

HAVE YOU SEEN MY DOGGY?

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: A man praying for the opportunity to serve God doesn't see a chance to serve right in front of him in a little girl with a lost dog.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Carl should be played as a sincere man who wants to serve but can't see the forest for the trees. He's not lazy or putting on a front; he really doesn't get it.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M, 1F

THEME: Servanthood

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Hebrews 13:2

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Illustration

CHARACTERS:

Carl—a Christian
Kim—a young girl

PROPS: Fast food bag, sandwich box, and drink

COSTUMES: Business attire for Carl, a cute outfit for Kim, and an angel costume

SOUND: Wireless microphones (optional)

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A park

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
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HAVE YOU SEEN MY DOGGY? *by John Cospers*

CARL is sitting on a bench in the park. He is finishing up a sandwich, and he has a drink beside him. As he wads up the wrapper that formerly held his sandwich, he informally begins to pray.

CARL: Uh, Lord? Father? God? I guess they all work, right? It's me, Carl Evans. First Baptist Church here in Riverside. You may remember me from the Men's Chili Cook-Off a few weeks back. I won first prize with my Flaming Inferno Five Alarm Chili. The one that was so hot that Pastor Dale's nose bled for an hour after he ate it. Not that that's important right now, but... you know who I am. Listen, I've been needing to talk to you. I've been hearing some things, and I'm getting the idea you want me to do some kind of service. First the pastor does a four week series. Then this morning at Bible study, we talk about missions. Then I get to work, open the devotion in my email, and that's about serving too. Call me crazy, but I think you're trying to tell me something.

KIM enters.

KIM: Excuse me, Mister? I'm looking for my dog. Have you seen a little brown dog with a white belly running around?

CARL: No, sorry.

Kim waits for a moment, then runs on.

CARL: Where was I? Oh yes, serving. Clearly, this is something you want me to do, and if that's your will, then I'm not going to argue. The question then becomes, "What do you want me to do?"

KIM enters.

KIM: Did he come by here?

CARL: Did who?

KIM: My dog! He's little and brown with a white belly?

CARL: Sorry, kid, I haven't seen any dogs.

KIM exits.

CARL: The church has a big mission trip in the works next summer to Romania. I hadn't given it serious thought until now, but given what you've been telling me lately, I wonder if I'm not supposed to go. Then again there are some good opportunities around here, like the soup kitchen downtown and the clothes closet at church.

KIM enters.