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"Nothing to Own"

By
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What A young Mom finds herself and her two children caught in a cycle of poverty and want. That is, until a widow sees their plight and steps forward with a series of God honoring gifts, reflecting Christ's calling to give our all and leave nothing behind.

Themes: Devotion, Sacrifice, Giving, Poverty, Widow, Faith, Grace, Hope

Who Mom: Adult female, 20s or 30s
Child 1: age 6-7
Child 2: Age 7-8
Woman: Age 65+
Pastor: Adult woman or man

When Present Day

Costumes Mom and children are not in rags, but clearly secondhand or worn clothing. Other cast dress casually and neat for their age.

Props None

Why Luke 21:1-4

How Empty stage. Actors deliver their sections looking straight out at audience, monologue style, never interacting with each other. Mom stands far Stage Right. Child 1 and Child 2 stand by her side, with heads hanging down. Pastor stands with their back to audience at Upstage Center. Older Woman stands at far Stage Left. During the skit, Mom and Older Woman will both move slowly Downstage. Pastor will go to Center Stage when they deliver their part.

Time 5 minutes

At curtain/lights up, **Mom** addresses the audience.

Mom: It... it happened again. We went to our local library. A group that provides food for families like, well, like ours sets up there and gives out food. Until it's gone. Today was one of the days they'd be there.

Well, we were running late. My car died again, and by the time we got there, they were already packing up. The lady running it was very sorry, but they had run out of food.

I stood there with these two hungry kids, not knowing which way to turn. Our car was dead. My minimum wage job was in jeopardy 'cause I keep having to miss work. I didn't know how long we'd be able to stay with our friends. They've been very nice, but I can tell their patience is running thin. And I can't get my support checks when we move around all the time.

We... we had nothing. *(pause)* Including hope.

Woman: I had just started eating my meal at the library. As a widow on a fixed income, these meal days are a life saver. My husband was never the kind of man to worry about money. He wanted me to stay home and not work. He'd always just spend his paycheck right away. And not always on things that helped us. During our marriage, I was left with trying to make things work while he was, well... less interested.

When he died, our bank account was bare. Nothing new there, but the reality of life alone with little support hit hard. All I had left was this rare coin *(pretends to pull it from her pretend purse)* I saw years ago and bought without him knowing. I got it as an investment and then got it appraised. A few hundred dollars. I keep it in my purse, always thinking of actually selling it. But I'm too scared to part with it. *(she pretends to put it in her purse. Long pause)* Crying alone was not uncommon. I would dwell on the loneliness, the nothingness I had. *(pause)* Until at church one Sunday...

Pastor: *(turns and starts walking to Center Stage)* My message that Sunday morning was a struggle for me to deliver. My congregation are not affluent people. Many are on public assistance or fixed income. Many have lost spouses. Yet, I felt compelled to share the story of when Jesus talked about the widow and the mite. Giving her last cent to the God she loved and adored. The wealthy gave out of their abundance, to be seen with majestic displays of their generosity... but with no sacrifice. Yet, the widow gave quietly, and gave all she had, leaving her with, we assume, nothing. Nothing, but a devotion to her faith and a heart devoted to God. *(pause)*

I wanted them to see that Jesus only asks for our whole heart, leaving nothing behind. To see opportunities... to examine what they can give up... to gain it all. *(pause)* And once that happens...

*The following should be a feel of **Pastor** 'handing off' the thought to the **Woman**. **Pastor** turns and goes back to their original starting point as the **Woman** starts her next words.*

Woman: *(moves a few steps towards downstage then stops)* I saw this young family. They raced in just as the group providing the food was packing up. A Mom and two kids. They looked to be in rough shape and I overheard them being turned down for food.

Mom: *(moves a few steps towards Downstage then stops)* Hope is lost in the daily challenges, the frustrations, worries about the kids, my job, my car, where we'll live, it's just too much. *(pause)* There was nothing left to do there. The food was gone, so we started to leave, and go... well, I wasn't sure where.

Woman: I looked at the meal I had in front of me. It was all I was going to have that day. Nothing else. *(pause)*. However, I could either finish it or...

Mom: This older woman came up and stopped us. I pulled my kids closer because she caught me off guard.

Woman: *(moves a few steps towards downstage then stops)* I wanted to catch them before they left. *(sheepishly)* I think I scared them.

Mom: *(moves a few steps towards downstage then stops)* She apologized and said she saw that we missed getting food. She smiled and then handed over the container of food she had.

Woman: I really had only eaten one of the orange slices. The rest was...

Mom: A banquet! In our eyes anyway. I wanted to turn it away and started thanking her for her generosity. I said we just couldn't accept.

Woman: *(moves a few steps towards downstage then stops)* I wasn't hearing it! Her kids were hungry, she was hungry, and I had *(pause)* enough. It was just my way of honoring God.

Mom: *(moves a few steps towards downstage then stops)* She gave us so much. All she had. For us. Strangers.

Woman: After that, we just, well, talked. The kids wolfed down the food. *(Child 1 and Child 2, still next to Mom, turn their back and pretend to be eating).*

Mom: I ate some too, at her insistence.

Woman: *(moves a few steps towards downstage then stops)* We started sharing our life stories. Our hurts. Our struggles. I then shared...

Mom: *(does not move and with a bit of an edge now)* Her religion. *(pause)* Well, I've honestly heard that tune before. The *(finger quotes)* faith stuff. I stopped talking. Stopped...

Woman: *(concerned, not moving)* Sharing. I... I wondered what I had said.

Mom: It wasn't what she said. Well, maybe it was. I've just heard too many times how trusting God is the answer. That everything will be perfect once I do that. *(skeptical)* It never worked.

Woman: *(in a bit of a panic now)* I was losing our connection, I could tell.

Mom: *(starts to move a few steps back upstage right)* She had lost me, this stranger. I needed to get out of there, grab my kids and figure out what to do next.

Woman: I needed to do something. So, I did. *(reaches into her 'purse' and pretends to pull out the coin)*

Mom: The next thing I know, she shoves this fancy looking coin in my hand. Said it's worth a couple hundred bucks. She said...

Woman: Even if you pawn it, I told her, it could give her some starting money. Until her checks catch up.

Mom: I was... stunned. No one had ever done anything like that for me.

Woman: I wanted to show her it wasn't about me but how God can provide. Even in the midst of our doubts and fears. Even when there is nothing. *(pause)* It'll never be perfect. But it's a start.

Mom: I've... always been skeptical of gifts. I told her I couldn't accept. She might need it someday. I felt like I was leaving her with nothing.

Woman: I said I had *(pause)* enough. *(pause, reflecting)* More than enough. Everything. I insisted she take the coin. I told her everything will work out for me. *(pause)* It was about that faith...

Mom: ...stuff. *(long pause, moves a few steps back dowstage)* I looked at the coin. No words were coming.

Woman: *(moves a few steps back downstage)* I quickly promised I'd stay in touch if that was OK with her. I just wanted to come alongside. To help her and the kids get by... and even more than get by.

Mom: I took a deep breath, relaxed, and we made specific plans to meet again, soon.

Woman: I... I felt a purpose now. Giving it all to Him. Starting there.

Mom: When we were done, we were no longer...

Woman: Strangers.

Both: And now, out of nothing... something.

Mom/Children and Woman should be side by side.

Curtain or Exit.