

## ABOUT MY NEIGHBORS

by JOHN COSPER

**GENRE:** Comedy/Light Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** A young woman tries to reason with God about his expectations for loving her neighbor.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** The scene actually begins with Karen's entrance (not her first line), and the process of getting ready for bed can be a nice "establishing" moment for the monologue that follows. The stage directions call for her to enter with a glass of water, but there are plenty of other opportunities for stage business, too (e.g., brushing her teeth, gargling, taking off a housecoat and slippers, etc.) that can help set the scene. Most of our evening rituals would probably be pretty amusing to an outside observer, and it also creates a nice environment for the prayer, as the routine makes it clear that she's alone and winding down for the night.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Love

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 22:34-40

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon Introduction

**CHARACTERS:**

KAREN-a young woman who is a believer

**PROPS:** A bed, a night stand, a Bible, and a glass of water

**COSTUMES:** Pajamas

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** A bedroom

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*The setting is a single young woman's bedroom. KAREN enters in her pajamas. She sets her Bible and a glass of water on the nightstand and kneels to pray.*

**KAREN:** Lord, I heard it again today. They gave another sermon on what you consider the greatest commandments. Loving you, that's easy. You've been great to me. But it's that second commandment we need to discuss. You know. Loving my neighbor? I don't have a problem with that in principle. But I'm a little disturbed by who you consider to be my neighbor. You really gave the Jews something to think about when you were on Earth. Telling them the Samaritans were their neighbors? I guess that was really something. But... how bad IS a Samaritan, really? Are they as bad as the people I deal with in my life? Because I gotta know just how much of a saint you expect me to be.

What about the people who don't pull over when the ambulance goes by? I saw a guy in a pickup plodding along while an ambulance blared its siren, riding his bumper. Do I have to love him? What about people who can't be patient and wait for funeral processions? Or people who park in the handicapped spaces? That makes me SO angry!

But it's not just about cars. If we did away with driving, there would still be plenty of unlovable people. Like the ones at work who blame me for their mistakes? One of our account reps didn't get a proposal to me before the UPS guy picked up. It wasn't his fault for taking a three hour lunch. It was my fault for not telling him when our driver would be there. Oh, and even better? People who come and try to tell me how to do my job, standing over me and barking orders. I know they have their own jobs to do. Why can't they leave me to do mine?

And what about the boys who keep trying to pass themselves off as men in my life? What about Kevin? We meet at Starbucks. He seems nice, I give him my number. We meet back at Starbucks on a date...and that's when he tells me his license is suspended, we're eating Dutch, and oh yeah, can I take him to see his sick grandmother so he can borrow some money?

It's not that I'm rebellious. I honor my mom and dad, I never steal, I've never killed anyone, and I hardly ever lie. But is a little leniency or understanding on this "love my neighbor" thing possible? I'd sure like to know. Thanks, Lord.

*KAREN gets off her knees and lies down in bed. Then she sits up, gets out of bed, and kneels one more time.*

Yeah, God? I almost forgot. And I'd never dare say anything about this at church...but God, do I really have to love the president?

..... Lights down.

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