



CCS INTERGENERATIONAL DRAMA

JESUS IS COMING

CHARACTERS

Leanne - mother

Phillip - father

Andrew - child character around age 10 or so

Greta - teenager

Jesus voice over (*stand at the back of the church and use a microphone – character is not seen only heard*)

Matthew - collecting donations for the local food pantry (insert the name of your local food pantry)

Felicity - collecting money for Salvation Army (or insert your local charity)

Russell - who just had a minor car accident on their street

(child, teenager and the three characters coming to the door can all be changed to suit the gender of your actors and change names accordingly)



PROPS

Dinner table

Plates, knives and forks, serviettes, cups etc – in a pile on the table

5 or 6 chairs

Bible

Large cross to hang on a wall or a large free standing cross to have on the dinner table.

Picture to hang on the wall or a vase of flowers on the table.

Coffee table and sitting chairs off to one side of the table (if you have room)

Door (that could allow someone to knock and the family to answer)

A family is sitting together at a dinner table. Busy with reading or on their phones. One or two could be sitting at the chairs off to the side area with the coffee table.

Mother: *(your mobile phone rings and you answer)* I wonder who this is? I don't recognise the number. Hello, this is Leanne.

Jesus voice: Hello, this is Jesus. I just wanted to let you know that I will be able to come over tonight for dinner.

Mother: Oh, goodness me, hello Jesus, and thank you for letting me know you'll be coming to dinner tonight. *(use hand motions directing the rest of the family to start getting ready – but family doesn't move yet)* We'll see you soon. *(hangs up)* Well, get moving, you heard it, Jesus is coming to dinner. We need to get ready. *(busy yourself with setting the table)*

Father: Ok, ok, what do we need? *(react like you just had a great idea)* Ah. *(run off to find the cross)*

Andrew: What do you need me to do?

Mother: Go find our Bible and put it on the coffee table.

Andrew: *(runs off to find the bible saying the line as you run off)* OK. Do you know where it is?

Mother: *(calling after)* Check the bookshelf.

Andrew: OK *(runs off stage)*

Doorbell rings.

Mother: *(startled)* Ok, everyone. Hurry. Go answer that, Greta, but go slowly. I am SO not ready yet!!!

Greta: *(Open door expecting Jesus)* Hello, welcome, oh, hello.... ah, who are you?

Matthew: Hi, my name is Matthew and I work at the local food pantry and we're doing a door to door drive for non-perishable goods...

Mother: Who is it? Is it Jesus?

Greta: *(behind your hand whisper loudly to your Mum)* No....

Mother: *(loud whispering with gesturing)* Ok then, hurry them along. *(say loudly)* Greta, I need your help.

Greta: Ah, sorry my Mum needs me, so I need to go. Thanks. Sorry. Ah...good luck. Bye.

Father: This will work. *(Either replace picture on wall with the wall hanging cross or remove the vase and put the free standing cross in the middle of the table)*

Greta: Nice one Dad. *(leave the stage)*

Father: Thanks. Now what else?

Doorbell rings.

Mother: Seriously! Really! Not ready yet.....Honey, can you answer it?

Father: *(opens door and grandly say)* Hello and welcome, come on in Jesus..... *(cut off mid- sentence when you realise it is not Jesus)*

Felicity: Hi, I'm Felicity and I am collecting money for the Red Cross Appeal and I wondered if you would be interested in making a donation?

Father: Well, we give money already to another charity and I'm sorry but it's a little crazy here at the moment as we have a very special guest coming to dinner tonight and we are just not ready. So, I have to go. Good luck.

Andrew: *(coming back with the Bible)* Ok, Mum, where would you like it?

Mother: On the coffee table. Just move all those other things.

Andrew: *(put the bible on the coffee table and then run off)*

Father: Where's Greta? *(call out to her)* Greta? What are you doing?

Greta: *(come back in)* I was looking for my cross necklace.

Mother: Oh, great idea. Can you get mine too? Ok, everyone come and sit down so we're ready.

Doorbell rings.

Mother: I'll get it this time. *(open door)* Hello....

Russell: *(out of breath and stressed)* Hi, can I use your phone. I just ran in the back of someone's car and I need to call the police. My phone is dead.

Mother: Look, I'd really like to help you but I am expecting a very important visitor and because they are CLEARLY running late they will probably be trying to call any minute now. You can try next door, OK. Hope it'll all be ok. Bye.

Father: Wow, talk about a busy night. Come on everyone sit up.

Everyone sits at the table waiting. Twiddle thumbs, fidget....

Greta: Oh, I have an idea. *(run and grab the bible)* We could be reading the Bible when Jesus gets here.

Father: Yep, good one. *(take the Bible from Greta and open it to Matthew 25: 41-45)* Let's read from Matthew 25. "Then he will say to those on his left, 'Depart from me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and you gave me nothing to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me nothing to drink, I was a stranger and you did not invite me in, I needed clothes and you did not clothe me, I was sick and in prison and you did not look after me.' They also will answer 'Lord, when did we see you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or needing clothes or sick or in prison, and did not help?' He will reply, 'I tell you the truth, whatever you did not do for one of the least of these, you did not do for me.'"

Andrew: *(yawn loudly)* I guess Jesus isn't coming after all.

Mother: *(despondently)* I think he already has.

Everyone freezes.

Jesus voice: For who is greater, the one who is at the table or the one who serves? It is not the one who is at the table? But I am among you as one who serves.



CCS INTERGENERATIONAL DRAMA GETTING IN THE GAME

WRITTEN BY REID MATTHIAS

CHARACTERS

A coach

Player one (tall) – **Peterson**

Player two (smaller than player one) – **Bagley** (no speaking lines)



A coach and 2 members of a basketball team are sitting on the bench. A very tall player (Peterson) and a small player (Bagley).

This is written for male players. You could easily change the names to be female players.

Coach: *(Directing the question to the bench but watching the 'game' in progress)* Peterson, how are you feeling?

Peterson: All right, coach. I'm relaxed, rested, stretched – you know, I'm a basketball player.

Coach: Foul! Foul! Ref, are you blind? He was nowhere near the ball. The other player...
(stop mid-sentence and then direct line to Peterson) Peterson – you go in. We need you.

Peterson: You know, Coach, I'm all right sitting here. Why don't you send in Bagley? It looks like he is ready to play.

Coach: Peterson, you're not listening. Get in there. I need you to play centre. Bagley is a point guard. We need height, not speed right now.

Peterson: Look, Coach, if I get on that court all sorts of bad things could happen. I could miss a shot, miss a rebound; I could hurt myself or another player. I'd never forgive myself if that happened. I might poke someone in the eye.

Coach: *(Exasperated – refer to the referees and stand up)* Time out! Time out! Peterson – get over here.

Peterson: Honestly, coach, I'm much more comfortable just sitting here. I've got this nice little spot right here.

Coach: Get over here!

(Peterson shuffles over to where the coach is now standing.)

Coach: Now, let me get this straight, Peterson. You joined the basketball team, you practice every day and you work on your skills honing your ability. You've got a gift with your height and yet you're telling me that you'd rather ride the bench than help bring victory to the team?

Peterson: Actually, when you put it that way, well, I've always thought that I...uh...yes. Coach, I'd rather sit on the bench. I enjoy trying to converse with the scorekeeper, even though she isn't too keen on talking back to me just yet.

Coach: Why do you think that is, Peterson?

Peterson: Maybe she doesn't like the uniform, or maybe she doesn't like the way I look.

Coach: You know what it is Peterson? She's not uninterested in the uniform. She's using her gift to multitask the scoreboard. She is focused on her goal. Wouldn't you like to do the same?

Peterson: I don't know Coach, all the other guys on the team are so good at playing basketball. They shoot well – I am not that good at shooting. Phil can dribble circles around me. The only thing I am good at is blocking shots and a rebound here or there.

Coach: Peterson, listen, that's all I'm asking you to do. I'm not asking you to be someone else or play someone else's position. I'm not asking you to do something that will make you uncomfortable. All I'm asking is for you to do what you're good at. You block shots, you rebound. That's all I need. We can practice the other things later. We are a team. We need all sorts. We can't just have five dribblers and no shooters. We can't have 5 shooters and no passers. We need all kinds of skills – we need you.

Peterson: I never thought of it that way.

Coach: Say goodbye to your friend and get in the game!

Peterson: All right coach. Bagley, keep my seat safe. When I need a breather, I'll switch with you. Thanks coach.

Coach: Have fun, Peterson. Break a leg.

Peterson: Please don't say that coach.

Coach: Get in the game!