



*Written by
Cora Alley*

“Signs From God”

Scriptures:

Overall Scripture: Micah 6:8

Specific Skit Scriptures:

"Hard Labor": Colossians 3: 23, 24

"Run To Win": Hebrews 12: 1b, 2a

"Construction Zone": James 3: 8

"Finding H": Hebrews 6: 19

Dramatic Category: "Collected Skits On A Theme"

What are "Collected Skits On A Theme"?

"Collected Skits On A Theme" are a group of skits that fit together to make a thematic statement. Each of these collected skits begins with a narrative designed to tie together these skits with segues that bring each skit into the narrative. Each of these skits can also stand alone, but together they combine into one storyline lasting 30-45 minutes. Different casts can perform different skits, or one ensemble cast can perform all of them. These skits set up the pastor for a sermon on the central topic of the skits.

NOTE:

In this “Collected Skits On A Theme,” four "Skits" are woven into a narrative of one man who has a running conversation with God about the meaning of life:

1. "Hard Labor" (script #S15)
2. "Run To Win" (script #MS3)
3. "Construction Zone" (script #MS2)
4. "Finding 'H'" (script #DS2)

The "Conversations With God" script is divided into five sections; the beginning of the show, between each of the four skits, and at the end. The "Conversations With God" lines are woven into the scripts, and are also located at the end of this script for ease of memorization.

Topic: Living a fruitful Christian life

Performance Time: 30-40 minutes

Number of Players: 6 players (*men or women*)

(or between 12-26 players, if you use a new cast for each skit)

CS3 “Signs From God” Copyright 2004 Cora Alley inkspirations.org

Page 1

Performance license, electronic transfer or duplication for cast and crew is granted to the **purchaser only**. Duplication or transfer to others is prohibited. For touring and video rights, contact Cora Alley at the contact information on inkspirations.org.

Objective:

These are “Collected Skits” on the theme of fruitful Christian living: stewardship, holiness, love, and hope. Together, these skits combine to show four areas of life that God intends to govern, as well as bless, when we submit and obey His commands.

Synopsis:

This "Collected Skits On A Theme" begins with one man (Dave), stepping out onto a bare stage, and asking God to communicate to him the "meaning of life." In answer to Dave's questions, four boxes come flying onto the stage; each box has one letter pasted on four of its sides.

Dave begins to stack the boxes so that the letters form the answer to the question. After each skit, he comes back onto the stage, asks God his next question, the boxes fly out, he stacks them up, and he makes a new word which sets up the next skit.

The word “WORK” introduces the skit, "Hard Labor," which admonishes believers to do their work "as unto the Lord" and be good stewards of our time and energy.

The word “LIVE” introduces the skit, "Run to Win," which warns us to live a life of holiness and not weigh down our lives with bad choices.

The word “LOVE” introduces the skit, "Construction Zone," which teaches us to edify each other with our every word and deed, thus loving each other as Jesus implores us to do.

The word “HOPE” introduces the skit, "Finding ‘H,’" which builds our anticipation for our eventual heavenly home.

The Cast:

Dave
Kelly
Kaylene
Brenda
Derek
Shawn

NOTE:

The six players in “Conversations With God” also perform the characters in the other skits (unless you choose to cast new players for each skit). Refer to the “Cast Roles Chart” on the following page for the specific character assignments in each skit. You will find character descriptions for each of the characters at the beginning of each skit’s script. It is your option to expand the cast and use entirely different people to perform the skits; this could expand your cast from 12 to 26 people.

Cast Roles Chart

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD	HARD LABOR	RUN TO WIN	UNDER CONSTRUCTION	FINDING "H"
Dave: <i>Talks with God</i>	Dad	Coach	Boss	Teacher & Rod Serling
Kelly: <i>off-stage box-tosser 1</i>	Maryanne	Discouragement	Beth	Marty
Kaylene <i>off-stage box-tosser 2</i>	Mom	Drugs	Sandy	Paula
Brenda <i>off-stage box-tosser 3</i>	Jenny	Loose Lady	Nancy	Substitute Teacher
Derek <i>off-stage box-tosser 4</i>	Uncle Buzz	Jeff	Ken	Neal
Shawn	Bruce	Dirty Dude	Mark	Ken

Sound:

Wireless mics for the Narrators and other speaking parts
A "crashing" sound effect (like trash cans banging together) (for "Hard Labor")

Music:

Theme from the classic "Twilight Zone" television show (for "Finding 'H'")

Props:

For the "Conversations With God"

4 cardboard boxes covered with various colors of contact paper
Mailing boxes work really well. On each of the four sides of the box (not the top or bottom), paste a large letter, made of black construction paper or contact paper (or use a marker). When these boxes are tossed, they will land randomly, and Dave will attempt to stack them up until they make the word that introduces the next skit. This is the key for which letters appear on the four sides of the boxes:

Box 1: W L L H
Box 2: O I O O
Box 3: R V V P
Box 4: K E E E

For "Hard Labor"

Junk to clutter Bruce's room: clothes, sports equipment, books, food, etc.
Socks that are filled with newspaper, so they stand up
Schoolbooks on a low table
A blanket or bedspread
4 chairs or a bed
A spool of string (long enough to stretch across the stage)

For "Run To Win"

Four sets of chains (8 sections of chains)

1. Discouragement: 2 sections, 8 feet long each
2. Drugs: 2 sections, 4 feet long each
3. Loose Lady: 2 sections, 4 feet long each
4. Dirty Dude: 2 sections, 4 feet long each

Each of the characters above, wears one section and walk onto the stage carrying the other section which is then draped around Jeff by the character. This is to show that the character already has this "type of sin" in his/her life and is now giving it Jeff.

NOTE:

Put a 2-sided clip at the end of each chain to make attaching them much easier.

2 "ball-and-chains" *for "Dirty Dude" and Jeff (bowling balls with chains and clips)*

A bottle (beer-like): *wrapped in a brown paper sack, carried by "Drugs"*

A cigarette/joint: *rolled paper to look like a cigarette or a joint, carried by "Drugs"*

A bottle of pills: *poured into Jeff's hand, carried by "Drugs"*

A magazine: *covered in a wordless brown paper, carried by "Dirty Dude"*

A business card: *given to Jeff by "Loose Lady"*

Tennis shoes: *to replace the ones Jeff is wearing*

A whistle: *worn by the Coach*

A padlock: *locked onto the chains Jeff wears by "Discouragement"*

A padlock key: *to open the padlock on Jeff, carried by the Coach*

For "Construction Zone"

2 sets of several pieces of typing paper, stapled together

Two chairs

A clipboard for the Boss

A clipboard for Sandy

For "Finding H"

A purse, a compact, a lipstick (for Paula)

A purse, a small aspirin bottle, a water bottle (for Marty)

A newspaper (for Ken)

A briefcase with a plastic holder for pens, and various pens (for Neal)

School supplies (notebooks, briefcases, purses, etc.) (for the Students)

A whiteboard (or overhead projector, or computer / VPU) (for the teacher or substitute)

A dry erase marker (for the teacher or substitute)

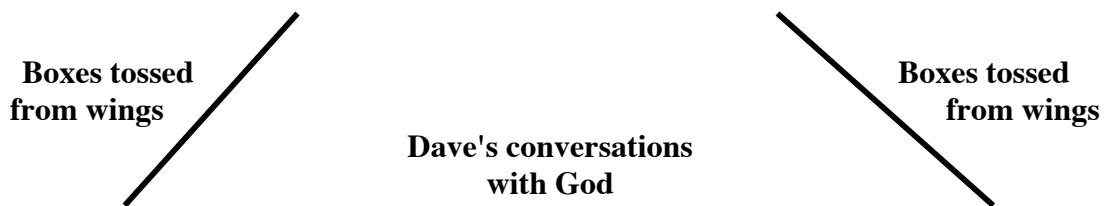
4 books that look alike (for the students)

A black suit (for Rod Serling)

4 school-type desks (or chairs with music stands laid flat, looking like desks)

Stage Arrangement:

Use a light pool for Dave's conversations with God; the rest of the stage should be dark. Use stagehands, dressed in black, to rearrange the set behind Dave for each skit, while Dave is talking with God at down stage, center.



“Conversation #1 With God”

LIGHTS: DARK STAGE WITH A SINGLE LIGHT ON CENTER STAGE.

(Dave enters onto a dimly lit stage)

Dave: Hello, God? Are you out there?
Man, you made a big world.
Billions of people in it!
They're all doing their thing;
but where do I fit in, Lord?
How am I supposed to survive out there?
I mean, what do I do?
If you're really out there, just give me a sign.
Any kind of sign

(The boxes come flying out from the wings. He looks confused, looks up at God, and starts to mumble to himself.)

Okay, what's this?
A sign, maybe? Let's see...

(He randomly stacks the boxes, vertically, so their letters face the audience. He steps back to try to read the word, but it spells only a “gibberish” word. He restacks them, several times, to make other words. Finally he stacks the boxes vertically to spell "WORK.")

Oh, you want me to WORK. All right, then, I'll work.

(He picks up the stack of boxes that spells WORK, and begins to exit.)

Thank you...oh, thank you!

LIGHTS: OUT ON CENTER SPOT UP ON FULL STAGE

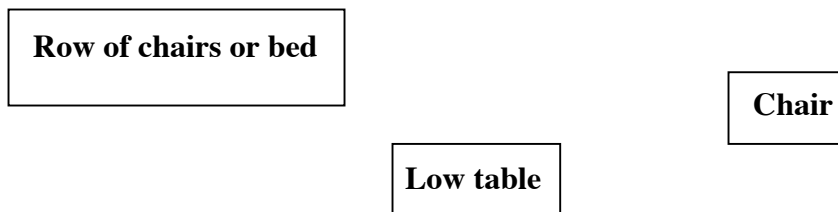
"Hard Labor"

Cast:

Bruce: *A "cool" teenager, who sees no point in hard work*
Mom: *Bruce's mother, who tries to motivate young Bruce*
Dad: *Bruce's father, who gives him a lecture about his future*
Uncle Buzz: *A slovenly, no-account, who sponges off of others*
Maryanne: *Bruce's teenaged sister*
Jenny: *Maryanne's teenaged friend*

Staging Note:

Arrange the stage like Bruce's room. Use a row of chairs for the bed, drape a blanket over it, and litter it with teenaged room paraphernalia.



The Script:

(Jenny and Maryanne cautiously enter Bruce's room. Maryanne ties a string to the door handle (which is any object off stage that will hold string so it looks like the string is attached to something) so she and Jenny will not get lost in the clutter of Bruce's room. A pair of socks stands up all by themselves in the center of the room. The room is a terrible mess. Bruce is in the room, but he hears them coming and hides under some clothes.)

Maryanne: I hope Bugs is in here.

Jenny: Bugs, what a weird name for a rabbit.

Maryanne: It's not weird. Bugs is my bunny. Bugs bunny, get it.
I can't find him anywhere in the house, so maybe he got into my brother's room.
I just hope he doesn't die in there.

Jenny: Die there? Why would he die in your brother's room?

Maryanne: You'll see.
(She takes a string out and ties it to the door.)

(They enter the room and stare at the terrible mess!)

Jenny: Wow! This is an awesome room!
So, why are you tying a string to the door?

Maryanne: That's the only way out of my little brother's room.
This room is dangerous.
Animals and small children have gotten lost in this mess,
and have never been heard from again!
I just hope bugs is in here somewhere.

Jenny: *(stepping on a bug)*
I don't know if your rabbit is in here,
but there's lots of other bugs around.
I just killed one!

(She holds it up for Maryanne to see.)

Maryanne: *(She screams, then adopts a secretive air.)*
Shhh! Bruce might be in here.
(inching forward holding onto the string with Jenny following close behind)
You never know!

Jenny: *(noticing the socks)*
Awesome! Socks that stand up by themselves.

(picking one up) Did he do this with glue?

Maryanne: No, sweat; sweat and dirt!
He never washes his clothes.

Jenny: *(Oddly enough, she is impressed.)* Wow! What a concept!

Bruce:
(Bruce rises up from the floor covered in clothing like a mummy. His arms are outstretched and he startles the girls. They scream loudly and head for the door, but he blocks them.)

Beware the curse of the mummy on all who trespass in the room of the walking dead!
You will be strangled by the cord of doom!

(He grabs the string the girls are trailing and heads for the girls' throats. They scream even louder.)

Unless you give me some quarters for the arcade!

Maryanne: Stop it!
I'm not giving you any more quarters!
I'm just looking for bugs, my rabbit.
Have you seen him?

Bruce: No, I haven't seen bugs.

Jenny: *(stomping on the floor and killing another bug)*
I have!

(She picks the bug up and hands it to Bruce.)
Here, there's more where it came from.

(She starts kicking clothes around and stepping on bugs at random.)

Maryanne: *(Grabbing Jenny by the arm.)* Come on! Bugs isn't in here.

Jenny: Oh yes there are, thousands of 'em. Look!
(She lifts up some clothes and Maryanne screams.)

Maryanne: You should clean this mess up! Be responsible!
A little work wouldn't kill you, 'ya know.

Jenny: Yeah, but it might kill the bugs!
(They exit.)

Bruce: *(mimicking them)* It might kill the bugs.

(His mimic is interrupted by Mom who enters Bruce's room.)

Mom: Bruce! You have got to clean up this room!
Take a little pride in yourself.
This room says a lot about who you are.
You don't want people to think you are lazy, or disorganized,
or that you just don't care, do you?

(She kneels down beside him.)
Come on Bruce.

(He mouths the words as she says them.)

I've asked you a thousand times to do your fair share around here.
Now, get to work! Clean up your room because you are going to have a visitor.
(She exits!)

Bruce: *(Picking up some gum on his shoe. He reaches down, pulls the gum off of the shoe.)*

Hey, here's that gum I lost. I knew it was in here somewhere.

(He picks some stuff off of the gum, then puts it into his mouth. He pauses for a moment.)

A visitor? Mom! What visitor? Who's coming?

Mom: *(Mom re-enters.)* Your father will tell you.

Bruce: *(His eyes widen.)* Oh yeah?

Dad: *(enters the room carefully)* Hi. Is it safe to enter this place?

Bruce: Sure, Dad. Come on in.
(Bruce moves some clothes over.)

Dad: I have some bad news, and some bad news,
which one do you want to hear first?

Bruce: Don't you mean good news and bad news?

Dad: No, just bad news!

Bruce: Okay, then give me the bad news first.

Dad: *(staring at Bruce)* Your Uncle Buzz is coming to live with us.

Bruce: What!

Dad: And he's going to stay with you, in your room!

Bruce: No!

Dad: Now do you want to hear the bad news?

Bruce: That was bad news!

Dad: Right, and here's some more.
(He sets some books in front of Bruce as he speaks.)

 You are on restriction for the next month until your grades improve.
 Why don't you do your homework?

Bruce: I forget sometimes. I think about other stuff.

Dad: I will help you remember.
 No TV, no bike riding, no friends over; just homework!
 And I want to see a report from your teacher at the end of every week.
 You've got to get to work, young man if you ever expect to have a good life.

Bruce: I've got a good life; look I found my gum.
(He blows a bubble.)

Dad: *(exiting)* Learn to work, son, or you won't be able to afford gum;
 'cause I'm not paying your bills forever!

(He pops Bruce's gum, and it spreads out all over his face.)

Bruce: *(following Dad to the door, but calling for Mom)* Mom!

Mom: What?

Bruce: I don't want Uncle Buzz in my room!

Mom: Nobody wants your Uncle Buzz.
That's why he's coming here.
We have to let him in.
He's my brother.

Bruce: But Mom!

Mom: It'll just be for a little while, I hope.
Maybe he'll be able to hold down a job this time.

Shhh! Here he comes.
(She exits.)

Bruce: Why me! Oh, man.
(He leans on the books.)

I don't believe this...not my...

Buzz: Uncle Buzz to the rescue!
(He puts Bruce in a head lock and rubs his head as if to say, "Hey, buddy!")

Bruce: I don't need to be rescued, Uncle Buzz.

Buzz: *(moving over to the stack of books)*
Oh yes you do! I'll rescue you from the evils of homework.

(He knocks the books off the table.)
Come on, let's go over to the arcade and kill some time.
You think your dad would give us some quarters?

Bruce: Ah...I don't think so.
Hey, are you really staying with...

Buzz: With you, my man!
Me and you together again.
Just like the good ol' days.

Bruce: The good ol' days were just last month.
Did you loose your job again?

Buzz: Ah, it was a dumb job.
They said I was lazy, and that my desk was real disorganized.
Hey, I love this room, man.
It's real comfortable, if you know what I mean.

(He makes himself comfortable on some clothes.)

Bruce: They fired you 'cause you were disorganized?

Buzz: No, not just that. They said I didn't "take pride in my work; that I didn't do my fair share of the work around there."
That's crazy. I was a good worker...
when I remembered to go to work.

Bruce: When you remembered to go?

Buzz: Yeah, I forget sometimes! I think about other stuff.

Bruce: Oh, man...Uncle Buzz.
We've told you a thousand times to....

Buzz: Get to work, yeah. I know.
I will.
I've got my whole life ahead of me.
I'm only forty!
Some day I'll settle down, get a job, get married.

(He takes Bruce by the arm, as though he was a bride, and marches downstage, center.)

Ha! Can you see me married?
Man, that's scary!
All that responsibility!

You got any quarters for the arcade?

(Bruce just stands there staring at Uncle Buzz. He appears to be daydreaming.)

Buzz: *(snapping his fingers in Bruce's face.)* Hey, snap out of it man!
Did I ever tell you that my name's not really Buzz.
That's only a nickname.
My real name's Bruce.
You were named after me.
We're a lot alike, you and me.

(Bruce stands dumbfounded as Uncle Buzz exits. He walks over to his desk and begins to clean it up. He picks up the homework books off of the floor and opens one of them.)

Bruce: *(to himself, loudly)* We're a lot alike? No we're not!

(He begins cleaning up his room. At first he slowly picks things up, then he gets "into it," and speeds up. Jenny enters and stares at him.)

Jenny: Why are you messing up your room?

Bruce: I'm not messing it up; I'm cleaning it up!

Jenny: But it was so, you...you know; creative, wild, awesome!

Bruce: Lazy! Disorganized.

Maryanne: *(poking her head into his room)* What's the matter with you?

Bruce: I take pride in my room. It says a lot about who I am.

Mom: *(walking by)* Maryanne, have you seen my...
Bruce! What are you doing?

Bruce: My fair share around here, Mom.
I've got to get to work if I ever expect to have a good life.

Mom: *(calling to Dad)* Honey, look.
Bruce is cleaning his room!

Dad: *(amazed, as Bruce finishes the room and sits down to do his homework)*
Now that's good news!

Bruce: What are you all staring at?
A kid's got to learn how to work while he's young;
otherwise, he could end up like....
(He is interrupted by the loud crash of metal)

SOUND: A LOUD, CRASHING NOISE

All: *(They all look at each other.)* Uncle Buzz!

Mom: *(apologetically)* He asked to borrow the car.

The End of "Hard Labor"

LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACK UP ON CENTER SPOT

“Conversation #2 With God”

(Dave reenters back onto a dimly lit stage.)

Dave: Hi, God? I've been working.
I know you like work.
You wouldn't have given us so many opportunities to do it
if you didn't think we'd find some sort of thrill in it.

I'm going to work... everyday... all day... all the time... but is there more?
If there is, just give me a sign.
Any kind of sign...

(The boxes come flying over the backdrop. He reacts the same as he did before: first with surprise, then he makes a couple wrong words, finally he stacks the boxes vertically to spell "LIVE.")

Oh, you want me to LIVE. All right, then, I'll live.

(He picks up the stack of boxes that spells “LIVE,” and begins to exit.)

Thank you...oh, thank you!

(He exits.)

LIGHTS: CENTER SPOT OUT, UP ON FULL STAGE

"Run To Win"

Cast:

Jeff: *A runner in a race, dressed in a jogging suit.*
Coach: *A mature runner, with a whistle*
Drugs: *A female sleazy person*
Dirty Dude: *A male sleazy person*
Loose Lady: *A flirtatious, alluring woman*
Discouragement: *An expressionless woman with a monotone voice.*

The Script:

(Coach and Jeff enter the stage; both are dressed for a track meet. They run onto the stage. The tennis shoes are set off to the side.)

Coach: All right now, look.
You've got to give this all you've got, man.
Now, when your body tells you you're gonna' die if you take one more step, you take that step anyway... you take 20 more steps.
You dig down into the deepest part of your heart and soul and you scoop out all the strength you've got.
This is a tough race, and only the tough finish.

Jeff: I'm scared, coach.

Coach: Of course you're scared.
It's a long race, but I'm pullin' for 'ya.

(Notices the shoes Jeff has on.)
Hey, those shoes are too heavy.
Try these. *(Tosses him a pair of light shoes.)*

If you're gonna' win, you can't weigh yourself down.
(Pats him on the back.)

Give it all you've got!
(Coach exits, leaves Jeff alone.)

Jeff: *(Sitting down, switching shoes.)*
I've got to get psyched for this race. It's so long.

Drugs:
(Enters with a chain around her arm like a sling; she is carrying some pills, a cigarette, and a bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag.)

Shoes too tight?

Jeff: *(Looking up from the ground, then getting up.)* No, they're fine now; my other ones were too heavy. I've got a race to run; can't get weighted down.

Drugs: A race, huh.
Well, I've got something that will start your motor and keep it hummin'. Take a few of these, *(She hands him pills.)*
And check this out! *(She hands him a joint.)*

Jeff: Will this help?

Drugs: Help? Man this stuff will cure your blues, shine your shoes, make your eyes white, and your teeth bright.

(Jeff takes the pills, and starts to smoke. As he does, Drugs drapes a chain around Jeff's neck and wrist, until his arm is in a sling, too, as Drugs, herself, is wearing. Drugs pokes Jeff in the side. Jeff coughs.)

Jeff: *(Reeling a bit and coughing. He tries to run in place, but the chain is heavy, and he notices it.)*

This is supposed to keep my motor running, huh?

Drugs: Sure, but where are you going in such a hurry?

Jeff: I've got a race to run.
I'm trying to get started.
It's kinda' rough.

Drugs: You seem really up tight about it.
Relax, unwind.
Here take a swig of this.
It will help you forget your troubles. Go ahead!

(She puts the bottle into the hand supported by the sling. He holds the bottle in the same way she did. Drugs exits.)

Jeff: *(to himself)* Relax. Unwind. Right.
(He takes a few breaths.)

(Dirty Dude walks by with his nose in a magazine. He has 2 sets of a ball-and-chains attached to his leg, and he drags them along as he walks. He bumps right into Jeff, then looks up in disgust.)

Jeff: Watch where you're going!

Dirty Dude: Hey, man, I've got better stuff to watch than you.
Check this out.
(He shows Jeff the picture. Jeff's eyes bulge and he looks up fast.)

Jeff: Who is that? Where did you get that?

Dirty Dude: I can get a million of these.
Here, take this one. It'll keep your mind occupied...
(He jabs him in the ribs) if you know what I mean.

(As Jeff looks at the magazine, Dirty Dude attaches the ball-and-chain to Jeff's leg, then he leaves.)

(Jeff rapidly looks through the magazine and stares wildly.)

Loose Lady: *(approaches Jeff with two chains wrapped around her neck.)*
Hi there.

(She stands really close to him, and peeks into the magazine.)

Jeff: *(obviously flustered) Oh, hi.*
(He puts away the magazine by tucking it into the back of his pants.)
I ah...I was just.

Loose Lady: I know what you were reading.

(She wraps her chains around Jeff's neck tightly as she talks. She hands him a business card as she exits.)

Call me.

Jeff: *(Hardly able to breathe.)* Call you?
I... I can't even breathe, how can I call...
how can I run?
Man, this stuff is heavy.

(He tries to run in place, but he can hardly move.)
I can't get... this is just too....

(Discouragement enters, wearing chains all over her body, and she carries an additional chain like a rope draped over her arm with the end of it in her hand. She clips the end of her chain to the chain at Jeff's ankle and begins to walk around him, winding a chain from his ankle up to his neck, like a spider would wrap a fly in a web.)

Discouragement: Hard?
That's what it is, man.
It's just too hard.
Why don't you quit?
You're not going anywhere all tied up like that.
Pack it in!
It's all over.

Jeff: I've got to get rid of this stuff.
I can't make any time like this.
I'm gonna' loose the race.

Discouragement: Lose the race?
You're not even gonna' start the race.
I told you, it's all over.
You haven't got a chance.
You can't do it!
Give up!

Jeff: I was supposed to run a race.

Discouragement: You're kidding.

Jeff: I was supposed to win.

Discouragement: *(taking a long look at him)*
You, a winner?
Yeah, right.
Dream on!

Jeff: I'm trapped.
I can't even move.
What am I going to do?

Discouragement: Stop caring.

Jeff: *(looking at her with a puzzled expression)* What?

Discouragement: Just tell yourself, "It's not important," and stop caring.
That's what I always do.

(During her talk with Jeff, she ends the chain at his neck, takes a large padlock out of her pocket and attaches the chain with it right below Jeff's ear.)

Just tune out.
Don't care.
(She snaps the lock very obviously, then exits.)

Jeff: I don't care.
I really don't.
What does it matter?
I'll never get these things off.
So what?
(Jeff sinks to the floor.)

Coach:
(Enters and stops short. He stares at Jeff who sits center stage all bound up in the chains.)

We missed you in the starting blocks.

Jeff: I can't run.
Not like this.

Coach: Why did you do this?

Jeff: It wasn't my fault, coach!
This girl came by, and she gave me this.
(He pulls out the joint.)

and she gave me some pills, too;
then a girl....

Coach: Did she force you to smoke this?
(throwing the joint on the ground and stepping on it)

Jeff: No, but then she gave me this bottle of....
(holding out the bottle)

Coach: Did she hold a gun to your head?

Jeff: No, but then a guy came by and he gave me this.
(He holds the magazine out for the coach. Coach knocks it out of his hand.)

Coach: Nobody forced you, Jeff.
You made your own choices!
Don't say this is not your fault.

Jeff: *(trying to justify himself)*
I'm not the one that gave me these things.

Coach: But you're the one who took them.
It was your choice.
You can't control anybody's choice but yours!

Jeff: *(thinking)* I blew the race, didn't I?

Coach: If that's the choice you want to stay with.

Jeff: It's what I'm stuck with.
Look at me!
I can't run!

Coach: Choices can work backwards, too.
One right choice can fix a whole series of bad ones.

Jeff: I sure want to back out of these choices, coach.
(He struggles to lift himself up off of the ground.)
I wanna' run.

Coach:
(He takes a key out of his pocket and unlocks the padlock. He begins to unwind each chain as he speaks.)
Faith is the key.
Your choices will either set you free or tie you up.
God's on your side, Jeff.
Why don't you make a choice to be on His?

Jeff: Can He get me out of these?

Coach: He specializes in setting people free;
but His is not the first move.
Yours is.
Faith in Him is the one right choice that sets the rest of life on the right track.

Jeff: Track?
I wanna' run, coach.
God's track.
(free of the chains and running again)

Coach: That's the inside track. *(They run off together.)*

The End of "Run To Win"

LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACK, UP ON CENTER SPOT

“Conversation #3 With God”

(Dave enters back onto a dimly lit stage)

Dave: Hello...It's me.
I'm still here.
I guess that's an accomplishment in itself, isn't it?
You know, a guy could get hurt out there?
It's almost like someone's out to get ya';
like an angry lion prowling around just looking for....well, I guess
if you want to "live," you gotta' watch your back.

It's dangerous out there, God.
I want to live, and I want to work.
Working and living; living to work and working to live.
Is that all there is?
There's got to be more?
Something more beautiful than working.
Something that makes life worth living.
What is it, God?
Just send me a sign!
Any kind of a sign...

(The boxes come flying over the backdrop. He reacts the same as he did before: first with surprise, then he makes a couple wrong words, finally he stacks the boxes vertically to spell "LOVE.")

Oh, you want me to LOVE!
All right, then, I'll love.

(He picks up the stack of boxes that spells “LOVE,” and begins to exit.)

Thank you...oh, thank you!

LIGHTS: OUT ON CENTER SPOT, UP ON FULL STAGE

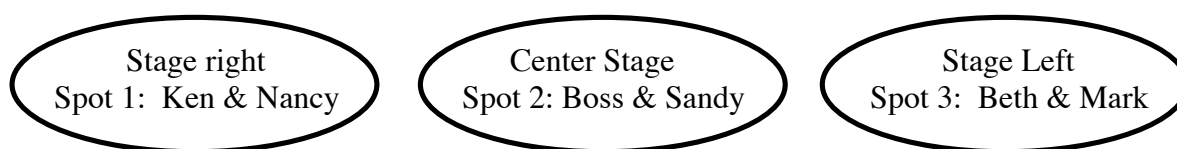
"Construction Zone"

Cast:

Ken: *Begins contorted, and ends uncontorted*
Beth: *Begins uncontorted, and ends up contorted*
Nancy: *Builds Ken up with her kind words*
Mark: *Tears Beth down with his harsh words*
Boss: *Interprets the power of prideful words, dressed in a suit*
Sandy: *A young executive, dressed in a fine business outfit*

Lighting Note/ Stage Configuration:

This skit is most effective if you can isolate three light pools, as illustrated below; however, it is extremely effective with no light pools as well.



The lights should switch on when each pair speaks and off when they are quiet. Sandy and the Boss should be in dim light during the couple exchanges.

SCRIPT NOTE:

The lines for Sandy and the Boss could be **placed on the clipboards** each of them carry onto the stage. They could glance down now and then, particularly the Boss because he has some rather complex speeches. Sand could carry a pen and appear to take notes, while she is actually checking her lines. This is just an option; you may have super-minds who can handle the complexity of this dialogue effortlessly; if so, congratulations.

The Script:

(Sandy and the Boss walk onto the stage. They see two sets of people; one person in each set stands behind the other who is seated in a chair. The person seated in the left pair is grossly contorted, with a paper lying at his feet. He looks twisted as he sits. The person on the box in the right pair is holding a paper in her hands while the other stands over her and looks on. Both pairs are in a frozen tableau.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 2, SPOT 1 AND SPOT 3 AT 50%

Boss:

(entering the stage talking to Sandy as he checks things off on his clipboard. Sandy is taking notes on her clipboard as she walks.)

All right, you're checked out on the copier;
you got your key to the executive rest room.
(He stops and faces her.)

Sandy: What?

Boss: The executive rest room.

Sandy: I know where it is.

Boss: I know, but you've never been an executive before, have you?

Sandy: No, but I've been to the rest room before; I'm sure I'll be fine.

Boss: It's not that. Just don't let it go to your head.

Sandy; *(gazing at him oddly)*
Okay, I won't let the rest room go to my head.

Boss: No, not the rest room.
Being an executive; don't let that go to your head.
You're no better than anybody else.
You just have a different job.

Sandy: I know that.

Boss: I know you know, but will you remember when you get to the construction site?

Sandy: What construction site?
Don't we sell computers?

Boss: *(ignoring her question)* They never put the cones out.

Sandy: Cones?
What are you talking about?
What cones?

Boss: You know, those orange cones they put on the road,
so you don't run into 'em while they're tearing' things up!
We've got construction sites all over this place, and I keep running into them.

(He stops her right behind and between the two pairs of frozen people.)
Here's one now; just our luck.
Oh, well, at least I'm here to check you out on this, too.

Sandy: *(looking really confused)* Check me on out on this?
There's no construction going on around here.

Boss: *(pointing to the frozen pairs)* There's construction going on all right,
and destruction, too!

Sandy: What are you talking about? There's nothing!

Boss: Watch. It's starting.
(They both stare as the first pair on the right comes to life.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 3, SPOT 1 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Mark: You call that a month-end report?
Do you have any idea who I am?
If you are going to work with me, you are going to be excellent;
have I made myself clear?

Beth: *(recoils slightly)*

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 1, SPOT 3 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Nancy:
(The pair on the left comes to life, and the pair on the right freezes. Peeking around the corner and approaching Ken with hesitation. Ken is grossly contorted. He has his paper hidden under his foot. Nancy finds the paper and reads it.)

Hey, that's really well done.
Did you write this up all on your own?

(At her gentle comment, he uncoils slightly.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 3, SPOT 1 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Mark: *(Coming closer to Beth. He looks into Beth's face, then back to the paper.)*

Did personnel send you up here as a joke?
If they did, it's not funny.
You're not working for just anybody, you know.
I am Mark Perkins.
Do you know who I am?

Beth: *(Begins to contort even more)*

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 1, SPOT 3 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Nancy: *(continuing to read the report)* You approached this problem very creatively.

(Ken uncoils and finally faces Nancy.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 3, SPOT 1 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Mark: *(to Beth)* You are on the executive floor, Missy.
We don't operate like the people you are used to.
You'd better go back to where you fit in.

(Beth contorts into a little ball that looks very much like Ken looked at the start.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 1, SPOT 3 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Nancy: *(looking at the report again)* Actually, your solution is better than mine.
Can I ask you a few questions about this?

Ken: *(uncoils fully to talk with her)* Me? Sure...

Nancy: How did you come up with this?

Ken: I... ah... well, I was just thinking...

Nancy: Well, you just keep on thinking.

Ken: Really?

Nancy: Yes. You've got a lot of talent for problem solving.
(They leave the stage together to the right.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 3, SPOT 1 OUT, SPOT 2 AT 30%

Mark: My time is too valuable to waste trying to decipher this mess.

(He throws the report down at her feet. Beth is left in a horribly contorted ball as Mark exits left.)

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 2, SPOT 3 OUT

Sandy: *(to the Boss)* What was that all about?

Boss: That's what I was talking about.
They never warn you when you're gonna' run into one of these construction zones.
Blast those cones, anyway.

Sandy: *(following the Boss around as he looks for cones)*
I don't know what you're talking about, Sir.
We just saw two people being....

Boss: Torn apart, and built up.
That's what I'm getting at.
You never know if you're gonna' be walkin' into a construction zone,
where they're building each other up,
or a demolition zone, where people are getting blown to bits.

I wish they would warn ya.'
Don't you think that would be fair?

See, there should have been a sign up here that says,
"Caution, people under construction" or,
"Warning: people being destroyed: next 50 yards."
But, do you see anything? No, they never even put the cones out!

(He continues looking around.)

Sandy: You mean to tell me that people are being built here?

Boss: Sure, built up or torn down.
It's done entirely by other people who never tell you when they're gonna' do it.
Drives you crazy.

You can be walking along, minding your own business, and "Pow!" out of nowhere
somebody will drop right in front of you.
Destroyed!
Out of the clear blue sky.
No warning, no cones!

Sandy: Just with words?

Boss: Oh yeah, words are the most powerful weapons we have to use on each other.
Our words are fueled by our pride, and pride is a very dangerous thing.
Words can build you up or tear you down.
(snap) Just like that!

Sandy: Oh, come on.
Words aren't that big a deal.
It's not like you hit them or something.

Boss: Words hit harder than fists!

Sandy: They do not!

Boss: Sure they do!
(He motions over to the coiled up Beth.) Try it.

LIGHTS: UP ON SPOT 3 AND 2

Sandy: Try what?

Boss: Try building her up with words.
The tearing down's already been done.

Sandy: Are you kidding?

Boss: No, go on. Try it.

Sandy: *(approaching Beth who has been coiled up on her chair)* Hi.
(Beth coils tighter.)
No, it's okay, really.
(looking at the Boss) This is stupid!

Boss: Don't give up.
Sometimes it takes a little longer when they've really been destroyed.
Go on.

Sandy: *(looking at Beth again)* Ah...my name is Sandy. What's yours?
(She still gets no response, and looks helplessly at the Boss)

Boss: Try talking about something that matters to her.
(He points to the report.)

Sandy:
(She grabs the report that was thrown on the ground. She reads a few lines, then looks at Beth.)

This is really good.
(Beth uncoils slightly. Sandy looks with hope at the Boss, who encourages her.)
Ah.. Do you think you could explain some of this to me?
(Beth uncoils more so she can see her face.)
See, you're not too dumb to work here.
(Beth coils up; Sandy looks at the Boss with frustration.)

Boss: See, I told 'ya. "Pow"! Right out of the clear blue sky!

Sandy: *(kindly to Beth)* You're really smart.
I'm sorry.
I don't know why I said that.
I guess I was trying to be funny.

Boss: Lots of destroying goes on when people try to be funny.

Sandy: I ah... Would you tell me more about this?

(Beth begins to uncoil slowly.)

I think you're a good writer, really.
(Studying the report as Beth slowly uncoils.)

Really, you are.

Beth: Do you mean that?

Sandy: *(shocked that he is speaking)* Yes!
You've made a terrific start.
Let's go talk about how you can make it even better.

(She looks at the Boss, who checks off his clipboard as Beth and Sandy exit off.)

Boss: New executives don't usually get checked off on this one quite that fast.
They get a little too proud of their title, *(laughing to himself)*
and then they wonder why they're so lonely.

Dynamite stuff, those words!
So why can't they just put out the cones?
(He exits.)

The End of "Construction Zone"

LIGHTS: OUT ON CENTER STAGE, UP ON CENTER SPOT

“Conversation #4 With God”

(Dave re-enters back onto a dimly lit stage)

Dave: Wow! Love is great, God.
Now I see why you went to all this trouble to make the world and all the people.
Love is what you want from us.
I want it, too.
I guess that's what you meant when you said we were made in your image.
Love is like worship, just another name for it...a more human name.

I love somebody.
It works out as long as I love her like you loved us...you, know, sacrifice and all that.
I'll love her forever!
No, not forever, because she'll die.
I'll die.
I'll work to live, but I'll die.
I love to work, no that's wrong, but it is work to love, sometimes...that's right.
But then I'll die.
I'll work to live and love, but then I'll die!
Lord, is that all?
Is there more?
If there is, just give me a sign... any kind of sign.

(The boxes come flying over the backdrop. He reacts the same as he did before: first with surprise, then he makes a couple wrong words, finally he stacks the boxes vertically to spell "HOPE.")

Oh, you want me to have HOPE?
All right, then, I'll have HOPE.

(He picks up the stack of boxes that spells “HOPE,” and begins to exit.)

Thank you...oh, thank you!

LIGHT: OUT ON CENTER SPOT, UP ON CENTER STAGE

"Finding H"

SCRIPT NOTE:

This skit is complex, so place a copy of the teacher's lines in his/her math book, and place the "cheat script" in the notebooks of the students. To expect people to memorize this completely is a bit unrealistic; however, you might have an expert team who can handle it. Make a "cheat script" for the substitute, and place it in her math book.

Lighting:

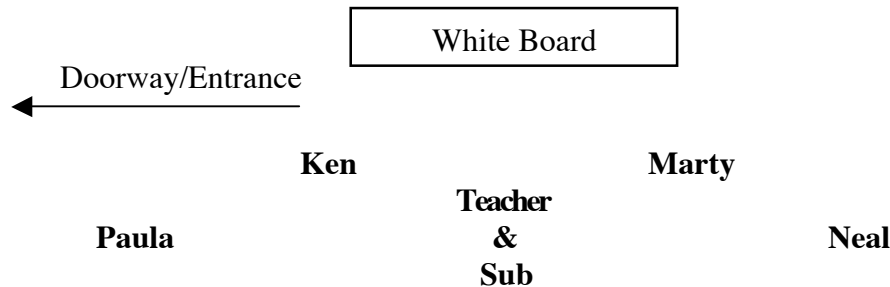
After the students read their personal problems, the stage goes dark and a blue light illuminates Rod Serling. When Rod leaves, the lighting returns to normal.

Sound:

The theme from the classic "Twilight Zone" television program
(This is available on a "TV Themes" CD, or it can be played live.)

STAGING NOTE:

Be sure the characters face front with their bodies, but their desks are at a 1/4 turn in toward the white board and toward each other. (See diagram below:)



The Script:

(The adult education students enter their math class, carrying their personal belongings, and assuming their seats. The white board is placed in the center. Wise cracks about math begin.)

Ken:

(Slamming his book heavily on to his desk, and opening a newspaper as he talks. The newspaper acts as shield to isolate him from the others.)

These are the longest three hours of my week.
Man, you work all day, then night school.
(Turning to Neal.) Don't you hate this?

Neal:

(Neatly opening his briefcase and arranging his pens.)
It doesn't matter if I hate it or not; it's just one more thing I have to do.

Paula:

(After setting her books down, she takes a compact out of her purse and freshens up her lipstick as she talks.)

I should have finished high school when I was 18; not ten years, one divorce, and three kids later. This math is hard!

Marty:

(After placing her books down, she takes an aspirin bottle out of her purse, opens it, and takes out two pills. She fumbles with her water bottle and takes the pills as she talks.)

Fractions are the worst.

If you only have half a number, then throw it out and get a whole one.

I don't see why anyone would want just part of a number! Do you?

Ken:

Did you take your pills?

Paula:

Don't kid her about that?

Neal:

You can't get a decent job without a high school diploma.

Marty:

Algebra is hard, too! Numbers and letters don't mix. Letters should stay in the alphabet and...

Ken:

(to Marty.) Put a cork in it; if I....

Teacher:

(Enters enthusiastically carrying his math book. He boldly approaches the white board and begins the write: "Find H.")

Good morning!

Here's today's mind-bender equation: Find "H."

Marty:

Another letter! Oh dear! Can't we stay with numbers?

Teacher:

That's the thrill of Algebra. If you work the formula right, you'll figure out the number.

Listen: (He writes the formula on the white board as he talks.)

Mike has 7 baskets; each basket has 10 apples in it, and someone gives him 5 more baskets with 4 apples in each basket, how many apples can Mike give to each of ten players on his team. He can give them "H" number of apples. Find "H."

Neal:

(Getting right to work and mumbling to himself.)

Seven baskets, with ten apples each...

Paula:

Five more baskets with 4 apples in....

Ken:

What if Mike thinks apples stink?

Marty: What word starts with "H"?

Teacher: Here let me show you how this word problem turns into an equation:
(*He repeats the equation and point to what he has written.*)

$$\frac{(7 \times 10) + (5 \times 4)}{10} = H$$

The trick to finding "H" is to work out the process inside the parentheses first. If you make a mistake inside the parentheses, you will never find "H." Watch.

$7 \times 10 = 70$ and $5 \times 4 = 20$, therefore; $70 + 20 = 90$
Now you divide 90 by 10 to get "H."

But look what would have happened if I made a mistake inside the parenthesis. What if I said 7×10 was 80.

Neal: That would be incorrect!

Teacher: Right!

Neal: No, wrong. It's 70.

Teacher: Right! I'm wrong, you're right.

Neal: Right.

Teacher: No, wrong...anyway, as I was saying, if your equation doesn't check out, start over and go back to the parenthesis. Be sure you've worked it out right inside the parenthesis, or the whole equation would be wrong and you will never find "H."

Ken: You care that much about "H"?

Teacher: Oh yeah, math is great. It's just like life; full of rules and formulas. If you do this, then that happens. If you follow the formula, you'll always find the answer! That's the way it works. You work on finding "H"; I've got some new math books that just came in for you. I'll go get 'em (*He exits.*)

Ken: I can't wait!

SOUND: LOUD CRASHING SOUND

(The class members look startled, get up, and look out in the direction of the door where their teacher exited. To their amazement, a substitute teacher walks in carrying four books. She is odd, and the students back away from the door while staring at her.)

Sub: Hello. Your Mr. Parker fell; sorry, these things happen.
You never know when you're number's up.

Paula: Is he dead?

Sub: No, that's just math talk for rotten luck. I brought your books.
Turn to page 216 and work out problem number one. Mr. Parker probably won't be
back for a while. (*Looking out the door in the direction of the noise.*) Or maybe
ever!

(*Passing out the books.*) Get to work! Concentration is an
important factor in math. Ha--get it; important "factor" in math!

Neal: Factor, I understand!

Sub: This is a word problem. All the more reason to concentrate.
You'll get it done in a fraction of the time if you really think!

Neal: Fraction - of course!

Marty: Oh no; not fractions!

Paula: What a wit!

Ken: What a twit!

Sub: Remember, work the parentheses first, then find "H."

Paula: How did you know we were trying to find "H"?

Sub: (*As she exits.*) Everybody is trying to find "H."

(*The four students are alone. They open their books with hesitation to page 216. Each one
reads the word problem silently, eyes widen, then the books are slammed shut.*)

SOUND: TWILIGHT ZONE THEME

(*Begin when the last book slams shut. Turn off the music when Rod is in place, after the
opening of the Twilight Zone theme music has ended.*)

LIGHTS: FADE CLASSROOM LIGHTS, UP ON BLUE SPOT ON ROD

(*When the last book slams shut, the characters freeze. The lights change. Rod enters and
delivers his message in a blue spot, while motioning to the students.*)

Rod: Case in point; four adults, each looking for the value of "H."
How much will they have to search; how complex is the problem?
There's a signpost up ahead; next stop: "The enlightened zone."

LIGHTS: BLUE SPOT OFF, UP ON CLASSROOM LIGHTS

Paula: *(Looking at Ken.)* What does your word problem say?

Ken: None of your business!

Neal: This is very unusual.
(He walks along the outside of the seated students and trying to read their problems. He speaks to Paula.)

Let me see your book.
(He takes it from her, opens it to page 216, begins reading out loud.)

Listen to problem #1 in her book:

“You feel guilty because you can't be with your children.
As a single mom you work all day to make ends meet,
then go to school at night so you can get a better job.
You've never been so tired: Find ‘H.’”

Paula: This is weird; that's not a word problem, that's my real problem.
(to Neal) What does yours say?

Neal: Never mind.

Ken:
(Rising to his feet, and snatching Neal's book as Neal tries to stop him; Ken reads it out loud.)

“You work 10-hour days, but you never get overtime;
your coworkers snub you,
and you can't please your boss no matter how hard you try. Find ‘H.’”

Marty: *(to Neal)* You work 10-hour days?
Oh, that's a long time.

Ken: Where did that crazy lady get these books? This is nuts.

Neal: All right, hot shot. Read yours.

Ken: *(with his book shut)* My what.

Neal: *(standing up to Ken and facing him as he speaks)*
Your word problem.
Read it! You had the guts to read mine; now read yours.

Ken: *(Hesitating, but opening his book. He reads.)*

“This morning, your wife told you she wanted a divorce, and she's going to fight for custody of both of your little sons. You feel like life is pointless. Find ‘H.’”

(slamming his book closed.)

Where did she get these books?

Paula: *(standing up to block Marty's exit as she tries to leave)*
What does yours say?

Marty: I have to go now. I don't feel so good.

Ken: Not so fast.

Neal: What does yours say?

Paula: *(Marty hands her book to Paula.)*

“You've lost control of the drugs you're taking for depression, and now you're using alcohol as well to kill the memories of a painful relationship. Find ‘H.’”

(She hands the book back to Marty who sheepishly looks at everyone in the room.)

Ken: What's with this find "H" business?

Neal: These aren't math problems; they're life problems.

Paula: And every one is different!

Ken: Where did these books come from?

(General chaos as they talk with one another and pace around the room.)

Marty: This is hopeless! We can't find "H."

(The Sub enters on Marty's line.)

Sub: Don't be ridiculous!
Everybody can find "H,"
and there's not a person in the world who is hopeless!

(The students reluctantly take their seats.)

Ken: What does "H" have to do with my divorce?

Paula: "H" is supposed to pay my bills?

Marty: Or make me feel better?

Neal: Or show me just how much it takes.

Sub: Yes.

Ken: (*accusingly*) Where did you get these books?
If this is a joke, it's not very funny!

Sub: (*holding up one of the books*) This is no joke.
Unless you found these word problems funny.

Paula: They're not funny.

Marty: I don't know how we can find "H."

Neal: (*to Marty*) We can't find "H."

Sub: Everybody in the entire world can find "H,"
no matter what your word problem says; "H" *is* for everybody!

Ken: (*putting her to the test*) All right, then; you find "H."
(*He hands her his book.*)

Sub: (*She flips to his word problem and mumbles it to herself.*)
First you have to flip back to where this problem is explained.

(*She flips back to a different part of the book.*)
Every book is like that.
They teach you what to do before they throw the problem at you.

All: (*Nodding their heads.*)

Sub: Now, I don't know what you've been taught before,
but you know that once you learn the formula,
you can plug any word problem into it.
You have learned that?

All: Yes.

Ken: You're gonna' show us how to find "H" in all these problems?

Marty: Is "H" the start of a word?

Neal: No; "H" is a value.
That's how math works.

Sub: You're right, "H" is a value.
Now watch.

(She gets the marker out and begins to write on the white board. The eyes of each one follow her every move. They begin to take notes.)

You know that you're supposed to work the part inside the parenthesis first or you will end up with the wrong answer, don't you?

Marty: I understand that much.

Sub: Okay, here's the first part.

(She opens up a different part of the book and begins to read.)

NOTE:

Be sure you put a copy of this script inside her book, so she does not become stressed. These lines are confusing, and the others cue off of specific lines.

"For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

(The class reacts with a puzzled look.)

So, what that means is this:

(She writes the first part of the equation out on the board.)

(God's love = Jesus' death) + (belief in Him = eternal life)

One side of the equation doesn't do you any good unless you add it to the other side.

(Again, the class reacts with a puzzled look and check with each other to see if they heard her right.)

Now, let me show you how to find "H."

You divide the equation by this.

(She flips to another part of the book she is holding.)

Listen:

"In the world you have trouble, but take courage; I have overcome the world."

Here's how we write that into the bottom half of our equation.

(God's love = Jesus' death) + (belief in Him = eternal life)

Courage during trouble.

As long as we divide each one of the troubles we face in life into what we know about God's love for us and the promise of eternal life, we will find "H."

All: What's "H"?

Sub: Oh, I'm sorry.
That's what all of this has been about. "H" is hope!
Listen:

(She turns to yet another part of the book and reads.)

"This hope we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast..."

(She stares at them intently.)

"H" is hope; but, there's only one way to get it.

You have to divide the hard times you are going through into the fact that Jesus died to bring you to God someday. That will give you hope.

Marty: See, I told you! "H" is not a number!

Ken: A bit simple; don't you think.
Our problems are bigger than this little formula.

Neal: How do you check you work?
If "H" is an absolute; then it can be proven.
Where is the theorem?

Paula: Just in case you're wrong, and you don't find "H."

Sub: Then somewhere you made a mistake inside the parenthesis.
Maybe you just don't believe that Jesus died so that your sins can be forgiven, or maybe you are forgetting to divide every bad time you go through into the good times God has promised you.

You have to work every part of the formula, or you won't find hope.
Lots of people forget that no matter how bad things get emotionally or physically,

(She points to the hard times.)
they can't get much better spiritually!

(She points to the top line.)

Ken: *(He holds his book out.)* Do we have the same book you have?

Sub: *(looking at the book Ken extends)*
You've had this book all your lives;
the problem is you haven't read the right parts.

(She exits.)

(The students look at their books.)

SOUND: TWILIGHT ZONE THEME

(Begin the theme when the Sub exits. Turn off the theme when Rod is in place, after the opening of the Twilight Zone theme music ends.)

LIGHTS: FADE CLASSROOM LIGHTS, UP ON BLUE SPOT ON ROD

(When the sub exits, the characters freeze. The lights change. Rod enters and delivers his closing message a blue spot, while motioning to the students.)

Rod: Will they read the right parts?
(He stands beside the book that Ken extends and points to it.)
Will they discover that every problem can be solved when they find "H?"
Too simple?
Not when you work both sides of the equation, in "the enlightened zone."

LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACK

(The characters exit.)

The End of "Finding H"

LIGHT: FADE OUT ON CENTER STAGE, UP ON CENTER SPOT

“Conversation #5 With God”

(Dave re-enters back onto a dimly lit stage)

Dave: Thank you, God, for giving me hope.
I'm not going to die, am I?
All this work... all this careful living... all this sacrificial loving...
it all amounts to something.
It amounts to seeing you someday.

It gets hard down here, ya' know.
But I guess I can cheer up, 'cause someday I'll be dead!

I mean... it's not such a grave thing... death.
You gave us hope!

Thanks!
I guess I'll see ya' around.
I will.
I really will see you around the next bend.

(Dave exits)

LIGHTS: FADE OUT CENTER SPOT

The End