

## IN ALL THINGS

by PERRY PERKINS

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** Members of a family discuss the various issues they are unhappy about, while not realizing how blessed they are with what they have.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Lighting is the key ingredient in this drama. However, not all churches have state-of-the-art facilities or perhaps even the ability to dim the lights, for example, during a morning worship service in a naturally well-lit sanctuary with no window curtains! With that said, how can you produce this drama effectively without losing its dramatic edge in such conditions? The answer is that this drama has, as the old saying goes, "legs." It can stand on its own, even without visual augmentation.

**TIME:** Over 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 8

**TOPIC:** Thankfulness

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** 1 Thessalonians 5:16-18

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Thanksgiving

**SUGGESTED USE:** Thanksgiving Service

**CHARACTERS:**

FATHER—a middle-class man in his late forties

MOTHER—a middle-class woman in her mid-forties

CARRIE—a young girl, 8–10 years old

TINA—a teenage girl, 14–15 years old

MARY ELIZABETH STUART—1820s farmer's wife, very thin, early twenties

ANTHONY CAPPERELLO—1930s street urchin, mid-teens, his face smudged with soot

JEFFERY BRENNER—a modern young man, mid-twenties

JESUS

**PROPS:** Kitchen table with four chairs, four place settings, baby doll wrapped in a plain blanket, a baseball

**COSTUMES:** Father/Mother/Carrie/Tina Modern, middle-class casual, Mary Elizabeth Stuart: Print dress, white apron, bonnet, Anthony Capperello: Faded denim shirt, knickers, suspenders, cap, Jeffery Brenner: Modern casual, JESUS: Plain, white gown

**LIGHTING:** Spotlight for monologues

**SETTING:** Family dining room; blank stage for monologues

**Drama Ministry**

service@DramaMinistry.com  
www.DramaMinistry.com  
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of  
**Belden Worship Resources**  
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

## IN ALL THINGS *by Perry Perkins*

*FATHER, MOTHER, CARRIE and TINA are at the dinner table.*

**FATHER:** Well Tina, how was your day at school?

**TINA:** Oh, it was school...Booorriinnnggg!

**MOTHER:** (To *CARRIE*) Take your elbows off the table, dear.

**FATHER:** And how about your day, Carrie?

**CARRIE:** I hate school! I'm never going back!

**MOTHER:** Please, spare us the dramatics! You have to go to school. Now finish your dinner.

**CARRIE:** I don't like it!

**MOTHER:** I didn't ask you if you liked it. Just finish it. It's good for you!

**CARRIE:** It's gross! How come we always have to eat the same things? I want pizza!

**FATHER:** Well, you can't have pizza, so do as your mother says and finish your dinner!

**CARRIE:** (Yells) I hate this food...I'd rather starve!

*Dinner lights fade down. Spot up on MARY.*

**MARY:** (Cradling a bundle in her arms) My name is Mary Elizabeth Stuart. I was born August 11, 1806. Robert and I left Pennsylvania in 1825, heading for Montana. The government was giving away land there, and we thought we could make a go of it farming. We built a little cabin on our land and worked all summer getting the fields ready for spring. Money was tight, but we had enough to see us through the winter. We were running low on food and supplies when the first blizzard of the winter struck. The baby was due any day and Robert insisted on going into town for supplies and a midwife. I begged him not to go, to wait and see if the storm would let up. He said it would only get worse and rode out early the next morning. He was right about the storm. I never saw him again. They found the wagon after the first thaw, overturned in the river. Robert Jr. was born three days later. I was worried out of my mind for Robert and so weak from giving birth. The food lasted another week. Robert Jr. lived for twenty-three days. His cries just grew weaker and weaker and finally stopped. If it had been spring or summer, I might have been able to eat grass, but everything was under the snow and ice. My last meal was boiled strips of leather from my own shoes. I died of starvation on November 3, 1826. It was still snowing.

*Monologue spotlight fades down.*