

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

TIL IT'S GONE

by John Cosper

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: An angry cubicle-dweller vents about how much he hates his job and wants to quit... until he's fired and he starts begging to keep his job.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Roger should do a lot of non-verbal acting with facials and movement, playing off the action of BILL. NATE is completely out of touch.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3

TOPIC: Christian Living

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ecclesiastes 5:19

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Starter

CHARACTERS:

Bill--a frustrated middle man

Roger--Bill's co-worker

Nate--Bill and Roger's younger boss

PROPS: Desks, computers, cubicle walls, phones, other office stuff

COSTUMES: Business formal attire.

SOUND: Three wireless microphones; Song: "You Don't Know What You've Got Til It's Gone" by Cinderella

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: An office

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TIL IT'S GONE *by John Cospier*

BILL and ROGER sit at desks separated by a cubicle wall. Both are working on their computers. BILL is typing an email and hits send. It doesn't work, so he clicks it again, and again, with increasing agitation until finally...

BILL: Augh! I hate these computers! This stupid email won't send. Why won't it send?

ROGER gets up, walks around to BILL's desk.

I don't know how we're supposed to get anything done when this email system never ever works!

ROGER hits two buttons and the email sends. He walks back to his desk.

Thanks, Rog. You know, I often wonder if we weren't better off before email. Back then you couldn't send electronic mail. You wrote letters, made phone calls, paid personal visits. People weren't at the mercy of computers that locked up. Must have been the glory years, huh?

ROGER pauses to think, shrugs, and goes back to work.

Nah, I'm sure work was bad then too. And you know why? Bosses! Pencil-necked geeks on power trips just 'cause they paid their dues getting yelled at and now it's their turn. Like that squirrely little twerp Nate.

ROGER: Ahem.

BILL: Excuse me. Mr. Callahan. Why do I have to call him Mister? I was serving our country overseas when he was in diapers. Now he spends all day nagging me about my TPS reports. That's half the problem with this job, Roger. Paperwork. Stupid, redundant paperwork that keeps guys like you and me from getting ahead and doing any real work. Speaking of which, do you have any of the new cover sheets?

ROGER hands some cover sheets to BILL.

Thanks, Rog. Wait a minute. They changed them again? We have to fill in job codes and bin numbers now? Oh that's just great. More of my precious time wasted on their bureaucracy. Not like anyone has any concept of time management here. I have to compile reports from seven departments every Thursday and send them off to twenty-eight division heads. And when do these departments get me their material? Thursday, four o'clock. Thursday! They know there's a deadline. They know I have twenty-eight packages to send. But they're not the ones who have to stay late to send them. And what thanks do we get? Cheesy giveaways with the corporate logo. Coffee coasters, key chains, and stupid pens that never work. I tell ya, Roger, one of these days I'm gonna wise up and quit this job. I'll walk right into Callahan's office and say Mr...