

a script from

231 WORSHIP

PURCHASE

SCRIPT

TO

REMOVE

"The Least of These"

By
Dave Tippett

AT

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What A group of teens and adults arrive at a homeless shelter to serve dinner to the residents. As the play progresses, several students are forced to face the pain that has followed them, leading to redemption and healing. In the end the whole group is reminded that their service... to the residents and to each other... doesn't have to be perfect, it just has to reflect the heart of Jesus.

Themes: Service, Homelessness, Trauma, Grace, Palm Sunday, Teens

Who Ethan: Teen guy, wanna-be online influencer
Sarah: Teen girl with an unfortunate past
James: Younger teen guy. Comic relief but has potential.
Cherie: Teen girl, Sarah's friend
Drew: Teen guy, Ethan's friend
Jen: Adult youth leader
RJ: Head cook
Henry: Shelter manager
Man 1: Homeless adult
3-4 Homeless adults (non-speaking)
5-6 Teen extras/servers (non-speaking)

When Present Day

Costumes Contemporary clothing

Props Large spatulas, ladles
Cafeteria style serving trays (10-15)
4 older looking round tables and chairs
4-5 rugged looking folding tables
Backpack containing large, brimmed hat and two oven mitts
Hairnets
Serving gloves
Large cardboard box
Small clip-on GoPro-type camera or facsimile
Cell phone
Bulletin board with generic curled flyers and postings attached
Plain generic metal pots, lids optional
Paper signs taped on front of counter: ENTRÉE, SALT/PEPPER, DRINKS

Why 1 Peter 4: 10.

How Three of the round tables and chairs are placed upstage. One table and chair are downstage left. The serving counter is center stage right. The counter can be a series of rugged looking folding tables strung together with mismatched vinyl tablecloths with some taped repairs. The three signs are taped and paced out on the front of the counter. On top of the tables are generic big metal pots. In the background is a bulletin board with curled flyers and postings. Note: Hairnets and serving gloves can be purchased online with minimal cost. You can utilize this play for Palm Sunday or for any occasion year-round. There will be places (ALT) indicated in the script to customize a non-Palm Sunday approach.

Time Aprox. 20 minutes

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At curtain, we see some homeless adults sitting upstage at tables, relaxing, drinking coffee, etc. **Henry** is pacing a bit, looking at his watch occasionally. **RJ** enters and goes to him.

RJ: Still no sign?

Henry: No... and yes, I *did* try to call but no answer.

RJ: It's... what? A church group, right? Teens?

Henry: Yeah. *(looks at watch)* We still have some time, but it would be nice to know if they're going to show. I told them that dinner is always our biggest meal, especially on Palm Sunday. *(ALT: Just end at "biggest meal")* Honestly if they don't get here soon, they'll be serving *breakfast* instead. *(RJ doesn't react)* Breakfast. Instead of dinner. 'Cuz they'll be so late.

RJ: I heard you, boss. *(pause)* Comedy is hard, you know? *(smiles)*

Henry: *(shrugs then smiles)* I tried. *(pointing behind him)* How's the food prep?

RJ: Been cooking all afternoon and Arnie is making the final prep back there. He'll then get it all on the warmers in back. *(smiles)* The warmers will be *coolers* if they don't get here soon. *(looking for a reaction)* Huh? Huh?

Henry: *(flat)* Comedy gold, RJ, comedy gold. *(back to pacing, looking at watch)* I hope they show soon-

At that moment, the teens, led by **Jen**, enter stage right. She's trying to hurry them all along.

Sarah is noticeably slower coming in and looks uncomfortable and is looking around. **Cherie** looks back, sees her, and encourages her to come in. **Ethan** is looking around and holding his phone up several times as if planning to shoot video.

Ethan: *(to Drew)* This place is on fire. Perfect for me.

Drew: *(confused)* Uh, sure. Whatever.

Jen: *(goes to **Henry** and **RJ**, out of breath and with rapid delivery)* Sooo sorry we're late. We got tied up at the church as there's like a million... well, thousands... well... *a lot* of palm branches, and for some reason Janitor Bob said we had to clean up before we could leave. *(ALT: Leave out references to palm branches)* Then we lost the directions and then the van needed gas, and then we keep hitting red lights, then GPS sent us way across town, and then... *(stops, deep breath, with empathy)* and someone was feeling car sick, and then-

Drew: *(interrupts)* Did get car sick. *(everyone one looks at **James** and snickers)*

Jen: Um, yes *(to **Henry** and **RJ**)* and we may need some paper towels at some point. *Anyway*, as I was saying-

James: *(interrupts, whiny)* I said I was sorry. *(accusing now)* Jen was driving so fast, in and out of traffic, and the van was lurching back and forth and back and forth and *(starts to slow and sounding like he's going to get sick again)* Umm, enough said.

Jen: *(to **James**, a bit annoyed)* Now come on, I wasn't driving *that* fast. *(they all look at her, now a bit admitting to it)* Weelllll....

James: *(interrupts again)* And my Dramamine rolled under a seat along with the lunch that my Mom packed and then someone stepped on said Dramamine so I couldn't take it and then what with the back and forth and back and forth and... sorry.

Henry: *(steps in, interrupting using time out signal with his hand)* OK, OK, Fine, fine fine. Look, you're here now and that's what counts. *(to **Jen**)* You're Jennifer, the leader of this crew? I'm Henry, the shelter manager. I think we spoke on the phone last week?

Jen: *(still thinking about her driving, then realizes **Henry** was talking to her)* Huh? Oh yes, that's me. Leader. Me!

Henry: OK great, now then-

Jen: *(interrupts, fast delivery again)* Yes, so, um, do with us as you will! Um, er, I mean, um, throw us into the breach! *(teens are rolling their eyes, some looking around, etc.)* I mean, um, squeeze out every ounce of our energy you can! *(teens all look at her)* I mean, er, uh... *(less energy, more pleading)* Help?

Henry: *(laughs)* OK, no worries! *(to the group)* Now, can I have everyone's attention? *(everyone, except Ethan, are now focusing on Henry. Ethan is still using his phone. Henry sees him)* I need everyone's attention. *(Ethan ignores him and Drew goes over and covers Ethan's phone with his hand, indicating Henry. Ethan sighs and reluctantly looks at Henry)* OK, and by the way *(in Ethan's direction)* we'd appreciate you all not taking any pictures or video of our guests to preserve their dignity.

Ethan: What? Wait, I'm going to need to do that to... um, to-

Henry: Do what?

Ethan: *(not being honest)* Oh, nothing. Nothing. I, uh, just have interest in, um, these people.

Henry: *(not convinced)* Uh huh. Well, *these people*, meaning our guests, are here to feel welcomed and wanted and to be served. And you're all here to achieve that, so welcome! We serve meals here three times a day, seven days a week, three hundred sixty-five days a year. And we use mostly volunteers so we really appreciate your willingness to serve! *(Jen claps a few claps, not sure if she should be clapping, and a few others do the same)* Now, we still have some time to get you all oriented and I have some other work to do, so I am going to hand you off to our head cook, RJ. He'll be the one who'll show you what to do and how to do it. RJ? *(Henry exits)*

RJ: *(steps up)* Thanks Henry. *(sounding a bit Barney Fife-ish)* Now students, we need to do this well and need to do this right. If you slack, you can't come back. *(proud)* I made that saying up myself. Now, if you all can move back here behind the serving area with me. *(all move back behind the serving counter)*. OK, I need people at these stations: Two serving the actual food. Who wants to do that?

All students except **Ethan** and **Sarah** raise their hands enthusiastically.

RJ: OK, hands down. Before I pick, you have to understand that not just anyone can do this. *(holds up a serving spatula)* To earn this honor, you have to be highly skilled in the spatula arts. We call it the “Three Beat Serve”. *(every demonstration is comically dramatic)* Beat one: You take said spatula and *lift* the food with great elbow action *(he demonstrates)* Then, beat two, the very important *pause*, where we look down and make sure we have enough food in the spatula. *(demonstrates)* Then, beat three, the all-important *release*, with a small but important flick of the wrist! *(demonstrates, then takes the spatula and holds it high)* OK, now you’ve seen what it takes, who wants the job? *(no hands go up)* OK, guess I’ll have to choose. *(points to Cherie and Drew)* Step forward. *(they do reluctantly)* Now, let me see your spatula skills! **Cherie** and **Drew** look at each other and shrug. **Drew** takes it first, looks at it, and with no energy, just imitates some basic scooping motions. Then hands it to **Cherie**, and she does the same, then hands it back to **RJ**. He sighs). OK, well, that’ll have to do. **Cherie** and **Drew** shrug and step back). OK, I also need some people to hand out drinks, salt and pepper and the like. *(several of the extras and Jen hold up their hands)* OK, all that stuff will be at the end of the counter. Remember, salt packets must be in symmetric pyramid shapes, and pepper packets the same. And drinks... well, um, er, just hand them out. But with a big smile, got it? *(they do)*. Now, for a very crucial position... the tray king! This person refreshes the trays as our guests take them and pass through the line. It takes great attention to detail, dexterity, courage, and a willingness to put yourself out there. *(teens look at each other, conceding)*. Or, just knowing how to stack trays without having them fall all over the place. *(looks at James)* How about you, young man?

James: *(surprised)* Who, me?

RJ: Yes indeed! I see potential in you. You’ll be great!

James: *(pause, then)* Who, me?

RJ: Piece of cake. I'll show you the ropes in a bit. *(during this whole time, Sarah has stayed in the background. RJ does not see her)* Who else... *(sees Ethan, who has not volunteered for anything and again, is working his phone)* Yo, phone boy. *(Ethan looks up and points to self in question)* Yes, you. I got a job for you, too.

Ethan: *(trying to be cool and not succeeding)* No, uhm I'm good. I'd really like to, you know, stay in the background, soak up the atmosphere, do a, um, vibe check, meet the people, and get my uh, serving vibe out there. You know, to get some aura points so I can let my followers know what I'm *(catches himself)* Oops, I mean uh, er-

RJ: *(interrupts, flat)* You're doing dishes.

Ethan: Hey, no fair! I'm an influencer and stuff. I got *(holding up his phone)* clout and stuff, and I have to keep-

RJ: *(interrupts)* And toilets. And stuff. *(Ethan looks at him and then throws his hands in the air and walks away. Drew follows him)* Now, anyone serving has to wear hair nets and put on serving gloves. Those are in the back, so let me go rustle some up. *(he starts to exit)*

James: *(to RJ, who stops)* Sir, sir, I'm good for both those things. My Mom packed these for me *(he puts his backpack down and takes out a wide brimmed hat, puts it on, then takes out two oven mitts, and puts them on)* Ready for action!

RJ: *(just stares at him in disbelief and other teens snicker. After a comic beat, he looks around).* Does anyone else want to do trays?

James: *(drops his head)* Oh, man.

RJ: *(to James)* Just kidding! You still have the job. Come on, let's go in the back and scare the other cook! *(James nods and both exit).*

Action shifts to **Ethan** and **Drew** who have now moved downstage.

Ethan: *(some arrogance and also disappointment)* I can't believe what he said to me. Doesn't he know who I am? How many followers I have?

Drew: *(with sarcasm)* I bet, and I could be wrong, but he's probably not following you online.

Ethan: Well, his loss. He'd see how many are following me. *(pause, trying to make his case)* And to make that keep happening, I got to keep things fresh and real.

Drew: It's really *fresh* all right.

Ethan: Yes *(not sure it's an insult but moves on. Looking around and refers to his phone, then sweeps his hand around the room)* So, this whole thing we're doing down here *has* to be documented, and in just the right way. So, it'll be me, again, umm, humble me, serving the, uh, less fortunate, creating heartwarming content which, in turn, lands sponsors who'll want to promote their, um, er, heartwarming products on my feed *(pause, and to self, softer tone)* It's got to work.

Drew: Sponsors, huh? Is that what this is all-

Ethan: *(changing tone slightly, a bit softer, flash of vulnerability)* Look, I... I need this. *(then catches himself, back to harder tone, holding up phone).* They need this.

Drew: *(ignoring Ethan's last line)* Wait, you told the cook guy you were just going to hang out and, uh... vibe. How are you going to document or whatever?

Ethan: *(interrupts)* I have a plan. *(waves hand at teens)* While the rest of them do their thing, I'll be getting what I need. You'll see. *(pause, a bit hurt tone)* They won't miss me anyway.

Drew: Man, if you get caught...

Ethan: That's your job, OK? To run interference if anyone becomes suspicious *(a bit softer)* Please?

Drew: *(pushing back)* Me? I'd rather just *(air finger quotes, sarcastic)* "vibe".

Ethan: Funny. *(looks around)* They're still getting their act together, so I got time. I've got stuff hidden in the van that I have to grab. *(starts to exit)* Watch my back.

Drew: *(rolls eyes, sarcastic)* OK, phone boy.

Ethan: *(ignoring him)* Oh, and grab a tray and set it back by this door.

Drew rolls his eyes, and shrugs as **Ethan** exits. **Drew** then slowly walks back upstage and joins others. **Sarah** has been staying off to the side and **Cherie**, who has been waiting behind the counter, sees her and goes to her. **Sarah** sees her coming and moves further downstage.

Cherie: Sarah, hold on.

Sarah: *(small)* What?

Cherie: What's going on? You've been acting , well, kinda weird. You haven't said, like anything since we left the church. You're, like, all sad.

Sarah: It's nothing, OK?

Cherie: No, not OK. I know you. We've been friends for what... um, well, years. I know you can get moody but not like this.

Sarah: I *said* I'm OK.

Cherie: And that cook guy is going to make you do a job that maybe you don't want to do. Come and serve with me and-

Sarah: *(with a bit of a tone)* Look. My mom said I had to come to this. I... I couldn't believe she'd said that. So, it's bad enough I have to be here. This place...

Cherie: *(pause, then with soft tone)* I didn't know you *had* to come, I'm Sorry.

Sarah: *(relaxing a bit)* It's, it's OK. You didn't know. It's just... it's just...

Cherie: Just what?

- Sarah:** It's just *(pauses, then changes her mind, trying to make it light now)* It's just that I can't operate a spatula as well as you guys.
- Cherie:** *(not convinced)* Right. You were going to say-
- Sarah:** *(still diverting, gesturing back at the counter)* Come on, show me where we're going to serve and maybe I can get some practice in.
- Cherie:** Ohh kayy. *(with a smile)* Spatula 101 it is!
- Sarah:** *(sincere)* Thanks Cherie. *(they both go back behind the counter)*

Teens are still hanging out there. **Drew** and **Sarah** have joined, and all waiting on **RJ**. Then **RJ** re-enters with **James** in tow. **James** no longer has his hat and mitts and is carrying a large cardboard box filled with hairnets and serving gloves.

- RJ:** OK, troops, gather round. *(looks at James)* Forgetting something?
- James:** Oh, yeah yeah. *(hands the box to RJ, then turns and starts back and exits again)*
- RJ:** OK *(sets box down while looking around)*. I see you're all---hey, where's my dishwasher? *(to Drew)* Where's phone boy? *(Drew just shrugs. Flat tone)* Right. OK, now, we're going to do a mock serving drill before the real deal. First, you need to don your armor! *(confused looks. He opens the box James brought out. Less dramatic now)* Meaning put on your hair nets and gloves.

Teens go to the box and in the next few moments, all are trying on their hair nets and gloves, some with success, but many not so much. They get caught in each other's nets, can't get gloves on, etc. **RJ** tries to help but gives up and...

- RJ:** Stop! *(they do)*. We'll worry about this stuff later. Now, take your places! *(teens go to their serving station)* All right, troops. Now... we'll pretend that the line has started. These are men and women who have found sanctuary here and are looking for a meal *and* some hope. You are on the front lines of all of that. So, straighten up!

They all do so, like they are in the military.

RJ: Eyes forward! Now, big smiles! *(they do)* Bigger *(they do)* Bigger! *(they try and end up with some goofy faces)* OK, power down. *(they relax)* OK, here come our guests. Well, pretend guests. Servers, ready? **(Cherie and Drew hold up their spatulas)** And serve! You'll do the chicken chunks first. **(Cherie and Drew look confused)** Just pretend but that's what you'll be serving. Scoop! Scoop and put it on their plate! *(they pretend to do all that)*. Now the corn! *(they look down and up at him then down and pretend to scoop and plate again)* Now the rolls, and only one per person. **(Cherie and Drew again, trying to pretend. Drew picks up a pretend roll and tosses it forward)** Not funny! OK, OK, the line is moving to you, salt pepper and drink people! Go!

Jen: Like this? *(she pantomimes tossing handfuls of packets out)*

RJ: Portions, portions!

Jen: *(defending)* Well, I don't know how much salt and pepper and stuff they might want. *(fast delivery again)* I mean I know at home when we're all eating and people want food and stuff we just chuck it across the table and sometimes it's what we want and sometimes it's not and sometimes it falls on the floor and our dog, Skippy... we call her Skippy 'cause she only has three legs, and anyway-

RJ: *(interrupts)* Like I said, portions!

Jen: *(pretends to throw out smaller amounts)* Fine. Fine.

RJ: OK, OK, now... *(yells behind him)* James?!

James re-enters with a large armful of trays. He staggers in and weaves in and out, almost dropping them many times, heading towards the teens, then weaving away, etc. Total chaos. Finally he crashes them all behind the counter, disappearing with them. After a few beats as everyone takes it all in, **James** rises with a tray in each hand. **RJ** stares at him.

James: *(pauses, then pretending to talk, in a wobbly voice, to an unseen guest)* Tray, sir? *(everyone starts laughing at him and James looks down in defeat)*

RJ: All right everyone quiet down *(the teens slowly do, James remains with head down then RJ goes to him then addresses the group)* OK, what just happened here?

Drew: *(snide)* The tray king almost flattened his royal subjects!

Teens laugh again and RJ speaks up.

RJ: OK, simmer down. No, what I saw was someone *(indicates James)* turning a tough situation into an opportunity. We all make mistakes... maybe not as loud or chaotic, grant you... but we do. James here could have let it get to him, but he recovered and was ready to serve. *(holds his hands out to James)* Well done, tray king! I'd give you the golden tray award if, well... such a thing existed. *(he and James shake hands and James ends up with a big smile on his face)* All right everyone, take five while you get your gloves and hair nets sorted out. We'll start serving *(looks at watch)* very soon.

RJ exits, teens move back to the box and start sorting out the hairnets and gloves. Sarah, however, starts to drift away again from the rest of the group. Meanwhile, Drew looks around, takes a tray and goes back to the place where Ethan exited. He stands with it, not sure what to do and Ethan re-enters. Ethan is now dressed in what he considers what a homeless person looks like. Drew sees him and is stunned.

Ethan: *(sees the tray Drew is holding)* Good, good, you got one. *(Ethan waits for Drew to hand him the tray but Drew remains frozen, still staring at Ethan)* Hello? Hello? *(Drew, while still staring at Ethan, slowly hands the tray to Ethan)*. Perfect. Now... *(looking around)* I'm going to take this mini camera *(pulls it out)* and fix it to this tray and then, when I eventually go through-

Drew: *(now has collected his senses)* What? What are you... What?

Ethan: Yes, as I move through this place first and then get in line, the camera will give my followers a perfect POV... point of view... of what it's like to be *(gestures to some of the adult extras sitting at the back tables)* them.

Drew: But, but you're not one of them. What-

Ethan: *(ignoring him as he tries to fix the camera on the tray and it keeps slipping off) Look, help me with this. (softer) Please?*

Drew hesitates, shaking his head, then slowly moves in to help. While they work on it, **Sarah** has wondered downstage again. There's a lone table downstage. **Sarah** is now there and contemplating it. She slowly sits at it, running her hand across the table, then lowers her head into her hands and starts to cry. Meanwhile, it looks like **Ethan** and **Drew** have fixed the camera to the tray.

Ethan: There! Now- *(he hits a few buttons on his phone)* Good, it's synced with the phone. *(he holds up the tray/camera to his face)* Testing, testing *(smiles)* That's it. Whew.

Drew: This is crazy... what are you going to do?

Ethan: Watch an artist at work. *(Ethan then takes tray and starts walking back where the adult extras are sitting, holding the tray in front of him like he's recording, He approaches some of the adult extras and lowers his voice to sound gruff)* Hey. Tough day, huh? *(gets no response)* Yeah.

Man 1: *(to Ethan)* Where'd you get that tray?! Is it time to eat??

Ethan: *(surprised, starts with real voice)* Huh? No, I umm *(switches to gruff voice)* No, not yet. I'm just, um, making sure, they, um, are balanced right so food won't fall off. And stuff.

Man 1: *(highly skeptical)* Uh huh.

Man 1 and the rest look at him like he's crazy and dismiss him. **Ethan** moves nervously more to downstage, in the general area by **Sarah**. He does not notice her.

Ethan: *(to himself, as if narrating, clearing his throat, talking to the small mic)* Here I am amongst, umm, society's well, lesser than. *(Sarah lifts her head as she is in ear shot)* All of them making, umm, bad choices at some time in their lives and are forced to live like this. *(Sarah is now sitting up and getting visibly upset)* Such a shame but I'm here to help them get by with a single act of humility and service. I've, umm, become one of them and-

Sarah: *(on her feet now, pushing the chair way back as she rises, to **Ethan**)* What are you doing?!

Ethan: *(taken back as are all the teens by the serving area)* What?

Sarah: Why... why are you dressed like that? Are you doing a video or Something?!

Ethan: *(trying to calm her down, pleading)* You're ruining-

Sarah: *(angry/sad)* You have *no* idea what it's like to be them! To have to be *(struggling)* here. Live like this.

Ethan: *(fumbling for an answer)* Please. I'm... I'm just trying-

Sarah: And how can you dress like that? Say those things about *(waves her hand towards the adult extras)* us.

Ethan: *(not mad, confused)* What are you talking about?

Cherie and **Jen** have come to **Sarah**. Also, **RJ** has come out from the back, hearing the commotion. He comes closer to the situation but does not go to either of them yet.

Cherie: *(caring tone)* Sarah, what's going on?

Sarah: It's Ethan.

Ethan: But wait-

Sarah: But it's... it's more. I've *(struggling)* been here before. When I was younger. Ate. Here. At this very table. *(pause)* My Mom lost her job. My Dad was long gone. Too many bills. We lost the house. We... we... lived in our car for a while, and then found this place *(to **Ethan**)* It wasn't a choice. *(**Ethan** looks down)*

Jen: *(quietly)* Sarah, if I had known, I never would have asked you to-

Sarah: It’s not your fault. We eventually got back on our feet. Eventually. And when this service opportunity came up, my Mom thought it would be good for me to reconnect with my past, to get some closure or something. *(emotional now)* But it’s too hard. Just too...

Cherie and Jen both hug **Sarah**. **Drew**, who has drawn close to the action while **Sarah** spoke is now next to **Ethan**. **Ethan** is still stunned and taken back but not doing anything. **Drew** looks at **Ethan**. **Ethan** looks back, then down and **Drew** takes the tray and sets it down. **Ethan** then raises his head and addresses **Sarah** and others.

Ethan: *(not mad, trying to explain)* Look, uh... *(referring to his clothing)* maybe this wasn’t a great idea.

Drew: You think?

Ethan: *(ignores Drew, to Sarah and others)* But you all know I never fit in. *(referring to the teens, who hang their heads or look away).* My parents make me come to this youth group but I never felt... you all have each other. I don’t. All I have is this. *(holds up his phone)* No one ever encouraged me. Thought that I mattered. So I went online. To... to get recognition. To... to feel. Something. *(to Sarah, quietly, genuine)* I... I meant no harm.

Drew: *(soft with empathy)* Dude.

Ethan: I needed this to work ‘cause I’ve been losing followers left and right. I thought... that if I could do something like this, that maybe... *(hangs head again)* Maybe...

After a beat, **Sarah** detaches herself from **Cherie** and **Jen** and goes to **Ethan**. **Ethan** turns away in embarrassment.

Sarah: Look, I... I think I get it. I think. *(pause, a bit of an awkward silence, then)*

Jen: *(steps up to them)* Maybe this is, umm, a moment for you both.

Ethan: *(turns to her)* Huh? *(Sarah looks at Jen questioningly)*

Jen: It seems to me you've both been denying how you feel. Maybe you can find something here (*refers to room*), at least for now, something... new. Maybe a new... purpose. Finding purpose in serving the least of these, as Christ did. And not just serving people here, but serving each other. We (*gestures around her*) were all (*air finger quotes*) "least" before we met Jesus. Now, we are His hands, His feet. Not meant to be held back, but to rush to serve. (**Ethan and Sarah** are still listening. To **Ethan**) There's a place for you there. (to **Sarah**) For you both.

Sarah: (*pause, to Jen*) Thank you so much (*pause, then to Ethan*) I'm sorry I got so mad.

Ethan: No, it's my fault and I'm sorry-

Jen: (*smiles*) OK, I think we're all good and sorry. (**Ethan and Sarah** smile)

Ethan: (*pause, then genuine*) I uh... don't know what to do next.

Jen: (*slight smile*) Maybe change to your other clothes? (**Ethan** nods in agreement) And I'll be happy to watch over that (*pointing to his phone*) if you want. (**Ethan** looks at his phone, then hands it over a bit reluctantly). It's safe with me.

RJ: (*steps in and picks up the tray, smiling*) I was looking for this. (*takes camera off and hands it to Ethan who just stares at it*)

Drew: (*soft*) **Ethan**, I'll take that. (**Ethan** looks at him and hands it over)

RJ: (to **Ethan and Sarah**) You know, this place is a place where we can leave our own, um, baggage. Your stuff. And pick up something new. (to **Jen**) Like you said. Purpose. His purpose. Hands and feet. Something beyond ourselves, and being all about others (*refers to the adult extras*). Just to serve.

Sarah thinks about what he said for a beat, then goes to the lone table where she was sitting, contemplates it for a beat.

Sarah: I... I've run from this. Maybe that's why I couldn't shake it. *(she then slowly pushes the chair in but stops before it's pushed all the way to the table, and turns back to the **Jen and RJ**)* Baby steps. *(**Jen and RJ** smile reassuringly at her)*

Ethan: *(after a beat, feeling it's an awkward moment, to **RJ**, with a smile)* Um, still need a dishwasher?

RJ: *(smiles)* No, but I could use another tray king.

James: *(shouts from the counter, sincerely)* Yeah, it's really easy!

Surrounding teens laugh/roll eyes.

Ethan: *(smiles)* Deal. *(to **Jen**)* Um, er, thanks.

Sarah: *(to **Jen**)* Yeah. Thank you again.

Jen: You're welcome. *(refers back to the counter)* Come on, let's do this.

RJ: *(looks at watch)* Oh right, it's time. *(to all)* Places everyone!

Man 1: *(cranky)* About time!

RJ: *(to **Man 1**)* Just go around and get in line folks!

Man 1: And I want my own tray like that other guy! *(he and the other adult extras exit as if going to get into line)*

*All teens gather behind the counter, and we see several teens welcome **Ethan**. Then **Henry** comes out. He's not heard anything that has been going on.*

Henry: Well, look at you! Looks like RJ has you ready to go. *(**RJ** does a comical salute).* Sorry I know it's kind of boring just standing around waiting to get started. *(everyone looks at each other, smiling, knowing it was definitely not boring)* OK, I always like to pray before we start, so let's do that *(all hang their heads)*. Lord, I thank you for this great group of students who have sacrificed their time to join us on this Palm Sunday, when you gave the world an example of your humility and willingness to serve.

(ALT: “..to join us today, following in your footsteps Jesus with your example of humility and willingness to serve”) Lord, let this experience touch their hearts... their souls... in ways they did not expect. Let anyone who has brought anything to this place that needs healing be healed, by setting aside themselves, and worshiping you through serving. In Jesus' sweet name we pray, amen.

*Everyone lifts their heads and says amen. **Henry** sweeps his hands outward towards audience.*

Henry: *Serve.*

Curtain.

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