

A script from



“Cloud of Witnesses”

by
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- What** Janna is struggling with the responsibilities of the Christian life. She receives an unexpected visit from King David who gives her some encouragement to keep the faith. Themes: Perseverance, Running the race, Christian life, Setting the example, Cloud of witnesses
- Who** Janna
 David
- When** Present
- Wear
(Props)** Pennant
 Box of popcorn
 Make-up
 Bible
 Two chairs- or whatever furniture you can use to make the set look like a girl’s bedroom
- Why** Hebrews 12:1, Philippians 3:14, 1 Corinthians, 9:24
- How** Feel free to create Janna’s bedroom as much or little as you like. **David** is dress in present day clothing as if he is a fan at a ball-game.
- Time** Approximately 4-5 minutes

Janna is in her bedroom. She begins talking to herself.

Janna: Boy, this is just great. Another Saturday night and I'm stuck at home. It's always something. Just once, I would like to go out with some friends and have a little fun. I'd give anything to put on a nice dress, black maybe, and just go out to a party. But, nooooo, I'm here, at home, Saturday night, baby-sitting. *(Steps to bedroom door to yell down the hall at little sister)* Courtney! Quit jumping on the bed! I'm gonna tell mom! *(Steps back into the bedroom and goes over to the mirror to put on some make-up.)*

David: *(Backstage voice)* Go the distance.

Janna: *(Turns to look at door)* Courtney, you better get out . . . *(turns to see no one there and turns back to work on make-up. Doesn't like what she sees)* What's the use? *(Plops herself in the chair and picks up Bible on the table. She thumbs through it, and then tosses it aside.)* This is all your fault, God. If I weren't a Christian, I wouldn't be putting up with this. *(Beat)* I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I'm just tired.

David: *(Backstage voice)* Go the distance.

Janna: *(Turns to doorway again)* Courtney! *(Finds no one there; a bit puzzled now)* God, I am tired. Tired of the Christian lifestyle. Don't get me wrong, OK? I want to be your child, I really do, but I also want to have some fun. I just want to go out to a party . . . that's not at church. What's it gonna hurt? My friends do it and they're not "bad" people. They come to school talking about what a great weekend they had. I talk about what the sermon was about on Sunday morning.

David: *(Enters room)* Go the distance.

Janna: Courtney, I mean it. . . *(Turns to find a man standing there holding a pennant and a box of popcorn. From the volume of her scream, it is obvious that she is freaked out by the stranger in her bedroom.)* AHHHH!

David: *(David is startled, to say the least and throws his popcorn up in the air.)* AHHH! Whoa, whoa, whoa! Take it easy. *(Stretches out his hand toward Janna)* God's peace to you, Janna.

Janna: *(Still disturbed, but more peaceful and confused.)* Wh-wh-who are you and how do you know my name? What do you want?

David: Listen, I didn't mean to startle you. We just felt like you needed a little encouragement, that's all.

Janna: Who's we?

David: Well, me and . . . Look, I know this is a little out of the ordinary. In fact, I told God He should have sent Rahab. She’s a woman and could have handled this much better. I don’t have a great reputation in relating to the opposite sex very well.

Janna: *(Totally confused and a bit scared)* Are you gonna hurt me?

David: No, no! Please, just sit down. I’ll sit way over here. *(Both sit)* OK, let me introduce myself. I’m David, king of Israel, or should I say ex-king of Israel. I’ve been sent by God to try and help you out in your situation.

Janna: You’re *the* David? Goliath David?

David: *(Proudly)* Yep.

Janna: Writer-of-Psalms David?

David: That would be me, too.

Janna: Bathsheba David?

David: Yeah, thanks for bringing that up.

Janna: Sorry. So, why are you here?

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ENDING:

David: You’ve got to carry the torch of faith.

Janna: Huh?

David: You see, just like it says in Hebrews 12, all these people have carried the torch of faith; they’ve kept it going and now they’ve passed it on to you. People need to know about our awesome God and it’s up to you. You’re surrounded by a whole group of people who’ve carried it: Abraham’s over there, Ruth, Esther, Peter, Paul, Mary, John, even your grandparents are up there, cheering you on. They’ve fought the fight and run the race. Now, it’s your turn.

Janna: They are depending on me?

David: Yep. And all this junk is just stuff to trip you up and distract you. You’ve got to throw them off and keep going. We’ve passed the faith onto you and now you’ve got to run with it and pass it on to others, like your

sister, Courtney. She's watching you, you know... counting on you. We all are counting on you. And, someday you'll be up there doing the cheering.

Janna: How do I do it, though? I mean, overcome all these feelings and stuff?

David: Just throw it off, Janna. Take all those thoughts captive and give them to God. He'll give you the strength. You can't finish the race carrying all that baggage. Just let Him have it. He never intended for you to carry it in the first place.

Janna: OK, I'll do it. *(Kneels to pray)* Lord, I'm sorry. Forgive my pride and selfishness. I've let the world trick me into thinking they've got a better life for me. I want to run YOUR race. I know people are counting on me and I want to be faithful. Amen *(Opens eyes)* Davi . . . *(He's gone. Janna turns to look around at all the people surrounding her.)* Thanks for believing in me and trusting me with the faith. I won't let you down. *(Begins to leave room.)* Courtney, let's go for a walk.

Lights fade. The end.