

A script from



"These Fragrant Gifts"

by
Curt Cloninger

- What** A series of monologues exploring Romans 12:6-8 on using your gifts for the good of the Body. **Themes:** Body of Christ, Purpose, Spiritual Gifts, Church
- Who** Linda
George
Frank
Cliff
Mary
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Linda- nicely dressed
George- works on cars- coveralls or jeans and shirt
Frank- dressed casually
Cliff- nicely dressed
Mary- dressed casually
- Different flowers for each person (i.e. roses for Linda, daisies for George, lilies for Frank)
Vase
Table
- Why** Romans 12:6-8
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and the pacing up. Don't let the dialogue drag. Be sure to give yourself plenty of time to rehearse the transitions.
- Time** Approximately 8 minutes

Each character holds a bunch of flowers, all of the same type. For example, Linda may hold several roses, George may hold several daisies, Frank holds several Lilies, etc. They all hold the flowers and relate to them very naturally, as if it makes perfect sense for them to be holding them. They all stand around an empty vase on a table and speak directly to the audience

Linda: *(A very well-dressed, upscale middle-age woman)* I've got this...this thing that happens to me. I don't know how to explain it, except to say it's a God thing. This is the thing: Sometimes I just know stuff. Things I shouldn't really be able to know. I don't mean this in a weird way, like a 1-900 Psychic Hotline. It's not like that. But, sometimes I just know things. I used to think it was just a strange coincidence, but then I found this verse in the Bible about gifts. And it just hit me as right. **Now**, I think what I've got is a gift...you know, from God. Let me give you a for instance. Just the other day, I was driving down the road in my Mercedes, and I had the very real impression that I was supposed to go tell my mechanic George something. I wrestled around with it a little bit, 'cause the thing didn't make a lot of sense to me. But, I did it. *(At this point, she walks over to another part of the stage where George is standing with an oil rag and a wrench in his hand)* I drove over to George's Shop and I said to George, *(She says this directly to George)* "George, this may sound weird to you and you'll definitely want to check it out, but I feel like God told me tell you, 'George, you're on the right track.' *(She turns back and speaks the last line back to the audience)* Funny, eh?

George: *(A salt-of-the-earth working class guy. He speaks directly to the audience)* I've been working on cars since I was about fourteen. I've always just had a knack for it. I started out with smelly old wrecks, but now, I mostly specialize in German imports; Mercedes and such. And, I've done real well for myself. Of course, I mostly work on the cars of rich folks. But, I've always loved it when I could do work for folks who need good work, but don't have a lot of money. The problem is, I've never had many of these folks show up here. My place is probably a little intimidating looking. But, I've always wanted to do more to help these folks. So, awhile back, I had a thought. I never told anybody about it, but I thought, "Why not just ask God to send me folks who need good, cheap car work done." Not long after that one of my regular customers comes in and says to me that she thinks God wants me to go ahead. That's all she told me, but that sure smelled right to me. And, lo and behold, God's been sending me all kinds of folks with busted cars and no money. What a hoot! Weird the way God works, eh?

Frank: *(Dressed casually)* I've always been a sort of "behind-the-scenes" type guy. I've never been real comfortable up in front of a whole lot of people. But, get me one on one, and...well, I don't know how to explain it, but when I talk to people, just me and them, it's like God gives me this...gift to be able to get stuff across to 'em so the light bulb comes on

their head and in their gut. What a rush! I've sort of wound up doing it full-time. Of course, a fellow doesn't get rich doing that. But, God always seems to take care of me. Like, the other day, my old clunker had just about clunked it's last. I limped into this upscale foreign car repair shop. (You, know, the kind with real clean floors.) I don't know why I went in there, but I did. It turns out the owner is a Christian and he wound up fixing my clunker for free. Now it runs better than ever. I'm telling you, it sure makes things easier for me when I don't have to worry about stuff like my clunker; when I can focus on what I think God has me do best. For instance, there's this fellow I'm spending time with now. He's like a sponge. He's just soaking it in, all this God stuff-

Cliff: *(Interrupting Frank)* I'm fairly new to this...this Jesus thing. But, the more I find out, the more I'm thinking, "Where has this been all my life?" I met this guy who's teaching me. It's like he's my own personal God tutor. And the stuff I'm learning, well, it's like I can't wait to tell folks about it. And it's amazing when I tell folks, it seems to really encourage 'em. It's like this amazing present I give 'em. And another thing, I've always been good at making money. I've got a nose for it. I've made and lost a ton of it. But, lately, it's like whenever there's some need for money for something, the amount that's needed is just exactly what I have in my checkbook. This guy tells me he thinks I may have "Double God Gifts: Encouragement and Giving". Double God Gifts! Neat, eh? A little spooky, but neat!

Mary: I know this guy at church. His name is Cliff. He's a fairly new believer and he's excited. He's bouncing off walls, right and left. He can get a little spacey, but whenever I talk to him, I always walk away feeling really encouraged. It's like he's a breath of fresh air. And I need encouraging, I'll tell you, 'cause I tend to spend a lot of time with folks who **aren't** bouncing off the walls. Like, I've got this friend, Linda. She's got great kids. She's got a ton of money. She's got a great house and a great car...a Mercedes, I think. But, she doesn't have a husband. He left her about two years ago for a "younger model". Linda was pretty torn up about it. She's doing okay now, but for awhile she was hanging on by about two fingernails. She still has days when it's tough. And I always seem to know when she has one of those days. I don't know how to explain it, but it seems like I just **know** when I need to drop by and see her. Most of the time I don't **do** anything, or say anything special. I just show up. Sometimes I bring her some flowers from Kroger.

As Mary speaks her next lines she puts her flowers in the vase and arranges them. She subsequently arranges the flowers that everyone else gives her as they speak their lines.

Mary: Because, in Christ, we who are many, form one body, and each member belongs to all the others. We have different gifts, according to the grace given us.

George: If a person's gift is prophesying, let 'em use it in proportion to her faith.

Frank: If it's serving, let him serve.

Cliff: If it is teaching, let him teach.

Linda: If it is encouraging, let him encourage, if it is contributing to the needs of others, let him give generously.

Frank: If it is leadership, let him govern diligently.

Linda: If it is showing mercy, let her do it cheerfully.

*The flowers should all be in place now. All admire them as **Mary** finishes arranging them.*

George: All of this should be done with the strength that God provides,

Frank: So that in all things God may be praised through Jesus Christ.

Mary: To him be the glory and the power forever and ever.

All: Amen.

George: Yep. Amen.

PURCHASE
SCRIPT
TO
REMOVE
WATERMARK
AT
SKITGUYS.COM