

A script from



"From Each Other"

by
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- What** On the stage we see two people from across the world change each other's lives. (Themes: Missions, Compassion, Perspective, Privilege vs. Responsibility, God's bigger plan)
- Who** Julie Birhanu
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** Floor pillows
Diary and pen
Sweater
Baseball cap
Small pencil
Scraps of paper
Piece of burlap
Leather journal
Celine Dion's "Because You Loved Me" (Optional)
- Why** Matthew 28:18-20; Acts 1:8
- How** This sketch truly illustrates the dichotomy of two different worlds. Ashley should be played as a real teenage girl. Birhanu can be played with or without an accent. Because both players are sitting throughout the length of the sketch, expression is key.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Scene One: *"Because You Loved Me" plays for 15 seconds, then fades out. Julie and Birhanu are sitting on opposite ends on the stage. Julie is surrounded by pillows and is lying down as she writes. Birhanu, wearing his baseball cap and sitting on burlap, is writing on scraps of paper. As the writers write in their journals or to God, they should not talk as slowly as they write. At the end of each segment of dialogue, the characters "comfortably" freeze to indicate a change in focus to the next character.*

Julie: Dear Diary, today was so weird. Jenny Nelson asked me who I was going to the dance with, and I said, "I don't know, why?" And she said, she was just wondering. *(Contemplating)* Why was she just wondering? Does she know somebody who wants to go with me, and she is trying to find out if I want to go - for that person? Or does she know somebody that wants to go with me, and she is trying to find out if I want to go with that person because she wants to go with that person, too? Oh Diary, I am so confused.

Birhanu: Dear Diary, yesterday was good. I got to play soccer, and the day was not so difficult. Mother was able to get some extra rice, so we were all able to go to bed with our stomachs full. It didn't rain last night so we didn't get wet. Tomorrow after I finish my chores, I hope to play soccer again with my friends.

Julie: Dear Diary, you are never going to believe this. Sure you will. You believe anything - you're paper. Jenny Nelson asked me who I was going to the dance with because she wanted to know if I would go with Clark Rogers, even though I am taller than he is. I told her sure, that I would go with him. He's cute. He's funny, and so am I - ha ha. We will make the cutest couple - but I will have to wear flats. I hope Mom lets me have that awesome dress at Macy's.

Birhanu: Dear Diary, today I got to play soccer with my friends. It was fun. I scored two goals. But it made the big boy on the other team really mad. But I don't care because I am great at soccer and besides, he may be bigger than I am but I can run faster than him - no problem.

Julie: Dear Diary what a problem! My mom said no way to the dress at Macy's! I told her that Jillian could wear it when she is in 9th grade - she said it would be out of style in ten years. I think she's wrong- neon sequins will always be in style - especially if you accessorize with platform shoes. Oh Diary, what a disaster! I will probably have to wear some lame church dress or something. What a nightmare today has been, I'm going to just go to sleep, so this day will just end.

Birhanu: Dear Diary, I'm writing to you late, because I can't sleep for all the rain. Mother says I should hide under the burlap and write. She says it will make me smart to write a lot - since I don't get to go to school that much. I don't know about all that, I really just want to go to sleep. Besides, the rain is starting to come through the burlap.

- Julie:** Dear Diary, the dance was great even though I had to wear the lamest dress in the history of dresses. I really like Clark, even though he is shorter than I am. When we got our pictures made the photographer made me sit down in the chair instead of him. I was really embarrassed. Clark wasn't. I like that about him. And guess what? He asked me to go to church with him. I know that sounds kind of lame, but it was sort of cool that he asked me. You know?
- Birhanu:** Dear Diary I am the soccer champ of the world! Nobody can stop me. Some boy had a real ball today. He said some (*Struggling with the unfamiliar word*) sponsor from America sent it to him. I don't know what a sponsor is, but I wish I had one, if they send soccer balls. Where is this America anyway?
- Julie:** Dear Diary - I mean Dear God - I guess it's okay to write to You. Besides, you're a lot better than paper anyway. God... I liked church tonight. For the first time in my life I think I understand You... a little bit anyway. Clark's church is fun. I liked the games and the youth pastor, although he was sort of a geek, was funny. But the best part- for the first time ever- and I do mean ever- I understood the lesson. Jesus, You – great big Jesus! God, Jesus- the one who made the earth, the stars, the moon, wanting to hang out with me! The creator of the universe wants to hang out with me. That's cool.
- Birhanu:** Dear Diary, the boy with the real ball told me something crazy today. He told me that in America - where his sponsor lives is this real rich place where everybody has their own house, with lots of rooms, and when it rains, the water doesn't even come inside. He said every child gets to go to school, and that they get to eat many times everyday. I can't believe that. I think him owning his own ball has made him a little crazy. Big houses with lots of rooms, I wonder if I will ever have that.
- Julie:** Dear God, something great happened tonight at my youth group. The youth pastor showed this video and it really got to me. I mean really got to me. And I am not even sure why. I mean I've seen those little sad kids on television before, but tonight for some reason... it was different. So, I sponsored a child, God... and it felt really great. My Mom said she would help me with the money every month, but that I would have to use some of my allowance. But I don't care.
- Birhanu:** Dear Diary, today a nice man came to our house and told us that he has two people in America who want to sponsor me and my brother. He said it would help the entire family. He said we could go to school... every day. He said he would make sure of it. He said we would have food, and he said he would make sure we got to go to church every week. I like church. Maybe we can even get our own soccer ball.