

A script from



“Weeping Stones”

by
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- What** In this comedic script, three rocks from big stories in the Bible are attending a group therapy session. As they share, we learn the importance of believers understanding their part in God’s plan.
Themes: “God is our Rock,” Purpose, Patience, Seekers
- Who** Guru
Rock 1
Rock 2
Rock 3
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** 3 Large Rocks
Stocking Cap
4 Chairs
- Why** 2 Samuel 22:1-3
- How** The aforementioned rocks should be chosen carefully; large enough to be seen from a distance, light enough to be carried by each “Rock” actor. Ambitious productions may elect to costume the Guru in “new age” attire for comedic effect.
- Time** Approximately 7 minutes

Lights up. Rock 1, Rock 2 and Guru are sitting in a semi-circle and are in the middle of their group session. There is one empty chair for Rock 3.

Rock 1: So that's why I came tonight. I mean, I didn't even say anything to the guy, he just waltzes right up and smacks me in the...in the...well I can't really say in mixed company.

Rock 2: Are you saying something about my agate ratio? Because we can't all be diamonds, sweetheart.

Guru: It's alright, Myrtle. We're all friends, here.

Rock 2: You're not exactly a birth stone yourself, y'know.

Guru: Myrtle?

Rock 3 enters.

Rock 3: Excuse me, I hope I'm in the right place. Is this the therapeutic mineral cooperative?

Rock 2: This is the support group for rocks, if that's what you're talking about.

Guru: Welcome. I'm Candy and we're all glad you've come. Here we try to polish the trauma from our sedimentary layers, wipe away the ignominy of igneous-ness and metamorphosis into the rocks we were forever hewn to become. Because a rock "can" feel pain—

Rock 1&2: And an island ought to cry.

Guru: Please, embed yourself. Felicia was just about to share her story. Felicia?

Rock 1: Well, as I was saying—

Guru: Felicia, what have we forgotten?

Rock 1: Do I have to, Candy?

Guru: How can you share if you're not wearing the sharing cap?

Rock 1: Alright. There. As I was saying—

Guru: And what else?

Rock 1: Okay. My name is Felicia and I am a rock—

Rock 2 & Guru: I am an island.

Rock 1: I've always been a bit of a babbler. So, when I found out God was going to use me to bring water forth to the children of Israel, you can imagine how excited I was. But then...

Guru: Go on, Felecia.

Rock 1: Well this guy—Moses was his name—all he had to do was talk to me and I would "bring forth" water. Chat. Chat. Chat—woosh! She's a gusher. And like I said, I love to talk. Recipes, weather, sports, how to plan a wedding on a budget, you name it. But Moses was apparently having a bad day or grumpy at God or just plain not listening and he took his staff (and thank heavens he didn't turn it into a snake or anything first) and WHAM! Let's just say I had a hard time sitting on park benches the next few weeks.

Guru: And how did that make you feel, Felicia?

Rock 1: Well I may be a rock but I'm not made of stone! How would you like it if a whole tribe of people blamed you for holding their boss back from the Promised Land? All I wanted to do was ask him about his day, does that mean I deserve a fist full of righteous rod?

Rock 3: So what happened then?

Rock 1: Huh?

Rock 3: Did they get the water? Did they make it to the promised land?

Rock 1: Well, sure. But you're missing the point, I might have needed stitches.

Guru: I think what Felicia is trying to say is that some blows go deeper than our sedimentary layers.

Rock 2: Is it my turn, yet? Gimme that hat, already. At least you got to do something in your story. At least you got a "shout out." Who am I? I got nothing.

Guru: That's not true, Myrtle. Now tell us who you are.

Rock 2: My name is Myrtle and I am a rock—

Guru: I am an island.

Rock 2: The worst part of my sordid little tale is that I could have been somebody. I could've been a contender. But I was always the last one picked for little league so you see where this is going. Once upon a time, this kid named David is supposed to fight this bully Goliath. David's no

dummy, you understand, none of that armor stuff for him. What use is a sheet of bronze plate when you get hit in the chest with a spear as big around as a tree, right? Stick and move. Stick and move. So he goes to the brook and picks up five smooth stones. That's right, five. And you're feasting eyes on numero dos. What I didn't know is David only needed one shot. And like that, my "shot" at greatness was over before it had begun. And I could've been big! Rock of Gibraltar big, baby!

Guru: Sounds like you have a fear of success, Myrtle.

Rock 2: Have you even been listening to a word I said?

Rock 3: Myrtle can you—sorry, can I call you Myrtle?

Rock 2: Sister, long as you don't make me say that dumb song lyric every time I open my mouth, you can call me "Little Bo Peep."

Guru: I'm sensing some hostility.

Rock 3: What I wanted to ask, Myrtle, was why David only needed one stone?

Rock 2: It was all he needed. One shot and boom! K.O. to the light weight from Bethlehem. And do you think he gave me any credit when he became king of Israel? Or when his predecessors became part of Jesus' family tree? Not even a fruit cake at Christmas. And I love fruit cake!

Guru: You know, I'm sorry. I don't believe we caught your name?

Rock 3: My name is Elsie and I am a rock—

Guru: Thank you, Elsie. What seems to be chipping away at your crags today?

Rock 3: Well, I'm not sure if anything is really bothering me. Originally, I was going to talk about a pretty dark period in my past.

Rock 1: Are you sure you want to share that with us? We just met and—

Guru: Be quiet Felicia, pass the hat to Elsie.

Rock 3: Well, you're right, I don't share this with many people but, I was in a stoning. Not just any stoning, either, the stoning of the disciple Stephen. It was right after he told a crowd of people about Jesus; how Jesus came to seek and save the lost; how even after Jesus died he still triumphed over death. I guess they were angry that Stephen wanted them all to change their lives. So, they drove him to a small ravine, started picking up my friends and I—I think you've heard the rest. And I was one of those stones. I was used to end someone's life.

Rock 1: No wonder you came here tonight. You're one of the most infamous stones, ever.

Rock 2: I guess there is such a thing as bad press.

Guru: Tell us, Elsie, how did that make you feel?

Rock 3: For a long time, I was depressed. How could God allow someone who loved him to die in such a horrible way? Why would he let those people use me like that? But because of Stephen's death, more people began to be curious about the life of Jesus. Thousands heard and embraced the gospel. What I was forgetting is that all things can work for God if we just believe and trust him; how we become a part of God's plan is less important than being a part of God's plan. That's why I wasn't sure about sharing this story. I've realized that if we make God our refuge, if God is our rock, then all of our problems become more manageable.

Rock 1: I guess a little bump on my rump is less important than giving thirsty people a drink.

Rock 2: Who cares if I ever become an MVP so long as I'm playing for the right team.

Guru: Sounds like we've made a real break-through today. Why don't we all conglomerate silts and sing?

Rock 2: Nah, I'm gonna go see if there's a water purification program that needs a well stone.

Rock 1: Count me in! I'm very good with water.

Rock 3: Wait for me!

Guru: But you can't go, yet! You forgot the sharing cap!

Rock 3: My God is my rock in whom I take refuge.

Rock 2: He is my shield and the horn of my salvation.

Rock 1: He is my stronghold, my refuge and my savior. From violent men, he saves me.

All: I call to the Lord, who is worthy of praise.