressive. You spent your time wisely, you would conclude?

MR SMITH: Oh, yes. And, of course, my personal life has been very rewarding. Six children. A home in the best neighborhood in town. 6000 square feet and a five car garage.

TIMEKEEPER: Children? Wife?

MR SMITH: Wives. I am on my fourth, you know. I traded in my third for a younger woman. After all, I spend my time wisely, you know. (Laughs.) We have vacationed in every major country in the world and I own three cottages in Europe. So, I would say I have lived a very full and rewarding life up until now.

TIMEKEEPER: (Frowns.) That's it?

MR SMITH: What do you mean, that's it? The only thing I haven't done is become President. And, in my time, I've told one or two what to do. I even slept in the Lincoln bedroom.

TIMEKEEPER: (Takes the shoebox and looks in it. He shakes his head and closes it.)

MR SMITH: What's in there?

TIMEKEEPER: Your accomplishments.

MR SMITH: My accomplishments? Why, all that I have done couldn't possibly fit in that box.

TIMEKEEPER: I'm afraid it does. Mr. Smith, your time on Earth has run out. You do not have any more time to spend. Everything you have spent your time on is contained in this one box.

MR SMITH: (Looks at it suspiciously.) Oh, I get it. Treasury bills. (Timekeeper shakes his head.) Stocks? (No.) Deeds? (No.) Platinum? What is in there?

TIMEKEEPER: (Hands box to Mr. Smith. He opens it and reaches in and takes out a hand full of sand and lets it fall back into the box.) Dust.

MR SMITH: Dust?

TIMEKEEPER: I'm afraid that's all you have to take to your judgment.

MR SMITH: My judgment?

TIMEKEEPER: Yes, Mr. Smith. You see all those things you thought were so important are nothing but a chasing of the wind. You lived a life without the most important accomplishment.

MR SMITH: What's that?

TIMEKEEPER: Surrendering all to Jesus Christ. Frankly, I don't know how you humans live without Jesus. See you at the judgment seat. Oh, and be careful with that box. One gust of wind and your life will go up in a cloud of dust.

THE ELIMINATOR

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

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KEYWORDS: COMMITMENT, SACRIFICE, WORLDLINESS, ANGELS

THE ELIMINATOR was written for a Sunday School lesson concerning the price of complete commitment.

CAST:

CHRISTIE, A TEENAGER

ARNOLD SCHWARZENANGEL

CHRISTIE: (On phone.) Yeah, I couldn't believe it! Like, he actually wanted me to go with him to see that movie. I know why. He wanted me to be scared so I would hug up on him. (Pauses as Arnold Schwarzenangel comes in with a large case and sunglasses.) Uh, Melissa, this really huge guy just walked into my room and I need to let you go. No, it's not my boyfriend!

ARNOLD: Are you Christie?

CHRISTIE: It depends. Who are you?

ARNOLD: I am here to help you.

CHRISTIE: Help me do what? Remodel the pool room? You're big!

ARNOLD: No, I was sent here by God.

CHRISTIE: I've heard that one before!

ARNOLD: I am here to talk to you about your commitment.

CHRISTIE: I'm not the one that needs to be committed. You are. Hey, you've got wings!

ARNOLD: It is part of my disguise.

CHRISTIE: Disguise?

ARNOLD: We are supposed to make you feel comfortable by looking like what you expect us to look like.

CHRISTIE: Huh? Just what are you?

ARNOLD: An angel.

CHRISTIE: Right! Now if you were John Travolta, maybe I'd believe you.

ARNOLD: I am Arnold Schwarzenangel, the Eliminator.

CHRISTIE: Eliminator? Who are you eliminating?

ARNOLD: What, not who.

CHRISTIE: What are you eliminating?

ARNOLD: Your problem area.

CHRISTIE: Problem area. You mean you can take a few inches off my hips? Cool!

ARNOLD: If that is what is keeping you from God.

CHRISTIE: Huh?

ARNOLD: Let me ask you a question. When you walked down the aisle and made a profession of faith and accepted Jesus as your Lord and Savior, did you commit your life to Christ?

CHRISTIE: Well, sure.

ARNOLD: All of your life?

CHRISTIE: Well, uh, most of my life. I mean, there were some things I didn't want to give up. You know, just little bitsy things. Not much. Surely God can overlook them?

ARNOLD: No! He cannot. I am here to remove them, to eliminate those parts of your life that are standing between you and total commitment to Christ.

CHRISTIE: I get it! (Looks around.) So, you'll be taking some of my CD's, my magazines, (she begins to stack them in his arms.) my videos, my computer games, what else?

ARNOLD: (He drops them.) These do not count. It is what you have kept inside you that stands between you and total commitment. There is a part of your body and soul you have not given totally to Christ.

CHRISTIE: (Hugs herself and backs away.) You're going to take some of my body?

ARNOLD: Just a small part. And, then, you will be totally committed.

CHRISTIE: (Takes off her shoe.) OK, why don't you clip my toenails. That ought to be enough. (He shakes his head.) Fingernails, too. (Shakes his head.) Trim my hair? (Shakes his head.) Shave my legs, too. Won't that be enough? (Shakes his head.) What about my appendix? (No.) Well, then just where do you draw the line.

ARNOLD: (Takes a marker out of his pocket and draws it across her left ankle.)

There.

CHRISTIE: (Grimaces as she looks at her foot.) You're going to take it off there? I don't like this, but I guess I can live without my foot.

ARNOLD: No, not your foot. (He reaches into his pack and takes out a chain saw.) I'm taking from there up. Your foot is all you've given to God. (Starts up chain saw and she screams.)

CHRISTIE: Wait! I'll change. I promise. Surely you don't expect me to make that kind of sacrifice.

ARNOLD: (Turns off chain saw.) Jesus gave up everything. Even his life. How can you give any less?

CHRISTIE: So, how can I redo this thing?

ARNOLD: Recommit yourself, your whole self, your body, mind and spirit to God and maybe God will be pleased. (He puts the chain saw back in his pack.)

CHRISTIE: I will. I promise. I'll pray and read my Bible and go to church and find those areas of my life I haven't given up and then I'll make a total commitment to Christ. How will I know I've given it all?

ARNOLD: (Starts toward door.) If you haven't, then, (pauses) I'll be back! Hasta la vista, baby.

HE GAVE AT THE OFFICE

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS:TITHING,GIVING,SACRIFICE

HE GAVE AT THE OFFICE was written to accompany a sermon on tithing and giving.

CAST:

HUSBAND
WIFE
HOMELESS MAN (JESUS)

HUSBAND: (Driving) Are you sure?

WIFE: Yes, (holding up checkbook.) the bills are all paid and we still have money left.

HUSBAND: (Excited.)Yes! I am so tired of paying bills! It's time we spent a little bit on ourselves.

WIFE: Park over there by El Chico's. I feel like a big enchilada. (She pauses, looking out the driver side window).Uh, Jim, who is that strange man walking over this way?

HUSBAND: Oh, no! It's one of those weirdos selling roses. (Gets out of car.) Let me handle this.

(Man walks up. He is wearing an overcoat but apparently has on nothing beneath.)

HUSBAND: Look, I know you are probably some Hairy Krishna Jehovah's Marmoset or something like that, but (Emphasize this line.) I gave at the office.

JESUS: (Remains silent, shaking his head sadly.)

HUSBAND: If you're not a religious fanatic. What are you? Homeless or something? Well, I know what you would do with money someone gives you. Get your next bottle of booze or your next hit of drugs.

JESUS: Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but I have no place to lay my head.

WIFE: Jim, maybe you shouldn't get him all riled up. He may get violent.

JESUS: Peace I give you. A peace that passes all understanding.

HUSBAND: You want a piece, all right. A piece of our paychecks. Look, my wife and I came here because we had some money left over.

WIFE: We have so many bills. House note. Car note. Doctor bills. When we have something left over at the end of the month, we want to treat ourselves.

HUSBAND: That's right. So, we are going into that mall and spend some money on ourselves. Not on you.

JESUS: To whom much is given, much is required.

HUSBAND: What? Is that some kind of Chinese philosophy or something?

WIFE: Uh, Jim, that's from the Bible.

JESUS: You have read the scriptures?

HUSBAND: Sure. We go to church. We're good Christians. We read the Bible.

WIFE: Sometimes.

HUSBAND: (To his wife.) We read it enough. It's all gobbledegoop anyway. But, our pastor explains it all to us at church.

WIFE: When we go.

HUSBAND: (to his wife.) Hey, who's side are you on?

JESUS: Then you understand the principle of sacrificial giving?

HUSBAND: Yeah, so does Uncle Sam. Give >til you hurt. (He laughs.)

JESUS: I do not require anything for myself. I am here because I am concerned about others.

HUSBAND: Sure. Your old lady?

JESUS: My children.

HUSBAND: Oh come on! Don't try that sob story on me.

WIFE: Jim, don't provoke him.

HUSBAND: Look, just go away. I don't want to think about you. Or your children. Or your problems. Nothing is going to ruin this perfect day for my wife and I. She has some new curtains to buy. And, Sears has the fishing rod I've had my eye on for six months for 25% off.

JESUS: If you know the scriptures, then you should know me.

HUSBAND: When have I ever met you?

JESUS: AThen the righteous will answer him, >Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink?When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or naked and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?' AThe King will reply, >I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me.'

HUSBAND: What?

JESUS: I am asking for you to give something back to my children, to those who would do the work of the Father.

WIFE: You mean the church.

JESUS: Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. Be on your guard against all kinds of greed; a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions. The Father has given you a home, a means of transportation, a family, . . .

WIFE: The trip to Disney World.

HUSBAND: Hey! (To wife.) Look, we gave some money to the Lottery Moon Christmas Something or Other Offering last Christmas.

WIFE: Lottie Moon.

HUSBAND: Whatever!

JESUS: I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat; or about your body, what you will wear. Life is more than food, and the body more than clothes. I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If anyone eats of this bread, he will live forever. This bread is my flesh, which I gave for the life of the world (Comes forward and touches Jim on the shoulder.) Jim, mankind is my office. And, I gave at the office, too. I gave everything for you. All I ask in return is a little of your worldly possessions and your time to give to my children, to spread the gospel. Remember. Give, and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, will be poured into your lap. For with the measure you give, it will be measured unto you.

BUSINESS IS BOOMING!

**A ONE ACT PLAY
BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: DEMONS, REVIVAL, EVANGELISM, CHURCH GROWTH,
APATHY

BUSINESS IS BOOMING was written to accompany a sermon on complacency and comfort.

CAST:

ABBADON, A BUSINESS WOMAN
KRALOS, A BUSINESS MAN

Both enter with coffee cups in hand. Kralos is carrying a large pad under his arm and he props it on an easel.

ABBADON: Good morning, Kralos.

KRALOS: (Nervously.) Oh, good morning, Abby.

ABBADON: Are you prepared for your presentation?

KRALOS: Yes, of course I am.

ABBADON: I hope you have good news.

KRALOS: The best. Business couldn't be better, Abby. Look. (Shows a chart with an upward sloping growth curve.) Our numbers are climbing astronomically. We are in a continued upward growth pattern, as you can see by my chart. A year

ago, we were here. And last month, we were here.

ABBADON: Why, this is excellent! I must send my commendations to the field operatives in your division.

KRALOS: We've achieved a 26% growth curve. Better than Wall Street! Bullish, you might say!

ABBADON: Kralos, I am very impressed. I didn't know you had it in you. To what do we owe this extraordinary growth?

KRALOS: Several factors. Changing social morality. Weekend spending. Growth in cable access. Not to mention, liquidity and easy access of funds for leisure. Of course, the behavior of our current governmental officials is very helpful.

ABBADON: And this growth is uniform across your entire quarter?

KRALOS: Yes. Why pick any district and I will show you the growth curve.

ABBADON: How about (Insert community name). I hear there is tremendous growth in their economy.

KRALOS: (Community name.) Uh . . . (Hesitates.)

ABBADON: Is there a problem?

KRALOS: Uh, no! Of course not. The performance in the past year has been phenomenal. (Shows the next sheet with an upward sloping growth curve even more impressive than the first.) I attribute the growth in our industry to the presence of five casinos on the Red River (Or insert any local problem area you would like to address).

ABBADON: Ah, gambling! How I love gambling! Video poker?

KRALOS: Yes! In every restaurant and gas stop. After all, location is everything!

ABBADON: Kralos, you have done so well. (Community name) is a model of our continued success. I would like to see your projections of growth for the next year.

KRALOS: (Hesitantly.) Ah, projections? Yes. Projections. Here they are. (Shows the next page and the upward curve suddenly ends in a downward drop.)

ABBADON: What? What is this downward dip?

KRALOS: Just a minor adjustment in the market. I'm sure we will recover quickly. We always do.

ABBADON: And what accounts for this?

KRALOS: An entity called (Church name).

ABBADON: Church?

KRALOS: Yes. They are promoting fishing.

ABBADON: Just a moment. (Church name)? I remember that name.

KRALOS: Yes.

ABBADON: What is a church doing promoting fishing?

KRALOS: And, on Sunday!

ABBADON: It can't be! Unless it is reverse psychology. They get them in under the pretense of fishing and then lock the doors. Then, they can't gamble. Why, it's brilliant!

KRALOS: No, you're on the wrong track.

ABBADON: Let me think. They're not fishing for fish. They're fishing for men!

KRALOS: Oh, no! Fishers of men? Isn't that in the . . . B word?

ABBADON: Yes, (together) the Bible. (They cringe.)

KRALOS: Fishers of men? This is worse than I thought. I'll have to adjust my projections downward. This could be very dangerous, Abbadon. We're possibly looking at the R word.

TOGETHER: Revival!

ABBADON: Kralos, when is this downward curve to occur?

KRALOS: (Enter a date for a significant future date).

ABBADON: Ah, the ides of March. Then we must act quickly. Call in all the consultants. Get the field operatives in here immediately.

KRALOS: What do you have in mind?

ABBADON: The usual, to start with. Sickness. A bout of the flu in the community should slow them down. Then, we could arrange a disaster or two. Perhaps a good thunderstorm on Tuesday evenings. That should put a damper on their outreach efforts. What else? Something to preoccupy their time.

KRALOS: The Olympics?

ABBADON: Or better, the Titanic. Everyone is going to see it.. That should keep them out of church until after (Date). What else?

KRALOS: I've got it! Our best tool and we almost forgot it.

ABBADON: What?

KRALOS: The AA@ word.

ABBADON: Kralos, you're brilliant! Nothing can succeed against that power. (Church name) has a history of succumbing to it in the past.

KRALOS: Of course, they've gotten a new purpose to their existence. Something about Areaping the harvest@.

ABBADON: What does that have to do with fishing?

KRALOS: I don't know. It's a bit confusing to me. But the AA@ word is our ace in the hole. There is no way in . . . The H word . . . They can succeed against that.

ABBADON: Yes, our greatest asset, our greatest ally will keep them from reaching a high attendance on (date). Kralos, (She picks up her coffee cup) I propose a toast. A toast to the AA@ word. A toast to our greatest ally, apathy.

IT'S JUST LITERATURE!
A ONE ACT PLAY
BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS:

BIBLE, SHAME, GOSPEL, TRUTH, WITNESSING, EVANGELISM

IT'S JUST LITERATURE! Was written to accompany a sermon on witnessing and not being ashamed of the gospel.

CAST:

MARY
FLORA

Woman comes onto stage carrying a book. She looks around nervously, sits in a chair and opens the book.

MARY: Now that I'm on break I can read some of my Bible.

Flora comes onto stage. She spies Mary.

FLORA: Mary! Mary, Mary, Mary! I haven't seen you in months. (Sits down beside her.) You did the right thing when you left the firm and joined our rivals down the hall. They are slave drivers. This is the first break I've had this week.

Mary hides her book under her leg and tries to look nonchalant.

MARY: Flora, it is good to see you. I know what you mean. They worked me to the bone. I just can't wait to have this little break every day.

FLORA: What do you have over there? A book? Trying to sneak in a little reading on the job?

MARY: Uh, yeah. Whenever I get a break I read a liitle bit of my Bi . . .
Uh, book.

FLORA: So, what is it? A romance?

MARY: (Nervously.) Uh, yeah. There is romance in it. You know a man and a woman in this beautiful garden and . . .

FLORA: I get the picture. So, can I read it?

MARY: Uh, I'm not finished with it yet.

FLORA: How long have you been reading it?

MARY: Fifteen years, uh, I mean, days.

FLORA: You must be a slow reader.

MARY: No, it's a long book.

FLORA: Oh, one of those epics that spans generations. I bet it has a murder mystery in it, too.

MARY: Yes, there are a few murders.

FLORA: Spies?

MARY: Huh?

FLORA: Oh, you know, the loyal member of the firm who gets paid to betray the leader. How much did they pay him?

MARY: Uh, thirty . . .Um, uh, You know.

FLORA: Thirty thousand to sell out your boss? Not very believable. Well, I

hope it has a happy ending. You know I hate books without a happy ending.

MARY: Oh, it does.

FLORA: Good triumphs over evil. Love wins the day.

MARY: Yes, I'm sure it ends that way.

FLORA: How do you know if you haven't finished it yet? Let me see it.

(They struggle over the book and Flora gasps as she sees it.)

FLORA: The Bible? You're reading the Bible? Don't tell me, Mary, you've become one of those Bible toting, Holy Rolling, Born Again Christians?

MARY: Uh, well, . . .

FLORA: I can't believe you actually believe in this . . . Garbage! Mary, tell me it isn't so!

MARY: It is good literature.

FLORA: What?

MARY: I'm, uh, taking a night course in English and, uh, we're reading parts of the Bible as literature.

FLORA: Thank goodness. For a minute there you had me worried. I'm glad you are still the same old reprobate Mary I used to know who could party me under the table. Oh, my, look at the time. I've got to go back to the old grind. Have fun (sarcastically) reading your literature. (She stands up and starts to walk away, pausing to look back.) I sure am glad you don't believe all that gospel stuff. Next thing you know, you'd be telling me I'm going to hell. (Laughs as she walks off.)

MARY: (Picks up the Bible from the empty chair. She holds it to her chest

and looks up at the sky as if looking at God.) I'm so sorry. I can't believe I did what I just did. I'm ashamed of the gospel.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: LOST,ALONE,ABANDONED,GRACE

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN was written to accompany a sermon on God's persistence in seeking out his wayward children.

CAST:

ANNIE
BEN
GUIDE

(Narration is optional.)

Narrator: In May, 1996 six people lost their lives on a routine commercial expedition to the top of Mt. Everest. The allure of standing on the top of the world, of finding something more exciting than their day to day existence pulled them away from their families to an icy death. Many people have tried to understand just what went wrong. In the months that followed analysis yielded a disturbing conclusion: two of the best mountain guides in the business made poor decisions and left their clients to die in a raging blizzard.

ANNIE: It's starting to snow again.

BEN: I know.

ANNIE: I'm cold.

BEN: Me, too.

ANNIE: I can't believe I trusted him.

BEN: They said he was the best.

ANNIE: Yeah, the best at going off and leaving us here on the side of a mountain, 20,000 feet above sea level in a raging snowstorm.

BEN: What should we do?

ANNIE: If we go right, we fall down the glacier. 4000 feet straight down to the icefall. If we go left, we fall down the mountainside into Tibet. I left my passport in the tent at base camp.

BEN: They all said what a wonderful experience this would be.

ANNIE: Try it. You haven't lived until you've climbed that mountain.

BEN: The grass is always greener on the other side.

ANNIE: I think we lost a couple of people. (Optional: I saw two of our group over there in the snow. They weren't moving.)

BEN: I know. I really liked them. But, I'm so tired. If we try to go find them out in the snow and drag them down the mountain, we might die.

ANNIE: Why didn't we stay at home with our spouses? Why did we have to go out looking for the ultimate excitement?

BEN: We were deceived. The pathway up the is mountain looked so easy from down there. For the right price, he said, anyone could climb it. And the prize of climbing this mountain, of going up that trail was so enticing. So exciting. I was willing to give up anything to taste that excitement.

ANNIE: My family doesn't look so dull anymore. We should have chosen a

different pathway. Now, we're lost in the snow, blind, tired, discouraged, our loved ones worried sick about us. What can we do?

BEN: Someone will find us. Someone other than our first guide. He lied to us. He deceived us. He left us here to die. I should have never trusted him. But, he was so convincing, so enticing, so alluring.

ANNIE: We should have trusted the best guide. The one that goes out after those He has lost no matter what the cost. A guide who would be willing to do whatever it takes to find us and restore us to the right path. A guide who doesn't give up until the last lost one is found.

BEN: Look, I see someone in the snow. It looks like another guide! Could it be?

GUIDE: There you are! The Master Guide sent me out in the blizzard to find you. Are you ready to come home?

**MasterPeace Media
Presents**

Contemporary Drama Volume 2

By

Bruce Hennigan

JUST A CARPENTER!

**A ONE ACT PLAY
BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN**

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KEYWORDS: DISCIPLESHP, LEADERSHIP, MIRACLES, EVANGELISM

CAST:

**SIMON PETER
ANDREW
JESUS (VOICEOVER)**

SIMON: I can't believe you did this to us!

ANDREW: We weren't catching any fish!

SIMON: If you had just given me another chance. You know that special spot I told you about right over there. The fish are over there, I tell you. But, no! You have to turn our fishing boat into a floating pulpit!

ANDREW: Be quiet! He'll hear you.

SIMON: He's all the way at the other end of the boat. Let James and John listen to him from their boat. Along with all those gullible souls on the shore. It's a shame there aren't as many fish in the Sea of Gallilee as there are men in Judae claiming to be the Messiah.

ANDREW: Have you listened to what he has to say?

SIMON: (Sarcastically.) No! I've been too busy counting all the fish we didn't catch this morning! Another day like this and we can go to debtor's prison.

JESUS: (Voiceover) Simon Peter, launch out into the deep water and let down your nets for a catch.

SIMON: Do what? But, the deep water is where we've been all day. Over there is where the fish are.

ANDREW: Do as he says, brother.

SIMON: Are you on his side now, Andrew? He's a carpenter! What does he know about fish? Go out into the deep water, he says! Well I'll show him who knows about fishing. (Motions as if steering the boat.) There, deep water. A lot of good it'll do us.

ANDREW: I'll put the nets in.

SIMON: Doesn't he know (toward Jesus) we've toiled all night and caught nothing! But, at your word, I will let the nets down, carpenter!

ANDREW: Simon Peter!

SIMON: We'll see who is the fisherman here!

ANDREW: Simon! The nets! They're so full, they're breaking! Help me.

SIMON: What! This can't be! Get John and James to pull their boat over here.

ANDREW: The boat is getting full.

SIMON: Of fish?

ANDREW: And water! Simon there are so many fish, we're in danger of sinking!

SIMON: How can this be? How can a carpenter know so much about fishing? How can this man make this happen? Unless, (pausing) he is more

than just a man.

ANDREW: If this man is the Messiah, Simon Peter, then he could make us the greatest of fishermen!

SIMON: (Falling to his knees.) Forgive me, Master! I did not know you had such power! Such ability. You are the greatest fisherman. I am not worthy of being in your presence. Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord, full of doubt and anger.

JESUS: Do not be afraid, Simon Peter. From now on you will be fishers of men.

**ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE:
GOLIATH NEVER DIES**

A TALE OF 005

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN**

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KEYWORDS: STRENGTH,DAVID,GOLIATH,GOD'S POWER

Cast:

A technician
David Bond, 005
Q

005: (Walks up to a technician in white coat.) The name is David, David Bond, 005. Have you seen Q? (The technician points to Q)

Q: Ah, there you are 005. If you will come this way, I will show you our latest developments. You'll need them if you are to face that nasty giant.

005: Thank you, Q, but I won't be needing . . .

Q: Tut, tut, 005. You always need help in the field. Now, here we have the latest in armor. A dual layered metal compounding of bronze and steel. Impervious. (Hits 005 on the head with a piece of armor with a resounding gong sound.) I guarantee it will resist any arrows shot by those smelly Philistines.

005: But, Q, I'm not going out to face the whole army. Just one giant.

Q: One can't be too safe, 005. (He puts the armor over 005's head.) Now, over here we have the latest in shinware.

005: Shinware?

Q: Oh, yes, those barbarians love to wollop you on the shins. Makes you dance around with pain like this. (He kicks 005 on the shin and 005 begins to hop around.) Imagine trying to fend off a swordsman while you are hopping around like a kangaroo. Oh, my, we haven't discovered kangaroos, yet, have we. Well, hopping about like a crazed jack rabbit. (He puts the shin covers on 005 who hobbles behind him.)

005: Q, is all this really necessary?

Q: Have you looked at yourself, lately, 005? Rather puny if you are going out to face a huge, sword wielding giant. You need all the help you can get. Now, here is my masterpiece. A helmet with built in microphone, headset, infrared vision, laser guided gunsights, and this little device I'm particularly proud of.

005: What's that?

Q: A chin strap. Marvelous invention, don't you think? Imagine your displeasure when the helmets falls off and the giant cleaves your brain into two pieces with an ax.

005: I'll try not to imagine. (Q puts the helmet on.) How do I activate these devices?

Q: You can't. Batteries haven't been invented, yet. This is your sword, 005. Stainless steel with an edge honed by the best sharpener in the Judean army. If you open the hilt by twisting this knob you'll find a reservoir of liquid.

005: Poison?

Q: (Q drinks the hilt.) Chocolate milk. You might need the energy. Now here

is a picture of your newest vehicle. A two wheeled chariot. Notice the spikes protruding from the wheels. Deadly in any chariot race.

005: I'm not going to be in a chariot race, Q.

Q: One can never be too prepared, 005. This button releases the oil slick, this button releases the thumbtacks, this releases a cloud of gas. But, only if you've eaten garlic for lunch. (Laughs.) It's waiting just outside. Just bring them back all in one piece, 005.

005: (Stumbles around the stage trying to carry his equipment.) Q, I appreciate all of these new developments but I really only need one thing.

Q: We haven't invented cruise missiles, yet, 005.

005: (Drops his equipment onto stage.) I have the most powerful force on my side, Q, the Lord God Jehovah. And with Him on my side all I need are these. (He shows Q five stones.)

Q: Stones? How primitive.

005: Five smooth stones and my slingshot. With these and the help of the Lord God Jehovah, I will bring Goliath to his doom and glory to the Lord.

Q: So, there's nothing I need to do for you?

005: (Pauses, looking at the picture.) How about the keys to the chariot. I have a date tonight. (Takes the keys and exits.)

Q: Oh, grow up, 005.

MAUI MADNESS!
A ONE ACT PLAY
BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS:GOD’S WILL,CONFUSION,FUTURE

CAST:

MELISSA, A COLLEGE STUDENT

DR. SIMONS, A COLLEGE PROFESSOR AND CHURCH DEACON

MELISSA: Mr. Simons, do you have a minute.

DR. SIMONS: Sure, Melissa. My class doesn’t start for ten minutes.

MELISSA: Good. I know that you are not only a wonderful college professor . . .

DR. SIMONS: Melissa, your grades are just fine.

MELISSA: No, no! I’m not trying to get you to go easy on me. I love your philosophy class. It’s just that, well, you’re a deacon in our church and I don’t want to bother Brother Mark with such a silly question, but . . .

DR. SIMONS: No question is ever silly, Melissa. What is it?

MELISSA: I have this chance to go to Maui on spring break. And, I’ve always dreamed of going to Hawaii. But, I just don’t know if God wants me to go.

DR. SIMONS: Ah, the dilemma of God's Will. Yes, we all grapple with that one. What would keep you from going?

MELISSA: Money. You see, if I take some money out of my trust fund, I can go and attend a class on volcano sand sculpting for a week. But, then I won't have enough money to attend the fall semester next year.

DR. SIMONS: And learning sand sculpting is worth missing a semester of college?

MELISSA: No, but meeting some sun tanned island surfer is! See what I mean. It sounds so silly, but I've always dreamed of going. And, this is an opportunity too good to pass up.

DR. SIMONS: Perhaps you should approach this Biblically. Prayer, Bible study, listen to the Holy Spirit.

MELISSA: You mean like, God will send me a sign? Yeah, I never thought of that! Oh, thank you, Dr. Simons.

(She walks off and then walks back.)

DR. SIMONS: Melissa! How good to see you. I've missed you the past few days.

MELISSA: Oh, Dr. Simons, I'm so excited. I finally made up my mind about that trip to Hawaii.

DR. SIMONS: You did?

MELISSA: Yes, God sent me a sign. One night, I tuned in to the Discovery channel by accident and they were showing how much of Hawaii was being destroyed by volcanoes and how bad the economy is. And, then, I received a piece of junk mail by accident that ask for me to donate to the pineapple preservation fund because there is a rare fungus eating all the pineapple crop in Hawaii and this will be the worst agricultural year in history. And, then, on the news the flight attendants for Aloha Airlines went on strike, paralyzing the tourist industry. Oh, isn't it

wonderful how clearly God speaks when you ask for His will?

DR. SIMONS: Yes, I'm overwhelmed. So, I guess you'll be saving your money for the fall semester after all.

MELISSA: What? Are you kidding! Hawaii needs all the help it can get right now. God told me go there and spend all my money. Isn't it wonderful?

THE COMMITTEE

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: UPPER ROOM, RESURRECTION, DISCIPLES, BELIEF

CAST:

PETER

JOHN

MATTHEW

THOMAS

THE REST OF THE DISCIPLES, ALL IN BUSINESS CLOTHES

MARY MAGDALENE IN BIBLICAL COSTUME

The scene opens with Peter standing in front of the rest of the men as he brings the meeting to order.

PETER: Well, now that we are all here, I will call this committee meeting to order. As you know we have some crucial decisions to make regarding the future of our church.

MATTHEW: Who put you in charge?

PETER: Excuse me?

MATTHEW: I didn't vote for you for chairman.

JOHN: Why shouldn't he be in charge? He was hand picked to be in charge by our former leader.

THOMAS: (To Peter.) Speaking of our leader, where were you when they carried him away to the jail cell?

MATTHEW: Hiding and cowering from the police just like the rest of us. I told you we should have been more careful with our finances. If we had handled our money better then our treasurer wouldn't have gotten us into this mess.

PETER: All right! Enough of this bickering. Yes, I made some mistakes. The question is where do we go from here? We obviously need a new leader or this church will wither away and die.

MATTHEW: I say we take the meager money we have left in the budget and fix this building up. Stay right here in this place.

THOMAS: Yeah. We can carry on just like we had planned. You know, a little prayer, a few songs, study the scriptures. Out there is too dangerous. The media will be hounding us every step if we try and recruit new members. We could stay right here in this upper room and be real comfortable. The outside world is far too dangerous a place for a thriving, growing church.

(There is a knock at the door. Peter goes over and lets in a woman dressed in Biblical costume.)

MARY: Peter, John I can't believe it! He is alive!

PETER: What? Who is alive?

MARY: The Master. I was going to the tomb to change his graveclothes and it was empty. And then, I turned and He stood there in front of me. And, He

spoke to me.

THOMAS: Oh, come on woman. You expect us to believe you saw Jesus Christ alive from the tomb? You're delusional.

MATTHEW: Yeah, overcome with grief. Now run along and do some washing or some other womanly stuff. We have a church to maintain.

MARY: You don't believe me? John, surely you believe me. You were there. You saw Him suffer and die. Don't you remember what He told us. How he would tear down the temple and then rebuild it in three days. He was talking about his body.

PETER: Mary, calm down. We've just decided to stay up here in the upper room and carry on the Master's teachings. All eleven of us will have a nice, comfortable life ahead of us.

MARY: Comfortable? No wonder He appeared to me. Look at you. When He needed you most you went running away to hide away in some dark room. Afraid of the world. Afraid of the future.

Well, I tell you he is alive! He sent me to tell you he was alive. If you choose not to believe me, then so be it. You're not good enough for the Master. Someone will rise to the occasion. Someone will fulfill his purpose. He gave you a purpose, don't you remember.

Peter, he said on your statement of faith he would build his church. John, he told you that the whole world could have eternal life if it believed in him. And yet, you are going to sit here in this upper room, this tomb you've built for yourselves and be comfortable.

Well, I'm not going to stay here. Jesus has given us a purpose. The world is like a field ripe unto the harvest and He wants us to go out there and teach them. If you want to stay here, then you can keep Jesus in the tomb where you want him to be. Safe, secure, and comfortable. As for me, I am going to follow the resurrected savior. I am going forth and fulfill his purpose. Good day!

JOHN: I don't know about the rest of you. But, I will follow the

Master. (They look at each other and follow John as he hurries out.)

THE JUMPER

A ONE ACT PLAY

**BY
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**KEYWORDS: ARROGANCE, DEFIANCE, SACRIFICE, MOB
MENTALITY**

CAST:

MAN

WOMAN

AVERAGE GUY WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT

DINSTINGUISHED LADY

**THE SCENE OPENS WITH MAN AND WOMAN WALKING DOWN
STREET AND THEY STOP AND LOOK UP, OUT TOWARD
AUDIENCE AS IF SEEING SOMEONE ON A LEDGE.**

MAN: And the stock survey shows that the market . . . (Notices woman looking up and pointing.) What is it?

WOMAN: Up there! A man just climbed out of a window out onto a ledge. See him?

MAN: Yeah. Well, with that three piece Armani suit, he can't be the window washer.

GUY: (Walks up.) Perhaps he was a pidgeon in a former life.

MAN: I know him. That's Joshua Coe. He is one of the brightest new executives in town. Leader of all the clubs and societies. Why on earth would he be on a ledge about to jump?

LADY: (Walking up.) Perhaps he feels he has nothing to live for, anymore. Depression, you know. Happens all the time.

GUY: Maybe he's tired of hearing that song from the movie, Titanic.

WOMAN: We've got to do something. We can't just stand here and let him die. Hey, you up there. Don't jump!

LADY: You have so much to live for, young man. Don't jump!

GUY: I hear "Grease" is back in the theaters.

(They all look at him.)

MAN: Joshua, don't do it. We believe in you. You're young and energetic and you've got such a promising future. Don't do it.

(They all begin to shout ADon't jump!@ until the man quiets them down.)

MAN: It's no good. He won't listen to us.

GUY: Maybe he's got delusions of God hood, you know. Why should he listen to the likes of us. We're just ants down here to him.

MAN: Yeah, who does he think he is? Standing up looking down in judgment on us. We're just as good as he is.

WOMAN: Wait a minute. Joshua is the one in trouble. Not us.

LADY: They have a point, ma'am. We're down here trying our best to tell him what he ought to do, how he ought to live and he's ignoring us.

GUY: His agenda just isn't the same as mine. If he would just listen to us, we could tell him what kind of leader to be. But, no, he's got to go off and throw his life away.

MAN: Arrogant, no good loser, that's what he is.

WOMAN: What are you saying?

MAN: That maybe he should go ahead and jump.

WOMAN: What? You don't mean it?

MAN: Sure. Hey, Joshua, go ahead and jump. If you won't listen to us then why should we care. You won't give us what we want, so jump.

GUY: Yeah, fly like a bird, bird brain.

LADY: You no good for nothing weasel. You let us all down, you know. So jump.

(They all begin to shout AJump! Go ahead and jump! The woman tries to stop them and then she seems to change as she listens to her companions. Suddenly she closes her eyes and begins to shout ACrucify Him@. The others, without a beat join in shouting ACrucify him@ until the man suddenly throws back his hands and they Awatch@ the body fall to the ground.)

GUY:(Wiping blood from his face, goes over to him.) Bloody shame, isn't it? Well, these look nice. Italian leather. (He takes off imaginary shoes from the body.) He won't be needing these anymore. I think they'll fit.

LADY: What a shame. What a waste of a good life. He should have listened to us. Well, I have a bridge game to go to. (She exits.)

WOMAN: Why did he do it? I'm so confused.

MAN: Because he couldn't handle the leadership role, honey. If he had done things our way, this wouldn't have happened. But, he's dead now. A flash in the

pan. No one will miss him. After all, he's just a loser. Let's go to lunch.

(They exit.)

**A HANDFUL OF EAR
A MONOLOGUE**

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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(Peter walks out onto stage and looks down at his hand as if inspecting an object.)

There I stood with a man's ear in my hand. If my aim had been better, I would have been holding more than his ear. I would have held his head. But, I was excited and surprised. And, yes, a little sleepy.

All I knew was that someone had come to harm my Master and I had to defend him. I would draw my sword and fight the devil himself! They would have to come over my dead body to get to Jesus.

Jesus looked at me with the strangest look. "Peter," he said. "Put your sword away. They that live by the sword, die by the sword." And then Jesus reached down and he took the ear out of my hand. He placed it on the man's head and instantly the man was healed.

How did I feel in that instant? Betrayed. Yes, I felt my Master, the Lord of my life had rejected the offer of my undying protection. He threw it back in my face! A cold chill ran over me and without knowing why, I ran. I ran hard and fast and I didn't stop until I reached the courtyard. You know the rest of the story. I don't have to tell you what happened there around the fire in that courtyard. Why did I deny Jesus? Good question. Maybe it was because I was angry. After all, Jesus had handed my love and devotion back to me in the garden. Maybe it was because I felt rejected. After all, if Jesus could heal a severed ear, why couldn't he escape from a few soldiers?

Truth is, as my eyes met His there in the courtyard, I decided that my God had abandoned me. My God had turned his back on my expectations. My God had rejected the path I had chosen for us to walk together. And, in that instant of gut level awareness, I knew that my God had deserted me. If you've become separated from God, who moved? I'll tell you who. Jesus did. He deserted me. So, it was only fitting that I deny Him. Of course, I never planned that course of action. It just happened. Like so many things in life, it just happened.

Jesus once told us to go tell His good news, His gospel to all the world. I never grasped what that Gospel was all about until the day He arose. I had my doubts until I saw the empty tomb and the wadded up grave cloth. But, I knew that He was alive when I heard what he had told Mary. He told her to go tell the disciples AND PETER that I am alive. Did you hear those two words? Go tell the disciples and Peter. Especially tell Peter, he was saying. A message to me that He was

alive. He had not abandoned me after all. I was the one who had moved. I was the one who had lost the feeling of love that Jesus had planted in my heart.

Guilt can be a terrible sword that pierces your heart much like my sword pierced the man's skin. Guilt, like the severed ear, lies in our hands a grisly reminder of the evil deeds that darken our lives. But this Gospel that Jesus told us to share is a Gospel of the second chance. Just as Jesus healed the man's ear and reversed my selfish deed, he healed the guilt in my life.

You see, beside another campfire just like the one in the courtyard, Jesus redeemed my love. He asked me, "Peter, do you love me?" Three times He asked. Once for each denial. And, three times I answered, "Lord, you know that I love you." "Then, feed my sheep." He answered, three times. In that simple act of forgiveness I found that loving feeling again. I found the anchor in my life, the neverending love my Master has for me. And nothing, no power on earth, no power in hell, no person or demon can ever separate me from God's love. Only the self deception of guilt and shame can cloud our vision and make us lose sight of God in the cloud of self pity. But, my friends, listen to me. When we are lost, we are not alone. No matter how far we think God has wandered from us, He is still right there beside us. All we have to do is open our eyes and see the hand that is outstretched to lead us out of the cloud of confusion. And if we look closely, we will see it is a nail pierced hand.

THE INNKEEPER

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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**A MONOLOGUE
EST. TIME 15 MINUTES**

(A man dressed in biblical robes walks out on the stage with a broom, sweeping the stage. He appears to be very tired. He pauses center stage to lean against the broom.)

I was so tired that night. Do you know why? I'll tell you why. I was tired because God answered my prayer. I should have listened to my wife. She told me "be careful what you pray for." You see, our Inn was not doing very well that year. It was a small Inn tucked at the end of a street, close to the foothills, in the small town of Bethlehem. We didn't have that many rooms. We were a humble establishment. But there were enough visitors that we managed to make ends meet. Until that year. Months passed with only an occasional guest. Our bank account dwindled. And, so did my faith.

One evening, I walked out into the dusty streets of Bethlehem and I looked up at the darkening sky. I shook my fist at God and I said "Lord, if you're really there, then send me some customers. If you're really there, you need to meet my need. I'm hungry and I'm thirsty." Little did I realize that my true need was a restoration of my fading faith.

Not a single day had passed before we heard that Caesar Augustus had sent out the decree that all of Judea would be taxed. The families had to return to their home town to register in a census. At first, I was furious that we had to pay another tax. But then, I realized what that meant. Family after family would be flocking into Bethlehem and they would all need places to stay. I was thrilled. Of course, my wife tried to bring me back off of could nine by telling me, "See, God did answer your prayer but you better be careful. He's not going to answer it quite the way you want him to." I shrugged her off and I said, "The people are coming. The money will flow into our coffers and we'll be set for the next ten years."

Sure enough, they came. By the dozens they flocked into the small village of Bethlehem and my Inn was packed to the very windows. Not only that, I was able to charge a little bit extra for the rooms. Now, before you condemn me you must realize that it was much cheaper than the going rates at the other inns. There was nothing wrong with what I was doing. I was just taking advantage of a particularly lucrative, and yet, unfortunate situation. If you want to blame somebody, blame the Romans. They're the ones that issued the decree.

I remember that night like it was yesterday. The people had been coming into the city for weeks and I was beginning to realize that possibly I had bitten off a little more than I could chew. Just keeping the place clean was a nightmare. People were everywhere with their animals and their children. And just as soon as I would give out the last room, there would be more knocks at the door. I'd open the door and look at the couple standing there and shake my head. "There's no more room at this Inn. I'm sorry, you must find someplace else to stay." And then I'd shut the door in their face.

There was a time that I would have been horror stricken at the thought of slamming a door in a customer's face. But not that night. I was tired. My wife was exhausted. I was back in my little cubicle counting my money and my wife wandered in with this strange look on her face. I glanced up from the stacks of our denarii.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

She glanced back through the open doorway into the crowded floor of our Inn. The look on her face told me all I needed to know.

"Did someone else knock at the door again? You didn't let them in? You know there are no more rooms left. We can't even squeeze anymore on the floors."

She just looked at me with this odd look and I saw tears in her eyes. I got so angry. Someone had worked on her good nature and managed to wrangle a place in our Inn. I knew that the only place left was the pallet where we laid our heads. If she had given that away, I was going to be furious.

"You didn't give our bed away, did you?"

She shook her head. Her small voice had a hushed silence about it. "No, it was a couple at the door. She was pregnant and about to give birth. They begged for a room. I tried to send them away, dear. Honestly I tried. But they looked so tired."

I slammed my fist down on the table. "I'm tired too."

My wife came closer and she put her hands on my shoulders and looked me right in the eyes. "You don't understand. There's something special about this couple. There's something different about them. We had to find someplace to put them, so I told them that they could stay at the stable."

"The stable?" I scratched at my beard. "How can you put them in the stable? What if they bring some kind of disease that affects our horses or our cows. Heaven forbid, what if they decide to eat one of our sheep? No, this will not do. This will not do at all. I want them out of that stable and I don't care where..."

My wife placed her hand on my mouth and shut me up. The look in her eyes took away the last of my anger. "They've already had their baby, dear." Her voice was quiet. "If you want them out of the stable, then you'll have to kick them out

yourself."

She stood up and walked out. I was so mad when I stood up, I knocked all the coins off the table and onto the floor. Grumbling and complaining, I left my small cubicle and marched out into the darkness of that night.

I stopped in the middle of the courtyard because I was struck by the silence and the stillness in the air. I looked up and the sky was filled with the brightest and most beautiful stars I think I have ever seen in my life. One star in particular shown as brightly as a full moon. I stood there in that hushed silence between the buildings and in the distance I heard the lowing of cattle, the occasional sounds of a lamb. I felt so strange and unusual there in the darkness and then I heard something else.

How can I describe what that sound was like? It was music. Far, far away toward the hills. And it was a music that I had never heard; voices raised in a chorus of harmony, so sweet and so clear; unlike anything that earth had ever witnessed. I strained my eyes looking towards the West, and in the darkness over the hills, I saw a glow. There was no town or city in that area. I wondered what was there so bright and so glorious that it could make this music. And then, as abruptly as it began, it stopped. The silence which fell was so thick I could almost feel it.

I remembered what I had to do then and I marched across the dark courtyard toward the stable. Even as I reached the door, I heard a sound behind me. I turned and there in the starry shadows were dark figures. Three shepherds stood there with their staffs. There were lambs at their feet. I wish I could describe to you what their faces looked like. They were so bright and so filled with awe? Is that how I would describe it? They looked at me in eager anticipation and one of them ran forward to me and stopped right in front of me.

"Tell us where the child lies who was born this night."
The shepherd said.

I looked at him so strangely. "What child?"

The second shepherd stepped up beside him. "Did you not hear the music and see the heavenly chorus that sang in the hills?" He asked.

I shook my head and stepped back in wonderment. "I did hear some strange unearthly music but I did not see a heavenly chorus. Perhaps you have had too much wine."

A third shepherd came forward and his hand rested on my shoulder. "Good sir. The angels told us we could find him here. Where is the child?"

I was so confused by then, that I didn't know what to say so I merely pointed to the door of the stable. "He is in there."

They rushed by me and opened the door to the stable. They disappeared inside and the door closed behind them.

How was I going to throw this family out now? What was this business of heavenly choruses and angels and shepherds? I rested my hand on the door and I heard the cry of a small baby on the other side. I opened the door and was engulfed by the warmth within that small cave. I stepped inside and the shepherds were on their knees before a lowly woman, a scraggly looking man, and a small baby wrapped in swaddling clothes.

The child stopped crying when it saw me. The mother looked up at me. Her face, which should have been twisted by anxiety and fear was so soft and filled with peace. The father looked at me and there was a smile on his face. I opened my mouth to speak and nothing would come out. I suppose that the father must have sensed my feelings.

"Have you come to turn us out into the night?" He asked quietly.

I looked at the small child, at the mother, and my eyes locked with those of the infant. What can I tell you that I saw in that look? Those eyes were the eyes of a newborn child and yet they were older than the world. They were the eyes of an infant who had nothing, no knowledge, who had to be cared for hand and foot, and yet they contained the knowledge of the entire universe. They were the eyes of an infant who desired only to be loved and yet there came from them, such love that I was speechless.

One of the shepherds arose beside me and spoke. "Good sir, you cannot send the Son of God out into the night."

I scratched my head and looked at the child. "The Son of God?"

The second shepherd nodded. "Yes, the angels said, for unto us is born a savior who is Christ the Lord, Emmanuel, God is with us."

As I stood there looking at the small child, I felt His power fill that small stable. Then suddenly, all the worries, the cares, the money, the crowded Inn, vanished. As I realized that here before me was the promised Messiah, born in the stable of my Inn. I fell to my knees and I looked at the mother and the father.

"Forgive me for placing you in this stable. This is not the birthplace of a king."

The mother smiled and I looked at the child. The mother's voice was a whispered hush in the silence. "If I understand my son's mission, He did not come for kings, He came for commoners."

I felt tears in my eyes as I knelt before the Son of God. And once again in the far hills, I could hear the angels singing, and I was no longer tired. I was alive and joyous that my God had answered our prayers.

First performed by Bruce Hennigan at a special candlelight service December 24, 1992 at Brookwood Baptist Church.

A TYPICAL SUNDAY MORNING

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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CAST:

HUSBAND
WIFE
PREACHER

(The scene takes place in a car on the way to work. A man, his wife, and their small daughter are in the car. The daughter is in the back seat.)

HUSBAND: We're going to be late, again!

WIFE: We're always late. Every Sunday morning it's the same routine. (She is putting on her makeup, looking into the visor mirror.) Sometimes, I think the Devil works overtime on Sunday mornings.

HUSBAND: Well, we missed last Sunday, so we can't miss today. If we don't go, we'll miss our weekly dose of religion. Missy, sit down back there or I'll pinch your head off!

WIFE: (Sarcastically.) Are you really going to pinch her head off?

HUSBAND: (Glares at her.) Of course not!

WIFE: Speaking of Missy, I hope you can keep her Monday night.

HUSBAND: Why?

WIFE: I'm in charge of Secret Sis, you know and we're having a meeting.

HUSBAND: Honey! We're having Big Bubba's that night. We are all getting together to have a devotional and then watch the football game.

WIFE: We'll see if Glenda can come over to the house and keep Missy.

HUSBAND: To the house?

WIFE: Yes. We're having Secret Sis at the house.

HUSBAND: You can't! We're having Big Bubba's at the house! (He looks

away from the road and stares at his wife.)

WIFE: Watch out for that cat. (Pointing, nonchalantly through the windshield.)

HUSBAND: (Swerves and they both lean as he swerves to miss the cat.) I don't believe this!

WIFE: I told you Saturday that we were having Secret Sis Monday night. Of course, you were watching that football game. If you would listen to me sometimes . . .

HUSBAND: Wait. That doesn't count. I told you about Big Bubba's on Friday. Yeah, that's right. You were on the phone with Drusilla. For an hour and half, I might add!

WIFE: How do you expect me to hear what you say when I'm on the phone!

HUSBAND: And how do you expect me to hear what you say when I'm engrossed in a football game?

WIFE: You never listen to me!

HUSBAND: You never pay me any attention!

(They both look over their shoulders.)

WIFE: (In childish voice.) No, Missy. We're not fighting. Your father and I are just having a discussion. Maybe this time, he'll listen!

HUSBAND: Oh, great. Turn her against me, too.

WIFE: (Glances over her shoulder at Missy, an appalled look on her face.) What did you say? All men are jerks?

HUSBAND: Where did you hear that? (His face darkens as he hears what she says and he glares at his wife.) From your mother??

WIFE: Look, why don't we just go back home and work all this out.

HUSBAND: No, this JERK, is going to church! (They pull into parking lot and get out of car.)

WIFE: Maybe you'll listen to me from now on.

HUSBAND: Why should I? No matter what I do, I'm going to be a jerk and... (They are interrupted by a man.)

WIFE: (Suddenly changing her entire demeanor, reaching over to put her arm around her husband.) Oh, Brother Mark, good morning.

PREACHER: Good morning. How are you two doing this morning?

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Oh, wonderful! Couldn't be better! Just great!
(They smile falsely.)

PREACHER: Did you two have a good week?

WIFE: The best ever!

HUSBAND: Absolutely wonderful. Isn't that right, honey?

WIFE: (Nods vacuously with a grin plastered all over her face.)

PREACHER: Good. Listen, the two of you have been on my mind lately.

HUSBAND: (Looks worriedly at wife who grimaces.) Oh, really?

PREACHER: Yes, you see there is this marriage enrichment class I want to begin and I would like for the two of you to teach it.

HUSBAND: Us?

WIFE: (Obviously relieved.) Oh, we would be glad to!

HUSBAND: Yes, you name the time and place.

PREACHER: Great. I can't think of a better couple to use as an example of a good marriage.

HUSBAND: When do we start?

PREACHER: Monday night.

"A Typical Sunday Morning" was performed in the worship service at Brookwood Baptist Church on January 13, 1991. It starred Rick Weileder as the Husband, Phyllis Calk as the Wife, and Rev. Bruce Edwards as the Preacher. It was directed by Bruce Hennigan.

SAVING PRIVATE LAMB

A ONE ACT PLAY

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN**

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CAST:

CAPTAIN JOSHUA
PRIVATE LAMB

Two soldiers struggle on to the stage covered with dirt and dust. Joshua is obviously needing help. Private Lamb helps him to a sitting position and sits beside him.

LAMB: The fighting sure is fierce out there. I still can't believe this foolish mission of yours. You came all this way just for me?

JOSHUA: Yes. Orders from headquarters. Your family can't go on without you.

LAMB: How many did you start with?

JOSHUA: Twelve. One dropped out before we even completed the first mission. The rest served valiantly.

LAMB: How did they die?

JOSHUA: The enemy got them. Traps. Snares. Soldiers waiting to ambush us. A myriad of deaths.

LAMB: And, they died trying to save me?

JOSHUA: Yes. They knew the cost of the cause. They knew the price they would have to pay to reach you. At first, they weren't sure if they wanted to struggle so against the odds just for one person. But, I assured them you were worth it.

LAMB: And, what about you? What did you give up to fight the war?

JOSHUA: You don't want to know.

LAMB: Yes, I do.

JOSHUA: I had a warm, safe place. Surrounded by friends on all sides. My entire world at my fingertips. But, I gave it all up to fight the war. Someday I'm going back. Back home. But, first, I had one more mission to complete.

LAMB: Me?

JOSHUA: Yes, you.

LAMB: (Notices blood coming from beneath Joshua's shirt.) Look, you're injured. There's a wound in your side.

JOSHUA: Yes.

LAMB: Doesn't it hurt?

JOSHUA: Only for a while.

LAMB: (Examines Joshua's hands.) Your hands. They're bleeding. And, your head, too. What has the enemy done to you?

JOSHUA: Killed me. I am dying. But, I won't be dead for long. Just three days and then I'll be back. And with that, the enemy will be defeated. He just doesn't realize it yet.

LAMB: You'll be back? What will you do then?

JOSHUA: Seek the next one. I died for you all. But, for right now, this moment in eternity, I am here for you, Private Lamb. Will you accept my sacrifice?

LAMB: Yes.

JOSHUA: Make your life count. Earn this.

(Jesus dies.)

MasterPeace Media

Presents

Humorous Contemporary Drama Volume 1

by

Bruce Hennigan

IN DARWIN WE TRUST

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: EVOLUTION, CREATION

IN DARWIN WE TRUST was written to accompany a sermon on the question of “What does the Bible have to say about evolution and dinosaurs?”

Cast:

Elderly woman with a shopping bag
Young man or woman behind a counter.

Note: this is best delivered in an English accent in AMonty Python@ style.

An old woman carrying a shopping bag enters and walks to a young man behind a counter.

CLERK: Good afternoon, Ma'am. Welcome to the Museum of Science Gift Shop. How may I help you?

WOMAN: I was just over at the market buying some groceries and I had to pass right by the Museum on the way to the bus stop. So, I thought I would drop in here and buy my grandson a gift.

CLERK: Oh, that is wonderful. Your grandson is very lucky he has a grandmother who believes in science. Not enough of our children learn what they should about science. Let's see. Over there we have a pre-Cambrian fossil kit. Your grandson can dig in the dirt and find some fossils from 300 million years B.C.

WOMAN: (Grimaces.) Fossils? I don't know. They're so grimy and old.

CLERK: But, all kids love dinosaurs. And, children need to learn about the development of mother Earth and the geological events that led to the extinction of the dinosaurs.

WOMAN: (Hesitantly.) We have talked about the dinosaurs. And, he still has questions. (Shakes her head.) What else do you have?

CLERK: Uh, how about a cave man play set? Actual recreations of homo australopithecus loin cloth and flint knife. Your grandson can learn all

about his pre-human ancestry.

WOMAN: Pre-human ancestry? Heavens! You'll have him dragging his little girlfriend around the play ground by the hair. I don't think so. What else?

CLERK: How about an astronomy kit? Your grandson can learn all about the birth of the universe, the big bang theory and just how long we have before the earth is burned up by the sun going nova!

WOMAN: Nope. We have talked about how the universe will end. I'd rather look at something else.

CLERK: Surely he reads. How about a picture book that chronicles man's evolution from a common primate ancestry?

WOMAN: Got anything about God?

CLERK: Excuse me?

WOMAN: You know, God. Sovereign of the Universe. Creator of mankind. You would probably call him the Big Guy Upstairs.

CLERK: (Laughs. And continues sarcastically.) Ma'am, we don't carry books on science fiction. This is a Museum of Science. We celebrate mankind's discoveries of science. There isn't room in here for God. We don't deal with myths and legends.

WOMAN: I suppose, then, you believe you came from an ape?

CLERK: (Getting a bit testy.) Of course. Dawin's theory of evolution is accepted by everyone who has had a decent education. Let's stick with something juvenile. How about a stuffed monkey for your grandson.

WOMAN: Sounds good. How much?

CLERK: Let's see, 14.95 with tax.

WOMAN: (Hands him a bill.) Here's twenty dollars. Oh, would you mind reading what that inscription says.

CLERK: (Squinting.) In God We Trust.

WOMAN: (Takes back the dollar bill.) What a shame it doesn't say AIn Darwin We Trust.@ Since you don't believe in God, I'll just pay you in something you do believe in. (She takes out a bunch of bananas from her bag and plops them on the table.)

CLERK: What?

WOMAN: Share some of these bananas with your friend Darwin. Oh, and here's some flea powder just in case you get fleas. (Takes the monkey.) Have a nice day.

THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBULATIONS!

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: TRIBULATIONS,HOPE,CHARACTER,LOVE OF GOD,PERSEVERANCE

Cast:

Customer
Salesman

CUSTOMER: Hi. Is this the Peace Place?

SALESMAN: Of course. We are the Peace Place and I am the Peace Man. We have peace in this place and you, too, can have a piece of peace. Unless you would like to have the whole peace in which case we are also the place for peace.

CUSTOMER: So, how much does it cost?

SALESMAN: Oh, no! Getting peace is not that easy. We have a six step program.

CUSTOMER: Six steps? What happened to the twelve step program?

SALESMAN: Ours is half priced. Now, would you like to begin?

CUSTOMER: I suppose so. I really want some peace. But not just a piece of peace but the whole peace.

SALESMAN: Of course. (Turns and brings out a pie pan filled with whipped cream and instantly smashes it into the person's face.)

CUSTOMER: What?

SALESMAN: (Without missing a beat hits the person over the head with a breakaway object.)

CUSTOMER: (Staggers and wipes the cream from his face.)

SALESMAN: Are you a bit dizzy?

CUSTOMER: Dizzy? I'm positively punch drunk! What are you doing?

SALESMAN: Completing step one. Tribulations.

CUSTOMER: Tribulations?

SALESMAN: Yes, the first step to peace is facing tribulations.

CUSTOMER: Isn't that a book in the Bible?

SALESMAN: Speaking of the Bible, our steps come from Romans 5. AAnd not only this, but we exult in our tribulations, knowing that tribulations bring . . .@ uh, the next step.

CUSTOMER: There's more?

SALESMAN: Why, of course. (Takes out a stool and places it in front of the person.) Now, would you be so kind as to stand on this stool.

CUSTOMER: (Stands on stool and tries to recover balance.)

SALESMAN: Not on both feet. Stand on one foot. Good. Now lean forward and place your other foot behind you. That's good! Now, place your arms out away from your body.

CUSTOMER: If the second step is flying, I'm willing to forget it.

SALESMAN: Flying? No, silly! No, just stand there like that.

CUSTOMER: (Tries to maintain balance and wobbles back and forth. Finally falls off stool onto floor.)

SALESMAN: I'm afraid that wasn't long enough.

CUSTOMER: (angry) **What** wasn't long enough? What am I doing?

SALESMAN: Step two. AKnowing that tribulations bring perseverance.@

CUSTOMER: You want me to sweat? I'll show you some sweat!

SALESMAN: Not perspiration! Perseverance. Persistence.

CUSTOMER: The fact I'm still here and haven't clobbered you is evidence enough I've got perseverance.

SALESMAN: How true! Let's move on. (Hands the person a sheet of paper.)

CUSTOMER: What now? Paper cuts?

SALESMAN: No, read these lines.

CUSTOMER: Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers?

SALESMAN: Oops, sorry. That's for the linguistics test. Here, try this one.

CUSTOMER: Reads part of the 23rd psalms

SALESMAN: Very good.

CUSTOMER: So, the next step is quoting Bible verses?

SALESMAN: Oh, no. Those psalms were written by David, a man after God's own heart. A man filled with passion for the Lord. A man of proven character. Tribulations bring perseverance; and perseverance, proven character.@

CUSTOMER: Do I have to know how to use a slingshot?

SALESMAN: Oh, you are so witty. Next step. (Retrieves an electric wire, split at the end with wires bared.) Now, take this wire. Place one bare end in your right ear and the other end in your left ear.

CUSTOMER: (Looks helplessly at the audience.) Uh, put it in my ears?

SALESMAN: That's right. Go ahead.

CUSTOMER: (Places one end in one ear. Hams it up as he fearfully and finally puts the other wire in the other ear, eyes shut in anticipation of being shocked. When he is not, he is greatly relieved.)

SALESMAN: Very good!

CUSTOMER: What was supposed to happen?

SALESMAN: Well, you had hope that the wires wouldn't be live. If I had thrown this switch instead . . . (He points to a switch and accidentally throws it. The person jerks and writhes on stage until he pulls the wires from his ears and the other person continues to motion to the switch oblivious to the antics behind him.) why you would have been electrocuted. You see you had hope that I would not do such a terrible thing to you. Hope is a very important step in the journey toward peace.

CUSTOMER: Hope. Yeah, I like hope. I hope you get hit by a 747 on the way home. (He collapses in the chair.)

SALESMAN: Tribulations bring perseverance and perseverance brings proven character and proven character brings hope.

CUSTOMER: Uh, maybe I don't need peace. Maybe I need a chiropractor.

SALESMAN: Oh, nonsense. You're almost there. For, you see, hope does not disappoint because the love of God has been poured out within our hearts through the Holy Spirit who was given to us.

CUSTOMER: Did you say >poured out’?

SALESMAN: (Takes a large bucket and holds it over the person’s head.) Yes. Poured out.

CUSTOMER: (Cringes as the bucket is poured to reveal a large amount of confetti or white paper.) Like the wings of a dove, the love of God is poured out on you.

SALESMAN: (Laughs hysterically.) I thought you would pour something on me like molten lava or demented scorpions.

CUSTOMER: (Proudly.) Congratulations! You have completed the six steps. Knowing that tribulation brings about perseverance; and perseverance, proven character; and proven character, hope; and hope does not disappoint, because the love of God has been poured out within our hearts through the Holy Spirit who was given to us. Now, don’t you feel at peace?

SALESMAN: Yes. I feel very peaceful. Especially if you could find me a nice, peaceful hospital bed. (He collapses.)

HAILING FREQUENCIES CLOSED

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS:MARRIAGE,COMMUNICATION,LISTENING

This drama was written to accompany a sermon on communication in marriage.

CAST:

BOB
LINDA

SETTING: Living room with a recliner, a remote control, and a small table beside recliner. Cokes can be water placed in a Sprite or 7Up can.

(Bob comes in from stage left obviously exhausted and tired, places his briefcase beside his recliner and slumps into chair.)

BOB: Linda! I'm home. Bring me a coke!

(He searches for the remote control and points it at audience as if turning on TV).

BOB: Linda! I said to bring me a coke.

(Linda comes on stage from stage right also appearing exhausted and tired. She studies Bob with an angry glance and sits a can of coke on a table beside his chair. She stands there as he channel surfs, patting her foot. When he does not acknowledge her but reaches for his coke, she turns and exits. Bob opens coke and takes a swallow. He grimaces and gags.)

BOB: Linda! This coke is hot! I don't want a hot coke! I want a cold coke!

(He sits the coke down on the table and wipes his mouth out, spitting and sputtering.)

All I ask is for a cold coke when I get home and I get this! Linda! Where is my cold coke?

LINDA: (Linda comes in with a coke can. Bob ignores her and she walks over

behind him. She eyes him wearily, and shakes her head. Bob, oblivious to her presence continues to channel surf.)

BOB: Linda! Where is my cold coke?

LINDA: (Linda turns the can over and pours the coke on his head. Bob reacts, sitting forward and screaming.)

BOB: What are you doing?

LINDA: Is that cold enough? (She slams the coke down on the table beside him and exits.)

BOB: (Wipes coke off his head and glances after her. He shakes his head with a puzzled look on his face.) What's gotten into her? Linda! Come here and talk to me. Now!

LINDA: Oh, **now** you want to talk.

BOB: Yeah. Why did you pour cold coke on my head?

LINDA: It seemed the only way to get your attention.

BOB: Linda, don't start that again. You know I had a hard day at the office. I come home where I am the captain of the ship and all I want is a few minutes to unwind. Is that too much to ask?

LINDA: (Putting her hands on her hips.) I thought you married me, not the television.

BOB: (Already focused on the tv again.) That's nice, dear. I like you new hairdo.

LINDA: Oh, Bob. Don't you realize that I had a hard day, too. I worked my fingers to the bone at the office and then come home to a cranky child and a kitchen full of dirty dishes. When you walk in the door, all I ask is for you to take the kids off my hands for just a few minutes. But, no, all you can do is plop yourself into your captain's chair and boldly go where all husbands have gone before! Recliner trek: the lazy generation! What are you doing?

(During the last tirade, Bob slowly begins to pay attention to his wife and raises his remote, pointing at her. He punches several buttons in a vain attempt to shut her up.)

BOB: I'm trying to get the mute button to work.

LINDA: Oh, Bob. Well, I've had enough of this! (She feigns pulling out a communicator and speaking into it.) Beam me up Scotty, there's no intelligent life here.

(Angrily, she storms off the stage and stops to reply to Bob's inquiry.)

BOB: Where do you think you're going?

LINDA: To a planet where men and women communicate. If there is such a place.

BOB: (Begins on an angry note and slowly quiets as his attention shifts to the television.) Oh, yeah! Well, you'll be back. You'll come begging for my forgiveness. Just wait and see! Uh, all right! The basketball game is coming on. Linda, bring me a cold coke! Right now! Linda! Linda! Now, where did she say she was going?

AREN'T WE BLESSED!

A ONE ACT PLAY

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: BLESSING, PRAYER, RIGHTEOUSNESS

This was filmed as a video for Saturday Night Alive! Performed on September 15, 1996 at Brookwood Baptist Church.

CAST:

**DAD
MOM
TOM
CINDY**

SETTING AND PROPS:

Set in a kitchen with a table center stage. Various containers from grocery bags as noted in the script will be necessary. Items found in the containers should be planted before the play.

The family is almost cardboard and sitcom like in their delivery. Really ham it up!

(Family of four, Mom, Dad, Daughter, Brother come onto stage carrying grocery bags. They set them down on table in front of audience and begin taking items out of bag as they talk. Characters speak very hokey or tongue in cheek. Really ham this up.)

DAD: Can you believe it? Four bags of groceries and we spent over \$100. What is this economy coming to?

MOM: Seems you work hard only to have the government take it all on taxes and then spend the rest on groceries.

CINDY: Dad, I thought you told me you prayed that God would take care of our needs?

TOM: Yeah, like He's going to make it magically appear out of nowhere. I wish that were true, then I wouldn't have to ask Dad for an allowance.

MOM: Now, son, don't belittle the power of prayer. If you pray for it, God will give it to you. He's just like a little genie in the lamp.

DAD: Well, as a matter of fact, I did, uh, pray for some help. Yes, dear daughter, I did pray just yesterday for something. A little bit of extra money . . .

TOM: For some new golf balls.

DAD: Shhhh!

MOM: Golf balls? Dear, you shouldn't be praying for something so frivolous.

DAD: Oh, like God isn't going to let me play golf? If He wants me to play golf, He'll give me the money. He always gives us what we need, and right now, I need a good game of golf.

(He takes out the lettuce and sees something. He peels back a leaf and finds a five dollar bill.)

Would you look at this? A five dollar bill. Right here in this head of lettuce.

MOM: Let me see. It is a five dollar bill. Must have slipped into the lettuce by mistake.

DAD: Now, honey, we're trying to teach our kids about prayer and God hands us a \$5 bill in our lettuce and you doubt him. Where is your faith?

MOM: Uh, well, uh . . .

DAD: Let's see if there's more. (He finds more as he tosses the pieces of lettuce all over the stage.)

Another. Another. And, another. I can buy myself a whole new set of golf clubs! (Pauses for emphasis.) Aren't we blessed!

CINDY: (Picks up a box of cereal and tears it open. Pours the cereal on the table.)

MOM: Cindy! What are you doing?

CINDY: Seeing if God answered my prayer. (She digs in the box and pulls out a CD.) Oh, like, wow. The new Bloatie and the Whofish CD. Cool. (Pauses for emphasis.) Aren't we blessed!

TOM: (Grabs the butter tin and digs his hand in it. Pulls out a game cartridge.) Here's what I asked for. The new Immortal Wombat 14 super 64 cartridge. Cool. Just what I asked for. (I think you've got it by now. Pauses for emphasis.) Aren't we blessed!

DAD: Well, honey, what did you pray for?

MOM: Oh, it's silly. All of you are silly.

(Hesitantly she reaches for a bag of flour and tears it open, flour clouding up everywhere. She digs through the flour until she pulls out a piece of hair. This may substituted for something appropriate if main character is not bald.)

Oh, look, honey. He answered my prayer. A new toupee for you.

(She puts the hairpiece on the husband and flour showers all over him. Note: if the actor is not bald, you can put a baseball cap in the flour.)

(The group degenerates into a frenzy, tearing open boxes and find treasures until nothing is left except a loaf of bread. The stage is a wreck and the cast are covered in butter, whipped cream, cottage cheese, etc. The stop, all eyes on the loaf of bread. They look at each other and then all pounce on the loaf at once. They fight over it until a black object falls out. The father picks it up.)

DAD: What's this?

MOM: It's a book.

CINDY: Yeah, looks like the Bible.

TOM: Heh, there's a page marked. Read it, Dad.

DAD: The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much. Huh?

MOM: OK, who prayed for the Bible?

(They all look at each other and shrug. Dad gathers the money together and grins.)

DAD: Forget the golf clubs, let's go get some more groceries. (He tosses the Bible conspicuously on the pile of trash and they all run off.)

MORE THAN DONUTS

A ONE ACT PLAY

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN**

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**KEYWORDS: CHURCH ATTENDANCE, SUNDAY
SCHOOL, FAITHFULNESS**

MORE THAN DONUTS was written to accompany a sermon on Sunday School attendance.

CAST:

**MABEL
LAVERNE**

Setting: Outside the auditorium. Opens with Laverne looking at her watch. Mabel hurries on stage and pauses to speak to Laverne.

MABEL: (Stops and comes back to look at Laverne. Reacts with surprise.) Well, hello, Laverne. It's been a long time.

LAVERNE: (Reacts with little, kissy, kissy type motions.) Mabel, so good to see you. It has been weeks since we talked.

MABEL: Girl, you look so good. Are you waiting for the first service to begin?

LAVERNE: Oh, yes. I just love the pastor's inspiring sermons. Won't you join me?

MABEL: Well, I was on my way to my Sunday School class. (Pauses and asks nervously.) How would you like to go with me?

LAVERNE: I couldn't possibly do that. I am on a diet.

MABEL: (Pauses and reacts with surprise.) Oh! What does being on a diet have to do with going to Sunday School?

LAVERNE: (Dreamily.) Because of those hot, juicy, sugary donuts they have at Sunday School. You know, the ones with multicolored sprinkles on them right next to the ones with cream cheese stuffing.

MABEL: I see. Laverne, you don't have to eat them. In fact if we stand here five minutes longer, they'll all be eaten. That group goes through donuts like a Southern Baptist goes through a buffet line. Please come with me to Sunday School.

LAVERNE: I can't possibly, Mabel. Besides the donuts, I'm trying to get off caffeine.

MABEL: (Reacts with puzzlement.) Caffeine? There's no caffeine in donuts.

LAVERNE: There's caffeine in the coffee they always have with the donuts. (She leans over as if telling a secret.) You see, caffeine gives me cysts.

MABEL: (Curling her upper lip distastefully.) Oooo! Laverne, there's far more to Sunday School than coffee and donuts. You should come for the Bible teaching.

LAVERNE: Bible teaching? (Becomes slightly put out.) Once, I came to Sunday School and had a teacher who worked at Taco Belch. Now what did she know about the Bible? She kept saying, "Yo Quiero Jesus Christ." (YO KEY-AIR-OH)

MABEL: Laverne, God gives our Sunday School teachers the insight and knowledge to share the Bible. Besides, it's not a lecture session. It is a give and take discussion time for God to open the meaning of the Bible to everyone. Look, Laverne, Sunday School is also a place to share with other fellow Christians.

LAVERNE: Oh, yes, I remember one time I came. Frances Beauvant sneezed on me and shared her cold with me. I was sick for two weeks.

MABEL: But, Laverne, surely you would like to be around people with similar interests. The worship service is great for a time of worship, singing, and being fed from God's word. But, it is no substitute for close knit Christian fellowship. In Sunday School you could share your needs, your prayer requests, your triumphs and joys. Why, think of how encouraging you could be to someone who is trying to be on a diet.

LAVERNE: Oh, Mabel, I don't know. It seems so risky. In the worship service, you're just another pretty face. You can sit by yourself and be so comfortable. You're asking me to get involved with other people.

MABEL: Exactly. Just think how many blessings God can give you if you open up to other Christians. Sunday School is great for Bible study, but is also a primer on Christian living. Besides, I met the love of my life in Sunday School.

LAVERNE: Those little chocolate donuts with cappucino flavored sprinkles?

MABEL: No. (Pauses and looks heavenward dreamily.) Herman.

LAVERNE: Herman? (She grabs Mabel's arm and tugs her off.) Hmm, think there are any donuts left?

FAMILY NIGHT
A ONE ACT PLAY
BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: FAMILY, COMMUNICATION, HARMONY

FAMILY NIGHT was written to accompany a sermon on that dreaded concept, submissive women.

NOTE: all of the dialogue is recorded prior to the drama and the actors react to the voiceover as if they are thinking those thoughts.

CAST:

MOM
DAD
BROTHER
SISTER

The setting is simple. Two chairs are sitting in front of an imaginary television that may or may not be placed on the stage. The important thing is that the audience must see the actor's faces as they react to their thoughts.

Young son and his sister come in and sits in front of the television facing the audience, carrying a bowl of popcorn.

SON:

Oh, great! Another family night. And what do we do? We sit in front of the television and watch a family movie.

Wonder what it will be tonight? Probably some girl movie so Casey will be happy.

SIS:

Oh, boy. Another family night!
I can't wait to watch a movie with Mom and Dad. It's always so much fun to be together.
(She looks at her brother and sticks out her tongue.)

Of course, I would just as soon Sean would go live next door.
But, I have to act nice to him to keep Mom and Dad from getting mad.

SON:

Casey has probably already buttered up Dad to watch Cinderella or Sailor Moon or something silly.

(He looks at her and gives her a dirty look.)

Sometimes I wish she would go live with the Eskimos.

Ooops! Here comes Dad. Better act like I'm having fun or I'll get the Achildren obey your parents@ lecture.

Dad walks in and stops, glancing down at son. Son smiles falsely and turns back to the television. Father frowns and sits in chair.

DAD:

Oh, no! It's happening to me already! My son doesn't want to be around me. I knew this would come. I tried to tell his mother not to comb his hair in front of the youth group last Sunday. But, no, she had to get his cowlick out. And now, he's probably a reject. A nerd. A geek.

Oh, my gosh! Have we made our son an outcast! What will he think of us? I know he hasn't been harming any small animals, so he's probably not going to turn into a serial killer.

But, he did want to pull the legs off of Casey's hamster and turn it into a tribble.

SIS:

Maybe if I time it just right, I can hit Sean and Dad won't see. I can't believe he wanted to pull Chandler's legs off.

(She hits him and son moves to react and stops when he realizes his father may see him.)

SON:

I guess Casey's still mad about my Chandler remark. I was just joking but if I hit her back, we'll get in a fight and Dad and Mom will be so mad they'll probably take away our allowance.

Parents don't take jokes too well.

DAD:

Look at them.

Ready to go after each other's throats like wild animals.

Where did we go wrong? I guess I'm just not the father I should be. I'm probably not the best husband, either.

Mom walks into room and has a frown on her face. She stops next to Dad's chair and appears deep in thought.

Oh, no! She's got that look on her face again! What have I done wrong this time? Let me think.

Did I take out the garbage? Yes.

Did I cut the grass? Yes.

I told her I loved her at least twice today. So it can't be that!

Her hair? (He begins to look at her hair as she is looking the other way.) Did she get it cut differently? It doesn't look like it.

Maybe it's her clothes. Are they new? Oh, I just can't remember. It's so hard to be a good husband nowadays.

Oh, no! I just remembered! I didn't put the lid back down on the toilet last night! Oh, I know she just hates me.

Mom turns and looks at husband. He smiles falsely and she grins and sits down beside him.

MOM:

Oh, my gosh, he knows!

What am I going to do? I just don't know what to say. (She looks at him and he has a puzzled look and then grins again.)

Look at him. Always ready to joke at any thing I say. How can I tell him? He won't take me seriously. He'll make some offhand joke and laugh about it.

Of course, I know he loves me. He took the vows when we got married. In sickness and in health. In wrecks and in dents. Until death do us part.

Death. That's what I'm worried about. He's going to kill me! I don't know why he should get so upset. It's only a small dent. Just a little longer than my arm.

Oh, this is all Brother Mark's fault.

If he hadn't preached about being a submissive wife, I wouldn't be in this situation. I could just handle this on my own.

How in the world can a woman of the nineties be submissive? And, what does he

(she looks at her husband) expect me to do? Let him drag me around the house by the hair like a caveman?

He's never acted like he wanted me to stay home and wear a moomoo and eat bonbons. But, you never know a man. Sometimes even when you've been married to him for sixteen years.

I wonder what he's thinking?

DAD:

Is she still looking at me? I can feel her beady little eyes boring into my face. She is looking at me, isn't she?

What does she expect of me? I'm trying to be the best husband and father I can. I'm not perfect. I make mistakes. I feel like such a failure.

It's all Brother Mark's fault.

He preached on being a leader in the home. But, I'm not that assertive. I'm a peacemaker. A man of love.

How can God expect me to make all the decisions and be in charge? I don't want that kind of responsibility.

All I want to do is raise my family in a God honoring fashion in partnership with my wife. Is that too much to ask?

MOM:

Oh, no! One look at his face tells me all I need to know. He's taking this submissive stuff seriously. He'll tell me I have to wear my hair a certain way, or I can't play softball anymore.

I'll have to stay at home and not work. He'll probably start quoting scripture like Aproveke not your children to wrath@.

And, when he finds out about the dent in the car, he'll really unload on me.

Oh, Lord, I feel so trapped.

DAD:

There's that look on her face! She's mad at me. I just know it.

Well, there goes the peace in this house for the next few days. Maybe I should just lie low and keep a low profile.

Sometimes an effective leader knows when to keep his mouth shut.

Lord, I feel so trapped. All I want is a little freedom.

MOM:

Be submissive! Be submissive! Lord, this is going to be so hard. If only he would talk to me about it. What am I going to do?

SON:

(Turns and looks at parents.)

Great! They're about to have a fight! Mom's gonna clobber Dad. I guess they didn't listen to Brother Mark's sermon.

Lord, what kind of family did you put me in? I feel like a caged animal. All I want is a little freedom.

Out Loud

DAD: Uh, did you want to tell me something, dear?

MOM: No. Everything's fine. Let's just watch tv, dear.

THE WORM

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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BASED ON MATTHEW 25:14-30

KEYWORDS: EVANGELISM,DAMNATION,TALENTS

CAST

EARL P. BASS
FISHERMAN #2
FISHERMAN #3
THE BOSS

EARL: Well, lookie here! We got us a whole bunch of successful fishermen. Howdy. Earl P. Bass is the name and fishing is my game. Uh, mind if I sit here betwixt the two of you?

F#2: I don't suppose we have much of a choice, do we?

F#3: (Doesn't say anything but scoots over to the outside chair.)

EARL: Yep. That was some assignment the boss gave us. Yessir, he sure knew how to trust Earl P. Bass with his bait. Purtiest worms this side of Toledo Bend. He did give you some bait didn't he? (Talks to 2 and 2 nods his head distastefully.) What did you do with your bait?

F#2: (Very dignified.)I do not believe that is any of your business.

EARL: Hey, watch it snooty nose. We are on the same team, you know. Hey, how >bout you? What did you do with yours?

F#3: (Points to an ice chest on the floor.)

EARL: A whole ice chest full? Well doggee! Ain't that a shame! I done got you all beat.

F#2: I don't see any fish.

EARL: Ah, that's the secret. I got a secret weapon up my sleeve. Where's

your catch?

F#2: (Holds up a key.) In storage container 116 at the nearby Stash and Store.

EARL: What?

(Interrupted by the Boss coming onto stage.)

THE BOSS: Good morning. I trust you have been productive while I was gone. As you know, I gave each one of you a certain amount of bait equal to your ability and I entrusted it to you while I was gone. Now is the time to report.

F#2: Well, my master, as you know, you gave me twenty pounds of bait. I promptly took it and sailed out on Toledo Bend to a special place where I could maximize your investment, so to speak. Here is a key to a storage facility that contains 200 pounds of fish.

THE BOSS: Well done, good and faithful servant. You have done so well in this small task that I will put you in charge of my entire Southeastern operations. I shall make you a new vice president. Now, what did you do with your bait?

F#3: (Finally speaks.) My master you entrusted me with one pound of bait and I went down to my grandfather's pond. I caught this entire ice chest full of bream.

THE BOSS: Well done, good and faithful servant. You have done very well in this task. I shall make you the manager of my new fishing store I am opening in Keithville. And, finally, Earl P. Bass, what did you do with your bait.

EARL: Well, you know, I kind of figured you would get mighty sore if I used it and didn't catch anything. I's afraid if I tried a little bit of fishin', the fish might get away. So, I said to myself, I said, AEarl P. Bass ifin you was smart you wouldn't risk that there bait on fish.@ Yep, that was what I told myself. So, I decided it would be best to keep my bait until you came back.

THE BOSS: You kept the bait? Where is it?

EARL: (Reaches into his mouth and pulls out a worm.) Right here. I kept it nice and warm for you.

THE BOSS: What? You wicked, lazy servant! The least you could have done was put it in the ground where it could have made more bait. You, take his bait. And you, throw this worthless servant into the outer darkness where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For everyone who has will be given more, and he will have an abundance. Whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken from him.

(Earl screams as 2 and 3 drag him out of auditorium.)

THE FORGIVENESS MAN

A ONE ACT PLAY

**BY
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KEYWORDS:FORGIVENESS,GRACE

CAST:

NIGEL WRENCH, A DOOR TO DOOR SALESMAN
WEARS A GAUDY TIE AND SUIT

MANFRED PEASLY

FREIDA PEASLY

WEARS A HOUSECOAT AND HAS CURLERS IN HAIR

PROPS:

TWO LARGE SUITCASES WITH AKITS@ AS NOTED BELOW

ROLLING PIN

LIPSTICK

MIRROR

COLOGNE SPRAY BOTTLE

BIBLE

SETTING:

The setting is a living room with a “door” at one end. The actors should use an English accent and deliver this drama “Monty Python” style.

WRENCH: (knocks on door. Is carrying two large suitcases)

PEASLY: (Opens door.) Hello.

WRENCH: My name is Wrench. Nigel Wrench.

PEASLY: Wrench? I’m afraid my tool box is out in the garage.

WRENCH: No, my good man, I don’t need a wrench. I am a Wrench.

PEASLY: I see. You must be rather handy around the house.

WRENCH: I mean my name is Wrench. What’s yours?

PEASLY: Peasly. Manfred Peasly. Not paisely. I hate paisely.

WRENCH: Mr. Peasly, are you aware there is a large suitcase in your living room that doesn't belong to you?

PEASLY: (Reacts with surprise.) Pardon me, I must have taken leave of my senses. I thought you just asked me if I had a large suitcase in my living room that didn't belong to me.

WRENCH: Sorry to say your health is intact, sir. There is a large suitcase in your living room that doesn't belong to you.

PEASLY: (Steps back and glances over his shoulder.) Where?

WRENCH: (Steps into room and places one of his suitcases beside the door.) Right here, my good man. Can't you see it? It's very large.

PEASLY: (Looks back and spies suitcase. He scratches his head.) Perhaps I have taken leave of my senses. I could have sworn that wasn't there just moments ago.

WRENCH: (Shuts door behind him.) Oh, dear, this is bad. Very bad. You know perception is the first thing to go.

PEASLY: The first thing to go?

WRENCH: Yes. When you're mind, body, and soul is filled up with shame and guilt, perception flees from the body. You don't see things that are there. Like this suitcase.

PEASLY: I have been having a bit of a problem lately with cabbage.

WRENCH: Uh, cabbage?

PEASLY: Yes. Everytime I eat it, I get this terrible pain in my side.

WRENCH: Of course. Trouble with cabbage is the second thing to happen.

PEASLY: Oh, my. Perhaps I should contact my doctor.

WRENCH: No need, my good man. You see, I just happen to have just what you need.

PEASLY: Maalox?

WRENCH: No. Forgiveness.

PEASLY: Forgiveness?

WRENCH: That's right, forgiveness. You see we at Royal Redemption, Inc. are acutely aware of the problems the average man and woman face when guilt and shame accumulate in the body without the proper catharsis. That's why we have developed the Fabulous Forgive and Forget Packages. Yes, that's right, we have developed well over 400 individual packages to meet all of your guilt needs.

PEASLY: You're a salesman! I should have known. And, you tricked me.

WRENCH: Ah, the third sign of too much guilt and shame.

PEASLY: What's that?

WRENCH: Gullibility.

PEASLY: Oh, my! Perhaps you have something there.

WRENCH: Don't worry. We'll take care of your guilt in no time. Let's see, let's try this demo package. (He takes out a box and opens it. He removes a mirror and lipstick and begins to put on the lipstick.)

PEASLY: What are you doing?

WRENCH: Putting on lipstick.

PEASLY: Lipstick?

WRENCH: Nice shade of red, don't you think?

PEASLY: It clashes with your tie.

WRENCH: (Holds mirror up to his tie.) I think you're right.

PEASLY: What am I doing? I hope you're not going to kiss me.

WRENCH: Of course not! (He leans over and kisses the man's shirt collar.) Just your collar.

PEASLY: I say! This is most unusual behavior.

WRENCH: (Takes a spray bottle of cologne out of the suitcase and begins spraying the other man.)

PEASLY: (Sneezing and wheezing.) Here, here! What has gotten into you? I don't need any women's cologne! Why are you doing this?

WRENCH: I'm only doing it for your own good. You are married, aren't you?

PEASLY: Yes!

WRENCH: And, your wife's name?

PEASLY: She doesn't need any lipstick or cologne.

WRENCH: Don't be silly. I'm not selling lipstick or cologne. What is her name?

PEASLY: Freida.

WRENCH: Oh, Freida, would you come here?

(Freida appears from stage left in housecoat and curlers with a rolling pin in her hand.)

FREIDA: What is it, dear . . . oh, you didn't say we had company.

PEASLY: He's not company. He's . . .

WRENCH: A close associate of your husband's. I came here to try and talk some sense into him and hopefully save your marriage.

PEASLY: Save my marriage?

FREIDA: What's wrong with our marriage ? (Pauses and sniffs) What's that smell? It smells like some . . .

WRENCH: Cheap.

FREIDA: Cheap. Uh, . . .

WRENCH: Tawdry.

FREIDA: Yes, tawdry foo foo. And, Manfred, you've got lipstick on your collar! And it's not my shade!

PEASLY: Of course, it's not. It's his!

FREIDA: What? You expect me to believe that he kissed your collar? Oh, Manfred, I thought we had a relationship based on trust. And, now, you've let me down. (She hits him over the head with the rolling pin and storms off.)

WRENCH: Well, that could have been worse.

PEASLY: Why are you trying to destroy my marriage? Get out of my house, now!

WRENCH: Very well. But, I was hoping you would take the time to examine our Marriage Make Up Forgiveness kit. It would seem you are in dire need of it.

PEASLY: I'm in dire need of your exit from my house before you cause more damage.

WRENCH: Well, if you don't want to sleep alone tonight, here's my card. I'll be glad to give you a discount. . .

PEASLY: (Glances at the kitchen area.) Oh, very well, you can't do much more damage. Just what's in this kit?

WRENCH: You'll never regret it, sir. Here is the Deluxe Marriage Make Up Forgiveness kit. One dozen roses, a gift certificate to a fancy French restaurant, and a lovely poem to read to your wife. Why don't you ask her in and try them.

It's guaranteed!

PEASLY: Very well. Freida! Would you please come here.

FREIDA: (Enters hesitantly.) What is it, Manfred? I was out in the kitchen putting too much salt in your cabbage.

PEASLY: (Winces.) These are for you. (He hands her the roses.) And this. (He hands her the gift certificate.)

FREIDA: Trying to buy forgiveness, are we? Well, it won't work. Give them to your floozy friend at the office.

PEASLY: Wait. There is also a poem I'd like to read.

FREIDA: A poem?

PEASLY: Yes.

In life's desulterous gloom
You are a flowery bloom
A splash of vivid color
To keep life from getting duller.

And these acts of wanton rue
Have brought guilt that is due
With roses red, violets blue
Forgive me for actions not so true.

(He leans over to Wrench)
This had better get better soon!

My behavior is a terrible stench
So I've taken lessons from the French
I desire not our love to perish
How about a trip to Paris

(He gets very upset.)

What? A trip to Paris?

FREIDA: Paris? Oh, Manfred, darling, of course I can forgive you! Oh, this is wonderful! Paris in the springtime. Let me go pack.

PEASLY: (Looks at Wrench.) Paris? A trip to Paris?

WRENCH: Yes, (feigning tears) isn't it wonderful. She forgave you of everything, Manfred.

PEASLY: I can't take her to Paris.

WRENCH: Why, you must. It's part of the package. And the forgiveness will not

work without the entire package. Surely you realize that you have to work for forgiveness. That forgiveness will cost you something.

PEASLY: How much?

WRENCH: Just write me a check for \$3454.32 and the package is yours.

PEASLY: Three thousand four hundred and fifty four dollars?

WRENCH: And thirty two cents.

PEASLY: Why you little scurvy nerd! Get out of my house!

FREIDA: (Comes in with a coat over her housecoat and her purse and credit cards in hand.) Oh, Manfred, I must go down to the dress shop and find something to wear. I simply can't wear this old thing to Paris. I'll be back. (She pauses and kisses him on the cheek.) You're a wonderful husband, Manfred. (She exits. Wrench beams happily and Peasly is speechless.)

PEASLY: Oh, very well. I'll get my checkbook.

WRENCH: Would you like to check out any of the other kits. Have a golfing buddy you've beaten lately? Or, trouble with the boss? How about a kit for that pedestrian you hit on the street at the crosswalk?

PEASLY: I don't think I can afford any more forgiveness, sir. I'll just have to learn how to live with the guilt. (He spies something in the suitcase.) Say what's that?

WRENCH: Where? (Salesman acts strangely.)

PEASLY: That small box in the corner? It has AFREE@ written on it.

WRENCH: Oh, you wouldn't be interested in that.

PEASLY: If it's free, I would. (He reaches in and grabs the box. The salesman tries to stop him.) What's in here?

WRENCH: Forgiveness, of course. But, you don't want it.

PEASLY: (He opens box and pulls out a Bible. He opens the Bible to a marked place.) For the wages of sin is death, but the FREE gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. My goodness, man, this covers every sin! Everything can be forgiven. And, it's free!

WRENCH: Yes, one of our best kept secrets. Now you know why I keep it hidden in the bottom.

PEASLY: Why is it free?

WRENCH: Because the price has already been paid. A long, long time ago.

PEASLY: (Hands him back the flowers and gift certificate.) Here, you can take

your kits back. This is all I need for forgiveness. And, it's free.

WRENCH: (Drops stuff in suitcase and slams it closed.) I lose more good customers that way. Looks like this Jesus is going to put me out of business.

**THE TWILIFE ZONE:
THE PERFECT FAMILY**
A ONE ACT PLAY
BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: FAMILY, LOVE, OBEDIENCE

CAST: Charles Washington, father
The Stranger, reminiscent of Rod Serling
Linda, Charles' wife
Peter, Seven year old son
Heather, ten year old daughter
Pam, teenage daughter

Setting: The play can begin on one side of the stage with Charles and the stranger seated beside each other as if on a bus. The house should resemble a typical 1950's dream home with table set up stage left, couch and recliner center stage.

The characters should be dressed in appropriate fifties type clothing. Linda in a dress, pearls, and an apron. Peter in a shirt and sweater or tie. Heather in a dress and sweater. Pam in a dress.

(Charles and a stranger dressed in a dark suit are seated by each other on a bus.)

CHARLES: Yeah, every summer like clockwork. I take two weeks off and spend it at home with my kids, my wife, and the in-laws.

STRANGER: Sounds interesting.

CHARLES: More like a nightmare. It's supposed to be **my** vacation. Some vacation. I end up smearing suntan lotion on my kids, listening to my loony father in law, baby-sitting while my wife and her mom go to the outlet malls, and sleep in a bed filled with toys and cracker crumbs. Happy, happy, joy, joy.

STRANGER: So, is that why you're coming home late?

CHARLES: Partly. I did have some pressing business at the office. And my

car is in the garage. Unfortunately, I couldn't drag out my appointments any longer.

STRANGER: Sounds like you don't enjoy being with your family.

CHARLES: I love my family. It's just sometimes I don't **like** them. My daughter is fifteen and in love with boys. And every boy seems to be a surf ninja zombie whose only ambition is to sing in a rap band. My son is nine years old and has an umbilical cord attached to his Nintendo. My young daughter thinks Eve's real name was Barbie and wants a pink Barbie Cadillac no matter what the cost. And to top it off, my wife is pregnant with our fourth child.

STRANGER: You consider having a family a mistake?

CHARLES: Not really. I'm just tired. Very, very tired. And I know that my AVacation@ will be nothing but work. I'll be glad to get back to the grueling grindstone of my job. It wouldn't be so bad if I had a perfect family. You know, like in those old TV shows. Submissive wife, obedient children who respect their father no matter what. Just once, I would like to feel like I was in total control of my family.

Well, here's my stop. See you later.

(Charles gets off bus and walks up to house. Stranger crosses to opposite stage and stands on corner of stage assuming an appearance like Rod Serling. In the background, the song from the Twilight Zone is heard.)

STRANGER: Charles Johnson, average harried businessman with a problem. It seems his scriptural expectations of his family are too uncompromising. His only desire is a perfect family. Well, tonight, Charles will get his wish as he steps over that nebulous boundary into the TwiLife Zone.

(Charles pauses at the door and draws a deep breath as if steeling himself for an onslaught. He opens the door.)

CHARLES: Linda, I'm here.

LINDA: (Rushes out in an apron and hair in perfect shape. She is wearing a dress.) Charles, darling, you made it. Oh how wonderful it is to see you.

(Children rush out, all dressed in dresses and suits, hair perfectly combed.)

HEATHER: Oh, father. How good to see you.

PETER: Yes. I have been waiting to read a book with you.

CHARLES: What is going on here? A book? What about your Nintendo?

PETER: Oh, father. Nintendo is a mindless, electronic game that leeches away my incentive. I think that reading is a much better pursuit.

CHARLES: (Reaches over and touches his son.) Do you feel well?

LINDA: Oh, they're just fine. And I feel wonderful. I'm so glad to be having your baby, dear.

CHARLES: (To audience.) Sounds like a dreadful song.

LINDA: Come to the table. Dinner is waiting.

CHARLES: Dinner? You mean you cooked?

LINDA: How silly, dear. Of course I cooked. I cook for you every meal.

(Charles notices the stranger and goes up to him.)

CHARLES: I know you. You were on the bus. What is going on here?

STRANGER: You said you wanted the perfect family. Notice how the wife is submissive to the husband. The children obedient and well groomed.

CHARLES: (Hurries to table. Notices Pam is dressed in a dress.) Pam?

PAM: (Kisses her father on the cheek.) Hello, father. How good it is to see you. Would you like for me to serve you?

CHARLES: (Peter pushes the chair up under his father who sits suddenly.) Since when do you wait on me?

PAM: Why, always, father. AHonor your father and mother.@

HEATHER: We've been reading the Bible, father.

LINDA: Yes, and after dinner we are having a Bible study, just like we do every night.

CHARLES: Every night? I'm lucky to get you to read the Bible with me once a week.

PAM: Here's your plate, father.

CHARLES: You fixed my plate? Last time your mother cooked she told me to wait on myself. And then, I cleaned up the table.

LINDA: Don't be silly. That's women's work.

CHARLES: (To audience) It's about time she learned her place.

PETER: I'll help with the dishes, right after I take the trash out.

CHARLES: I don't believe what I'm hearing. You actually WANT to take the trash out?

PETER: Why, of course. It's one of my chores. How else can I earn my

allowance?

CHARLES: Can we get this on video? Maybe the plane crashed and I'm in heaven.

HEATHER: Dear brother, could you pass me the butter?

PETER: Why, of course, my wonderful sister.

CHARLES: Wait a minute. You've never called you sister wonderful. The best thing you've called her is a bloated sack of nerd hair.

PETER: Father, you taught us to "Not provoke each other to wrath." Remember. Heather and I never fight. We love each other.

CHARLES: I'm feeling sick.

LINDA: Why don't you go sit in your comfortable chair. (She helps him up and guides him over to chair. He sits and the children converge on him.)

PETER: Father, here are your slippers. (He puts them on his father's feet.)

HEATHER: And, here is the evening paper.

PAM: Decaffeinated coffee just like you like it.

LINDA: And, now, we are going to go into the bedrooms and leave you alone for a while so you can unwind.

CHARLES: What? You're not going to watch television or play Nintendo?

LINDA: Heavens no. You are the king of this castle, dear. We must respect you.

CHARLES: This isn't what I had in mind.

PAM: Father, why are you acting so strange?

CHARLES: Me? Acting strange? You are the ones acting strangely. Not me. Heather, here, usually talks only about Barbie. Peter lives in the world of Nintendo. Pam talks constantly about boys. And, your mother hasn't worn a dress to the dinner table since the first week of our marriage.

PAM: Oh, father, I've been meaning to tell you that I have decided not to date until I turn twenty one.

CHARLES: That's it. I've got to find somebody. (He hurries across the stage to the stranger.) Look, I don't know how you did this, but it's weird.

STRANGER: You wanted the perfect family.

CHARLES: Well, they're a little too perfect. Submissive wife, obedient

children, powerful father figure. I feel like I'm back in the time of Abraham. Maybe my idea of a perfect family is wrong. My perfect family is the one I've raised, the one I live with.

STRANGER: Perhaps your perception of what a family should be is a little too strict. The scriptures can be interpreted far too harshly. God does not expect perfection. Just faith. Remember, humans are not perfect, just forgiven.

CHARLES: Right. Give me my family back. The way they were.

STRANGER: Are you sure?

CHARLES: Yes. Much more of this and I'll die of sugar diabetes.

(He returns to his chair and the family suddenly reverts.)

LINDA: What am I doing in this dress?

PAM:Me, too. Yuck, coffee? I hate coffee. (She sets it down on the coffee table.)

PETER: Why do I have a suit on? And where's my Gameboy?

HEATHER: Dad, when are you going to get me that Barbie biking outfit?

CHARLES:(Smiles as he relaxes into chair.) This is more like it. Believe it or not, you just became the perfect family for a short while.

LINDA: Yes, it's coming back to me. I can't believe I cooked that seven course dinner.

PAM:Well, I'm going to get my jeans back on.

CHARLES:Wait. Peter said he was going to take out the trash, and Heather said she would stop fighting, and Pam said she wouldn't date until she was 21. There was nothing wrong with those parts of the perfect family. Why don't you stick to your promises.

(Pam, Peter, and Heather look at each other and then at Linda.)

LINDA: Well, maybe we could become the perfect family.

ALL: (Pause for a beat as Charles smiles.) NOT!!!

MasterPeace Media

Presents

Janitors for Jesus

and

Bubba and Crockett

by

Bruce Hennigan

I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO BE THERE!

A ONE ACT PLAY

**FEATURING
THE JANITORS FOR JESUS
AMOS AND ELI**

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS:HEAVEN

AMOS AND ELI -- two janitors

AMOS: Eli, my back feels like a herd of electric eels has danced the tango on it.

ELI: Amos, your use of the English language is startling.

AMOS: Graduated from eleventh grade, I did. Then I got my GTE about five years later. I am a high school graduate, Eli. You won't find just any old Joe holding down this job.

ELI: I will not argue with you there, Amos.

AMOS: Yep, I have to put in long hard hours of manual labor every day to keep this place clean. But, Eli, one day . . . One day, I won't have to work no more.

ELI: When you get your social security?

AMOS: No! I'm talking about when I get to heaven.

ELI: Ah, yes, the pearly gates.

AMOS: No, I ain't going to Graceland when I die. I done seen Elvis' grave and his pearly gates.

ELI: I was referring to the heavenly realm. The pearly gates. Where Saint Peter awaits your arrival.

AMOS: Oh, those gates. Saint Peter, you say?

ELI: Of course. He greets you upon your arrival and asks you why you should be admitted to heaven.

AMOS: I thought we were supposed to show up in a tunnel.

ELI: Ha! Amos, you have been listening to too much New Wave philosophy. Peter greets you at the gates and then you go down the streets of gold to your mansion.

AMOS: I'm going to have a mansion? Shoot! I wanted a two room shack.

ELI: A two room shack?

AMOS: Yeah, sitting on the edge of the prettiest lake you ever seen. And this dock runs out into the lake and I'm going to go sit on that dock and catch the biggest fish in Louisiana.

ELI: Amos, that is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard.

AMOS: You're right. We won't be in Louisiana any more. I'll catch the biggest fish in heaven.

ELI: I hate to disappoint you, my brain challenged friend, but there will be no fish in heaven.

AMOS: What? No fish? Then what am I going to do?

ELI: Sing praises to God.

AMOS: No way, Eli. If Saint Peter hears me singing he'll kick me back through the gates all the way to . . . Down there. Oh, Eli, what am I going to do? I can't sing a lick.

ELI: Amos, my friend, do not despair. In heaven, you will have a new body.

AMOS: A new body? What happens to the old one? Does it get recycled?

ELI: I plan to have the body of Tom Cruise.

AMOS: Well, then there ought to be enough of you left over to make a Danny Devito, too.

ELI: Not funny, Eli. There will be no room for sarcasm in heaven.

AMOS: Good! I hate those little stinky fish that come in a can. Just what are we going to eat?

ELI: A feast of vast proportions. Foods to boggle the mind. Water from a fountain of everlasting life.

AMOS: Wow. Eli, I guess all my notions were wrong about heaven. But, there is one thing I'm sure of. When I get there, the first thing I'm going to do is march right up to Jesus and shake his hand. Yep, I'm going to thank him for dying for my sins.

ELI: Amos, that is the most intelligent remark you've ever made. I, too, cannot wait to fall at the feet of my Savior.

(They get misty eyes and then Amos straightens up.)

AMOS: And, then, I got one other thing I'm going to do.

ELI: What's that?

AMOS: Pull Peter away from those gates so he and I can find us a fishing hole!

COOLIN' IN THE FRIDGE

A ONE ACT PLAY

**FEATURING
THE JANITORS FOR JESUS
AMOS AND ELI**

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN**

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KEYWORDS: REASSURANCE, WORRY, ANXIETY

CAST:

AMOS
ELI
MOON DOG
APRIL RAIN
SOCK IT TO ME SARAH
GROOVIN' GREG

Eli and Amos come in. Center Stage is a mock up of a large refrigerator.

AMOS: Hey, Eli, I'm thirsty. Let's see if there's some Hawaiian Punch in this refrigerator. Want a Hawaiian PunchW?

ELI: Sounds good.

AMOS: (Punches Eli in the stomach.) Hawaiian punch! Hyuk, hyuk, hyuk.
Get it?

ELI: There isn't any punch left in this old fridge. It's been locked up for twenty years.

AMOS: Let's open it anyway.

Opens fridge and out comes three or four hippies: Moon Dog, April Rain, Groovin' Greg, and Sock It To Me Sarah.

MOON DOG: Hey, peace, man. We've been groovin' in the dark in there for a while.

APRIL RAIN: Yeah, my threads were beginning to lose their beads.

ELI: How long have you been in there?

SOCK IT TO ME SARAH: Since Agnew resigned. Old Spiro T. What an establishment man. Copped out.

GROOVIN' GREG: Far out!

AMOS: Agnew? Was he with Smashing Pumpkins?

ELI: No, helium brain. He was with Nixon. Resigned the vice presidency back in 1973.

MOON DOG: Groove on this, how long have we been in hibernation?

ELI: Over twenty years.

GROOVIN' GREG: Far out!

APRIL RAIN: Groovy! Then we missed the Three Dog Night concert?

AMOS: Three dog who?

ELI: Shut up before you hurt yourself. Rock group from the seventies.

SOCK IT TO ME SARAH: I wonder if Elvis ever made a comeback?

AMOS: Saw him last week.

MOON DOG: Man, like I was worried I wouldn't make it to the end of the week to watch Sonny and Cher. And, we made it twenty years.

GROOVIN' GREG: Far Out!

ELI: Did he overdose on John Denver or something. Why were you worried about making it to the end of the week?

APRIL RAIN: The war, man. Moon Dog was almost at draft age. My brother burned his card and moved to Canada. That's what we were worried about.

AMOS: Desert Storm?

SOCK IT TO ME SARAH: New rock group?

ELI: Never mind. Vietnam is history. The war is over. Nothing to worry about.

MOON DOG: What about the pigs, man. Waiting to bust me for protesting?

AMOS: Oh, they're bacon. Hyuuk, hyuk, hyuk. (Nobody laughs.)

ELI: New laws allow you to protest all you want. Nobody gets busted that much

anymore.

APRIL RAIN: Well, almighty Nixon is just waiting to push the button and nuke us back into the stone age.

GROOVIN' GREG: Far out!

ELI: Nixon resigned. 1994. No more cold war. The Soviet Union collapsed in 1989. The communists are on the run.

AMOS: Yep, saw them at the Olympics. Hyuk, hyuk, hyuk.

MOON DOG: No war. No nukes. Nixon's gone. No pigs busting us. What's there left to worry about?

ELI: Plenty. AIDS. The Ozone layer. Acid rain. The rain forrests are going. Bosnia. Iraq. Drugs like you never imagined. Political fraud. Etc.

AMOS: Not to mention that song from the movie Titanic.

GROOVIN' GREG: Far Out!

MOON DOG: So we just traded one set of worries for another. I think we'll go back into the fridge.

ELI: No, there will always be things to worry about. It doesn't depend on what you worry on. It depends on who you lean on. God says not to worry. He'll take care of us.

AMOS: Yeah, hakuna matata.

(They all look at him strangely.)

I think I finally hurt myself.

MOON DOG: Groovy. So don't worry, be happy. I like it. Just one other thing. Did Dick Clark ever get older?

GROOVIN' GREG: Far Out!

BE SURE YOUR TRASH WILL FIND YOU OUT!

A ONE ACT PLAY

**FEATURING
THE JANITORS FOR JESUS
AMOS AND ELI**

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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KEYWORDS: SUCCESS

Cast:

Amos
Eli

AMOS: Why, Eli, you look, uh, stunning.

ELI: Thank you, Amos.

AMOS: What's the occasion? Most janitors do not wear ties to work.

ELI: Amos, I have decided to be a success. You consider yourself a success, don't you?

AMOS: Of course. After all, I have striven to achieve the level of a church janitor, fourth class. While you, my intellectually impaired friend are but a church janitor's apprentice.

ELI: Until today, that was true, Drano breath. For today, I will achieve success. I have decided to become the most successful church janitor in the history of this church. Maybe even in the entire Southern Baptist Convention. For today, Bro. Skip is going to inspect my work and after he sees how very successful I am he will promote me to church janitor first class.

AMOS: My, but aren't we filled with self importance. It takes more than just a presidential tie and a clean auditorium to be successful.

ELI: No problem. I have memorized the church janitor's motto.

AMOS: What motto?

ELI: Nothing. What's a motto with you! (Kills himself laughing while Amos mugs for the audience.)

AMOS: Church janitors have a motto?

ELI: Yes. A Cleanliness is next to godliness.@

AMOS: I see.

ELI: And, I have also memorized the church janitor's hymn.

AMOS: I can't wait to hear this.

ELI: Would you be free from the dirt and the grime. There's power in the scrub. Power in the scrub.

AMOS: I am moved. In fact, I wished I were moved to Pittsburgh.

ELI: And, I have memorized the church janitor's prayer.

AMOS: Now, I know that one.

Together: Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my floor to sweep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my trash to take. Amen.

ELI: And, finally, I have memorized the official church janitor's Bible verse.

AMOS: Well, let's hear it.

ELI: Jesus Swept.

AMOS: Jesus swept? Your theological knowledge boggles the mind, Eli. That's not the church janitor's prayer. Prov. 28:13 He who conceals his sins does not prosper, but whoever confesses and renounces them finds mercy.

ELI: What?

AMOS: Here, let me show you. (He walks down to the altar and retrieves a bag of trash.) Now, I thought you told me this auditorium was clean. So, what's this?

ELI: (Opens sack and takes out food and eats it.) Leftovers from Wednesday night supper. OK, so I missed some trash.

AMOS: (Sniffs the air and walks over and takes out a white trash bag from the podium.) And just what is this?

ELI: (Opens it and they both stick their faces in and come out with an awful look on their face. Together they say.) The nursery.

AMOS: Eli, you still have trash you haven't gotten rid of. There's garbage

scattered all over the place. That is why we use Proverbs 28:13 as our motto. Trash and garbage are to be discarded, not hidden. For as the Bible says, be sure your trash will find you out. I'm afraid you're not ready for success.

ELI: Oh, golly gee whiz, Amos. I dressed up for nothing. What am I gonna do?

AMOS: Take out the garbage. And, get rid of that tie!

THE JANITORS:
HAPPY, HAPPY, JOY, JOY!

By
Bruce Hennigan
Copyright © July, 1998

AMOS
ELI

ELI comes in sweeping floor. Dressed in overalls. Griping and complaining.
AMOS comes in attired in ridiculous array, singing and dancing.

AMOS: I'm soooo happy! I'm soooo happy. Eli, I'm soooo happy I could just bust!

ELI: What's there to be happy about?

AMOS: What's there to be happy about? Eli, I'm a Christian. And, I have lot's of reasons to be happy.

ELI: Like?

AMOS: Well, I can read the Bible any time. There is so much to learn from the Bible. I get so excited when I read about David and Goliath. Oh, happy, happy, joy, joy.

(Bruce ad libs joy, happiness, dancing, but does NOT play tune yet.)

ELI: Wait a minute! Have you really read the Bible? I mean, all that depressing stuff in it. Like, Samson losing his hair and his strength and then getting crushed by falling columns. And, Cain killing Abel, and those people who lied about their money and they got struck down for lying. I tell you, reading the Bible would depress me.

AMOS: OK. How about the fact that my sins are gone? Yeah, I don't have to answer to God for my sins. They're covered by the blood of Jesus. Yeah, happy, happy, joy, joy. (Plays It's a small world in the background. Much adlibbing.)

ELI: Hold on there, disney breath. You don't think sin will come along and bite you on the fanny? What if I dangled a twinkie in front of you and you were on a diet? Huh? Or, what if a really pretty girl walked by. Wouldn't you be tempted? I'm telling you, sin is still there and the temptations are WORSE when you're a Christian. Doesn't sound like you have a lot to be happy about.

AMOS: Fine. But, what about prayer? Yeah, I can talk to God anytime I want to. Oh, happy, . . . (Plays Zip pee do dah.)

ELI: (Violently turns off tape.) Zip it! Have you heard any of the prayers that have been uttered in this church lately? (Grimaces, plays this up and prays.) Oh mighty, awesome God of whom I am in trembling fear, although I do not deserve the least of your attention and am nothing more than a lowly tapeworm, I hope you might find it in your cosmic, busy schedule to listen to my wee, tiny, inconsequential prayer. (Opens one eye and glances upward.) If you're even listening.
When I pray, I don't feel very happy. Just scared.

AMOS: Eli, are you sure you're a Christian?

ELI: Of course. I'm just more realistic than you. It's our job to suffer.

AMOS: Hogwash! Jesus said He had come that His joy may be fulfilled in us. Doesn't mean you're going to be happy all the time. But, you've got hope when you read the Bible and pray; you have peace knowing your sins are forgiven. And, (presses the tape and Happy, happy, joy, joy begins) you have a future. You're going to heaven some day. Oh, happy, happy, joy, joy . . .

ELI: (Looks grumpy until the music begins to slowly infect him. Finally, he gives in.) You're right! I am so happy!

WORK SMARTER, NOT HARDER

A ONE ACT PLAY

**BY
BRUCE HENNIGAN
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FEATURING BUBBA AND CROCKETT

KEYWORDS: WORK, THINKING

Cast:

Bubba
Crockett

Crockett walks up and sees Bubba looking up into a tree. He walks up beside him and looks up with him. When he speaks to Bubba, Bubba jumps.

CROCKETT: What you lookin' at, Bubba?

BUBBA: (Jumps.) Jiminy Cricket, Crockett. You scared ten years off my life. (Composes himself.) I am lookin' at all of them sweet, delicious apples. You know, we're people of the harvest, Crockett and it's time for me to harvest these apples.

CROCKETT: Yep, I can't wait to have a hot, buttery slice of your wife's apple pie. So, what's keepin' you from harvesting these here apples?

BUBBA: Well, Crockett, you know I'm a hard worker.

CROCKETT: Yep, you been workin' this here farm for the last fifteen years.

BUBBA: Sweat and blood. Yep. Poured right here into this ground. But, for the life of me I can't figger out how to harvest these apples. So, I figger if I can cut down this tree, I can get them apples.

CROCKETT: Cut down the tree?

BUBBA: Yep. Then I can just walk along and pull the apples from the limbs.

CROCKETT: But, Bubba . . .

BUBBA: Nope. Don't have to tell me anything, Crockett. I've been workin' on this for hours. I just about figgered it out.

CROCKETT: (Looks in a plastic bin to the side.) What's all this?

BUBBA: (Picks up a serrated knife.) These are all my tools I've been tryin' to cut down the tree with. This here's Minnie's best steak knife.

CROCKETT: Ain't no steak out here, Bubba.

BUBBA: No! I been whittlin' on that tree. I didn't get very far. So I tried this. (Picks up a small hatchet.) Then, I chopped away at it with this. But, I didn't get very far. So, I tried this (he picks up a hammer and chisel) and . . .

TOGETHER: You didn't get very far.

BUBBA: Right. So, I'm standing here trying to figger out what to use next. Now, Crockett, I don't mind working hard. I've worked hard all my life and I want to bring in the harvest. Because, as you can see, the fields are ripe unto the harvest as the Bible says.

CROCKETT: Bubba, why didn't you use this? (He picks up a chain saw.)

BUBBA: I did. Used it on this tree for over two hours and didn't get very far.

CROCKETT: (Crankes up the saw and we hear the sound of a chain saw. Bubba reacts and looks at the chain saw as Crockett turns it off.)

BUBBA: What was that awful sound?

CROCKETT: I turned on the chain saw.

BUBBA: Turned it on? You mean you got to turn it on?

CROCKETT: No wonder you aren't gettin' anywhere, Bubba. Look, you gotta learn how to work smarter, not harder.

BUBBA: Huh?

CROCKETT: You've been tryin' all this tools and you don't even know how to use them. How are you going to be any good as a person of the harvest when don't even know how to use these tools. And, besides, if you cut down the tree to get to the apples, how are you going to grow apples next year? You know, Bubba, you need to learn how to think your way out of a situation. God gave you a brain. Use it. Use your head.

BUBBA: Use my head? Oh, I get it. (Bends over and rams the tree with his head. They react as apples fall all around them.)

CROCKETT: Well, you're on the right track, Bubba.

BUBBA: (Weaving around.) Yep, I guess working smarter not harder is the best

way to reap a good harvest. But, Crockett, it sure is a pain in the head.

THE WRONG FOUNDATION

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY
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FEATURING BUBBA AND CROCKETT

KEYWORDS: FOUNDATION,BUILDING

CAST:

BUBBA
CROCKETT

Bubba and Crockett walk in from back of auditorium carrying tools, blue prints and "imaginary" wood. They come up on stage and throw their stuff down.

BUBBA: Well, Crockett, here we are all ready to build Shreveport's newest high rise motel.

CROCKETT: Hotel, Crockett. It's a hotel. Motels don't have 132 stories.

BUBBA: Oh, yeah. I knew that. Listen, what do we do first?

CROCKETT: Well, let's inventory our equipment.

BUBBA: Yeah, let's inventory.

CROCKETT: We got the blueprints.

BUBBA: Ah, blueprints. Yeah.

CROCKETT: We got the tools.

BUBBA: Ah, tools. Yeah.

CROCKETT: We got the building material.

BUBBA: Ah, building material. Yeah. Hey, Crockett. Ain't we forgot something?

CROCKETT: What?

BUBBA: Lunch!

CROCKETT: It's 8 o'clock in the morning, Bubba.

BUBBA: Oh. I forgot. It's just so hard to keep up this manly physique I got. OK. What do we do first?

CROCKETT: (Looks at blueprints.) OK. Take that girder. (He points to ground.) And put it right here. (He points to a spot stage right.) I'll get the nail gun.

BUBBA: OK, Crockett. (Bubba struggles with heavy girder and stands it up. Play this for as much comedy as possible and plants it on the ground. Just as he does, the girder slides into the earth and disappears from sight. Bubba watches it disappear.) Ah, Crockett.

CROCKETT: (Turns around with nail gun in hand.) Bubba! I told you to put a girder right here. What are you horsing around for? Now get one of those girders and stand it right here.

BUBBA: But, Crockett,

CROCKETT: Now, Bubba. I'll get some more nails.

BUBBA: (Bubba shrugs and repeats the above action watching another girder disappear into the ground.) Oh, boy. Is Crockett gonna be mad at me.

CROCKETT: (Turns around. He takes off his hat and hits Bubba on the head.) What's a matter with you? Stop just standing around and get to work.

BUBBA: But, Crockett. I put a girder right here where you said and it sunk into the ground.

CROCKETT: What? Don't be ridiculous. Let me see.

BUBBA: (Bubba goes after another girder and play some slap stick with Crockett getting hit with the imaginary girder or dodging it, etc. He puts the girder right where Crockett points to and releases it. It stands up.) I don't get it.

CROCKETT: Doesn't look like it's sinking to me, there Bubba. Now let me go get the welding tools.

BUBBA: (As he turns away, Bubba watches the girder slide into the ground.) Hey, Crockett. Look!

CROCKETT: (This time, Crockett sees it.) Hey, stop it from sinking. Grab it.

BUBBA: (Bubba grabs girder and wrestles it to the ground where it disappears.) It was slippery.

CROCKETT: It was slippery? Come here. What are we going to do? Huh? We're supposed to build a building. We got the blue prints. It tells us exactly how to build the building. It gives us explicit instructions on just how to handle any situation. We got the tools. We're equipped with the right tools to handle any type of construction.

BUBBA: I guess we just don't know how to use them, Crockett. Maybe we got the wrong spot.

CROCKETT: What?

BUBBA: You know, we got all the tools. We got all the knowledge. But, maybe we got the wrong place as our foundation. You know, Crockett, I don't want to go over your head but I think we need help.

CROCKETT: You're right, Bubba. We had better call out the foreman, Jesus Christ.

BUBBA: What's he gonna do?

CROCKETT: Become the chief cornerstone.