

The Land of Mirrors

Characters: 7

5 People who look into the mirrors

1 Narrator

1 Shine

(5 Drama players enter, each carrying a large mirror and take places on Side Stage. Some mirrors may be in place on the stage. Narrator enters and walks among players as he speaks.)

Narrator: Once there was a land where everyone had a mirror. In the Land of Mirrors, people enjoyed looking at themselves.

1: *(looking into his mirror)* I enjoy looking at myself. I look really good.

Narrator: Actually he didn't look that good. He just imagined that he did.

2: *(looking into her mirror)* Mirror, mirror, in my hand, who's the fairest in the land? Oh, yes, I agree... "you're looking at her."

Narrator: Their mirrors, you see, were covered with soot and dirt and grime. So covered were their mirrors that no image was reflected in the glass at all. Yet still they looked and stared and said things like:

3: *(looking into mirror)* Now there's one fine human being.

4: *(looking into mirror)* Love those teeth – as white as snow in winter.

Narrator: Actually, his teeth were full of cavities, and he was missing several right up front, but the mirror would never tell.

5: *(looking into mirror)* What a face! What a body! What a gift!

Narrator: What a joke! Not seeing any image in their mirrors, they used their imaginations instead. They saw what they wanted to see! They fooled themselves. And not a one questioned the other.

4: What you see is what you are.

3: It's not my place to disagree.

2: Leave well enough alone.

Narrator: And that is what they did. Each was left to their own imagination to see themselves however they wished. It was an amazing thing, how people imagined themselves. Overweight people said,

1: *(into mirror)* What a hunk! 100% muscle!

Narrator: Not very good looking people said,

2: *(into mirror)* You look beautiful!

Narrator: Dirty people said,

3: *(mirror)* No bath in 3 days, but as clean as ever! What's that I smell?

Narrator: And then it happened. (Shine enters, carrying huge spray bottle, the color of Windex, and a very large rag. He is a frazzled, edgy, hair-askew, "voice in the wilderness" figure who never just talks but announces, heralds, and intensely proclaims.) With a loud voice heard across the Land of Mirrors, he proclaimed:

Shine: My name is Shine, and I've been sent to clean you up.

Narrator: The people protested.

4: We're as clean as a whistle.

5: We don't need cleaning.

Shine: Oh, yes you do! Look at those mirrors!

1: I beg your pardon.

Narrator: Shine smiled and shouted back,

Shine: It's not my pardon you need to beg. *(Rushes from mirror to mirror, spraying and wiping each clean. Fast-speed music can accompany his action.)*

Narrator: And then he rushed from mirror to mirror as if racing against time, frantically cleaning each piece of glass with fast forward speed.

2: Who do you think you are?

3: No, who do you think you are?

Narrator: One by one the mirrors were cleaned. Then people looked, *(1-5 look at their images in their mirrors)* and they saw themselves for the first time, as they really were. *(1-5 come together to look in each other's mirrors.)* And they saw others too. There were mixed reviews:

1: *(into mirror)* Whoah, you need some work!

2: That's who I am? I'm not sure I like...

Narrator: When Shine was finished, he stood among them and said,

Shine: You may not like what you see, but that is who you are! Until you see who you really are, you'll never become what you are meant to be! Until you know the truth beyond imagination, you never will be free! *(touches up one or two windows and exits).*

Narrator: And then he was gone. It took time, but the people of the Land of Mirrors adjusted to their images, and changed, and grew. In seeing who they really were, they learned who they could really be and in knowing the truth beyond imagination, they were set free. Their mirrors became windows to what is and what can be.

Ranger Rescue Station

Characters: 4

- Ranger #1
- Ranger #2
- Lost Soul #1
- Lost Soul #2

Props:

- Sign with "Ranger Rescue Station"
- 2 yellow smiley face balloons (helium-filled with strings and weights) inside a paper shopping bag (to provide element of surprise)
- Water bottle (empty)

Scene: Two lost souls have found their way to a "Ranger Rescue Station", which needs only to be a blank stage as the "Rescue Station" is intimated by the sign.

Lights up. Rangers 1 and 2 are already on stage. Lost Souls 1&2 crawl to the "Ranger rescue station". They are obviously distressed, as if having endured a long journey through a wilderness or desert.)

Ranger #1: *(with a plastic niceness that is totally without shock or concern)* Well, Hello!

Ranger #2: *(same niceness as Ranger #1)* We're glad you're here! *(Souls 1&2 beckon, unable to speak. It is obvious that they need water.)*

Ranger #1: *(turning to Ranger #2)* I think they may be in need of something.

Ranger #2: *(slowly and calmly looks over the two lost souls, turns back to Ranger #1)* Do you think so?

Ranger #1: I think so...

Ranger #2: *(approaches the lost souls and speaks to them loudly and slowly, as if they were hard of hearing)* I'm-sorry-we-can't-understand-you...Can-you-please-speak-up? *(Being in such a weakened state, all the lost souls can do is to make some unintelligible noises from their parched throats and mime some motion that shows they are in need of water. Ranger #2 returns to ranger #1)*

Ranger #2: *(confidentially)* I don't think they're from around here.

Ranger #1: What do you think we should do?

Ranger #2: I have an idea... *(Fetches the paper bag containing balloons, brings it to the lost souls. Pulls out the balloons and offers one to each) ...here you go! (smiles broadly)*

(At this point, the lost souls ignore the offer, crawl over to the canteen, open it and each drinks deeply as the rangers look on. A look of shock and disbelief creeps over the rangers faces. The lost

souls are refreshed, but still very weak. Ranger #1 goes to the now discarded canteen, turns it upside-down to show it has been drained.)

Ranger #1: My water!

Soul #1: Yes...

Ranger #1: But that was my water!

Soul #2: Thank you...

Ranger #1: *(upset about his water)* Now look here!...

Ranger #2: *(interrupting, using a different tact)* Anyway, um, we're, uh, glad *(not really)* to have you as our guests... *(bright and cheerfully)* ...What brings you here?

Soul #1: Water.

Ranger #1: *(all put out, shaking the empty canteen)* That is painfully obvious...

Ranger #2: *(interjecting as before)* Where did you come from?

Soul #2: *(pointing off to some unknown location)* From out there... *(terrified by the very mention of it)* ...the wasteland.

Ranger #1: The wasteland?

Ranger #2: Oh my...

Soul #1: And it was a miracle we came across your rescue station.

Soul #2: Any longer and we would have perished- lost forever!

Soul #1: *(clutching at the rangers leg, desperate)* And there are others!

Ranger #1: *(as if it were just a tsk tsk shame – or “Ag Shame”)* Oh, yes. The others...

Soul #1: So you know about them! *(relieved, releases the rangers leg)* Thank goodness!

Ranger #1: Yes, we know all about them.

Ranger #2: We've been receiving reports about them on our radio for years.

Ranger #1: *(pointing to the tower)* If you go up to the lookout tower you can see them from time to time.

Ranger #2: Such a shame...

Soul #2: A shame ? You have to help them!

Ranger #1: *(a little amused by the notion)* Help them? How do you suppose we should help them?

Soul #1: *(pointing out the obvious)* Maybe you could go out there and search for them... bring them back here.

Ranger #2: *(as if it were an unthinkable thing)* Go? Out there?

Ranger #1: Do you have any idea what it's like... *(pointing)* out there?!

(souls 1 & 2 mime a big "DUH")

Ranger #2: We would get tired and dirty.

Ranger #1: It would take all of our time.

Ranger #2: All of our money.

Ranger #1: *(clutching the canteen tightly and pouting)* All of my water...

Soul #2: But this is supposed to be a ranger rescue station!

Rangers 1&2: Exactly!

Ranger #2: We only rescue rangers.

Ranger #1: And you're looking at 'em.

Ranger #2: But cheer up! *(goes and fetches the balloons, gives one to each of them)* Stay here with us. You can be a ranger too!

Blackout

Back Seat Driver

Characters: 3

Boy

Girl

Jesus

This skit opens with a boy and girl sitting in two chairs (the front seat of a car). They are fairly well lit. Behind them is sitting a hooded and cloaked Jesus in pretty dim light. As the skit opens, the boy is "driving" with his left hand. His right is folded up on the back of the nonexistent seat. He puts both hands on the nonexistent wheel, applies the nonexistent brake, and brings the nonexistent car to a stop.

Girl: *(Looks toward boy after looking out the window side)* So! What'd you think of the youth pastor's little talk tonight?

Boy: What about it? Which part?

Girl: That part about if Jesus is really in us, will he enjoy what we do? As much as we do?

Boy: I think it's taking things a little too far. I mean, if Jesus didn't like what we're doing, I'm sure he'd just tell us.

Girl: *(Shrugs)* I suppose so!

Boy: For example! The no sex before marriage rule. You really think that something like this would bother a God? Who created us male and female? *(As he says the last part, he leans toward the girl, puts his arm around her. He is preparing to kiss her when he realizes someone is in the back seat. Jesus has lowered the cloak hood and is visible. The boy freezes in place for a second)*

Boy: *(Terrified)* What? Who are you? What do you want?

Jesus: Have I been so long with you? And you still don't know me?

Boy: *(After a long pause)* You've got to be kidding! You can't be Jesus! Can you?

Jesus nods. The boy immediately removes his arm from around the girl's shoulder. He turns to face the front of the car, totally freaked out.

Girl: *(Stares at the boy like he's crazy)* What's wrong with you? Who were you talking to?

Boy: *(Jerks his thumb toward the back seat)* Je... Jes...

Girl: What?

Boy: Jesus. He's here!

Girl: Of course he is.

Boy: No! He's here! In the back seat! Look!

Girl: *(Turns and looks behind her. By this time, Jesus has raised the hood to cover his face. She cannot see him)* Okkaaay! I don't believe this.

Boy: *(Jerks his head around. He can no longer see Jesus either. He shakes his head in bewilderment)* I guess that message got to me. More than I thought. *(Waits a moment)* Well, I know just the thing to distract me. Want to go to the house. Got a new computer game. Called "Dukem, nukem, and cookem" It's got twenty-seven levels of firepower. Including total world annihilation. It's awesome!

Girl: No thanks. Really don't like those violent games. Besides? *(She laughs)* What would your friend in the back seat say?

The boy also laughs and casually looks up, as if in a rear view mirror. In the back seat. Jesus has again removed his hood and is "visible" again. The boy jumps, visibly startled.

Jesus: Actually? I don't care for them either!

Boy: *(Looks away, and rubs his eyes. As he does, Jesus puts the hood back on. The boy looks again toward the mirror location and shakes his head. He cannot see any one)* Wow! I'm starting to lose it. My nerves must be shot. Maybe some music will help.. As he says this, he reaches to the location a radio would be. He turns a nonexistent knob. When he does this, a rap song with non-objectionable words begins to blast out.

Girl: You've got me paranoid now. You think Jesus would care for this music?

Boy: *(Looks again into the mirror. Jesus is once again unhooded, is wincing, and has put hands over his ears. The boy reaches out, turns the knob again, and the radio falls silent. He sighs deeply)* Guess he doesn't!

Girl: Listen, Honey! Let's try this.

She reaches to the "radio", punches some "preset" button, then turns the knob. The sound of a worship chorus comes drifting out. Both lean back in their seats...

Girl: Don't you think this is better? For us? For Jesus?

Boy: *(Somewhat sarcastic)* Hey! Why wonder? *(Turns in seat and addresses Jesus directly)* This okay with you? *(The girl has also turned, has seen Jesus, and is frozen in disbelief)*

Jesus: Actually, I love it. Thank you! And Son? Any time you really want to know what pleases me? Just ask. I'll be sure to let you know. Thank you both for asking. Not many do!

With this, Jesus leans back in his seat, pulls the hood up again over his face. The lights fade away as he does so.

Rock Sword Firecracker

Characters: 8

MASTER: Master of the game of Rock, Sword, Firecracker

MEL and KELLY: Game Players.

THE ROCK

SAMURAI

NINJAS (2 or 3)

MAGICIAN

Group of friends playing rock scissors paper at a local tournament. They all say:

All: Rock, scissors, paper!

They all do the following: One person gets rock and the rest get scissors and he/she pounds all their scissors. They all laugh and start another round. One person gets scissors and the rest paper and he/she cuts all their papers dramatically. There is Asian music and a person enters dressed in traditional Asian clothing. The players don't notice at first but the master shouts:

MASTER: Stop!

They all freeze.

KELLY: Who are you?

MASTER: I am the master of the Rock!

Master holds out a fist. Players all look at each other and then laugh.

MEL: Well, I've got paper.

Mel puts a flat hand over the Master's fist. Players laugh and then Master grabs Mel's hand and throw Mel on the table and sticks a finger to Mel's throat.

MASTER: And I have sword.

KELLY: There's no sword in Rock, Paper, Scissors.

MASTER: That is where you are mistaken.

Master helps Mel up.

MASTER: I am here to tell you the story of... *(dramatic pause)* ROCK! *(holds up a fist)* SWORD!
(holds up index finger) FIRECRACKER! *(holds up thumb).*

Players all look at each other confused.

MEL: I thought it was rock, scissors, paper.

MASTER: You are wrong! The ancient game has been dishonored by scissors and paper. It is a mockery of the true art of the challenge. Shall I tell you the story?

KELLY: Sure.

MASTER: If you wish to hear the story, you must say, "Yes, Master."

They all look at each other, some shrug, some make funny face but they all nod in agreement.

ALL: Yes, master.

MASTER: Say... "Pretty please."

They give each other looks and then say.

ALL: Pretty please.

MASTER: Fine. I will tell you the story.

The master can pull out a scroll or book to help with the story. This next part is flexible for staging. The master can act out his story, more actors can come in and act out the story or the players can act out the story.

MASTER: It all began with the rock.

KELLY: You mean like the wrestler?

MASTER: No, the rock was a big fat lazy slob. But he was unmovable. He was a champion sumo wrestler because no one could move him. He won every match. And then he sent a challenge out to all warriors that no one could defeat him. So samurai and ninja from all over Asia came to fight him, but even a sword could not pierce his rock-like skin. But then a magician from a distant land came with a mighty weapon. A firecracker! No one had seen such a huge firecracker before. The magician faced off against the Rock. He lit the fuse and placed it at the Rock's feet. The Rock did not care. He did not think anything could defeat him. Suddenly, there was a huge explosion. They were screams and cries of pain. And when the smoke cleared, the Rock had fallen. Everyone stood quietly and couldn't believe their eyes. A few began to cry. The magician's laugh broke the silence and he pulled another, even bigger firecracker from his robes. The magician yelled, "I shall rid this land of the Rock forever!" He placed the firecracker next to the Rock and lit it. But then a young one, who was a big fan and collected all the Rock memorabilia, sprang in to action. He snatched up a sword and "swish", cut the fuse, saving the rock from destruction.

The master bows to end his story and the players clap and cheer.

Mel: Amazing.

KELLY: Great story!

MASTER: So I ask that you no longer dishonor the game with scissors and paper.

MEL: Yes, Master!

KELLY: We will, Master.

Master bows and then leaves.

MEL: Ready?

ALL: Rock, sword, firecracker!

All except one do firecracker and one does sword and dramatically cuts their fuses with karate sounds.

KELLY: That is more fun.

ALL: Rock, Sword, Firecracker!

All except on do rock and one does dynamite and blows them up.

THE END