

Drama Ministry®

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BAD APPLES

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A young woman working in her garden receives a strange visit from an elderly woman, who claims to know the “root” of her problems.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Keep the story as animated as possible in order to maintain interest from the audience---the old woman knows this story all too well, and tells it with energy. You might also play with HANNAH's interest growing, told by her body language, as the story unfolds.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Sin

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Genesis 3

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Sermon Introduction

CHARACTERS:

HANNAH

OLD WOMAN

PROPS: A basket, plants, bench, bucket of water, gourd (or ladle)

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: Wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A simple garden in the ancient world

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Bad Apples Lights up on HANNAH, on her knees in her garden, pulling weeds. She works for a moment, digging in the plant, then jerks her hand back with a sharp intake of breath—stuck by a thorn. She sighs and nurses the finger for a moment before continuing.

A tiny OLD WOMAN has meanwhile entered and watches HANNAH for a moment.

OLD WOMAN: Hot day for harvesting.

HANNAH: *(Barely looking up)* Not harvesting. Just weeding.

OLD WOMAN: *(Nods)* Plenty hot enough for that, too. May I have a sip of your water?

HANNAH: *(Arming sweat from her brow)* Of course.

The OLD WOMAN moves to the bucket, lifts the gourd to her lips and drinks. She smiles, refreshed, then eases down onto the bench, eyes closed.

OLD WOMAN: My, that's better.

HANNAH watches her, face etched with concern.

HANNAH: If you'll pardon my saying so, ma'am—perhaps you shouldn't be walking around in the midday heat.

OLD WOMAN: *(Smiles)* Nonsense. I might look like a sawed off stump, but my roots go deep. I won't shrivel up under a little sunlight. *(Opens one bright eye, peering at HANNAH)* I thank you for the water, though. I wish I could pay you for it.

HANNAH: *(Waves a hand at her dismissively)* The water doesn't cost me anything. Just the trouble of pulling it up out of the well.

OLD WOMAN: I should pay you for your trouble, then. Would you take a story?

HANNAH: What?

OLD WOMAN: A story. In my day, those were worth something. I could tell you a story about your own back yard here. A story I'll bet you've never heard.

HANNAH: *(Skeptical, but intrigued)* How would you know a story about my back yard?

OLD WOMAN: *(Eyes shining)* Because I used to live here myself. Once upon a time. Have you heard the story about the curse?

HANNAH: What curse?

OLD WOMAN: The one with the capital "C."