

Boxes

Based on a skit by Greg Beastrom, this script was expanded by Tyler Morgan and Sara Neisner.
<http://www.firstlightplayers.org/scripts.htm>

Seven people are standing inside small boxes arranged in two staggered rows, three in back, four in front. Across the front, left to right, are FEARFUL, SKEPTICAL, POPULAR, and DISTRACTED. Across the back are IGNORANT, MATERIALISTIC, and PROUD.

Each of the seven individuals are primping their respective box. Maybe dusting it or fidgeting with it in some way. Suddenly, JESUS appears from stage left and rushes over to them.

Jesus:

Oh, there you are!

FEAR is momentarily startled.

Fearful:

You scared me!

Distracted:

Jesus! Where have you been? It seems like ages since we've seen you.

Proud:

It's good to have You back

Jesus:

I've been wondering where you all have been. I'm in the middle of doing something new and so exciting – well, I want you all to be a part of it.

The seven become very excited.

Materialistic:

Well is it a big secret or can you tell us what you're doing?

Jesus:

Okay, I can give you a little hint – it all begins with this...

He leans over to the seven of them and whispers. Their mouths drop open.

Skeptical:

I don't believe it!

Fearful:

Are you sure that's safe?

Popular:

What will people think?

Ignorant:

I'm not sure I understand.

Distracted:

Hey, could you hold on one sec? Jesus, I think it's a great idea. Just let me know what You need me to do. Okay, so, as I was saying, Kim and I were at the mall yesterday and we...

Proud:

Well I can see that you're gonna need MY help.

Materialistic:

I'm ready for whatever You need me to do. Just say the word. This is going to be awesome.

Jesus:

Didn't I tell you it was exciting? Like I said; I want you all to be a part of it so – come on and follow me.

All Seven:

Alright!

Jesus begins to exit stage left. The seven begin marching around in their boxes. Jesus pauses before He exits. He notices they are not following. Jesus walks back over to them.

Jesus:

What are you doing?

Proud:

What do you think, Lord? We're following you.

Jesus:

Following me? You never moved.

Skeptical:

I can't believe you said that. Don't you see how much we're moving here?

Materialistic:

Yeah, I've been moving things like crazy so I'll be able to help you when you need me.

Fearful:

I crossed all the way to the other side of my box, in Your direction. Of course we're following You.

Popular:

I started getting ready the moment You said we were going somewhere. And I'll be right there. I just need to fix my hair.

Distracted:

Okay, Beth, sounds good. Uh-huh. Yep. Okay, TTYL. Bye. Oh, Jesus, there you are. *(Starts dialing another number)* Weren't You saying You needed my help for something?

Jesus:

Okay, let's try this again. Follow me we're going over here. Do you understand?

Ignorant:

No, I don't understand.

Distracted:

Yes, yes, that's what I said. I need those boxes at my house by 6 o'clock so we can get them loaded up. Yeah. That sounds great. See you then. Bye. Alright, I'm ready to go.

Popular:

Me, too. All ready to go. Oh, wait! I forgot I was wearing my [pink] shirt! These shoes do not match this outfit. Just give me one more second.

Ignorant:

Okay, everyone's ready to go.

Jesus:

Good! Let's hurry!

Jesus begins to exit stage left again. The seven march in their boxes even more vigorously. Jesus pauses, looks back at them and walks back, incredulously.

Skeptical:

Is there a problem, Lord?

Jesus:

Just what part of 'follow me' didn't you understand?

Ignorant:

I don't understand.

Jesus:

When I said Follow Me, I mean for you to step out of your little boxes, get off this grid, and follow Me over there.

Proud:

Did you say 'step out' of our boxes?

Skeptical:

I don't believe it!

Popular:

You want us to get off this grid? Who else is doing that?

Materialistic:

You want me to leave all my stuff in my box? I've got some pretty valuable things in here. Here's my baseball card collection, my laptop, my office chair, and my piggy bank. I'm not sure it's such a good idea to leave these things unattended.

Fearful:

Follow You? Waaay over there?

(Starts to freak out, hyperventilating. Others hand her a brown bag for breathing)

Jesus:

Yes! Yes! That's exactly what I mean!

The seven glance at each other, then quickly shake their heads.

Fearful:

But it might not be safe outside my box. And I've heard about all kinds of bad things that happen to people when they step off this grid.

Popular:

I don't think I should risk it. I mean, one of my friends could see me out there and that would not be cool. Plus, it's a little windy out tonight and my hair could get messed up.

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Ignorant:

I can't leave this box, Lord. It's all I know. These four corners are my life. At 7:00 AM I go to this corner. At noon, I go to that corner. 6:00PM I go to this corner. And I end my day back here. I Would know how to do anything else. You might as well ask me to change my whole life.

Jesus:

Well...that's the idea.

Proud:

Do you know how long it took me to get my box into this shape? I have the perfect box now. It's not too big, it's not too small. It appeals to every type of person. Everyone loves my box. In fact, everybody always tries to copy it because they see how successful I've been. I can't just up and leave it because You want to do something new.

Skeptical:

Yeah! In fact, how do I know this is really you and not some counterfeit? I mean, why would God require us to take such a risk if it means leaving what we're so comfortable with? Why should we believe You?

Distracted:

Lord, I'd love to help, but I'm pretty sure I only get coverage in this box and I don't think I'd have reception anywhere else. They're still raising the bar. I might miss a call. I really need to be available in case anyone...*(RING)*...Oh, see? Just a sec. Hello?

Jesus:

My sheep know my voice.

Skeptical:

Oh, yeah, I guess You're right. Okay, so what are you doing over there that You can't do right here? I mean right here is just as good as over there.

Fearful:

Waaaay over there! We're talking about a major change here.

Jesus:

You know, if I wanted to do My work in outter Mongolia, what's that to you? Right now, all that matters is that I'm asking you to follow Me.

Ignorant:

And we will follow you, Lord. Right here is our boxes.

Fearful:

Where it's safe!

Jesus:

You mean you would rather stay here in these cramped little boxes, doing the same thing you've always done, instead of experiencing the fullness of what I want to do with you?

Pride:

My box is perfect.

Skeptical:

My box is proven.

Materialistic:

My box is furnished.

Popular:

My box has everything I need to make me look good.

Distracted:

My box is...(RING) ... Oh! Excuse me. I need to take this call. It's really important. Hello? Hi, mom. Yes, I remembered to brush my teeth this morning...

Ignorant:

I figure my box is as good as it gets.

Jesus:

So none of you are willing to follow Me?

Dramatic Pause

Fearful:

I am willing.

Ignorant:

You?

Materialistic:

You're gonna leave everything behind?

Skeptical:

I don't believe it!

Popular:

I'm pretty sure no one else is doing it.

Proud:

But you're the weakest one of all of us. You're afraid of your own shadow.

Fearful:

But I'm sick of living this way. Sure it's safe – but I'm completely unfulfilled. I want my life to change. I want to become everything God wants me to be. Don't you?

Proud:

We are everything WE want to be.

The other five nod enthusiastically and turn around with their backs to the audience. Jesus reaches His hand out to Fear and leads her out of her box.

Fearful:

Are you sure it's gonna be okay?

Jesus:

Relax, I will never leave you nor forsake you. I'll take care of everything. Come on, let's go.

Fearful:

Oh, wait a minute.

Fearful turns and takes the sign on the box that reads "FEARFUL" and turns it over. It now reads "CONFIDENT".

Fearful:

Now I'm ready.

Jesus:

(to audience)

Do not be conformed to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, so that you may know what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

Jesus and fearful exit.

LIGHTS OUT