

A script from



“The Couple That Prays Together”

by
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- What** Prayer is vital to a Christian marriage—so why is praying together so hard?
Themes: Marriage, Prayer, Duet
- Who** Brent
Courtney
- When** Present
- Wear
(Props)** Both characters wear casual clothing.
Kitchen table (small enough that characters can join hands across it)
Two chairs
Paper
Pencils.
- Why** Matthew 18:18-20
- How** Although Brent and Courtney argue and interrupt each other in this scene, it is within the context of a loving and firmly grounded marital relationship. They do not necessarily need to be newlyweds.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

Lights up. Brent and Courtney are sitting across from each other at their kitchen table, both visibly awkward. In front of them are a few sheets of paper and pencils.

Courtney: Okay. We can do this.

Brent: Of course we can do it. Why are you so nervous?

Courtney: I'm not nervous. Why should I be nervous?

Brent: I don't know. It's not a big deal.

Courtney: It *is* a big deal. That's why Pastor [insert name] said we had to do it.

Brent: Sure, but it's nothing to get worked up over.

Courtney: Fine. Go ahead.

Brent: Me? Why do I need to start?

Courtney: *(like it's obvious)* Because you're the spiritual leader of the household?

Brent: Right. Uh... yeah. *(He fiddles with the pencil in front of him for an uncomfortable pause, then closes his eyes)* Heavenly Father, Lord God Almighty, we come—

Courtney: *(interrupting)* Really? Can't you just say "God"?

Brent: Um, hello? We're praying here.

Courtney: You sound like you're talking to someone you don't know.

Brent: I'm being respectful. What do you want me to say? 'Hey, Bro?'

Courtney: Okay, okay. Sorry. I shouldn't have interrupted.

Brent: Okay. *(Starting over)* Father God, we come humbly before you tonight and we ask that you would just grant us the—

Courtney: Okay, can I say this?

Brent: *(annoyed)* No. You can't.

Courtney: You sound like we have no faith. Like we're groveling at His feet and begging for crumbs. And "just"? Really? We ask God that He would "just" do something? *Just* how big is your God, Brent?

Brent: Fine. Since you know all the spiritual fine print, how about if *you* take over?

Courtney: Oh, come on. I don't actually— Okay. Fine.

She closes her eyes and takes a long, deep breath. There is a long pause, during which Brent checks as if to make sure she's still awake. Then:

Jesus, we praise you in this place. We praise you and we thank you in this place, because you are *mighty* in this place. We exalt you—

Brent: Whoa, whoa. What are you doing?

Courtney: What? What do you mean? I'm *praying*.

Brent: Your theology is all wrong. You can't pray like that.

Courtney: *(defensive)* And how is my theology wrong?

Brent: Well, technically, we pray *to* the Father, *through* Jesus the Son. You prayed *to* Jesus.

Courtney: So?

Brent: *(exasperated)* What do you mean, "so"? Do you realize the Great Schism of 1054 hung on that very issue?

Courtney: Do you realize you're creating the great schism of, oh, I don't know, *now*?

Brent: *(pushing on)* And what is it with you and "in this place"? What if we just say "here"? Does God just not listen?

Courtney: And there you go again with "*just*."

Brent: *(angry)* Yeah, you know what? This is why we don't pray together.

Courtney: *(raising her voice to match his)* I know.

Brent: I think our marriage is better off if we just pray independently.

Courtney: Perfect. You pray in your head, I'll pray in mine. That's got to count.

Brent: It'll *have* to count.

Courtney: I'll write my requests on this sheet, and you write yours on that sheet. And then we'll switch.

Brent: Not efficient. We'll probably have all the same requests.

Courtney: Great. That'll mean we're...unified.

Brent: *(sarcastic)* Unified! Right.

Courtney: Hey, I'm trying here.

Brent: You don't have to try. I'm the spiritual leader, remember?

Courtney: Then why don't you show some faith?

Brent: Then why don't you show some respect?

Courtney opens her mouth as if to say something, then abruptly shuts it and looks away.

Brent: Am I wrong?

Courtney: *(after a pause)* No. You're right. My attitude's been pretty bad.

Brent: *(after another pause)* Yeah, well, mine was, too. Analyzing everything you said.

Courtney: Why is this so hard? I mean, I pray... you pray... this isn't a foreign thing.

Brent: No, but it *is* something we've never learned to do. And I do think it's worth pursuing... if you still want to.

Courtney: So what do we do?

Brent: Well, maybe we should start by asking God to help us.

Courtney: That sounds like something even we could handle.

Brent: Okay, let's try this again.

They join hands.

Father, thank you for bringing us together. We want to talk to you as a team and we're not sure how. Please help us to learn and to grow in our relationship with you. In Jesus' Name, amen.

Courtney: Amen.

Brent: Hey guess what? We prayed together.

Courtney: That wasn't so hard. Actually, seemed kind of... normal.

They stand up and start to exit, hand in hand.

Brent: That's probably how it should be. At least to start.

Courtney: And I guess we'll trust that God just reveals more as we go.

Brent: Well, I wouldn't say God JUST reveals more...

Exit