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“Numbers”

by
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What This script features four short monologues by various characters sharing their experiences with evangelism.

Themes: Evangelism, Witness, Sharing, Outreach

Who Jeff– Male, 30s-50s
Andrew– Male, 30s–50s
Val– Female, 30s-40s
Leilani– Female, 30s-40s

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** No props necessary

Why Matthew 28:19; Psalm 96:3

How Keep the dialogue conversational. Each character has a story and a past. Take some time to think through what your character has been through, especially the situation they’re explaining in their monologue. Talk about it with the actors to work through what that character might be feeling and experiencing.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Each actor enters and takes their place.

Jeff: Twelve. The number of times I've moved in my life. The number of days of Christmas in that old song. Twelve doughnuts came in the box this morning—one or two of them made it all the way home. I had twelve comments on my most recent Facebook post. I don't usually talk about God on social media—always feels a little weird to me—but this time, I went through something really tough and I know God helped me through it, so I decided to post something about it. Anyway, twelve comments. Most were the usual fare, but one friend in particular had some questions and wanted to talk about it more. But I didn't know how to respond. I didn't want to preach to her over cyberspace in front of the whole world. How do you go from a random Facebook comment to a real conversation about God?

Andrew: Five. The number of days until I go on vacation. The number of fingers on my hand. It's how much I paid for the footlong sandwich I ate for lunch. It was also the number of street evangelists who told me I was going to hell on my walk to the Giants game last night. It was so embarrassing. I was with a group from work and the worst part was that I was walking with a co-worker who knows I'm involved in my church. I wanted to tell her that not all Christians are crazy—we don't condemn you to hell based on your appearance walking into a baseball game, unless maybe you're wearing a Dodgers jersey. I wanted to clear the air, but is a crowded street in South Market really the right place for that kind of conversation?

Val: Forty. It's how old my mother was when I was born. It was the speed limit when the cop informed me that I was doing 58. My old Sunday School teacher used to say there was a *spiritual* significance to the number 40. It rained 40 days in the Noah story. The Israelites wandered in the desert for 40 years. And he said, that because of that I should aim to share my faith with at least 40 people in my life. Forty! (*beat*) I'm lucky if I've even managed to bring it up *four* times. Most people have already had someone tell them all about religion anyway. Or they see some stereotyped version in the media and want nothing to do with it. So, where does that leave me? Forty times? Does God really have a quota in mind for the number of times we talk about our relationship with him? I'm pretty sure he's not keeping track.

Leilani: Three. It's how many cups of coffee I've already had today. It's also "the magic number" according to that Schoolhouse Rock song. (*sing some of it*) And three is the number of friends I have who call themselves Christians. One of them spends a lot of time at church, but she seems really uncomfortable even talking about it. The other friend kept apologizing to me on the way to a game for the overly aggressive street evangelists. And my third friend had a Facebook post that talked about

how he felt like God helped him through a tough time, something I totally don't understand...but sounds like something I could use once in while...especially lately. My 9-year-old's been having headaches that the doctors can't explain. We're seeing a specialist tomorrow... To be honest, I'm worried...really worried. Anyway, I saw this friend's post and commented on it, but the conversation sort of faded out before he explained it much. I wish someone would just shoot straight with me. It's like they're all scared of offending me. Truth is, I'm hoping someday, somebody will just tell me what it is to have God in your life.

Lights fade.

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