

“Empty Your Pockets”

by
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What In this short scene, a person comes to God feeling troubled. When God asks the person to empty their pockets, it becomes apparent that there's only room for God when we hand everything over and trust Him.

Themes: Prayer, Self-sufficiency, Relationship with God, Making Room for God in Our Lives, Trusting God

Who Jane/John
God

When Now

Wear (Props) Reader 1 has the following items in his or her right pocket:
Large key ring full of keys,
At least five hair barrettes,
Four packets of fast food ketchup, and a
Small plastic mirror.
In left pocket:
Very large wadded up handkerchief
large ball of dryer lint.
God walks out carrying a large brown paper bag.

Why Matthew 11:28-29

How Jane/John should practice pulling items out to make sure they are placed so that only the correct item appears each time.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

Jane enters with obviously bulging pockets.

Jane: *(bowing head)* Dear Heavenly Father, I am troubled and weary. Please help me.

God: *(enters and places open paper grocery bag at his or her feet)* I'm listening, Jane.

Jane: I know You're listening, but I need more. I need to know that things will be all right.

God: Empty your pockets.

Jane: What?

God: Empty your pockets.

Jane: Why?

God: You asked for my help. This is how we start.

Jane: That makes no sense. Emptying my pockets will not make things all right.

God: If you trust me, empty your pockets.

Jane: *(hesitantly)* Okay. *(reaches into right pocket and pulls out heavy ring of keys)*

God: Why so many?

Jane: *(holding them up one by one and enumerating)* Three keys to my house, the Subaru, the Chevy, and *(sighs with pleasure)* my first car, the front door to my office building, the back door to my office building, the door to my office, the shed that was behind our old house, my former neighbor's front door, and I'm not sure about these three.

God: *(holds out hand)* I'll take them.

Jane: Will you give them back?

God: Do you want me to help you or not? *(emphasizes holding out hand again)*

Jane hands key ring over and God places it in the bag.

God: What else is in there?

Jane: *(digs out five barrettes)* These.
God: Those are your daughter's. Why do **you** have them?
Jane: She gave them to me for safe keeping.

God holds out hand and Jane passes them over and God drops them in the bag.

Jane pulls out 4 packets of ketchup.

God: I have to say, that's a new one for me.

Jane: I forgot they were in there.

God: Do you remember why you have them?

Jane: They gave me too much ketchup at the drive through window the other day. I stuck these in my pocket to put in the fridge when I got home. I guess I forgot about them. Isn't that odd that I've had them in here all this time?

God: *(sighs)* Not really. *(takes them and puts them in bag)* Anything else?

Jane: *(pulls out a small mirror)* It's a wonder this didn't break and cut me.

God: *(taking mirror and placing it gently in bag)* I agree. Mirrors are very dangerous. *(pause)* How about your other pocket?

Reader: *(reaches in and pulls out a wadded-up handkerchief)* Sorry about this one. I've had a cold. *(hands it over)*

God: *(takes it with two fingers as if it's dirty, drops it in bag and then wipes hands on pants or skirt)* Are we done?

Jane: *(digging around in pockets)* Nothing left but some lint.

God: I'll take that, too.

Jane: It's kind of hard to dig out. Does it really matter?

God: Lint is created by all the stuff you carry around. It snags the fabric and breaks little pieces off. So, yes, it matters.

Jane: *(pulls out big wad of dryer lint which God places in bag)* Wow, I didn't realize there was so much in there.

God: Is that it?

Jane: Well, now that all that stuff is out, I can feel that I have a small hole in my pocket. *(laughing)* Do you want that, too?

God: In an ideal world, yes, because it would be best if you gave me your clothes, too. *(looking around at audience)* Not a good idea right now, though. *(pause as if thinking)* I'll let you keep your pants but do me a favor and stick your finger through the hole.

Jane: *(digging into pocket)* Okay

God: Now make that hole huge, and then make another hole in your other pocket.

Jane: I'll ruin my pants.

God: Exactly

Jane reaches into pants and mimes making a hole in each pocket

Jane: *(doubtfully)* Okay, it's done.

God: *(digging into bag)* Now, you can have all your stuff back if you want.

Jane: *(complaining)* I have no way to carry it now.

God: Are you sure? You could go out and find a pocketbook or bag or run home and change your pants.

Jane: That's an option?

God: I gave you free will when I made you. I'm not taking it back.

Jane: Are we ever going to get to the part of you answering my prayer where you make things better?

God: We are there right now, but you have a choice to make before we finish. *(holds up bag)* Are you taking all this back or not?

Jane: What happens to it if I don't take it back?

God: What do you think should happen to it?

Jane: Well, there are a few things in there that I don't really need. But, some of it is important. Can I just take back what I want to keep?

God: No, either you give it all to me, or you take it all back.

Jane: What happens if I take it back?
Beat.

God: Then you won't have room for me.

Lights out.

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