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PURCHASE
SCRIPT
TO

“On the Wrong Track”

By
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WATERMARK
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What	<p>Train riders realize that the destination of their train makes a difference in how they should have packed mirroring how we can go through life focusing on meaningless pursuits rather than preparing for eternity with God.</p> <p>Themes: Meaning, Purpose, Preparation, Eternity, Relationship with God, Contentment</p>
Who	<p>Ms. Take Mr./Ms. Bills Dr. Bright Geoffrey (Butler) Ms./Mr. Jobs Samuel (Train Conductor)</p>
When	<p>Present Day</p>
Costumes	<p>Ms. Take – Sunglasses and Sundress Mr./Ms. Bills - Gold-Colored Watch and Suit Jacket Dr. Bright – Graduation Gown and Reading Glasses Geoffrey – Butler Attire Mr./Ms. Jobs – Professional Business Suit Samuel – Train Conductor Hat, Vest, and Buttoned-Down Shirt</p>
Props	<p>Backpack, Set of Stackable Luggage Cases, Laptop Case, Beach Bag, Cell Phone, Money Clip, Wad of Fake Money, Beach Bag, Glass with Fancy Straw, Large Book, 2 Benches or 6 Chairs, Binder (with Large Letters Reading STOCK OPTIONS)</p>
Why	<p>Book of Ecclesiastes, Luke 12:32-34</p>
How	<p>The chairs (or benches) are center stage and sitting close to one another to represent seating at a train station. Some of the dialogue moves quickly with witty interplay between actors who should attempt to use tone, timing, and body posture to emphasize the lines and ensure natural flow of dialogue.</p>
Time	<p>Approximately 10 minutes</p>

At the start of the skit, **Mr. Bills** is seated in the first chair (or furthest stage left on the first bench) leafing through his binder. **Geoffrey** stands staidly behind **Mr. Bills** with the stackable luggage piled high to one side. **Dr. Bright** is in the fourth chair (or furthest stage left on second bench) reading from his book. His backpack is on the ground next to him. **Ms. Jobs** is standing stage right of the chairs (benches) and watching her phone with a frustrated look on her face. Her briefcase is next to her feet. She holds the phone in the air as if looking for signal and then sighs huffily.

Ms. Jobs: (irritably) Is anyone else getting a signal? Where is this train anyway? There better be Wi-Fi. I have a business meeting in about fifteen minutes.

Dr. Bright looks up from his book briefly at **Ms. Jobs** and then goes back to reading his book.

Mr. Bills looks at his watch, raises an eyebrow, and goes back to reading through his binder.

Ms. Take walks in breezily from stage right carrying her glass and beach bag.

Ms. Take: Well, hello people! Let's get this party started! (plops down into the last chair or last seat on the stage right bench and pushes the sunglasses on top of her head, dropping her beach bag at her feet and then sipping from her drink) I've been having such a ball. I just knew I was going to miss the train.

Mr. Bills, Dr. Bright, and Ms. Jobs watch **Ms. Take's** arrival uncomfortably and then go back to their previous activities. **Ms. Take** appears dismayed at their disinterest.

Ms. Take: (louder for attention) As I said, I've been having such a ball. Rio! Las Vegas! Cancun! New York! Miami! I almost didn't want to pull myself away.

Mr. Bills hands the binder to **Geoffrey** who accepts it formally and places it on top of the luggage without expression.

Mr. Bills: (dryly, with sarcasm) Well, lucky us. You made it. (looks at watch again showily) It looks like the train should be here any minute.

Ms. Jobs *(stops trying to find signal and crosses her arms moodily)* I've been waiting in this train station for an hour – hardly the place to get work done. It's past time for it to come. *(looks pointedly at Ms. Take)* We can't all be late for appointments without a care for someone else's time.

Ms. Take: *(carefree)* Oh, it's okay – I'm sure it doesn't matter that I'm a smidge late. They'd probably just send another train for me if I missed it. I've heard Zion is a lovely place, even if it's the last stop on the track.

Mr. Bills: *(surprised)* Wait! Where did you say you were going?

Ms. Take: To Zion, of course. I got an invitation to visit, and I can't pass up a free vacation. Of course, anywhere I am is a vacation of sorts, so– *(laughs at her joke)*

Mr. Bills: *(ignoring Ms. Take and looking at the others)* Who else is going to Zion?

Mr. Bills raises his hand and looks to **Ms. Jobs** who raises her hand. Everyone looks over at **Dr. Bright** who looks up from his book and slowly raises his hand. Everyone looks a bit startled.

Ms. Jobs *(pondering)* Well, that's interesting.

Dr. Bright: Very, considering the statistical likelihood of everyone at this particular boarding stop going to the same location. *(pushes glasses up on his nose and looks around at the other potential train passengers)* The chances of a coincidence are substantially slim. If you think about the 8.2 billion people in the world and then you calculate –

Ms. Take: *(bored with Dr. Bright)* Okay, Smarty Pants, we get it. It's odd.

Dr. Bright: *(frowning at Ms. Take)* Rudeness is a sign of poor intelligence.

Ms. Take: *(petulantly)* Sorry. *(rallying to be entertaining)* Well, if we're riding the train together, I supposed we should get to know each other. What's your name?

Dr. Bright: (*proudly*) Dr. Bright, PhD in Philosophy.

Ms. Take: (*smugly*) Well, close to Smarty Pants, then. (*giggling at her own joke*) I'm Ms. Take.

Mr. Bills: (*murmuring*) Of course you are.

Ms. Take: Very funny. You all are really killing my vibe. Who are *you*, anyway, Mr. Money Bags? I see you couldn't leave home without Jeeves there (*waving off-handedly towards Geoffrey*).

Mr. Bills: My name is Mr. Bills, and I have *quite* a few money bags, so if you meant to be insulting, you failed. And his name is Geoffrey, not Jeeves.

Ms. Jobs: (*frustrated*) Who cares who everyone is. I have a business call in about ten minutes and I can't get a signal. This is a disaster! We need to get on the train. If I lose this deal, this trip is going to be a waste.

Ms. Take: It'll be a waste if you work the whole time. Come on, girl! You have to let your hair down and live a little. What's your name?

Ms. Jobs: I'm Carrie Jobs and I don't have time to (*uses air quotes*) "let my hair down." The glass ceiling isn't going to break on its own. Plus, no offense, I'd rather have purpose in my life than party it away.

Dr. Bright: (*long-winded*) Purpose. That's a good philosophical subject. Of course, the pursuit of knowledge is the most fulfilling activity you can invest in.

Ms. Take: (*drawn out*) BORING!

Mr. Bills: Dr. Bright, you don't have to have brains to invest as long as you have money. I can *buy all* the knowledge I'll ever need. (*pulls out money from suit pocket, addressing butler*) Hey Geoffrey, what's the square root of one hundred sixty-nine?

Geoffrey: Thirteen, Sir.

Mr. Bills: Thanks, Geoffrey.

Mr. Bill peels off a few bills and hands them to **Geoffrey** who discretely takes them and puts the money in his pocket. **Mr. Bill** puts the money clip back in his pocket, looking at the others with a satisfied expression.

Mr. Bills: See?

Ms. Jobs: Brilliant, but if I had Wi-Fi, Google could tell me that. It seems kind of lazy, though. Mr. Bills, don't you want to see the fruit of your labor rather than paying someone to do all of the work for you?

Ms. Take: *(horried)* Labor. Yuck.

Mr. Bills and **Dr. Bright** also shake their heads in the negative at **Ms. Jobs**.

Dr. Bright: I think you're all missing the opportunity to birth your own knowledge. Find your own truth – we can understand everything in the universe. There is a vast –

Mr. Bills interrupts the wordiness of **Dr. Bright** who looks nonplussed at being interrupted.

Mr. Bills: Speaking of the universe, does anyone have any idea what Zion is like? Has anyone *been* to Zion yet?

Ms. Take: Who cares! I have my bathing suit, my dancing dress, and plenty of tunes ready on my Spotify. I'm ready for whatever comes.

Mr. Bills: *(lifting an eyebrow in disdain)* That must be why your bag is so small.

Ms. Take: *(to Mr. Bills)* What did you pack?

Mr. Bills: *(examining nails haughtily)* Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: *(solemnly and efficiently lists items)* Formal wear, everyday wear, tennis clothes, riding outfit, bathing suit, towel, pajamas, underwear, toiletries, passport, Traveler's Checks, golf clubs, and a few luxuries that Sir cannot live without.

Ms. Jobs: Plus Geoffrey!? No wonder you need someone to carry your bags.

Mr. Bills: What did you bring, Ms. Jobs?

Ms. Jobs: Work essentials. Phone, computer, and a small travel bag with necessities.

Mr. Bills: Hmm. Dr. Bright?

Dr. Bright: My books of course. Knowledge is all I need.

Samuel, the train conductor, enters stage right. He walks toward the actors at center stage and stops beside **Ms. Jobs**, addressing all of the actors.

Samuel: *(smiling)* Good morning and welcome! I'm Samuel, and I'll be operating the train today and ensuring your safe transport to Zion. Your host will be incredibly happy to see you. We'll be boarding shortly.

Ms. Jobs: Thank goodness! I thought we would never be ready. *(to the conductor)* Does this train have Wi-Fi?

Samuel: No, ma'am. No Wi-Fi needed.

Ms. Jobs: *(panicked and irritated)* It's definitely needed! What kind of transport in the 21st century doesn't have Wi-Fi?

Samuel: The train to Zion, ma'am.

Ms. Jobs: I guess I'll have to try to create a hotspot on my phone once we get started.

Samuel: Ms. Jobs, you won't need your phone or your computer.

Ms. Jobs: *(looking wary)* You know my name?

Samuel: Of course! I know all of you. I was sent personally to help facilitate the train ride for Zion's very special guests.

Mr. Bills: *(smugly)* That's more like it. Being treated in style I see. Geoffrey! You can load my luggage onto the train now.

Samuel: Actually, Mr. Bills, you won't need your luggage. Geoffrey is welcome to come along as a guest, but not as your butler.

Mr. Bills appears affronted while **Ms. Jobs** still looks uncertain. **Ms. Take** smiles widely.

Ms. Take: Ohhhhh! An all-inclusive resort! I needed some "me" time! This is perfect.

Ms. Jobs: It sounds like "me time" is all you have.

Ms. Take: Well, at least I don't work my life away.

Mr. Bills: *(blustery about lack of luggage and butler)* Samuel, I appreciate Zion's charity, but I don't need to depend on anyone or any place. I have everything that I need for this trip and what I don't have, I can buy.

Samuel: Actually, Mr. Bills, you can't really buy anything in Zion.

Ms. Take: *(concerned)* Can't buy anything? No stores? Is this place a drag? I'm glad I have my bathing suit and dress at least. Please tell me there is a pool, a cute cabana boy, and a dance floor!

Dr. Bright: Of course there isn't. I'm sure in Zion no one cares about trivial things. They probably don't care about *things* at all. The focus should be on knowledge. Of course, there will be a large library? *(looks expectantly at Samuel)*

Samuel: *(clears throat)* Dr. Bright, Zion will have all the knowledge that you need. You won't need books there.

Dr. Bright: *(confused)* No books?

Samuel: It seems like this is your first trip to Zion. Have any of you actually met your host?

Mr. Bills: Well, not directly.

Dr. Bright: I did send him a few Christmas cards, but that's the only time I've really interacted with him.

Ms. Jobs: Come to think of it, I haven't met him either. He's invited me on a trip before, but I've been too busy until now. I thought this time I could work while I was there.

Ms. Take: I'm sure I've probably met him at a party - I just don't remember. So many people, so little time. I don't really *do* long-term friendships.

Samuel: Well, your host sends invitations to Zion out freely and often because he *does* do long-term friendships. You don't need to bring anything when you visit because he wants to get to know you and wants you to know him without meaningless distraction.

Ms. Take: Oh... that sounds a little too serious. I don't do serious.

Mr. Bright: That's clear.

Samuel: We're going to board in a minute. I promise the trip will be worth your while, but you do have to leave everything behind.

Mr. Bills: What about my stuff?

Samuel: *(reassuringly)* You won't need it.

Ms. Jobs: My laptop? I can't do work without it.

Samuel: It's going to be a no-work trip.

Ms. Jobs looks shocked.

Dr. Bright: *(grabs his bookbag)* I think she's going into shock! Quick! I have an emergency manual in my backpack!

Samuel: Thanks, Dr. Bright, but we aren't going to need that. Your host in Zion will take good care of Ms. Jobs and all of you.

Dr. Bright: But – my books?

Samuel: *(with kind finality)* Nope.

Mr. Bills: Look, Samuel, we've spent a lot of time on all of these things here. We're not just going to leave them behind.

Samuel: *(looking at each person with compassion)* I know this is tough, but whether you go now or wait until later, at some point everyone rides the train to Zion and no luggage is allowed. You have to decide if you're willing to visit now, get to know your generous host, and allow him to provide for you, or if you'll continue to depend on your *things* and *distractions* and never get to know about Zion until your last train ride. Then, at the final destination, you'll end up a stranger in a land you've never seen. Your host won't know you and you won't know your host. And *still* you will have lost all of these things that you're clinging to now. You will have traded a chance to invest in your future in Zion with things that you can't preserve. Ask yourself... will wealth, success, knowledge, and pleasure matter when you have nothing to show for it?

Geoffrey: *(walks toward Samuel and pulls out the money that was given to him earlier, handing it to Samuel)* Where do we board? I don't have a lot to lose and it seems like up until now I've been on the wrong track.

Samuel: *(shakes **Geoffrey's** hand)* Welcome aboard, Geoffrey! *(gestures stage right)* Walk right down this platform and step on up.

Geoffrey smiles and looks lighthearted as he walks off stage right. **Samuel** looks at the other potential passengers. They look undecided between their belongings and then toward the exit that **Geoffrey** just left through.

Samuel: *(searching)* Anyone else willing to meet their host?

Ms. Jobs: *(uncertainly)* What about my work? I can't just leave everything. I'm supposed to get a promotion soon.

Mr. Bills: *(sadly)* What will happen to all my money?

Dr. Bright: *(confused)* What am I without my knowledge?

Ms. Take: *(hesitant)* What if it isn't any fun there?

Samuel looks out towards the audience.

Samuel: All aboard!

The passengers look at each other, each deciding what to do next.

Lights down.