

A script from



“The Parable of the Spare Change”

by
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- What** In this monologue, a young man (or woman) recounts several of life’s challenges and the fact that despite ongoing prayer, God did nothing to help...or did He? A perfect script to illustrate themes of prayer and faith to teens and adults.
Themes: Prayer, Comedy, Monologue, God, Answers, Faith, Trust, Youth, Teen, Millennial
- Who** Brandon– Late teens to late 20s. Written as a young man, but may be played by a young woman (Brandy).
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Contemporary clothing
- Why** Isaiah 65:24; Psalm 37:4-5; 1 John 5:14-15
- How** Brandon directly addresses the audience/congregation as his peers—consider having him step into the aisles at some point to emphasize this. Brandon accepted Jesus at 12, but slid away at 17, and has been dancing on the line ever since.
- Time** Approximately 2 minutes

Brandon enters and addresses the audience.

Brandon: So, I lost my job. On Labor Day. Hah. Which isn't funny. Actually, it kinda stinks.

Everybody tells you what you wanna hear, you know? "It'll work out. You got this!" Only nobody means what they say. And God's no different. He says tell him what you want and he'll answer if you pray real hard and junk. But then nothing. Nada.

Then my car gets smashed up. And it isn't even my fault. Well, it could be, maybe, but... So my mom covers it, and now I owe her fifteen hundred bucks. And you never want to owe my mom anything 'cause she's like, "Aha! Now I control you." She doesn't need the money. She just wants the power—I owe her money so now she can tell me how to live my life, right? Um, no, I don't think so, Mom!

I mean, it's not like I'm mega into money, but when you're broke everything's about money, right?

So, I start praying: "God, I know I haven't talked to you for like...a while." I used to believe in God a lot when I was like 13 and in youth group and stuff, but now...I don't know. So I say, "Look, God, if you get me the money to pay my mom off, then I will seriously believe in you. Seriously." So I start praying every day, and I'm even starting to like it, kind of. But does God answer? Nope. Not a peep.

But meanwhile I start finding money on my own. Like I find a twenty-dollar bill blowing down Hamilton Avenue. And I still don't have a real job, but I start getting calls from this guy I used to know who does construction clean-up, and I actually kind of rock at it. Then I find \$27 in this box my grandma gave me, and 43 bucks I forgot about for some junk I sold at a flea market. It's just a little here and a little there, you know, but it starts adding up.

So, it takes a while, but I finally pay my mom off. And suddenly she's like, "Whoa, you're actually acting responsible, Brandon." Then she starts acting like she's my friend instead of my mom, you know, and she's actually pretty cool. I mean, in a weird mom-cool way.

So, the point is: Things are actually going pretty good. But all this time I'm praying and where's God? Nowhere. I mean, I had to do it all myself. I mean, OK, there was this moment when I thought, "Maybe..." But, nah, that was just me, right?

Right? *(Lights out.)*