

*When the play opens, the stage is bare except for a large wooden box, center.*

*The Narrator enters. S/he crosses to the lectern, opens the script and begins to read.*

NARRATOR

Good morning. And welcome to our play. Our play is called simply, "The Stand." It is all about how we can take a stand for the things that are most important to us. And you know what they are.

*The Narrator points to the stage, but doesn't look at it.*

The star of our show is THE STATUE. There s/he is. Doesn't s/he look great? Well, doesn't s/he? Come on, guys, a little applause for the star of our show.

*Narrator finally looks at the stage.*

That's funny.

*The Narrator looks around, puzzled. S/he crosses to the stage.*

I thought there was a statue here. The last time I looked, there was a statue standing right here. It was right here on this base.

*The Statue rushes in.*

STATUE

Hello. Sorry I'm late. I lost track of the time. Sorry. Very sorry.

*The Statue gets onto the base and strikes a pose.*

*The Narrator looks at the audience and shrugs. Then, to the Statue:*

NARRATOR

Excuse me.

*The Statue makes no response.*

Excuse me!

*Still no response.*

*The Narrator crosses to the Statue. Pinches the Statue on the arm.*

STATUE

Ow! That hurt!

NARRATOR

I'm talking to you. Why don't you answer me?

STATUE

I'm a statue. Statues don't talk.

NARRATOR

But you talk.

STATUE

I know. (false modesty) I'm the only talking statue in the whole world. Pretty cool, huh?

*The Statue signals for applause.*

But I need you to promise something.

NARRATOR

Oh. What's that?

STATUE

Don't tell anybody I can talk. Statues are supposed to be strong and silent. And handsome (or cute).

*The Statue makes a gesture of pride. Signals for applause.*

NARRATOR

Boy, you really like yourself a lot, don't you?

STATUE

Yeah. I guess so.

*The Statue primps a bit, fixing hair.*

NARRATOR

You're full of yourself.

*The Statue continues primping, combing his hair, looking at himself in the mirror.*

(to the audience) This statue is conceited.

STATUE

I heard that.

NARRATOR

Well, you are.

*The Statue starts to cry.*

I'm sorry, but you are kind of conceited.

*Statue cries some more.*

Oh, here.

*Narrator hands the Statue a tissue.*

STATUE

Thanks.

*The Statue blows his nose. Stops crying.*

NARRATOR

Well, you are the star of the show.

*The Statue smiles. Strikes a pose.*

NARRATOR

Well, he seems to be feeling better. The Statue really could talk. And he talked a lot. He told about his life as a statue. He stood all day and all night in the center of town. He had been standing there for two hundred years.

STATUE

Two hundred and ONE years.

NARRATOR (sighs)

OK. Two hundred and ONE years. It wasn't easy. He had to live through all kinds of weather.

*Weather Sprites appear. They carry a variety of props.*

In the Summer, he sweltered from the heat.

*Sprites hold up a sun.*

In the Winter, he was covered in Snow.

*Sprites sprinkle snow on the Statue.*

In the Fall, leaves fell on him.

*Sprites throw leaves on the Statue.*

And in the Spring, vines grew up his legs.

*They do.*

STATUE

Hey. That itches.

NARRATOR

And, of course, there were always birds flying overhead.

*The statue looks up. Something hits him in the eye.*

Sometimes, the birds weren't nice to the Statue.

STATUE

Ow! Right in the eye.

NARRATOR

Once, many years ago, there was a war. Soldier came into the town square. They fired at each other. Some of them hid behind the statue for cover. Some of the bullets hit the statue.

*As the soldiers shoot at each other, the Statue tries to duck and avoid the bullets, but without success.*

STATUE

Hey. Watch where you're shooting. Ow. That hurt. Ouch.

*The statue can't avoid the bullets. He hops around, clutching his head, then his knee, then his shoulder, etc.*

NARRATOR

But finally, the war ended.

STATUE

Just in time.

NARRATOR

The Statue had survived a lot in two hundred and one years. But there was one thing that terrified him more than anything else...HALLOWEEN!

STATUE (terrified)

Halloween?!

*The statue makes a frightened face.*

Oh, no.

*Ruffians appear.*

NARRATOR

Oh, yes. Every years, on Halloween, the Statue was decorated with string and other things. Some people wrote on the statue. Some people even carved their names on the

statue.

*A ruffian gets ready to carve his name on the statue.*

STATUE

Don't you dare!

*The ruffians scream and runs away.*

RUFFIANS

He talked. The Statue talked. It must be a ghost.

NARRATOR

The statue chased the ruffians away, but he was very sad.

STATUE

Very sad.

*The statue takes out a tissue and blows his nose.*

NARRATOR

The statue was so sad because he didn't have any purpose. Long ago, somebody stole the sign that was once on the pedestal. That sign gave the statue's name and what he had done. But now, it was gone. The statue pointed to where the sign had been.

*The statue points.*

He tried to remember what the sign had said. He scratched his head, but he just couldn't remember. This made him even sadder.

STATUE

Even sadder.

*The statue cries, blows his nose.*

NARRATOR

He was one very sad statue.

NARRATOR

One day, some visitors came to the park where the statue stood all by himself. The visitors were members of a family. It was a very beautiful day and they decided to have a picnic right at the foot of the statue. They placed a blanket and a picnic basket at the foot of the statue and began to take out food and utensils for their picnic.

*All members of the family help out. They get the picnic set up in record time.*

The Statue had seen many picnics before. People had been having picnics in his shadow for many years. Usually, he didn't pay much attention. He thought picnics were kind of boring, especially since he had seen ten thousand, five hundred and eighty three of them. So he usually just zoned out. But this time, he was feeling very sad.

STATUE

Very VERY sad.

NARRATOR

Very VERY sad. He thought it was wonderful how the members of the family cooperated with each other. And how they cared about each other. Even when they had an argument, they still cared for each other.

CHILD 1

Mom, he made a face at me.

CHILD 2

Did not.

CHILD 1

Did too.

CHILD 1

Not.

CHILD 2

Too.

MOTHER

Children! Is that the way we have learned to behave?

NARRATOR

The children agreed that it was not the way they had learned to behave. They said “no.”

CHILD 1 and 2 (quietly)

no

NARRATOR

But it wasn't very convincing. Their Mother said it didn't sound convincing.

MOTHER

That didn't sound very convincing. Well, is this the way you have learned to behave?

CHILD 1 and 2

No.

MOTHER

Very well, then. Behave.

NARRATOR

The children said: “okay.”

CHILD 1 and 2

Okay.

NARRATOR

But then they didn't.

CHILD 1 (very quietly)

Not.

CHILD 2

Too.

CHILD 1

Not.

CHILD 2

Too.

NARRATOR

But the children couldn't stay angry for long, especially when they realized that most of their disagreements were silly. They laughed at their silliness. And they ended by hugging each other.

*They do.*

This made the statue feel even more alone. He wanted a purpose in life. But even more, he wanted a friend. It was very lonely being a statue. The statue put on a brave face. But he still felt sad.

STATUE

Very sad.

NARRATOR

Very sad. And he began to sniffle.

*He sniffles.*

The family heard this. The Father asked the others if they heard anything.

FATHER

Did you hear anything?

NARRATOR

The all agreed that they heard something. But they weren't sure what it was. They thought it might be birds.

FAMILY

I think it might be birds.

NARRATOR

But Child Number 1 thought it was frogs.

CHILD 1

I think it's frogs.

NARRATOR

The family humored Child Number 1. They said it could be frogs.

FAMILY

It could be frogs.

NARRATOR

But Child Number 2 thought it was the Statue.

CHILD NUMBER 2

I think it's the statue.

*The Statue is suddenly fearful. His eyes grow wide and he stands very still.  
Even more still than the stillest statue.*

NARRATOR

The Family looked at the Statue. They studied him very carefully. But finally they decided that Statues can't talk.

FAMILY (agreeing with the narrator)

That's right. Statues can't talk.

NARRATOR

The Statue was very relieved that the family hadn't discovered his secret. But for the first time in many years, he was interested in the people who came to picnic in front of him. He looked down at the picnic blanket, the food, the cups and utensils. It all seemed like every other picnic. But something was different. This family was different. He wasn't sure what it was. But then, the Father took a book and began to read from it. Everyone listened very carefully. They they bowed their heads and prayed. The Statue couldn't believe what he was seeing and hearing. The Statue was very interested in what was happening right in front of him. He wanted to talk to the family, but he knew he would just frighten them if he did. So he kept quiet. He even bit his tongue. But that hurt. He said "ouch."

STATUE

Ouch.

NARRATOR

The family heard that. They looked around. Finally, the Mother asked:

MOTHER

Did someone say "ouch?"

NARRATOR

The children said it wasn't them.

CHILD NUMBER 1

It wasn't me.

CHILD NUMBER 2

It wasn't me.

FATHER

Well, then, who was it?

NARRATOR

Child Number 2 pointed to the Statue. Everybody looked at the statue, then they laughed. The Mother reminded everybody that Statues can't talk.

MOTHER

They can't talk. They're inanimate objects.

NARRATOR

The children wondered what an inanimate object was. Dad explained that inanimate objects were not alive. They were not animated.

FATHER

Hence, they are "inanimate."

NARRATOR

To prove it, the Father went over to the Statue and knocked on its head. It made a hollow, metallic sound.

*Sound effect.*

NARRATOR

The statue didn't like that at all. He was ready to...But then he didn't. He controlled himself.

*He doesn't, quite.*

He CONTROLLED himself.

*He does.*

Then the family ate their picnic dinner. And while they ate, they talked about the Bible. While they talked about the Bible, they imagined what they looked like. On this particular day, the family was reading about the parables of Jesus. And as they read the stories, they seemed to come to life.

*The Father pantomimes reading from the Bible.*

The first parable they read was the parable of the sower.

*The cast of actors appears, ready to act out the story.*

The Father read about a sower – a certain farmer – who went out to cast seed on the ground.

*The farmer appears, takes a bow and begins to pantomime scattering seeds.  
Other actors portray the seeds growing into plants.*

Some of the seed fell at the wayside, where it is trampled under foot.

*The cast falls to the ground and pretends to be trampled.*

The seed was spoiled and couldn't grow.

*The farmer casts more seed.*

Some of the seed fell on stony ground. It sprang up quickly.

*The cast members leap to their feet.*

But it had no soil for roots. So it withered and died.

*The cast members slowly shrink back to the ground. The farmer casts seeds again.*

Some of the seed fell among thorns.

NARRATOR

The seed grew up, but was choked and couldn't grow.

*The cast makes choking sounds and falls to the floor.*

But some seed fell on good ground. It sprang up and bore fruit an hundredfold.

The cast members jump up, breathe deeply and show that much fruit is growing from their hands.

The children said “awesome.”

CHILDREN

Awesome.

NARRATOR

The statue said “awesome.”

STATUE

Awesome.

NARRATOR

Then pretended he didn't.

*Statue is very still. He hums a little tune very quietly.*

The childrens' mother explained that the seed represented...

MOTHER

...the Word of God.

NARRATOR

And told everybody that the word of God, when it had the right environment, would produce many good things.

MOTHER

They would help us stand up spiritually.

NARRATOR

The children all said “wow.”

CHILDREN

Wow.

NARRATOR

The statue started to say “wow.”

STATUE

“W...”

NARRATOR

But then stopped himself. Dad heard the sound, though.

FATHER

Those birds sure are noisy today.

NARRATOR

Everybody nodded in agreement.

*They do.*

The next parable the read was the parable of Lazarus and the rich man. Once, there was a rich man who lived in a very fancy house. He ate very big meals and had lots of servants and a great deal of money.

*The rich man sits at a table. Other cast members bring him food and wine.  
He eats a lot and seems very pleased with himself.*

He was very pleased with himself. But outside his door, a poor man named Lazarus lay in the street. He had no money or food. The rich man had lots of both. He was very happy about that.

RICH MAN

I love it!

NARRATOR

But the rich man didn't notice Lazarus at all. The rich man could have helped Lazarus,

but he didn't. Finally, both men died. Lazarus went to heaven and the rich man went to hell.

*Lazarus stands on the stage. He is tended by a couple of angels who flutter their wings.*

Lazarus finally had something to eat.

LAZARUS

The food here is great!

NARRATOR

But the rich man was in torment. He called out for help.

RICH MAN

Help!

NARRATOR

He saw Lazarus and asked that Lazarus bring him a drop of water. But it couldn't happen. The rich man was condemned to everlasting torment.

RICH MAN

Everlasting torment? Oh no! Everlasting torment hurts big time.

NARRATOR

At that point, the scene seemed to stop.

*All the actors freeze.*

The Mother pointed out to the children that Lazarus was standing in heaven, while the rich man was on the floor in torment. Everybody agreed that the rich man didn't look very happy. He looked pretty miserable in fact.

RICH MAN

Hell isn't very much fun!

NARRATOR

He kept calling out for water.

RICH MAN

Water! Water!

NARRATOR

But, sad to say, he was in Hell. There wasn't a drop of water anywhere.

RICH MAN

Not one drop?

NARRATOR AND FAMILY

Sorry!

STATUE

Sorry!

Everybody freezes for a moment. Then the family says.

FAMILY

Bird. It must be birds.

NARRATOR

Then, they read the story of the Prodigal Son. This was one of their favorites. The story of the Prodigal Son tells of a young man who wished to receive all of his inheritance immediately. He said...

PRODIGAL SON

I want it all. And I want it now.

NARRATOR

And so, his father gave it to him. He gave it all.

Prodigal Son receives a large bag of money.

PRODIGAL SON

Thanks, Dad. See ya.

NARRATOR

And so, the Prodigal Son took his inheritance and spent it all.

PRODIGAL SON

I had a great time.

NARRATOR

He gambled.

*He pantomimes throwing dice.*

He partied.

*He pantomimes dancing wildly.*

He had lots friends. People really wanted to be with him.

*Cast members give him high fives and pats on the back.*

Until he ran out of money. Then they disappeared.

PRODIGAL SON

Hey, where did they go. Hello. HELLO.

NARRATOR

The Prodigal Son was all alone. He had no friends. He had no money. He was lost in a strange country. He finally got a job tending pigs. He heard pig noises all day. He smelled pig smells all night.

PRODIGAL SON

Pyew!

NARRATOR

And he was very hungry. He even thought of eating the husks they fed to the pigs. He tried one.

*He does.*

But he didn't like it at all.

PRODIGAL SON

Yuck! This stuff is awful.

NARRATOR

He was very sad. He sank down to the ground. He didn't know what he was going to do. But then he had an idea. He stood up and said...

PRODIGAL SON

My father's servants live better than this. I will return to him and ask forgiveness.

NARRATOR

And so, the Prodigal Son returned to his father's house. His father was so glad to see him that he threw a party.

*Cast members in party costumes join him.*

The Prodigal Son had returned. That which was lost had been found. Everybody cheered.

THE FAMILY

Yay.

STATUE

Yay. Hooray. Attaboy.

*Everybody turns and looks at the Statue.*

STATUE

Ooops.

NARRATOR

The Statue had made a boo boo.

STATUE

You don't have to rub it in.

NARRATOR

The statue was sorry if he had frightened anybody.

STATUE

Sorry.

NARRATOR

The statue went on to explain that he had been standing in the same spot for a long long time.

STATUE

Two hundred and one years.

NARRATOR

But he didn't know why he was standing. Someone long ago had take his sign. He pointed to where his sign had been.

*He does.*

And he wanted to know what it was like to stand for something. He was very envious of all the others. They knew what they stood for.

STATUE

I wish I stood for something.

NARRATOR

The family discussed the matter. The wondered what a good Christian response might be. They discussed this very enthusiastically. Then, they asked the other Christians to join them.

*There is a good deal of noise as they all discuss the possibilities.*

Finally, they came up with a solution. The Father announced...

FATHER

We have our answer. Bring out the sign.

*The children ran out to get a sign. They return with a sign that says: "This statue stands up for Jesus."*

NARRATOR

The Statue was very happy. He was so happy, he did a little dance and shouted for joy

*He does.*

NARRATOR

He climbed up onto the pedestal and prepared to stand there forever. Because he finally had a purpose. But there was just one thing.

STATUE

Just one more thing.

FAMILY

Yes?

STATUE

Do you suppose I could have my own...parable.

NARRATOR

All the Christians consulted

They huddle.

And they came up with an answer.

FATHER

We have our answer. You have your parable. It is called: "the parable of the statue."

STATUE

Yes!

NARRATOR

And every year after that time, the family and their friends would gather at the base of the statue and tell stories of the parables of Jesus. Then they would tell the story of the parable of the statue. The statue always listened very carefully.

STATUE (tearful)

It's a very moving story.

NARRATOR

Then they would pray, they would have their picnic lunch. Then, every year, they would play music and...dance.

SOUND CUE. DANCE MUSIC.

*They dance. Then they exit. Except for the statue, who is in his place.*

NARRATOR

Well, that's the story of the parable of the statue. We hope you have enjoyed our play. By the way, we changed the name of the play to: "The Parable of the Statue." The statue was very moved.

STATUE (tearful)

I'm very happy.

NARRATOR

And he was, too. Happy ever after. Now let's thank our cast. And let's dance.

*Curtain call. Bows.*

THE END

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