

*St. Paul's Letter to Spot, Fluffy
and Finley*

By Bishop Marsh

written for St. Luke's Camp

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The stage is set with a series of boxes.

At rise, we see three characters asleep on stage: Andy, Carly and Paulie.

The characters are fast asleep and snoring

The Narrator enters.

NARRATOR

Good afternoon. And welcome to our play. It is called “The Letter.” This is all about the gifts we have received – and the ones we have given. We have all received many gifts. We have received so many gifts in our lives, it is sometimes hard to count them all. During our play, we are going to find out about some of those gifts. Our heroes are going to show us all about the joy of giving and, yes, receiving gifts.

Narrator points to the three sleepers. S/he sighs when s/he regards the sleepers.

Our heroes. That's them. Andy, Carly and Paulie. As you can see, they are sleeping.

They start snoring louder. The Narrator speaks louder.

As you can hear, they are snoring.

Snoring gets louder. Narrator speaks even louder.

Sometimes, when they are sleeping, it's hard to hear yourself think. (To the sleepers) Hey! You guys! Wake up!!

ANDY, CARLY and PAULIE

Huh? What? Did you hear anything?

They look around, but don't see anything. They all yawn and fall asleep again.

They snore.

NARRATOR

Quiet!

Without missing a beat they snore very quietly, almost whispering.

So, they fell asleep and were very very quiet. But as they were sleeping, they dreamed. Each one of them wanted their very own pet.

NARRATOR

Andy wanted...

ANDY

A dog. Woof woof.

NARRATOR

Carly wanted...

CARLY

A cat. Meow.

NARRATOR

And Paulie wanted...

PAULIE

A goldfish. One that blows bubbles. Blub. Blub.

NARRATOR

And while they dreamed, they dreamed of their animals. They even started to sound like the animals they dreamed about.

ANDY, CARLY and PAULIE

Arf arf. Meow meow. Blub blub.

NARRATOR

It got very loud.

It does.

NARRATOR

Quiet!

ANDY, CARLY and PAULIE (very softly)

Arf arf. Meow meow. Blub blub.

NARRATOR

That's better.

A cat, a dog and a goldfish enter. They stand in front of the sleepers.

The next morning, when they woke up, they were very surprised to discover that their dreams had come true. They each received a wonderful gift. They didn't believe it.

ANDY, CARLY and PAULIE

I don't believe it!

NARRATOR

Andy had been given a dog.

DOG (very friendly barks)

woof woof.

NARRATOR

Andy was very pleased.

ANDY

What a great dog. I'll call him Spot.

NARRATOR

Which was very appropriate since Spot had a spot. Spot was very pleased with his new name.

Spot barks joyfully and does a little dance.

Carly was given a cute little kitten.

CAT (very sweetly)

Meow.

CARLY

Oh, she's the cutest little kitty. I'll call her Fluffy.

NARRATOR

And of course that was a very appropriate name because...

CARLY

...she's just the fluffiest kitten ever.

Fluffy does a very "cute" take to the audience.

FLUFFY (very sweet)

Meow.

NARRATOR

And Paulie received a goldfish.

The goldfish has "attitude." He probably wears sunglasses.

S/he thought about what to call this goldfish. Paulie considered several names. The first name S/he considered was "Max." She tried calling the goldfish "Max."

PAULIE

Hello, Max.

NARRATOR

But the goldfish was not impressed.

GOLDFISH (unimpressed)

Blub blub.

NARRATOR

Clearly, that name was unsuitable. The goldfish agreed.

GOLDFISH (agreeing)

Blub.

NARRATOR

Next, Paulie considered the name “Barracuda.” But the goldfish was deeply insulted.

GOLDFISH

Blub blub blubblubblub!!!

NARRATOR

The goldfish was about ready to pack up and find the nearest lake. He took out his largest fin and strapped it on. Paulie had an idea.

PAULIE

I've got an idea...I'll call him FINley.

NARRATOR

The goldfish considered this carefully.

GOLDFISH

Hmmm.

NARRATOR

And decided, after due consideration, that it was a good name after all.

FINLEY gives a thumbs up sign.

FINLEY

BLUB!

NARRATOR

And it was entirely appropriate. So, Spot, Fluffy and Finley went to live with their new owners. They were very happy. Spot barked loudly and enthusiastically, especially at supper time.

Spot barks loudly and eats a special treat.

Fluffy purred happily and loved being patted. She also liked catnip and entertained Carly by dancing very enthusiastic and challenging dances.

Fluffy dances a remarkable dance.

Finley may have been happy in his new home, but we will never really know. Unlike Spot and Fluffy, he never showed his emotions. He did swim around his fishbowl, but usually hung out at the bottom of the fishbowl and sometimes looked out from the plant Paulie had placed there.

Finley looks out furtively. He looks left, then right, then

center. He sees the audience, says “Blub” very quickly and disappears behind the plants.

NARRATOR

Everything was just fine. Spot and Fluffy were very happy in their new homes. Even Finley occasionally cracked a smile.

He does.

And Andy, Carly and Paulie were thrilled with their new gifts.

ANDY

I love Spot.

CARLY

I love Fluffy.

Finley shoots Paulie a look.

PAULIE

Well, Finley is quite a character...

FINLEY

Blub.

PAULIE

...but I love him just the same.

Finley, a bit embarrassed, hides behind his plants.

NARRATOR

Yes, everything couldn't have been better. Until...Andy, Carly and Paulie started to get bored with their gifts. Spot, Fluffy and Finley were shocked.

SPOT and FLUFFY

We're shocked!

FINLEY (mildly shocked)

Blub!!!

NARRATOR

They all tried to get the attention of their owners. Spot decided he would fetch things. He brought two things to Andy, but Andy didn't seem very interested.

ANDY

Go away, Spot. I'm busy.

NARRATOR

Then Spot brought something that scared Andy out of his wits.

Spot enters carrying a big, ugly caterpillar in his mouth.

ANDY

Spot! No! No, Spot! Bad dog! Get that out of here right away!

NARRATOR

Well, anybody would be scared of a big ugly caterpillar. But Spot

was very sad. He lay down and whimpered.

ANDY

Be quiet, Spot.

NARRATOR

And that made Spot even sadder.

Spot whimpers quietly.

Fluffy put on her cutest face.

She does.

And said her cutest meow.

FLUFFY

ME-OOOOOOOOOW.

Carly yawns.

NARRATOR

When that didn't work, Fluffy tried dancing. She danced her best dance.

Fluffy dances brilliantly.

NARRATOR

But Carly was a little bored with Fluffy's antics.

CARLY

Go away, Fluffy. You bore me.

NARRATOR

Well, that made Fluffy mad. She hissed.

She does.

Her hair stood on end. And she showed her claws and got ready to scratch. But before Fluffy could do any real damage, Carly put a stop to it.

CARLY

Fluffy! You are a bad cat. Bad. Bad. Bad.

NARRATOR

So Fluffy sat in a corner and sulked. She wagged her tail in a very angry manner. She made angry cat sounds.

FLUFFY

MEOW! MEOW!

NARRATOR

Then, there was Finley. Paulie had grown tired of Finley. Finley was always hiding in the foliage at the bottom of his fish bowl. Finley tried to make people believe he was really cool.

Finley strikes a “cool” pose.

FINLEY (Cool)

Blub.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

But he was a very sensitive goldfish. He even wrote poetry.

Finley is shocked. He says "shhhh" to the narrator.

Oh, Finley, your poetry is very good. And it always rhymes. Go ahead, read one of your poems.

Finley looks embarrassed. He shakes his head.

Oh, go on, Finley. People want to hear your poems don't you?

The Narrator encourages the audience.

See, they want your poems. Just read one.

Finley nods. He get a very large book that may read "Blub, Poems by Finley."

Finley clears his throat. He takes a deep breath. Then he begins with a loud and dramatic voice.

FINLEY

Blub! (then very quietly) blub. (then very emotionally) BLUUUUB.
(then very angry) BLUB!!! (then, triumphantly) Blub!

NARRATOR

Thank you, Finley.

Finley takes a bow to great applause.

I told you his poems always rhyme. But Finley was very sad that Paulie wasn't interested in him any more. He wrote very sad poems and hid behind lots of seaweed.

FINLEY (sad)

blubblubblubblubblub....

NARRATOR

But fortunately, Finley always had something to write about. He never had writer's block. But there was a writer who had writer's block big time. No one seems to remember this, but at one point in his life, St. Paul, who wrote lots of letters, couldn't think of a thing to write about.

St. Paul enters.

ST. PAUL

I can't believe it: I haven't written a word in months. People need my letters. They need my guidance. But I can't seem to put pen to paper.

NARRATOR

St. Paul was very concerned. He didn't know what to do. He picked up his pen. He picked up his parchment, but he couldn't seem to make them connect. No matter how hard he tried.

*St. Paul struggles, trying to force his pen onto the paper,
but there seems to be a magnetic force keeping them apart.*

ST PAUL

I give up.

NARRATOR

Finley tried to be helpful. He took pity on a fellow writer and offered St. Paul one of his poems.

Finley crosses to St. Paul and offers a page from his book.

FINLEY

Blub?

St. Paul takes the page and reads it.

ST PAUL

Blub? Blub?

He looks at Finley.

That's what it says.

NARRATOR

Finley nodded enthusiastically. (*He does*) St. Paul was a very kind and pastoral man. And he liked Finley. (*Finley smiles*) So he was very encouraging.

ST PAUL

Blub. Blub. Blub.

NARRATOR

When Finley heard his poetry read with such beauty, he was thrilled. He threw up his fins and said – well, you know.

FINLEY

BLUB!

ST PAUL

I don't know what to say...It's very...good. But this is your work. I'm afraid I must write my own letters.

NARRATOR

St. Paul handed the poem back to Finley and thanked him.

ST PAUL

Thank you. It's nice to meet a writer who doesn't have writer's block.

NARRATOR

At that moment, St. Paul's followers discovered him. They read his letters, which are often called Epistles, with great interest. They waited eagerly for more letters, but St. Paul has, as we know, writer's block. He had gone off into the wilderness hoping for inspiration. But inspiration simply would not come. St. Paul was embarrassed. He sometimes hid in the bushes so people wouldn't find him and ask for more letters. Finley sometimes hid in the bushes, too. So he understood.

Finley and St. Paul nod to each other sadly.

NARRATOR

But St. Paul's followers finally found him.

FOLLOWERS

St. Paul. We found you. We've been looking for you.

ST. PAUL

Hello, my followers.

FOLLOWER 1

We've been reading your letters.

FOLLOWER 2

All of them.

FOLLOWER 3

I like Romans the best.

FOLLOWER 4

I like Thessalonians.

NARRATOR

St. Paul's followers loved his letters. They really did love them all. They taught about the faith. They helped all his followers live according to the teachings of Jesus. They could name all the letters that St. Paul wrote. They could even name the Corinthians.

FOLLOWERS (snickering)

The Corinthians. HE HE HE.

FOLLOWER 1

They were pretty silly.

ST PAUL

They certainly were.

NARRATOR

But the followers wanted a new letter from St. Paul. They asked him where it was.

FOLLOWERS

Where is your new letter, St. Paul?

NARRATORS

But St. Paul had to confess that he didn't have one. He had “writer’s block.”

ST PAUL

Writer’s block.

NARRATOR

The followers had no idea what that was. They scratched their heads. St. Paul explained it to them. He shrugged and sat down very sadly. The followers were very sad, too. They sat with St. Paul. They all wondered what to do.

FOLLOWERS

What are we going to do?

NARRATOR

They thought for a long time. Finally, one of the followers had an idea.

FOLLOWER 2

Why don't you pray to God for an idea?

NARRATOR

This was such a wonderful idea that St. Paul was surprised he hadn't thought of it before.

ST PAUL

It's so simple. Of course. I pray that God will give me an idea for a new Epistle.

NARRATOR

And God answered his prayer.

VOICE OF GOD

I am a little disappointed in you, Paul. I have given you lots to write about. Look around.

St. Paul looks around. He doesn't see much.

ST PAUL

Yeah. So?

NARRATOR

God was getting a little frustrated with Paul.

VOICE OF GOD

Paul, look a little closer.

Paul does. Looks up. Appeals to God.

ST PAUL

Sorry...I...

VOICE OF GOD

Ok, Paul. Here's the deal. The Dog's name is Spot, the Cat's name is Fluffy and the goldfish's name is Finley. They were given to Andy, Carly and Paulie. They are gifts. But Andy, Carly and Paulie don't seem to appreciate their gifts. And that makes me mad.

ANDY, CARLY and PAULIE

Oh, no. Is that the voice of God?

VOICE OF GOD

You better believe it. Now get it together. And as for you, Paul, you've got plenty of material to work with.

ST PAUL

Right. Get to work. I am looking around.

NARRATOR

St Paul looked around. He noticed Spot, Fluffy and Finley. He

looked at Andy, Carly and Paulie. He told Andy, Carly and Paulie that they should take better care of their gifts. St. Paul's followers reminded them that every good gift comes from God.

FOLLOWERS (very loudly)

Every good gift comes from God. Remember that!

ANDY, CARLY and PAULIE

We will.

ST PAUL

And that gives me a great idea!

NARRATOR

So St. Paul took out his pen and parchment and began to write. Miraculously, the pen and paper met. St. Paul wrote furiously.

He does.

Spot, Fluffy and Finley gathered around St. Paul and shared their ideas.

SPOT

WOOF WOOF.

FLUFFY

MEOW MEOW.

FINLEY

BLUB BLUB.

ST PAUL

Great stuff, guys. Miracles do happen when Christians work together.

NARRATORS

St. Paul's followers agreed wholeheartedly.

FOLLOWERS

They sure do.

NARRATOR

Even Andy, Carly and Paulie got into the spirit of things. They understood what a gift they had received from their pets.

Andy pats Spot, Carly pats Fluffy and Paulie shakes Finley's hand.

St Paul finished his latest letter.

ST PAUL (leaping up)

Finished.

NARRATOR

His followers cheered.

FOLLOWERS

Yay!

NARRATOR

They wanted to know what the letter said. St. Paul asked them all to sit down. Then he read just a little bit of his letter.

ST PAUL

Here is my latest letter. It is called: "The Letter to Spot, Fluffy and Finley."

FOLLOWERS

Aw!

FINLEY (very moved)

Blub.

ST PAUL

Dear Friends in Christ, We all know that every good gift comes from God. God has given us everything we have. And we all have been given so much. Each one of us has unique and special gifts. And we should always thank God for the gifts we have received. Some of us have also received Dogs, Cats and, yes, goldfish. These gifts can also teach us to love the gifts we have been given. And we thank God each day of our lives.

Pause.

There's lots more, but I think you get the idea.

NARRATOR

Andy, Carly and Paulie thanked St. Paul. He had taught them a great

deal. Spot, Fluffy and Finley also thanked St. Paul. They were very moved that St. Paul had dedicated a letter to them.

SPOT, FLUFFY and FINLEY (rubbing their eyes)
Woof woof (sniff), meow meow (sniff), blub blub.

NARRATOR

So, St. Paul and his followers waved goodbye to their new friends and promised to return again very soon. Andy, Carly and Paulie never forgot the visit of St. Paul. Neither did Spot, Fluffy or Finley. They read St. Paul's letters every day, remembering the great lessons he taught them. And Finley composed a special poem in honor of St. Paul. And, of course, it rhymes. Finley?

FINLEY

Blub. Blub. Blub. And Blub.

NARRATOR

And with a special thank you to God. And to our audience!

Curtain calls.

THE END

