

**ASSORTED DRAMAS AND SKITS**  
(especially for college ministry)  
as of Nov. 1999  
by Curtis Chang

1. "Packing For College": Great for first large group or new student outreach. Evokes the experience of leaving for college and the question of what one is bringing.
2. "Final Exam": For outreach meeting; themes of moral absolutes, belief in God, etc.
3. "Barriers": To humorously prepare Christians for outreach meetings, raising the question of how seeker accessible we are.
4. "Asking": On praying boldly and expectantly
5. "Wanting Heaven": Dramatic readings on longing for heaven
6. "Interrogation": Silly skit to recruit people for a retreat
7. "Library Debt": Suggests the unique nature of the forgiveness available in Christ
8. "Mission Impossible": Another silly skit to recruit people for a retreat
9. "Being Real": On being real with God in prayer
10. "Satan Corporation": Humorous (but genuinely theological) interpretation of the temptation of Jesus
11. "Success and Failure": On how students define and experience success and failure
12. "The Crush": Skit to prepare people for a talk on why we should bother with God (because we always bother with someone who has a crush on us, in this case, the God of divine love.)
13. "Unanswered": Skit to prepare people for a talk on unanswered prayer. Prayer understood as part of a living relationship with God rather than a means for getting Him to do what we want.
14. "The Truth Is Out There": Drama intro to an evangelistic talk by Prof. Peter Kreeft on the historical evidence for the resurrection.
15. "What The Bible Didn't Tell You About the Christmas Story": A silly (and slightly irreverent) skit on the wise men and Joseph.

## Packing for College

by Curtis Chang and the drama track

Characters: student, father, mother, younger brother, and best friend from high school.

*Opening scene: student is stage center putting items into a fairly full bag.*

Dad: Son, aren't you packed yet? We've got to leave now. You're going to miss your flight.

Craig: But, dad, it's only noon, and the flight isn't until 3.

Dad: Well, son, you've got to plan ahead. According to new FAA regulations, you have to get there at least an hour before your flight. It's a peak flying time; so the lines will probably be long. It takes 45 minutes to get there, and we have to leave an extra 20 minutes in case of a traffic jam. You're going to be a college student now, son; you've got to get your act together. Oh, don't forget to put your ticket in an easily accessible place.

Craig: *(rolling his eyes a little)* Yeah, dad, I've got it all figured out.

*Dad leaves. Craig then checks to see that the ticket is indeed there.*

Craig: Shoot, where did I put that ticket?

*Craig goes to side to look for ticket. Mom comes in. Shakes her head and sighs. Mom re-folds something.*

Craig: Mom, what are you doing?

Mom: I'm just trying to help. You've never packed for yourself before. Just let me show you. See how much room you save by doing it this way. Plus, it eliminates wrinkles.

Craig: I can figure out how to pack clothes for myself. See, everything fits fine the way it is.

Mom: Actually, I was trying to make room for these. You've never done your own laundry before; so I thought you could bring these postage pre-paid boxes for you to FedEx your dirty clothes to me, and I'll send them back the next day.

Craig: I can do my laundry myself too.

Mom: Just let me do this one thing for you.

Craig: OK. I'll bring them.

Mom: Actually, there's one more thing I'd like you to take. Those cafeteria people don't know what kind of food you like; so I've prepared just a few of your favorites. And remember to eat plenty of vegetables. And don't forget to take your vitamins with milk at breakfast.

Craig: Mom, stop it! I'm nineteen years old. I can feed myself.

Mom: *(starts to take bags back)* Ok. I'm sorry. I was just trying to help.

Craig: You're right, mom. I'm sorry. I'll take them.

*Mom leaves. Craig has a hard time fitting all the stuff in. Dad peeks his head in.*

Dad: Son, hurry up. It's time to go. What is all that stuff, anyway?--Oh, by the way, that friend of yours Billy is here. But don't let him take too much of your time. We've got to go.

*Friend and dad bump into one another on the way in and out.*

Billy: So, you're really leaving, huh?

Craig: Yeah. It's almost time to go.

Billy: It must be pretty exciting going out East, huh?

Craig: Yeah.

Billy: It sounds so much more exciting than staying with us schmoes here at the community college.

Student: It's not so bad.

Billy: You'll be meeting lots of interesting people. And I bet you'll be really busy with all sorts of things.

Craig: Sure I guess I'll be busy.

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Billy: Probably too busy to call or write.

Craig: No, man. I'll never forget you. I'll call you, and I'll be coming out for breaks. And you can come and visit me. Or, . . . I'm sure we'll figure something out.

Billy: Yeah?

Craig: Yeah!

Billy: Yeah?

Craig: Yeah.

*Awkward guy hug.*

Billy: *(While still hugging)*.Uh, Craig?

Craig: Yeah, Billy.

Billy: How come you're not bringing that picture I gave you, the one of us on last year's hiking trip?

Craig: Oh, yeah. I really want to--it is a little big.

Billy: D'you think? It's not that big. (*Pulls out a huge picture.*) I think it would look great on your desk.

Craig: Yeah, sure, sure. You're absolutely right. (*tries to fit it in bag but realizes it's too big*) Why don't I save it for last.

*Father enters.*

Dad: Oh, Billy. You're still here. Craig and I are about to leave.

Billy: Oh, yeah, of course. See ya.

*Billy leaves.*

Dad: Oh, I noticed you nearly forgot the course catalog. Last night, I was skimming through it, and I had a few thoughts.

Craig: A few thoughts, huh?

Dad: I marked the courses that you really should consider taking first semester. Calculus, physics. I took the liberty of calling the school and asking who the best teachers are. The notes are in the back of the book. If you take these classes right away, it should put you right on track to complete a double major in computer science and engineering. With the following adjustments, you could finish a master's in five years. (*Father gets stiffly emotional*) And, son, there's one more thing I'd like you to have. This slide rule has been in the family for three generations. It always brought me good luck in my classes.

Craig: Well, actually, Dad, I was thinking I might explore some other possibilities.

Dad: What other possibilities?

Craig: I've heard the drama department is supposed to be really good.

Dad: Drama department!?! Do you want to be one of those starving actors? Besides, what good will a lucky slide rule do you in acting class?

Craig: Yeah, I was just thinking. I haven't made any decisions yet. I'll definitely make sure I bring this with me. Thanks, dad.

Dad: Well, enough of this sentimentality. We've really got to get moving.

*Father exits. Another scene of Craig furiously rearranging his packing. Little brother comes in.*

Brother: So, when do you finally get out of here so I can move into my new room.

Craig: As soon as I figure out how to pack all of this stuff mom and dad just gave me.

Brother: Oh yeah, that reminds me. I borrowed your New Kids on the Block CDs and left them in my room. I thought you might want to take them with you.

*Craig disdainfully regards the CDs.*

Craig: Please. Why don't you just keep them.

Brother: Since when don't you like the New Kids?

Craig: They're so high school.

Brother: Well, excuse me. (*Notices a strange-looking poster on the floor*)--Where'd you get this new poster?

Craig: Oh, shoot. I forgot to pack that. Give it to me.

Little Brother: (*continues to look at the poster*) Lollapalooza? You were never there.

Craig: Would you just stop pestering me! I've got to get going.

Little Brother: Sorry I'm not cool enough for you, Mr. College Student.

*Brother leaves angrily.*

Craig: No, I didn't mean to . . . You just don't understand. Oh, well.

*Frustratedly tries to finish packing.*

*Offstage voices:*

Mom: Just let me do this for you.

Billy: Probably too busy to call or write, huh?

Father: This slide rule has been in the family for three generations.

Brother: Sorry I'm not cool enough for you, Mr. College Student.

*Craig gives up packing.*

Craig: How am I ever going to carry all of this stuff?

## "FINAL EXAM"

Sketch for Tufts Christian Fellowship Seeker Meeting  
Topic: What Sort of God is On The Other End? 4/18/96  
By Curtis Chang

Gene enters, hair messed up, wearing sweatpants, carrying bunch of books, studying furiously  
Curtis enters whistling, carrying nothing. He is dressed neatly and wearing a cap

Curtis:

Hey, Gene. You alright? You don't look so good?

Gene:

Hey, which questions did you prepare for?

Curtis:

Well, all of them.

Gene:

All of them?? Oh, man I'm toast! I only made it thru the first six of the ones she handed out. I was planning to do all of them, but I must've fallen asleep in the middle of studying. And now all the dates and who is who is getting mixed up in my mind. I just woke up 1/2 hour ago at my desk!

Curtis picks up one of Gene's notes and examines.

Curtis:

Ooooh, drool city.

Jared enters and sits down.

Jared:

Hey guys, which questions do you think will be on the test?

Gene:

I'm just hoping its going to be something from one thru six! At 50 percent of the final grade, if I bomb this test, I can forget med school.

Jared:

Why did you just prepare one thru six? Professor X is too smart to do that. See, you got to have a system. 12 possible questions handed to us, 4 are going to be on the test, right? There's too much to remember to prepare for all of the question, so you gotta narrow it down. He figures people who wait until the last minute to study will just get to the frist few questions or the last questions. He's just the kind of tricky guy to bury the real question in the middle. So I assign a numerical value to each question, weighted towards the middle. Now, questions that deal with topics from the first half of the course get a dedcution, 'cause the midterm covered that. Divide those figures by the hours it would take to prepare for each question, and then you've got the top questions it would be most effecient to prepare for.

Curtis and Gene look at each other.

Curtis:

That's crazy. It probably took you longer to figure that whole system out than it did for you to actually study.

Sani walks in with batch of test books, begins to hand them out.

Sani:

OK, please put away all your materials. You will have X hours to finish this test. If you have any questions about the test.... oh, no! I'm afraid I've left the actual test back at my office. Well, luckily its in this building. All of you wait here, I'll be right back.

Gene folds his hands and begins to move his lips very quietly. Curtis leans over and taps Gene.

Curtis:

Hey Gene, did you hear about... oh sorry.... what are you doing?

Gene (obviously embarrassed):

Uh, nothing. I was just, uh, well, praying that the first six questions would be on the test. (Laughing self derisively) I'm pretty desperate, see?

Curtis:

I didn't know you're religious.

Gene:

Well, no I'm not really. Like I don't go to church or anything like that. It's just you know, it can't hurt, you know. Maybe the Big Guy will look kindly on me for once.

Jared:

What are you guys talking about?

Curtis:

Gene here is praying to God that the first six questions will be on the test.

Jared:

Hmmm... but if you think about it, that doesn't make sense. Prof. X wrote the exam a while ago. If God hears your prayer now, are you expecting him to miraculously rewrite the test?

Gene:

Well, I don't know! Look, I don't ask myself questions like that.... its just a personal thing!

Jared:

No, I didn't mean to insult your beliefs. I believe in God also. Its just that my picture of God isn't like a real person that you would pray to. God is more like an energy field that surrounds everything, that is everything, you know? Or sort of like a spiritual force, like pure love that we're all connected to.

Curtis:

Man, you're starting to sound like Yoda. Energy field do you connect to, eh?

Curtis wiggles his hands in Jared's face playfully. Jared pushes his cap off Curtis' head.

Curtis:

Hey, give that back to me!

Gene picks the cap and pulls out a long folded sheet within.

Gene:

What's this?

Curtis:

Never you mind.

Jared:

Wow, that's one long cheat sheet.

Curtis:

Yeah, what's it to you? Look the test isn't curved, it shouldn't matter to you what I do.

Gene is staring at him. Curtis stares back angrily.

Curtis:

What? What? Look I don't believe in God so don't give me any religious crap. Next thing you know, you'll be telling I'm going to hell.

Gene:

I didn't say that. It's just... just..

Curtis:

What? That its wrong? Tell me why its wrong. Give me one good reason why its wrong. Its only "wrong" if you get caught, Ok? Its only "wrong" 'cause the teacher said so, well I'm already paying the teacher a friggin' 30,000 dollars a year so don't tell me I got to buy what she says is right or wrong in addition.

Jared:

Well, look lets all settle down alright. Professor X is going to be back at any moment. It's cool. You do what you gotta' do, we'll do what we gotta do.

Gene is still looking at him, shaking his head.

Curtis:

Gene, don't pull any your judgementalism on me. Look, God helps those who help themselves, right? Well, I'm helping myself.

Sani walks back in with test.

"Alright class. There will be four essay questions which cover the most important topics of the course. You will have 3 hours to answer the questions."

THE END

**TCF LG SKIT, 1/28/96**

By Curtis Chang  
"BARRIERS"

*Barriers to our friends' feeling comfortable checking out Christianity via the fellowship*

Amy sitting in chair studying. Sani enters.

Sani: Hey, I'm back roomie. Did I get any messages?

Amy: No, sorry, all your admirers must've found something else to do tonight!

Sani: Ha, ha, very funny. What are you doing?

Amy: Trying not to repeat what happened last semester. I'm trying to actually keep up with my work. But its too early in the semeste, and besides its Thursday night. Its practically the weekend! What were you doing? You seem like you're always gone on Thursday nights.

Sani: Uh, well, uh I was at small group.

Amy: Small group! What's that?

Sani: Well, some of us get together to study the Bible. And we discuss it. [long pause]  
Tonight we studied 1 Kings 9.

Amy: Hmmm, that's nice. So who runs this bible study?

Sani: TCF

Amy: TCF? What's that?

Sani: Oh, sorry. Tufts Christian Fellowship.

Amy: So, its a group for Christians, huh?

Sani: Yeah.... but I mean I suppose anybody can join.

Amy: So, what other sort of things do you guys do?

Sani: Well, besides bible studies, we go on retreats like the Winter Retreat coming up in two weeks, and chapter camp at the end of the year. Oh, of course, there's the weekly Friday night large group meetings.

Amy: What happens there?

Sani: Well, we hear a speaker. And other stuff. Oh, and of course we worship also.

Amy: That sounds interesting. . [long pause]

Sani: So, uh, um, are you interested? I mean in coming to a TCF meeting?

Amy: Uh, no. I was just curious.

THE TWO FIGURES FREEZE. Gene walks out.

Gene: An ordinary, innocent, and brief conversation. Or was it? What was really happening during it? In here (pointing to Amy's head) where its most important? Let's find out.

THE TWO FIGURES REWIND ACTIONS AND REDO SCENE up to

Sani: Oh, well we study the Bible and discuss it. Tonight we studied 1 Kings 9.

Amy:

Hmmm. PUTS HAND TO CHIN AND LOOKS WONDERINGLY TO RIGHT.

TRANSITION (Music?) TO STAGE RIGHT

Jared, Gene, and Curtis are gathered around the table amidst a mound of thick books.

Amy slowly joins them in the middle of their conversation with a small, old Bible in hand.

Jared (in British accent): Now, we will commence with our study of the First Book of Kings, chapter 9, versus two to eleven. As you all know, the background for this is the chronic dysfunction in the monarchical system and the socio-religio ramification of deviance from the prescribed Yahweh cult. Let's turn to the text, shall we? Any opening comments?

Gene: Well, of course this passage must be read in light of Second Kings and the historical tension between the Northern tribes and the tribes of Judah. Look here, in Second Kings 4:11, and 2:13, we find references to Moab and the high places of Chemosh. And then of course, there is the famous reference in 3:23.

Jared: Ah, yes. Good point, good point.

Curtis: I disagree. Gene, there you go again. Grossly overestimating the historical factors and neglecting close linguistic and textual analysis. Anybody can see that the passage utilizes the phrase "praise be to God" which of course, if we turn to our original Hebrew text, ah yes here it is, "Baruch adah adonoi" Notice the adonoi, not Elohim, not Yahweh. which thus shows, well, I mean, I think it is all too obvious.

Jared: Ah yes. Good point, good point.

Gene: But, Curtis, there you go again. Neglecting the latest archaeological findings regarding such inscriptions. Look here....

Jared: Ah, yes. Good point, good point.

Amy: Uh, I'm sorry, but I'm not following. I just have this old Bible that was sitting on my shelf. I haven't looked at it in years. I was just curious whether it had anything relevant to say... uh, I don't think this is for me.

Amy returns to frozen posture with Sani and resumes original conversation. "... Hmmm that's nice.." up until Sani repeats "... but I suppose anybody can join."

Amy again strikes thinking posture and looks left. Scene shift left.

Curtis with stick, Gene and Jared lined up next to him. Amy lines up behind Jared.

Curtis: Halt! Please identify yourself.

Gene: Gene Choi! TCF member # 2432765!

Curtis: Present membership card.

Gene hands over card. Curtis scrutinizes.

Curtis: You may pass. But member Choi, please note that your membership is due to expire next month.

Gene: Thank you, sir, I'll remember to go to the office to get it renewed.

Curtis: Next!

Jared: Jared Amaral! TCF member #356454!

Curtis: Present membership card.

Jared searches all over his body. Curtis looms over him with each failed search.

Jared: Oh, I know its here somewhere. I don't think I left it at home. Oh, whew, here it is.

Curtis scrutinizes. Looks back to Jared and then back to card.

Jared: I shaved off the mustache.

Curtis: You may pass. Next!

Amy: Ah, ummm. I'm not really a member. I was just curious about...

Curtis: Not a member? Are you a Christian?

Amy: Well, I don't think so, I don't know, I'm not sure...

Curtis: TCF member Choi, administer the test!

Gene comes up to Amy and reads quickly out of a book: Do you believe in God the father, Christ his only son, and the Holy Spirit? Do you believe in the substitutionary atonement of Jesus Christ for your sin? Do you believe the Scriptures are the inspired and uniquely reliable word of God? Do you believe...

Amy: I don't know! I don't know what I believe. That's why I came! I was just curious about what were some options!

Amy runs back and resumes conversation "...so what other things does TCF do?" up to when Sani says: "...and of course we worship also."

Same Transition Left.

Gene, Jared, Curtis are sitting in three chairs. Eyes closed and hands folded in prayer. Amy cautiously joins them. Pokes at Jared.

Amy: Is this the Christian Fellowship meeting?

Jared: Yes, shhhhh. We are about to begin worshipping.

Amy: What am I supposed to do?

Gene (solemnly): Let us begin the worship.

The three do a synchronized but elaborately silly, Monty Pythonesque routine. Amy tries to keep up but cannot. Finally the three stop and stare at her.

Amy: I'm sorry, I've never done this before, I didn't even know if I wanted to. I was just curious why you thought it was so important to worship.

Amy flees back to conversation and resumes until the final line: "... no, I was just curious."

Gene: We are the Salt and Light Team of TCF. Our mission is invite our friends to find true life in Jesus, and to help the entire fellowship invite their friends to find Jesus. We believe all of us has at least one friend who is curious about God, who wants more than what he or she has now. But they probably have mental barriers that prevent them from just walking into a TCF meeting to find out more about Jesus on their own. One way we can help them is to invite them to a setting which is low key, safe, and where they can meet other Christians which can slowly break down those barriers.

Jared introduces the Coffehouse and describes how it hopes to be that. "... we are deliberately not publicizing this because we want people to personally invite at least one friend and actually come with him or her. For instance, I'm inviting.....

A few other team members give quick descriptions (whether by name or not) of who they'll be inviting.

Jared: So, remember, that's DATE, TIME, PLACE.



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"ASKING"

SKIT on BOLD PRAYER

11/15/95

by Curtis Chang

Guest 1 rings bell

PD: Ah, hello, I'm so glad you could come. I've been expecting you.

G1: Thanks for inviting me, President Dibiaggio. It is a honor to have you go through all the trouble, sir.

PD: Nonesense! I have these receptions because I love spending time with students. And call me John.

G1: Whatever you say, President Dibiaggio, uh I mean John. Uh, am I the only one here? Did I come here too early? Oh, I'm sorry....

PD: Not to worry, you are the first one here, but it just means we can get to know each other. Can I get you anything? Is there anything I can help you with?

G1: Oh, no I'm fine, sir, thank you.

PD: Nothing? How about something to eat? We have quite a spread here.

G1: Oh no, thank you, President Dibiaggio, I got myself dinner already. I was really quite lucky tonite at McPhie -- the wait was only 45 minutes!

PD: Well, how about something to drink at least?

G1: No, no, I'm fine.

PD: Are you quite sure? Please don't hesitate to ask for anything. I've got quite a bit prepared.

G1: Well, if it wouldn't be that much trouble, I mean, if you already are headed that way, if you wouldn't mind, could I have a .... glass of water?

PD: Glass of water? That's it? Ok, wait here.  
Gives him glass of water.

G2 Rings Doorbell.

PD: Welcome, good to see you here.

G2: Thank you, I was really looking forward to this, President Dibiaggio.

PD: Please, call me John. And can I get you anything? Anything at all.

G2: Oh well, thank you John. Hmm, well I am a bit thirsty. You know, to tell you the truth, I've always wondered what Dom Perignon would taste like. I've heard you've got quite a champagne collection, could I try some? Preferably 1957 -- I heard it was a good year.

PD: Well, let me check.

PD goes off to side.

G1 (shocked): You can't do that? That's so rude.

G2: Well, he said anything, didn't he?

PD returns with bottle.

G3 rings bell: Hello Pres! Its great to be here.

PD: Anything I can get you?

G3: Well, my computer crashed today and I've got a paper due tomorrow. In fact, I wasn't even planning to come? Anything you can do?

PD: Well, let me check.

G1: What do you mean? What could he do about your computer? He's not a computer repairman!

PD comes back with laptop: Well, here you can use my laptop tonight. Actually you can use my office over here. Its Pentium 200 Mhz, 5 G Hard drive, and a mini laser printer built in. I hope that will do.

G4 rings bell: Hey John!

PD: Thanks for coming. How are you?

G4: Not great. Got back my chem test today and was graded harshly. Really unfair, I had one answer right except for a small notation and he gave me 0 credit. Say, do you think you could speak to him?

PD: DeWald?

G4: Yea, how'd you know?

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PD: Listen, wait here, I'll make some calls.

G1: This is ridiculous. You're not supposed to talk to Pres. Dibiaggio about your chemistry test!

PD is in background chewing DeWald out. He comes back with cell. phone: Its all taken care of. You got full credit. And Prof. DeWald would like to speak to you.

G4 listen for a while: Oh, well, that's all right. I forgive you, Prof. DeWald.... yea, hey I understand, you've had a rough day... we all feel like tempted to take out our frustration on people below us... but you should try harder next time....

G5 enters without ringing bell. Enters rubbing neck: Hey John! What's up?

PD: Not much. Hey you don't look so hot? What's the matter?

G5: Woke up with a stiff neck. Slept wrong. Hey, listen, I could really use a massage.

PD: Sure, hey, why don't you lie down here.  
Starts giving him a massage.

G1: This is ridiculous! This is outrageous!  
Throws down cup and storms out.

LG Skit: 2/22/96

Wanting Heaven

Gene, Curtis, Nayiri, Katherine

Gene: Where Do You Want To Go?

Nayiri: Where Do Your Dreams Float Towards?

Curtis: What Does That Place Look Like?

Katherine: What Do You Wish Was True?

Together: Where Do You Want To Go?

Gene: I want to go to a place where I can be me. Where I can sob freely when I am sad, laugh uncontrollably when I am happy. And I don't have to worry what people are thinking about me -- because they are sobbing and laughing right along with me. I want to go to a place where I am free of my need for defenses. Where I am free to be truly me with my friends.

Curtis: I want to go to a place where I feel safe. And not just me. I want to go to place where the newspapers aren't blaring about the latest child murdered, about the latest village to be ethnically cleansed. I want to go to a place where no one has to guard every word for fear of offending someone. I want to go to a place where I can walk alone at night and when a woman comes walking in the other direction, I don't sense her stiffening with fear or see her cross to the other side.

Katherine: Yeah. I want to be free! I'm tired to being constricted, separated -- and not just from people. I want to go to a place where I can dance with elephants. Why shouldn't I? I want to swing dance with a elephant where he twirls me with his trunk. I want to dive underwater and tickle the octopus and watch him flail all eight of those arms in gigglish delight. I want to sail the seas on the back of a dolphin and hang on for dear life as she leaps thorough the waves.

Nayiri: "The wolf shall live with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the calf and the lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. The cow and the bear shall graze, their young shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. The nursing child shall play over the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put its hand on the snake's den. They will not hurt or destroy on all my holy mountain; for the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Gene: I want to go to a place that is like one big playground. Where in the morning you wake up and go snowboarding and you make it all the way down the mountain each time. Then you play basketball and everyone can 360 tomahawk from the foul line.

Nayiri: I dream of a place where my spirit can run free. Where my liberated soul can kiss the sky and dance like the wind, wild and free. pax du shax, arabesque, pot-a-bouree, leap; tourgete, shace, glicad, leap. yeah, dance in the rays of the golden sun which never sets. I imagine a place where of all the sweet sounds floating on the air, laughter is the loudest, the kind of laughter that comes from right here. The kind that starts real small and then grows and grows until you just

can't hold it in any longer. Yeah laughter would be the loudest, followed by a squeal of delight, a gasp of excitement, and a sigh of relief.

Katherine: I dream about flying. About getting tired of walking and just leaping into the air and up, up, up, up you go and I'm soaring into the clouds, looping and diving like a seagull.

Curtis: I want to go to a field which is softly cushioned with sweet smelling grass and over me is the bluest of sky. Ahead of me are snow capped peaks of a majestic mountain range. And I run. I run like I have never run. I am moving so fast that the world blurs by but I don't pant but breathe effortlessly. And I don't think. I don't think that maybe I should stop now, of how my back is doing, of maybe I've gone far enough because I've still got to head back. I just run and feel, feel the rush of speed, the exhilaration of all my limbs thrusting with energy.

Nayiri: Have you not known? Have you not heard? The Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth. He does not faint or grow weary... He gives power to the faint and strengthens the powerless. Even youths will faint and be weary and the young will fall exhausted; but those who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Katherine: But what good is it to dream about a dancing elephant and a tickled octopus? They don't really exist!

Curtis: All of the heroes of faith died in faith without having received the promises, but from a distance they saw and greeted them

Gene: It's no good getting your head stuck in the clouds, my dad used to always say.

Curtis: They confessed that they were strangers and foreigners on the earth...

Nayiri: Dreaming doesn't pay the bills. I'm about the here and now. Get an education and get a good paying job.

Curtis: For people who speak in this way make it clear that they are seeking a homeland. They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly one.

Together: Therefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; indeed, he has prepared a city for them. Yeah, that's what I want.

Curtis Chang

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## "The Interrogation" Plug For Winter Retreat

The scene is an interrogation room. Kat is sitting in a chair by herself, wearing sunglasses, dark hat, and other spy like paraphernalia. A little to the side, three men are talking. They are viewing Kat from a one sided window. The men are dressed in ties, with shirtsleeves rolled up.. The theme music from Mission Impossible plays.

Jack:

So, this is the Kat, huh? Hey Zack, some big international terroist, hah! She doesn't look so tough.

Boss:

She doesn't, does she? Tell that to five of my best men who she took out in Bombay using a chopstick. Tell that to agent 358 who tried to arrest her in Mexico City -- of course he might have a hard time hearing you since he's in a coma. Tell that to the five KGB men who thought they had her in Moscow and now are all in a mental ward, screaming in fear night and day.

Zack:

So, why'd you bring Jack and me in, then, if we're supposed to be so scared of her.

Boss:

Because you're the best interrogators the agency has got right now. Well, actually, you're the only interrogators we've got right now -- everyone else is still on Winter Vacation. And we don't have a lot of time left.

Jack:

What's the big rush? What are we supposed to find out?

Boss:

Something's going down next weekend. She's planning something big, real big. So big that all the big players in the game are going to be there. We've even heard that the terrorist codenamed, "Los Angeles Alex" is going to be there. You think the Kat is a big catch, if we could get our hands on "Los Angeles Alex..."

Jack:

So you want Zack and me to find out what, where, and exactly when this is all going down next weekend, huh?

Boss:

That's right, and a lot is riding on it.

Zack:

Well, something this big that Los Angeles Alex would come... she couldn't possibly plan all by herself. Who are her accomplices?

Boss:

(Handing the two of them manilla folders). From NSA satellite intercepts, we think she's working with two others: one Gregory Fung aka the G Funk and one Ohene Asare aka the Big O. Their most recent pictures are included in there.

Jack:

Wow, two pretty good looking guys.

Boss:

Don't let those suave and debonair exteriors fool you. G Funk and the Big O are every bit as dangerous as the Kat is. Unfortunately, we have no idea where the two of them are. So, you'll have to get the information from her.

Jack:

No problem, boss. Let us at her.

Boss:

You two don't have much time to waste. Get to work. Start with the soft approach and if that doesn't work, don't be afraid to use the rough stuff. Remember, you don't have much time.

The Boss leaves. Jack and Zack confer briefly, saying "OK, soft first and then the rough stuff." They enter the room where Kat is waiting. They make a very intimidating entrance and make aggressive sounding noises and gestures. They circle ominously and then they suddenly drop to their knees and start begging Kat.

Both:

Please, please, pretty please. Come on, just tell us what's happening next weekend. Just a little hint? A teeny weeny little clue? We won't tell anyone. Come on, you're not being fair... etc.

Kat:

Pathetic, absolutely pathetic. I could squash you like bugs, you are so pathetic.

Zack:

OK, OK, Jack, the soft approach doesn't seem to be working. It's time to go rough.

Jack:

OK, tough gal, no more Mr. Nice Guy. You tell us what's coming down next weekend or else... or else... or else... um.... (whispers to Zack): psst, hey help me out here!

Zack:

... Or else something really, really bad is going to happen to you.

Jack:

Yeah, tell us or something really, really bad is going to happen to you.

Kat:

Hah, I've survived the Chinese Water Torture, the Romanian Fingernail Pulling, the East German electroshock treatment, and the DeWick steamed vegetables ordeal. What could you possibly do to me?

Zack:

What could we do to you? I'll tell you what we could do to you. We could pull your hair!

Zack and Jack take a strand on each side of Kat and pull to the side.  
Kat grimaces but remains stoic.

Jack:

Just tell us what's going down next weekend. Just tell us where everyone is going to be. Just give us the answer and the agony will be over.

Kat:

(Spitting at the two): Never, never! You'll never get a word out of me. Bah, I spit in your face!

Zack and Jack slump their shoulders exhausted. They troop out. of the interrogation room.

Zack:

We've got to try something else Jack. That gal is just too tough. We've got to use our brains. We've got to outthink her, trick her into giving away the secret to us.

Jack:

But Zack, you saw what happened in there. We tried the old hair pulling torture and everything. She'll never tell us a thing.

Zack:

Hmmmm, wait a minute, I've got an idea. She'll never tell US a thing. But what about her trusted associates. Give me those files on G-Funk and the Big O. Yes, yes, they could get the secret from her.

Jack:

Wait a minute, are you thinking what I think you're thinking?

The scene shifts while Mission Impossible music plays again. New scene shows Zack and Jack meeting with Doc, dressed in white gown. Doc is studying the manila folders.

Zack:

So, Doc, what do you think? Can you change our appearance to match these guys.

Doc:

I don't know, these are two pretty good looking guys. Let me see..., hmmm..

Doc does all sorts of measurements on Zack and Jack's faces.

Doc:

Well, with the latest in laser surgery, plastic implants, chemical dying... I think it is possible.

Jack:

Well, let's do it. We don't have much time.

Jack and Zack go behind the table up front. Only Doc is visible, pulling, tugging, making sawing motions, etc., constantly looking at the dossier. Music is again playing. Doc finally rubs his hands with satisfaction. Greg and Ohene appear from behind the table. They look at themselves and each other.

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Greg:

Cool, let's do it! Remember, now, we've got to play our cards just right.

Greg and Ohene leap into the interrogation room where Kat is still sitting.

Kat:

G Funk, Big O, what are you doing here?

Ohene:

Uhhhh, we came here to rescue you. Yeah, we found out they caught you and we're here to get you out.

Kat:

Well, let's go, we don't have much time to get ready for next weekend.

Greg:

Yeah, that's right. I'm really looking forward to next weekend. Kat, you know, you being a woman and all, I wanted to ask your advice... what do you think I ought to pack for next weekend.

Kat:

What do you mean what should you pack? The usual! Some warm clothes, a sleeping bag and pillow, a flashlight, you know, the usual! What's gotten into you?

Ohene:

Yeah, silly, of course you'd bring the usual. Isn't he silly? Of course you'd need that stuff because we'll be roughing it, sleeping outdoors, camping

Kat:

What are you talking about? Toah Nipi is one of the most beautiful and comfortable conference centers in New England! We'll only be outdoors during the free time and games. Have you forgotten our planning sessions?

Ohene:

I knew that. I knew that. I tell you Kat, I'm especially looking forward to meeting Los Angeles Alex. It's great that he's going to come all this way just to... just to....

Kat:

Yeah, we sure lucked out. He's one of the best young speakers and teachers in the country.

Greg:

Yup, talent like that doesn't come cheap. Boy, it sure was expensive getting him.

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Kat:

What do you mean? What is wrong with you guys? 35 dollars per person is not very expensive at all. Plus, from all our recent bank robberies of the Tufts University treasury, we have plenty of money to fund all our associates to come.

Greg:

I knew that. I knew that. Well, let's go, time is running out, we've got to make it to... to... to...

Kat:

TCF Winter Retreat '98! Are you guys on something?

Greg and Ohene:

Yes, TCF Winter Retreat '98! Next weekend! Yes, yes, of course. It's all coming back to us now. Hah, hah, hah, hah.

Greg makes final pitch.

## **FORGIVENESS**

Skit done at FLEP '97 before talk on Luke 7:36-50

by Curtis Chang

Karl is sitting in his dorm room working on his computer, writing a research paper with mounds of books around him. By him there is a bed (a table with sheets over it?) and under the bed is a bunch of junk. Bob walks in dressed in sweats.

Bob:

Hey, Karl. Listen, some guys wanted to throw a football around outside. It's really warm outside. Do you want to join us?

Karl:

Oh, that sounds like fun. But, aggh, I've got to finish this stupid research paper.

Bob:

Come on, you're a senior, Karl, you're not supposed to be working!

Karl:

No, I really should just get this done. It was already due two days ago. I can't wait until I graduate. Give me my diploma and I am thru with "compare and contrast so and so with so and so in ten pages or less!"

Karl and Bob high five each other.

Bob:

Yeah, that'll be great... so, could we borrow your football?

Karl:

So, that's why you came by, huh? Yeah, of course. But I'm not sure where I put it. I think it might be under the bed somewhere. You might have to dig around.

Bob begins digging around and pulling out one strange item after another: clothes, pizza boxes, back issues of Sports Illustrated swimsuit issues, etc.. Bob makes various comments about each item and Karl tries to justify why he still has them, all the while still trying to work on his paper.

Bob:

Man, when was the last time you went through all this?

Karl (distractedly):

I don't know, there's a lot of stuff in boxes that I've just moved from place to place. I think I vaguely remember putting the football in one of them. You'll just have to look through the boxes.

Bob pulls out the boxes and begins to pull out book after book. He cannot find the football. Finally, he begins leafing through the books.

Bob:

Karl, you sure have a lot of books here.

Karl:

Uh, huh.

Bob:

Karl, you sure have a lot of library books here.

Karl (still half distracted):

Yeah, yeah. They were all for papers I've had to write.

Bob:

Karl, you sure have a lot of overdue library books here.

Karl (finally beginning to pay attention):

There's just a few, isn't there.

Bob pulls out more boxes and flips through them.

Bob:

Karl, you sure have a lot of boxes of overdue library books here.

Karl:

Well, how overdue are they? It's not that bad, is it?

Bob:

What day is today?

Karl:

March 16th.

Bob:

Oh. Well, a lot of these were due in February.

Karl:

That's not too overdue. What is the fine, a dime or so a day?

Bob (holds open book and shows Karl):

February 1994, Karl.

Karl:

What? Are you serious? I thought I returned those books from freshman year!

Bob:

And here's one due October 1995. June 1996. April '94. Wow, Nov. '93!

Karl:

Why didn't somebody tell me? That's not fair that I have to keep track of all this!

Bob:

Didn't you get reminders from the librarian, you know they come in those yellow envelopes?

Karl:

Was that what those were? I threw them out as soon as I got them. I just thought it was junk mail.

Bob:

Karl, why would the library send you junk mail?

Karl:

I don't know! I don't know! Look, so, what does this mean?

Bob:

Well, it means unless you do something, you're not going to graduate.

Karl:

What do you mean, I'm not going to graduate.

Bob:

Yeah, well in May the Dean of the Collge gets a printout of any unpaid fines of all seniors. If you haven't paid it all off, they withhold the diploma. It's true, it happened to one of the guys in my fraternity last year.

Karl:

How... how much do you think I owe on the books? I only have a couple of hundred left in my account. And after my dad paid off my credit card debt last year, he made it clear he wasn't going to bail me out anymore.

Bob:

Well, I can find out the exact amount if you want. Your computer is hooked up into the university, isn't it? I'll just log on to the library's system.

Karl turns the desk over to Bob and sits slumped on his bed. He keeps muttering, "It's not fair, it's not fair. I'm so close to graduating. I'm not going to be able to find a job without a diploma."

Karl:

Hey, maybe there's a way out of this. What if I say I'm sorry and I promise I'll work off the fine over the summer. They give me my diploma and I could work checkout for a few weeks after graduation before I go home and look for a job. What do you think, Bob, would they go for that? Sounds like a reasonable offer, doesn't it? Bob? Bob, did you hear what I said?

Bob:

Uh, sorry. I was busy trying to scroll thru to the end of your overdue account. Yeah, well, I think it might work if you were willing to work a little more than a few weeks. Like maybe a few years. Karl, you owe them \$49,304.43. And it's rising each day.

Karl:

Bob, I'm screwed! What do I do? There's gotta be a way around this! Come on, Bob, you once said so, 'There's no system that can't be beat!'

Bob:

Well, it shouldn't be too hard to hack into the library's system. Let's see what we can do here... oh, yes, OK, I can get around that password layer with this. Oh, please, you call that a firewall? Here we go, here we go. Yes, we're in. OK, OK, Karl, I just want you to know that you are in the presence of genius.

Karl:

Yes, Bob, I know that. Can you edit my account to say it's all paid up now?

Bob:

Well, let's see.... hmmm. Very interesting.... how about that... no. OK, how about this..... no. But will you stop me from using this function? Ah, hah. This presents an interesting choice.

Karl:

What? What? What?

Bob:

The system won't let me edit your account in any way. It's got a pretty good protection system to prevent that. But -- by the way, did I remind you that you are in the presence of genius -- I think I can get around that protection by just deleting you entirely from their system.

Karl:

What do you mean, deleting me entirely?

Bob:

I mean, we erase your entire account, your entire record. As far as the library is concerned, you never existed. And so neither did your fines ever exist.

Karl:

Oh, awesome. But, does that mean I can't take any more books out. Like I might still need some more books for my last couple of papers.

Bob:

Well, you'll have to get them somewhere else if you want me to do this. Not only will your past status be erased, but your present status as well. The library's system won't recognize your name or ID.

Karl:

Hmm, well, but I'll be able to graduate, right? You're sure about that? What if the the library has backup records on a different system. Maybe they keep a written copy somewhere. Maybe they've already sent a copy to the Dean. What if they suddenly discover it before graduation and all my family has already come. Do you know my grandmother is making the trip all the way from Italy to come for my graduation? What will she think?

Bob:

Look, I don't know. I think it will work, but I don't work for the library, I don't know their procedures. And you can't exactly ask them to assure you that this will work. You are taking somewhat of a chance here. But would you prefer to pay \$49,000? You've got no other choice!

Karl:

OK, OK, so what do I do with the books then. Do I just sneak down there one night and dump them in the overnight return box?

Bob:

I wouldn't if I were you. If they got a big load of books due in '93, they're bound to start asking some questions and nosing thru their records. You'd be risking being found out somehow, I imagine. What I'd do is just keep the books but hide them where no one can ever find them. I mean, imagine if say, a chick you're trying to impress or your boss is over at your place and they find a box of books stamped, "Property of University of XXXX." (holds up book) With me it's cool, but not everyone is as understanding as me. You probably should just box them up and put them in your attic or something like that.

Karl:

Hmm, well I guess this is the only way. I don't know why I feel so reluctant, though. It just feels strange to have your entire record and identity deleted with a keystroke. And it feels risky to have to wonder whether the university will find

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out the truth somehow. And it feels like a pain to have to lug all these books with me in secret.

Bob:

Well, buddy, what do you want me to do? The way I see it, there is no other option.

Karl:

Yeah, I guess you're right, there is no other option.

**Winter Retreat Skit**  
**Large Group 12/5/97**

The feel is of a “mission impossible”: leaders desperately trying to get the retreat invitation to the TCF student on time.

Theme music to Mission Impossible plays softly. (The music doesn’t have to play the whole time but it should come in at various points, maybe when the various leaders begin trying to get move the envelope forward. If TY wants to, she could throw in some suspenseful chords at key moments too. Maybe doom music when they each die.)

Leader A appears, tiptoeing in, looks full at audience and slyly shows large envelope marked “Top Secret.”

Bad guy pops in through outside door (or from behind the big counter) and wildly shoots at leader. Then bad guy runs across the stage and up the stairs to the back of the room and sits casually in a chair. Leader A, obviously wounded, staggers across the stage to Leader B and hands over the envelope while saying,

*Leader A:* Must... must... get this to ... to... Small Gr--

Leader A gasps, chokes and falls back into arms of Leader B. Leader B, obviously disconcerted, takes the envelope, and looks at it puzzled for a minute.

*Leader B:* Small Gr--?? What? (then figures it out) Oh! Small Group! That meets uphill, right?

Leader B begins to climb the stairs to the right of the room, then pauses for breath half way up.

*Leader B:* Man, Memorial Steps get steeper every year!

Leader B continues wearily up the steps. Suddenly, bad guy pops out of his chair in the audience and stabs Leader B. They swing at each other, then bad guy runs down the stairs and hides behind the platform. Leader B staggers back down the stairs and across the stage to Leader C.

*Leader B:* They’re... after us... contents are crucial.... must... reach... TCF... in time... Large Group is on... Friday...

Leader B gasps and dies.

*Leader C* (looking passionately at envelope): YES, Yes, I know! The contents ARE crucial! I know what lies enclosed in this envelope! No risk is too great! But where is the person who must receive this information??

Leader C looks around. Cordless phone suddenly rings. Leader C picks it up covertly and listens.

*Leader C:* Yes, that's right... contents must be delivered right away... Yes... Good... Pearson 106? Excellent.

Leader C puts down the phone and looks around.

*Leader C:* Pearson? Hmm, that's near DeWick, right?

He walks forward cautiously and leaves the room by the door on stage right. Bad guy leaps out from behind the big platform, brandishes a large weapon, and trails him out of the door. From outside we hear sounds of violent conflict. (If you have make up or something, Leader C could come back in looking bloody and torn). Leader C then staggers in through main door and crosses the stage to person wearing "TCF Member" sign.

*Leader C:* Are you.. a member of the ... Tufts... Christian... Fellowship? This is for ... your hands... only...

He dies.

TCF Member, startled and puzzled, opens envelope. And pulls out a winter retreat brochure. He unfolds it and reads

*TCFer:* Tufts Christian Fellowship Winter Retreat... in January... (looks at dead Leader C).  
Wow, it must be really worth going to!

*Narrator:* The Moral? Your leaders would die to get you to the winter retreat.

\*\*\*\*

Props:

Three weapons, good if one is a gun and one a collapsible knife.

Signs that say "A" "B" "C" "bad guy" "TCF member"

bad guy could wear all black and maybe a ski mask

envelope with Top Secret on it and winter retreat brochure inside  
cordless phone

some way to make Leader C look beaten up when he comes back in

## **Being Real With A Real God**

Winter Retreat '97 for Tufts Christian Fellowship on Prayer

By Curtis Chang

### BEGIN WITH TWO DUAL SCENES OF PRAYER

#### Scene One

A Christian student runs into a fellow classmate. The classmate is beaming, like he swallowed the canary.

Classmate: Well, hello there? How are you doing on this fine day?

Christian: OK, what's gotten into you?

Classmate: Oh, I just found out some very good news!

Christian: What's that?

Classmate: You're looking at this year's summer intern at the State Department's Honors Program.

Christian: Wow, you're kidding me. Is this the internship that was posted on the IR departmental bulletin board?

Classmate: The very one.

Christian: Wow, you're kidding me. Uh, congratulations. (Pause) Say, how did you manage to get that summer internship. It seemed really competitive.

Classmate: Well, you gotta make the right moves and put in the time. I spent every night for a week on that application. But what I think put me over the top is that I got a Spring Break internship in Washington and I managed to meet the guy who was in charge of the summer program. I think he was impressed that I tried to meet him in person.

Christian: Wow, you're kidding me. That was a smart move. I guess I should've thought of that.

Classmate: Oh, sorry, did you apply for the summer internship also?

Christian: Actually, no I never did apply. I was really interested and I was going to apply, but it said on the sheet that you had to have coursework in international economics to be eligible and I couldn't get in last semester. I didn't know you've taken international ec.

Classmate: Well, no, I haven't but I mean you can't let those sorts of things stop you. I figured that was a silly rule. I figure I could just read up on some textbooks before I got down there.

Christian: You lied on your application?

Classmate: No, not exactly. I mean, I'm going to take those courses eventually. But what difference to them when I'm going to take them. You can't let stupid rules stop you like that, you'll never get anywhere if you do.

Christian: Oh, I see. Well.. uh, congratulations.

The student sits down and is quiet for a while. He fidgets and starts to tap his chair which slowly builds to pounding. Finally he begins shouting out loud and shaking his fist upward:

God, it's totally not fair! You're not fair! He lies on the application and he gets the internship, I try to do what's right and I get squat. That's just great. 'Who's going to know the difference anyways?' I guess not you, God! And here I am stuck without any prospects for a summer job. I could've gone down to Washington DC for spring break, but no, what do I do? I go on the Florida Evangelism Project with TCF. I trusted you to come thru for me God for the opportunities I'd miss out! You said you would provide if I took the risk. Well, God, show me the money! Because what you're showing me so far is that people who ignore your ways win out.

### Parallel Scene One

Repeat last line of exchange between the two students. As the Christian student walks away, he is visibly trying to keep a lid on his anger, breathing deeply and trying to calm himself down. He pray:

God, thank you for helping me not feel bad about this summer. I suppose you have a reason why everything worked out the way it did. (He begins shaking his head but composes himself). Help me to accept whatever happens. God, I praise you for well, for being all powerful (says this grudgingly). And please show [name of classmate] that what he did was wrong (clenching his fist).

### Scene Two

Friend 1 is finishing up a conversation on the phone while Friend 2 is listening in:

"Wow, that's really great news! I'm so happy to hear that! You don't know how long I've been praying for that, Dad! Ok, well, I'll talk to you soon. Bye!"

Friend 2:  
What was that all about

Friend 1:  
You won't believe it!

Friend 2:

What?

Friend 1:

You won't believe it!

Friend 2:

What????

Friend 1:

You won't believe it!

Friend 2 playfully graps Friend 1:

Tell me or you die!

Friend 1:

Ok, OK, you know how I've been praying for years that my Dad would accept Jesus into his life? Heck, of course you know, I'm always asking you to pray for him. Well, a co-worker who's a Christian has been getting to be friends with him and he recently shared his story of faith with my Dad. Something just happened -- it's amazing -- but my Dad was really moved and he decided yesterday he wanted to know Jesus also. He was just telling me what it was like when he finally prayed to Jesus to invite him into his life.

Friend 2:

Wow, I don't believe you!

Friend 1:

No, it really happened.

Friend 2:

I don't believe you!

Friend 1:

Believe it, God answered our prayers!

Friend 2:

Wow, I don't believe you.

Friend 1 grabs Friend 2 playfully:

Well, believe it or die!

Friend 2:

Wow, God is really powerful, huh.

Friend 1:

He is! (he looks up) You are! God, thank you! You're awesome!

The two then begin to dance around in a rambunctious dance, making lots of noise with different items and shouting out "unconventional" praises to God like, "God kicks butt!" or "Go, God! Go, God!" etc..

### Parallel Scene Two

Friend 1:

"... and he decided yesterday he wanted to know Jesus also. He was just telling me what it was like when he finally prayed to Jesus to invite him into his life."

Friend 2:

Wow, I don't believe you!

Friend 1:

No, it really happened.

Friend 2:

I don't believe you!

Friend 1:

Believe it, God answered our prayers!

Friend 2:

Wow, I don't believe you.

Friend 1 grabs Friend 2 playfully:

Well, believe it or die!

Friend 2:

Well, we should probably pray now and thank God, huh?

Friend 1:

Yeah, yeah, that's a good idea.

They begin to get noticeably more stiff. They disentangle themselves from each other and smooth out their shirts. They sit down in chairs and fold their hands. They clear their throats and look rather solemn.

After a short while of silence. They say, "Amen."

Satan Corporation

---

by Curtis Chang

For Fall Retreat, 1996

Saturday morning, "The Temptation of Jesus"

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Characters: Boss, Smithers, Johnson, Kinkaid

Scene is a corporate boardroom table with four chairs. Above the table is a corporate looking sign, "Satan Corporation: World Wide Leader In Temptation Technology" Smithers (dressed in business suit) is sitting with business notepad. Johnson, similarly dressed and with briefcase, enters the room and barely acknowledges Smithers. Finally, Smithers timidly clears his throat. He seems to be the shy, timid type while Johnson seems to be the bullying aggressive type.

Smithers: So, why do you think the Boss called this meeting?

Johnson: What, you don't know?

Smithers: No, I wasn't given the agenda beforehand.

Johnson: Well, of course you're weren't given it beforehand! No one just gives you anything around here -- what do you think, we're running a namby pamby charity here like the Competition. You're new to the marketing department, aren't you?

Smithers: Well, actually, yes I am new. Just arrived last week, as a matter of fact. But I've worked in marketing for years when I was still... uh, before I... you know, when I was still (pointing upwards)...

Johnson: We call it our internship years.

Smithers: Yes, hm, I do suppose it was my internship. It was shorter than I thought it would be.

Johnson: Which firm?

Smithers: Phillip Morris.

Johnson (slightly impressed):

Well, they have given us some of our best new recruits. But, listen, rookie, this is the big leagues, so don't think you can just waltz in here and climb to the top.

Smithers: Oh, no. I guess I'm still trying to figure out everything. I feel so unprepared.

Johnson: Yeah, well, the best thing you could do is shut up and don't do anything. It'll minimize your appearance of stupidity. Just watch, kid, because today you're about to see the master here carve up someone who thinks he's a hot shot. You're about to see some moves you never saw while climbing that piddly Phillip Morris.

Smithers: I'm sorry. I don't understand what you mean.

Johnson: For Beelzebub's sake, you really are ignorant, aren't you? (eyes him for a moment). OK, the reason the Boss called the marketing department together is the Competition apparently has launched a new product in the Middle East Market, and he's asked---

Smithers: Why does the Boss care about such a tiny market?

Johnson: I don't know -- maybe the Boss knows something we don't know -- he never tells us the whole story. Like I said, Rule No. 1 around here: Figure things out for yourself . Rule No. 2: Don't ever interrupt me again.

Smithers: Uh, yes, of course.

Johnson: As I was saying, the Competition has launched a supposedly hot new product. It's got a brand name something like "Love of God" or something cheezy like that. Anyways the Boss is all worked up over it. So, he's called us to come up with a counter offensive. Now, I'm senior guy in this department, but my sources tell me that Kinkaid -- who is no. 2 here -- is going to use this meeting to try to upstage me. Kinkaid's been jockeying for my position forever and he thinks this is going to be his day to shine in front of the Boss. But, the little bastard is going to be in for a surprise.

Smithers: What are you planning to do?

Johnson (eyes him suspiciously for a moment and then decides to relax):

Kiddo, I'm only going to tell you this because you are so incredibly naive I predict you are going to last about one day in management around here. See, the key in these situations is to pretend the other guy has center stage. Let him make his pitch first, but then BAM, shoot it down in front of the Boss. And then, you just happen to have your own proposal ready.

Smithers: Wow, that's really clever.

Johnson: Kid, you don't know what clever is. You should've seen me back when... [Kinkaid walks in]... never mind, it's beyond you. [whispers]: Just shut up and try not to get in the way.

Kinkaid [coolly]:

Hello, Johnson.

Johnson: [just as coolly]:

Hello, Kinkaid. Ready for the meeting?

Kinkaid: I was born ready.

Johnson: Yes, we'll see.

Kinkaid: You must be Smithers, the fresh meat they brought in.

Smithers: Uh, yes.

Kinkaid: Well, you've arrive just in time for, shall we say, [eyeing Johnson], a key time of transition here in Marketing.

Johnson grunts.

The Boss walks in. Everyone stiffens in attention. The Boss glares malevolently at everyone. He is clearly an intimidating figure. Johnson and Kinkaid compete to adjust his seat, get him a glass of water, etc.

Boss:

Oh, stop it already, you bunch of sycophants. If you would spend more time doing your jobs instead of getting your lipstick all over my butt, maybe we would have already wiped out the Competition already. Maybe I wouldn't have to call emergency meetings like this!

Kinkaid: I'm sorry, sir, but don't you worry, I've...

Boss (enraged):

Who said I was worried? Are you saying I'm nervous about the Competition? That old Fool never scared me! Everyone else at the company scurried around

cowering before Him, but not me! That's why he pushed me out... the old Fool couldn't stand a strong presence like me. That's why the Competition just has a bunch of wimps working for it now. It wasn't fair, I tell you, He knew I was more chairman of the board material than He was.

Johnson (who has been smirking at Kinkaid's discomfort):

Yes, sir, it was so unfair. But we'll nail Him this time, won't we, sir?

Boss:

Yes, you bet we'll nail Him, especially now that the Fool has made a major blunder. He has unveiled a major new product at a recent gathering by the Jordan River. Hah -- a supposedly revolutionary new development and He unveils it in the middle of nowhere. Typical of His incompetence! Anyways the product is called "The Love of God." I know, I know, it is not only cheezy but it's actually not even really new. The Competition has repackaged their tired old line in a supposedly far more accessible form. The new gimmick that is supposed to make it "far more accessible than ever" is, get this, the Fool has sent his own son to represent him in the sales drive. Can you believe it, the Fool's Son is actually on Earth!

The three junior executives gasp, clearly frightened.

Johnson: Oh, my devil! The Son is on the move?

Kinkaid: Boss, you never said anything about going up against the Son!

Smithers: Are all our subsidiaries in danger then?

Boss:

Idiots! Dolts! Must I do all the thinking around here? We're not the ones in danger, He is! This is the moment of our greatest opportunity! By sending His own Son, the Fool has left himself vulnerable. His Son is more accessible than ever to the mass market, yes, but He is also more accessible than ever to us! Don't you see? Not only can any pathetic man or woman get close to Him, but so can we! And if we can get close to Him, we can also buy Him out! We can make him an offer to leave the Competition and join us! And if we can get the Fool's Son to sell out to us, then...

Johnson: Then, we knock out the whole "Love of God" product line! This could lead to our monopoly on the whole market!

Boss:

That's right, Johnson. Remember, Rule No. 1: Always go after the Competition's representatives first. And Rule No. 2: Don't you ever interrupt me again.

You see my brilliant plan: we buy out the Son and there's no one left to represent the Competition, the Love of God is driven from the market, and everyone will have to come to us. But, also, hah, hah, hah, this is what is best about my plan, the Fool is going to be so broken up over His Son, He's going to be wiped out. I know the old Fool, he loves His Son too much. I've always known that's His

Achilles heel -- He loves too much. And now I'm going to grab that heel and break him!

Smithers: So, sir, excuse me, I hope I'm not interrupting, but if I understand correctly, what you want from the Marketing Dept. is to package an offer that will entice the Son to sell out to us.

Boss:

Yes, yes, that's what you're here for. It's about time you nitwits earned your keep. Now, what I want specifically is an offer that will make him desert His own product line. You see, the Son is not just trying to gain market acceptance of this "Love of God," but He relies on it Himself. The guy is the biggest user of the product Himself -- that's what makes him such an effective representative. So, if we can offer him a package that makes the Love of God seem inferior, then, gentleman, He's in our pocket.

Kinkaid stands up:

Sir, your plan is positively brilliant, just brilliant. And I think I have just what you're looking for.

(Johnson is smirking at Smithers, and signals with his hands in the manner, "Don't worry, I've got it")

Kinkaid continues:

I've been working all night for a contingency such as this and I think you'll like what I've prepared.

Boss:

Go on, Kinkaid.

Kinkaid: Yes, well, all right, then. (He is nervous, adjusting his tie. glancing at Johnson, etc. But he gains confidence as the presentation goes on.). Let's take a look at the profile of our target here. He's away from home for the first time, so he's feeling lonely. He wants to feel some comfort. Well, what is the biggest problem with relying on the Love of God for someone in that situation? It's too intangible! The guy wants to feel comfort, feel companionship, but you can't taste, touch, see, smell the Love of God. But our products? Well, huh, huh, huh, boy can you touch, see and smell them! (Flicks on the video showing images of food, sex, etc.). Sensuality, gentleman! That's the competitive advantage that has always marked Satan Corporation! It's what we're good at, and it's how we can win the Son over to us.

Boss:

That's true, we have scored some of our biggest coups using the sensuality angle: David with Bathsheba, King Herod...

Kinkaid: So, we put together a package that makes him question, "Hmmm, maybe the love of God is not enough. Maybe I need something more tangible, that I can feel bodily." We get him to start testing what he has relied on for so long, to start demanding physical evidence of love. Before long, he's got to turn to us for a quick hit of something physical and tangible. And after a few times, the love of God seems nothing but an abstract concept.

Boss:

I like it. I like it. It's simple, yet plays to our strength and attacks the Competition's weakness.

Johnson clears his throat very loudly

Kinkaid: Do you have a problem, Johnson?

Johnson: The Good Kid Phenomenon.

Kinkaid: What are you talking about?

Johnson: The Good Kid Phenomenon. Your proposal isn't going to work.

Kinkaid: Sir, my colleague here is talking gibberish. Please ignore him. As I was saying...

Boss:

No, wait, what's your point, Johnson?

Johnson motions to Smithers in the manner of "Watch this.": The Good Kid Phenomenon.

Kinkaid here says (Johnson imitates him mockingly): "Let's take a look at the profile of our target." Yes, let's do, shall we? The Son clearly comes from a religious background, right? He belongs to a respectable family, right? He's smart, done well in school, right? Sir, I know this profile, I've run some campaigns against religious weekend retreats of such kids, and 9 out of 10 of them grew up as the Good Kids. While the Bad Kids were out drinking or having sex, the Good Kids were at home studying. Sure, they have all sorts of sensual thoughts and desires, but they're too repressed, too guilt ridden to actually act on them. It's actually rather pathetic, but it's true. And in my opinion, this Son has got to be one of those Good Kids. He's not going to bite on just a crass offer of sex or drink or even food.

Boss:

I see what you're driving at. Kinkaid's package may lack, how shall we say, the proper sophistication. Well, do you have any ideas of your own?

Kinkaid: Oh, I'm sure he does.

Johnson: Well, actually, I have been working on one. What we want is a package that will reveal the shortcomings of simply relying on the Love of God, right? OK, let's attack this from the angle of this, this, this Love thing. Think back to our internship years, when we still let ourselves get trapped by Love, at least of the generic variety. Smithers, you are our most recent arrival from internship, what was your experience of Love like that?

Smithers: Well, it seems so long ago, I've forgotten most of it. But let's see, hmmm. I remember writing a lot of poetry about a woman. And yes, waiting by the phone. I remember that: waiting by the phone for her to call.

Kinkaid: Oh, please, this is making me sick.

Johnson (ignores him):

And Smithers, how did it make you feel?

Smithers: How did it make me feel? Well, it does feel so distant but actually Kinkaid is right, it did make me feel a little sick, sort of queasy and mushy inside. Everytime I was going to see her, I would feel a little limp and, and, I remember going to a party and always watching how she responded to me, anxiously figuring out if she was sending me signals or not.

Kinkaid: Johnson, why are you reminding us all of stuff we would rather forget? If you don't have a real proposal, then....

Boss:

Silence, Kinkaid! I see where Johnson is heading... and I like it.

Johnson: Thank you, Boss. Let me make myself more clear for the more dull witted folks here. Before we arrived here, how did Love make Smithers and the rest of us feel? It made us feel WEAK! WEAK and DEPENDENT, gentlemen! When you experience love, it means you are dangling on the every whim of your lover. Your lover has POWER OVER YOU, power to make you feel vulnerable and needy, power to make you a weepy, waiting, poetry writing weakling!

Boss: (leaps up and pounds the table):

And I said no!!!! I said no to that kind of weak and dependent existence!!! I said no to the Fool who would have me constantly look to Him, like some sniveling mortal gazing on a woman at a party! I said no to the Fool who would have me wait for Him, like some wimp sitting by the phone! I said no to Love!!!!

Johnson: And that, gentleman, is why he is our Boss, and what makes Satan Corporation the greatest corporation in the universe. Because like our Boss, we say no to Love. Instead, like our Boss, we say you can only rely on yourself. Only your own will can give you security. Only your own plans can give you independence. Only your own power can free you from weakness and dependence. If I may use the slogan of one of our most financially successful subsidiaries, "You Are Your Own Rock!"

Kinkaid: So, Johnson, get down to specifics, what are you saying we offer him?

Johnson: I'm saying we offer him everything. Everything that will make him completely independent and self sufficient. All the combined power of all our subsidiaries. All our resources for Him to make his own plan and carry it out. Everything that the Love of God is simply unable to offer. We give him all, everything. He just has to say, "Yes, I want that" and boom - he's already deserted the Love of God and come over to us.

Boss: (walks over and pats Johnson on shoulder):

Johnson, you, you are just so... wicked!

Johnson: Aw, gee, thanks Boss. You don't have to say that.

Smithers clears his throat and half raises his hand:

Ah, um, excuse me Boss. By your reports, is the Son walking around the Jordan with a savings account?

Boss:

What?

Smithers: Does the Son have a savings account? Does he have health insurance? Or do you know if he is a pre-med or pre-law? Does he show any anxiety about his G.P.A.? Is he on an internship right now?

Johnson: Smithers, what are you doing?

Smithers: I'm asking if the Son has shown any of the classic signs of pursuing security. I'm asking if He is trying to make sure he has enough power to acquire a safe future.

Boss:

Well, no, all the reports show he's walking around with no money, no real home of his own, no real career track.

Smithers: I would expect as much. We all have heard about the Son, haven't we. We've heard he is like a lion, wild and passionate. They say he's reckless, willing to ignore what seems like the conventional odds. They say he seems to almost welcome danger and risk. That's why we're all scared of him, isn't it -- I mean except you, Boss, of course. What I'm saying is, this guy is not safe. And he's not out for safe plans and secure finances.

Johnson: Smithers, can I have a word with you outside...

Boss:

Wait, so are you saying he wouldn't be interested in Johnson's offer? That it would seem too sterile, too predictable?

Smithers: That's exactly what I'm saying. Wherever this guy goes, excitement follows. Whatever this guy does, adventure is in the air. I know his type. He's a thrill seeker, he wants to live on the edge. He wants to go all out. To feel passion.

Boss:

But, but, but all those things sound suspiciously like a life of Love.

Smithers: Yes, but Love also requires something out of a person. Love requires deep commitment to experience true passion. Love requires steely discipline to follow through on a true adventure. And that is the product's main weakness! Why has our corporation succeeded in achieving divorce rates of over 50%? Because people don't want to put up the commitment and discipline! They like the feeling of falling in love, but they don't want to do what it takes to experience true love. They fear such a life will be boring! And that, by no great coincidence, is also why most people fear a life with God. They fear God's love will be boring!

Boss:

There's more to you than meets the eye, Smithers.

Johnson: Tell me about it.

Smithers: So, I propose we offer him excitement and adventure -- but all with a coupon, "Free From Commitment and Discipline." We offer him thrills galore, without him having to worry about anything else. If my thinking proves correct, he's going to then start looking at the Love of God as restricting, as no fun. Pretty soon, the Love of God will seem like just a set of rules that constrain him. And then, boy, we've got him!

Johnson and Kinkaid begin to shout out loud to the Boss, advocating for their own proposals, with Smithers joining in.

Boss:

Silence! Give me all of your proposals. One of them is bound to work. Kinkaid, call my secretary to book me a flight for the Jordan wilderness. Gentlemen, the time is now! We are going to nail this guy.

**Success and Failure** (the topic of Friday night's talk)

TCF Large Group, 11/14/96

by Curtis Chang

Margaret is sitting at cafeteria table, looking forlorn. Natalie and Jen come by with their trays.

Jen:

Hey, Margaret. Can we join you for lunch?

Margaret (despondently):

Sure, why not?

Jen sits down happily:

Oh, good, I love this window spot. It's the only place to enjoy the sun. You know, with winter here, I always feel like I never get enough light...

Natalie, still standing, realizes something is wrong and motions to Jen to get her attention.

Natalie: We can sit somewhere else if you want to be alone...

Jen (embarrassed):

Oh, I'm sorry. Yeah, we can move easily. Uh, yeah... and besides I've been getting too much sun lately anyways... skin cancer, you know?

Margaret: No, no, sit down. It is such a sunny day outside.

Natalie: Are you OK, Margaret? Is something wrong?

Margaret: No, no, nothing's wrong. I'm fine. How are you?

Jen:

Pretty good. I've been so busy, you know, but I'm feeling better now that I finished all my midterms. I had to pull three all nighters but it was worth it 'cause I found out I did pretty well on my...

Margaret slumps her head down and buries her face in her hands.

Jen:

... but enough about me! (looks at Natalie confused and helpless)

Natalie: Margaret, what's wrong. Come on, you can tell us.

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Margaret: Oh, I'm sorry. I don't know what's my problem. It's nothing. I don't know why I'm getting all worked up.

Jen:

What happened? Did you hear some bad news?

Margaret: No, you guys are going to think I'm lame. I got back my History exam and I got a C. I don't know what's going on. I studied so hard, I went over all my notes, all the reading a hundred times. I even made all these stupid notecards (throws them away). This is the third exam I've done poorly on and I don't know what else I can do!

Natalie: Well, you tried your best. That's what counts. That's all that anyone can ask from you, right?

Margaret: It's not that easy. My parents gave up their entire savings to send me to a good school in this country. They didn't send me here just so I could get C's. Which is what's going to happen if something doesn't change. I don't know what I'm going to do.

Natalie: But, can't you just tell them that you've been trying really hard? You know, tell them about all the notecards you're making and all that?

Margaret: Yeah, maybe. It's not just them, though, it's also me. I feel like such a failure.

Jen:

I know what you mean, Margaret, but you just can't let it get to you. That's what I told myself after Jeff and I broke up, "Jen, you just can't let it get to you."

Natalie: You and Jeff broke up! I can't believe you didn't tell me! When did this happen?

Margaret: Was this someone you had been going out with for a while?

Natalie: For a while? They've been going out forever, since sophomore year in high school, wasn't it? You told me once you thought the two of you were meant for each other!

Jen:

Well, I was wrong. Things just didn't work out. It's been hard being at different schools, we don't see each other except on weekends and when we do, it seems like all we do is fight. So, last weekend, we finally decided to call it quits.

Margaret: What were you fighting about?

Jen:

Oh, it was this and that. I guess we found out we were pretty different in some ways. Or maybe we've just changed over the years. Like, for instance, more and more he doesn't like to be with a lot of other people, but since coming to college I really like to go out. I got tired of just always spending weekends just the two of us, with him always wanting to, you know, mess around. And he got tired of of me complaining,, And I guess we both just got sick of trying to work stuff like that out all the time.

Natalie:

But, aren't you sad, Jen? I mean, you guys were really serious. You don't seem that bothered.

Jen:

Well, I was really depressed for a while. But like I was saying, you just can't let it get to you. So, things didn't work out with Jeff like I wanted to, what are you going to do? Besides, I was too dependent on the relationship anyways. I think I had too much riding on it, you know. I kept going up and down depending on how everything was going with Jeff. Now that I'm single, I don't have to let every little success or failure in a relationship get to me.

Natalie:

But, don't you think at some point you've got to let it get to you?

Jen:

What do you mean?

Natalie:

Oh, I don't know. I wasn't thinking so much of you and Jeff. If it wasn't meant to be, it wasn't meant to be. It's not like you were married or something. But, well, I guess I was thinking about my parents. They got divorced when I was in high school. There were a lot of problems in the marriage, but basically, I think they just stopped caring enough to make it succeed.

The three of them sit in silence thinking.

Curtis and Ryan enter. They are wearing caps, sweats, carrying a baseball bat and mitt, etc., and laughing and talking baseball loudly. They greet the women.

Ryan:

Hey, are you guys almost done? Can we join you?

Jen:

Uh, yeah, sure. We were just talking about stuff.

Ryan:

Oh, don't stop on our account.

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Curtis:

Yeah, what were you talking about?

Margaret:

No, never mind. It was kind of a deep discussion.

Curtis:

What! We can be deep! Ryan and I are always having deep talks. Come on, try us. What were you talking about?

Natalie:

Well, we were talking about success and failure, parents, how relationships work out... and also about marriage.

Ryan and Curtis stare at each other, and then at the women, then back at each other in silence. Curtis drums his fingers and then finally speaks up.

Curtis:

Gee, you know, the sun coming through that window is really hurting my eyes. Maybe we should move to another table.

Natalie:

Look, we don't have to keep talking about what we were talking about. Why don't you guys tell us what your day was like. Did you come from practice -- I didn't know the season started this early.

Ryan:

It doesn't start for another three months, but Curtis here was kind enough to come out and throw me a little batting practice for me.

Curtis:

A little? I don't call 50 sliders in a row "a little" batting practice.

Jen:

Why did you do something like that?

Curtis:

Because Ryan demanded it. Because Ryan Redwine is going to learn to drive a lefty slider if it kills him... or my arm.

Ryan:

Hey, refuse to lose, baby. It's that simple.

Ryan and Curtis high five (with Curtis wincing).

Jen:

Why is hitting a slider so important, Ryan?

Ryan grimaces and wrings his hands anxiously.

Ryan:

Well, I suppose it goes back to last season. Division playoffs, final game. Bottom of the ninth and we're down a run. We've got the bases loaded with two outs, and I'm up. I've gone 3 for 3 that day, just been murdering the heat their pitcher's been trying to get pass me. So they bring in a relief pitcher, a skinny lefty. And on the first pitch, he throws me the nastiest slider that has me in knots. The next one is the same pitch, only I'm tied up even more. And then his third slider....

Ryan shudders and shakes his head:

I still have nightmares reliving me waving right by it for strike three.

Curtis:

And so for every single day since then, he's dragged me out there to throw him one slider after another. Because Ryan here is not going to let that happen to him again. Because the next pitcher that tries to slip three straight sliders past Ryan is going to get some nightmares of his own.

Ryan:

Refuse to lose, baby, refuse to lose. It's that simple.

Natalie:

Do you really think it's that simple?

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## "The Crush"

Before LG talk by Andy Crouch on God's "Crush" on us for Why Bother With Jesus?

Chris, Luke, Margaret are sitting studying for a test. Suddenly,  
Chris slams his book shut and flings it to the side.

Luke:           Whoa, big guy, what's the problem?

Chris:           I am so sick and tired of this. I can't take it. I can't take it anymore.

Margaret:       Take what? What's wrong.

Chris:           This. I can't take anymore of this. (pointing to books). I'm so tired of studying for  
this mid term.

Luke:            Hey, man. Maybe you should just take a study break. I'm feeling in the mood for  
a little fried chicken fingers action myself...

Chris:            Why? So we can just get back to this in another hour. So I can memorize some  
more cell biology. RNA, ATGC, I mean, what's the point? I don't care about any  
of this. I'm bored stiff by this stuff.

Margaret:        Hey, Chris. Take it easy. All you need to do is make it thru this exam and you've  
got the weekend ahead of you.

Chris: Oh, yeah, the weekend. That really changes things. That's really an exciting prospect. More time to sit around and do nothing. There's nothing to do on this campus. And this weekend, there's not even March Madness.

Luke: Oh come on, there's stuff to do, Chris.

Margaret: Yeah, there stuff you could do.

Chris: Name one.

Luke: Well... I keep telling you, you could come with us to the Spring Formal.

Margaret: Yeah, it's going to be fun, Chris. You should come.

Chris: Hah, hah. I'm not going to the Spring Formal.

Margaret: Why not?

Luke: Yeah, why not?

Chris: Very funny. There's no body that I want to go with.

Luke and Margaret exchange glances. Margaret nods and cocks head, as if to encourage Luke to "go ahead."

Chris: What? What?

Luke: Well... you could just come with us. We're not just going as a couple. We're going to go with a group of other people. It'll be fun.

Chris: Hah, hah. You couples, you drive me crazy. "Oh, yeah, just come, it doesn't matter, we'll be a big group." And then everybody pairs off with who they're interested in and I'm left standing by the punch bowl by myself.

Luke and Margaret again exchange glances. Luke shrugs his shoulder, as if to signal "Look, I tried!"

Margaret: Well... maybe...there might be someone in the group who you'll hit it off with.

Luke: Oh, forget about it, Margaret, you're just going to set him off..

Chris: (Hits Luke) Hey, shut up, Luke, what do you mean set me off? And Margaret, what do you mean there might be someone I might hit it off with. I've told, Luke, there's no one I'm interested in. There hasn't been anyone I've been interested in, let's see, (counting fingers) in eighteen months. Oh, God, has it been that long.

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This is why I'm so bored. There's just no spark with anyone. I haven't felt really attracted to anyone in so long, I've forgotten what it's like. I'm, like, dead inside.

During this monologue, Chris is getting self absorbed and dramatic.  
Luke is mimicing him behind his back.

Margaret: So, there's no one you're interested in? At all?

Chris: Zippo.

Margaret: No one even remotely. Like no one in any of your classes?

Luke: Give it up Margaret, you heard him.

Margaret: So, like no one in any of your classes has even made you go, like, "Huh."

Chris: Nada.

Margaret: In none of your classes. Even classes where you get to meet girls. Like even your aerobics class... for example.

Chris: Zero. I told you. What are you getting at?

Margaret: Oh, nothing. I'm just trying to make sure.

Luke is sort of giggling at this point.

Chris: Is there something I should know?

Luke: No, forget about it,Chris. Hey, what do you say we do a chicken fingers run. I'm getting hungry.

Chris: Wait a minute. What, what are you saying, Margaret?

Margaret: Nothing, never mind. You've said you haven't ever been remotely attracted to anyone. That's fine. Let's go. I'm hungry also. Who's still got points left.

Chris: Wait, wait, wait, hooold on a minute. There's something you guys aren't telling me.

Margaret: No, it's not important. Let's go. Luke, do you have your car or should we walk.

Chris: No, no, no. Hold on! What, what about my aerobics class?

Margaret and Luke pause and look each other. Luke signals, "Fine, go ahead."

Margaret: Well, I happen to know there's someone who just might be interested in you from your aerobics class who is also going to be part of the group going to the Spring Formal. That's all.

Luke: OK, buddy, you happy? You're a stud, you turn women on in your tiny shorts. Let's go, I'm getting hungry.

Chris: Well, who is it????

Margaret: I'm not going to tell you. You said you're not interested.

Chris: Well, no.... I mean, yeah... but that's... you know... who is it????

Margaret: I'm not going to tell you. She's my friend and I'm not going to tell you if you're not interested.

Chris: Wait, so she's a friend of yours. Uh, let's see, who do you know in that class It's not, oh, shoot what's her name. Brown hair, always wears her hair in a pony tail... man what's her name.

Luke: Come on, already, can we talk about this over chicken fingers?

Chris: Margaret, who is it? You can't just tell me someone's interested in me and not say who it is!

Margaret: What do you care? You said you're not interested. Let's go.

Margaret and Luke pick up there stuff. Chris follows.

Chris: Yeah, but... Come on, how about just a clue? Luke, do you know? Hey, help me out here. Is she cute? What's she like? Wait, she doesn't wear blue leggings, does she?

THE END

by Curtis Chang

**SKIT for TCF Large Group, Nov. 31, 1995**

UNANSWERED

**Talk Topic:** Unanswered Prayer. Prayer understood as part of a living relationship with God rather than a means for getting Him to do what we want.

**Props:** Lunch bag with carrot sticks and milk carton. Apron (for Mom). Newspaper. Jacket.

Teen 1 coming in with paper lunch bag: Mom, what was the deal with lunch today? Carrot sticks? Milk? I specifically asked you for more Ding Dongs and Jolt. Did you not hear me?

Mom: Honey, I saw the results from your last visit to the dentist. Ten more cavities is not a good sign. I've been telling you for a while that you need to change your diet or you'll be running out of healthy teeth. (hands over sheet) I've made out a new list of healthy lunch snacks that you can ask for. I want you to...

Teen 1 (impatiently glances and tosses aside): Yeah, yeah. Ok what about Snickers bars. They're good for you. All those nuts, I need my protein!

Mom: They're not on the list.

Teen 1: Man, I never get anything good! Look, I need my Jolt for lunch. Mr. Belmont's Algebra class is after lunch and I always fall asleep in his class if I don't get my hit of Jolt. My algebra textbook is already almost unreadable because of the drool. Come on!

Mom: Look, that's another thing we need to talk about. You've been staying up until 3am doing that surfing thing on the computer and playing computer games. That's why you're so tired during the day. I am not going to give you unnatural shots of sugar and caffeine just so you can keep on wasting your nights like this. You need to....

Teen 1 (mimicking mother while she talks): Please, I can do without the guilt trip, OK? Look, are you going to pack what I want or not for lunch?

Mom: Honey, we need to talk about what is best for you in the long....

Teen 1: Ok, fine. Don't pack me a lunch for tomorrow. Or the day after and the day after that for that matter. I'll buy what I want at the cafeteria with my own money. (storms out).

Teen 1 passes by Dad reading newspaper without a word. Dad puts down paper.

Dad: Dear, come back here. You're never home. Once you come back from school, you're always getting ready to head out again. We haven't talked in ages. I want to hear how you are doing.

Teen 1: Look can't this wait?

Dad: Well, I really would like to spend some time with you.

Teen 1: Ok, Ok. (she sits in silence for a while)

Dad: So, tell me how things are at school. I've noticed you coming back often seeming like you had a bad day.

Teen 1: No, I'm fine. Oh, hey, I forgot to ask you, the chain on my bike fell off. Its a real hassle 'cause I want to ride over to Tania's party tonight. Can you fix it? I've got to leave in half an hour.

Dad: Well, I would rather talk with you during that time. Besides, I don't want you riding your bike tonight. This is Boston in November, honey, its 10 degrees outside and there's ice on the raod. Why don't I drive you over there. We can talk on the way and besides, I haven't seen Tania or any of your friends in ages.

Teen 1 winces: Ah, no. Dad, no offense but no one goes to parties with their Dads. Look, I think I'll just walk if you're not going to fix the bike.

Teen 1 walks across stage, cleary shivering. Slips and falls. Arrives at party.

Tania welcomes her at door. Exchanges greetings. She spots Anne and storms over to her.

Teen 1: Hey, Anne, where were you today? You promised you'd give me a ride home after school today! I ended up having to walk all the way home in the cold! I was depending on you!

Anne: What do you mean? Where were you? I waited in the parking lot for a whole hour for you. How long did you wait?

Teen 1: Uh, well, a few minutes at least. You weren't there so I thought you'd forgot.

Anne: You know me, I wouldn't forget you like that. I told you that I'd come as soon as my class was over. I told you that we had a test today so you might have to wait a little bit. I was probably there right after you left.

Teen 1: Well, you didn't say exactly how long you were going to be! How was I supposed to know to keep waiting? What if you had forgotten? Then I'd have waited outside forever. I need something I can depend on. Forget it, I'll just use my bike from now on. (Storms off)

Tania: Hey, what's going on with you? You seem so upset!

Teen 1: Well, its just I'm starting to realize some things about people.

Tania: What do you mean?

Teen 1: Well, they just let you down. You can't depend on them. They don't do what you ask them to or what they promise to do. The only person you can depend on is yourself.

Tania: Gosh, that sounds like such a sad and lonely way to live. What makes you so sure you can't depende on anyone else?

Teen 1: Look, I know. I've tried.

"The Truth Is Out There"

TCF drama intro to an evangelistic talk by Prof. Peter Kreeft on the historical evidence for the resurrection.

By Curtis Chang

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The scene is a dorm room with bowls of popcorn and drinks littered about. Three students are watching TV. Ohene and Gene are sitting on chairs, with Teresa sitting in between them. Gene has his arms around Teresa.

Ohene clicks off the TV and he and Gene lean back and blow out sighs, indicating they are stunned.

Ohene:

Man, that was intense! Gene, now do you see that...

Gene:

Whoa, wait I've got to think, I've got to think... why was there that business card from that government agency lying on the floor... I've got to think...

Ohene:

That was so intense. Gene, Gene, when the guy changed suddenly changed his facial features and he goes like (makes a funny sound). Don't you think that proves that Mulder actually saw the alien like he claimed...

Gene:

Wait, I've got to think... see I think that card means Scully is right. It's all part of that secret agency's secret research...

Ohene:

No way! That was just a red herring! Didn't you hear what that scientist from the agency that Mulder met said, what was it, "There's stuff going on that we can't account for."

Gene:

Oh please, don't be so naive, Ohene. And you're going to believe that guy? He obviously was covering something up!

Ohene:

How do you know he was covering something up? He was risking a lot just to meet with Mulder. Think about it, if he wasn't convinced that there really was an alien presence, what was his motive for giving Mulder the information?

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Gene:

He was lying! You could tell by his shifty eyes. And remember that he picked up the phone right after Mulder left?

Ohene:

What? When did he do that? He didn't pick up the phone!

Gene:

Yes he did, it was the last scene before they cut to a... um... that, that Taco Bell commercial. Dead giveaway that he was lying.

Meanwhile, Teresa is watching this dialogue like an observer at a tennis match. Finally, she raises her finger and speaks tentatively.

Teresa:

Why are you guys getting so worked up over this? It's just a show.

Gene and Ohene stare at her incredulously. Ohene then stares at Gene questionly. Gene removes his arm around Teresa and looks awkward.

Gene:

It's.. it's her first X-Files, Ohene. She's never watched the show before.

Ohene shakes his head disbelievingly.

Teresa:

And boy have I missed out! You guys, this show is kind of silly. Aliens or government conspiracy theory? I'm sorry, but I do have more useful ways to spend my time and energy than on this raging debate.

Ohene:

And Gene, you wonder if you two are compatible or not?

Teresa (hitting Gene):

What do you mean, "wonder if we're compatible or not?"

While Gene is protesting his innocence, Nayiri suddenly bursts in.

Nayiri:

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh! Did you hear that in your room?

Gene:

Hear what, Nayiri? Hey look, Teresa, Nayiri's here (trying to redirect Teresa's attention).

Nayiri:

That sound! Like this (makes a strange sound). Oh my gosh, are you sure you didn't hear anything? You guys, I think I'm going crazy! I'm in my room alone, watching X-Files, OK? And right after, I'm telling you it was right after that last scene when the guy changes his features (makes that sound again), I go to the bathroom 'cause that scene freaked me out so much. And I'm in the bathroom, and I swear I hear that exact same sound. It was like coming from right above me!

Teresa:

Nayiri, it was probably just coming from the TV.

Nayiri:

I turned the TV off!!!!!!!

Ohene:

Oh my gosh...

Nayiri:

I was so freaking out that I just stood there to afraid to move. Then I heard that same sound again, and then like a whooshing sound. And then, a few seconds later, I heard a thud, like something had landed outside. You guys didn't hear any of this?

Teresa:

Nothing. We were busy talking.

Ohene:

Oh my gosh...

Nayiri:

What was worse is that there was like no one home in my hallway. The whole floor was completely deserted. I was so scared, I kept thinking about that one episode when those people are getting abducted by the aliens. That's when I came running down to your floor to find you guys.

Ohene:

Oh my gosh...

Gene:

You say it sounded like something landed outside?

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Nayiri:

Yea, something heavy. There was that whoosing sound and then a thud!

Ohene:

Oh my gosh...

Teresa:

Well, you stop that already!

Gene walks over to the window and looks out.

Ohene:

Gene, don't stick your head too far out. You don't know what's out there.

Gene:

Nayiri, you live on the top floor, right?

Nayiri:

Yea, so?

Gene:

Well, the truth really is out there. It's called the South Hall Effect. There's a piece of the roof lying out on the grass.

Nayiri and Ohene run over and look out the window. They turn back, both relieved but also a little dejected.

Ohene:

Oh, man, for a moment there, I thought maybe... well, that we really were going to see...

Gene:

Like I keep telling you, Ohene, Scully is right. There's a scientific explanation for all that stuff. You just gotta' keep your cool and sift through the evidence.

Nayiri:

Well, mister pre-med, it could've been an alien landing. Stuff like that does happen and there's just a lot of evidence that they really happen. Stonehenge, those crop markings in South America, all those people's stories of being abducted. Last week, I went to go hear this professor of psychology at Harvard give a talk. He'd studied all those people's stories and he says there's no other scientific explanation for all their stories except that they were telling the truth. You just can't explain away all those people's stories.

Ohene:

Nayiri's right. I just read this book about the pyramids in Egypt by this engineer, and he claimed that the construction techniques required for the pyramids could not have possibly existed at that time. And the pyramids all pointed to the exact planetary positions of...

Teresa:

I don't get it! Ohene, you are always complaining that you've got so much reading to do for your class and yet you're reading some crazy book about the pyramids. And you Nayiri, you don't make it for lectures in classes you're getting graded on -- what are you doing traipsing down to Harvard to hear some kooky professor? I don't get you guys! How is any of this stuff useful at all? Why do you waste so much time trying to figure out whether there actually are aliens or it's all a conspiracy! What difference does any of this make?

Ohene:

What difference does this make? Teresa, what if there is this whole other reality out there? What if the truth really is out there? Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know the truth?

Teresa:

Not if the truth isn't going to make a difference in my life. I've got more important things to worry about.

Nayiri:

But it does make a difference! What if we're not alone? Doesn't that change everything? What if all our history -- like the pyramids or Stonehenge -- can only be explained by the fact that we are not alone? What if our future is wrapped up with other beings? I think about that when I'm studying IR and reading about how messed up we are with war and AIDS and pollution and stuff. I think, "We keep screwing stuff up by ourselves, what if there were, like, superior beings or something that could help us out of this mess. What if we're not left alone?"

Teresa:

But you can't count on that. It's unrealistic to hope for something like that.

Ohene:

I don't know, Teresa, but don't you ever want to hope for something more than what seems realistic? When Nayiri came running down here, I got this tingle down my spine. I was a little freaked out, but I also was excited. More excited than I usually get. What if finally there is something more than just another round of studying, sleeping, eating, studying, sleeping, eating? What if we were going to finally witness something totally new and different? Something more... more... more meaningful?

# What The Bible Didn't Tell You About the Christmas Story

TCF 12/15/95

Narrator: Amy Wilson

Joseph: Curtis

Mary: Sani

Wise Men: Jared, Gene and Curtis

## Introduction:

We are the Salt and Light Team. We are part of the leadership team of TCF and we gather every week to talk, pray, get training on how to introduce our friends to Jesus. Since telling our friends about Jesus is so important to us, the story about the birth of Jesus is important.

Many of us have heard or read in the Bible the Christmas story many times. It's a great story which includes great drama and many interesting details. But the Bible also leaves out much of what happened. After much research, we have discovered the missing parts of the story and we would like to present them to you.

For instance, we read in Luke 1:26-38.... But the Bible does not record what happened when Mary actually told Joseph the news.

## SCENE 1:

Joseph coming home, clearly tired.

Mary: So, how was your day?

Joseph: Fine. Really tired, carpentry details, etc.

Silence.

Mary: Oh, so aren't you going to ask me if anything interesting happened to me today?

Joseph: Uh, yeah. So.... Mary.... did anything interesting happen to you today?

Mary: Well... [Tells a lot of details] and then at end really quickly, "... and an angel of the Lord came to tell me that I'm pregnant with the Messiah..." and I got a great deal of leg of lamb at the market today..

Joseph is clearly bored, nodding "Uh, huh, huh." : Wait, what was that?

Mary: I got a great deal on leg of lamb... 50 shekels a pound!

Joseph: No, before that... the part about being pregnant.

Mary: Finally explains.

Joseph: You're pregnant???? Who is the father? I know its not me! Wait,don't tell me its Ishmael over at the used camel dealer! I've seen him make googly eyes at you!

Mary: No, Joseph, I'm still a virgin. The angel said he was the son of Most High!

Joseph: Oh, I've heard it all now. You cheat on me and you try to say it was God! And an angel told you this? Sarcastic: ... and how come the angel didn't bother to let me in on the big secret! Is there anything else he said that I should know about?

Mary: Well, there was one other thing. We're supposed to name it Jesus.

Joseph: Jesus! Objects to name. Forget it, it's over Mary. We're finished as a couple. I'm out of here. And I want my varsity letterman jacket back!

## STORMS OUT

Joseph meets friend.

Exchange greetings. Friend notices how miserable Joseph is. Asks. Joseph explains broke up.

Friend: Oh, man, you guys were such a good couple. What happened.

Joseph: Well, she's pregnant with somebody else's child.

Friend: Ooooooh, that's cold. Women.

Joseph: Yeah, and then she tries to cover it with this crazy story about an angel telling her all this stuff.

Friend: That angel story making the rounds. Yeah, last woman I went out with told me that an angel told me we were supposed to be together. Then she runs off and leaves me.

Joseph: Oooh, that's cold. Women. Angel telling her -- like I'm supposed to believe an angel just would appear and tell her this stuff? Who does she think I am?

Friend: Yeah, next thing you know an angel is going to appear to you to tell you she's right! They both laugh derisively.

Joseph: And another. She has the gall to tell me that we're supposed to name the kid Jesus. I don't even like that name.

Friend: Oooh, that's cold. Women. Jesus -- its the kind of name kids make fun of.

Joseph: I just don't understand. This is so unlike Mary.

Friend: Complains about women.

Joseph: Yeah, but Mary isn't like that. Upholds Mary. I don't know what I should do. What do you think?

Friend: I have two words: public humiliation. You have let them know they can't get away with this. Kick her out and make sure people know she cheated you.

Joseph: I don't know, that so harsh.

Friend: Its them or you.

End. Narrator reads from Matthew 1:18-24.

Narrator: Another famous part of Jesus' birth is told in Matthew 2:1-8. But Matthew doesn't tell us about the wise men going shopping to bring the baby Jesus presents.

Jared: Hm, I think all the good stores are on the other end of the mall.

Gene: Hey, look! Banana Dictatorship has go their new winter lineup out. Nice turbans.....

Curtis: Is the food court on that end? I'm getting kind of hungry.

Jared: How can you guys be thinking about fashion or food, this is the most important shopping trip in the history of the world!

Gene: Right, right? I'm thinking a little silk outfit, I'm thinking white with just a touch of a gold accent - bold but not pretentious, a look that says, "I'm the Savior and I know it."

Curtis: Hey how about a toy spear. Kappa Mart has a special where you can get a little centurion costume complete with spear, shield, and helmet!

Jared: Spear, shield helmet! We're talking about the Prince of Peace here! He's supposed be turn those things into pruning hooks and plowshares. Haven't you guys read your Isaiah?

Curtis: Yeah, wow. I've never thought about it that way. The birth of the King of Kings, the Wonderful Counselor. Do you think they'll serve hors'd orves there?

Gene: Right, we've got to think about the setting. It looks like we're going to rural Palestine here. Let's see what Elijah Bauer's got. Ah yes, I'm thinking of a lambswool pullover, dark but yet enough white to pick up the glow from the Star of David. This is nice and a roomy fit also. He' can wear layers underneath and have the government on his shoulder.

Jared: No, he's a baby! Think of what would be appropriate for a baby!

Gene: Well, that just limits all the fashion possibilites. We're reduced to diapers and blanket. But, hey what about designer linen. Pagan Dior has an absolute fabulous line out this year.

Curtis: Hey, what about a gift package of some gourmet figs? Look Mrs Field's Figs has some extra ones out for people to taste. Let's go try some.

Jared: Please can we concentrate on the task at hand! We're running out of time. How did you guys get to be wise men anyway?

Narrator: Well, thankfully, the wise men got their shopping just in time, setting a pattern of last minute gift buying that has lasted through the centuries. Read Matt. 2:9-11