

BOTTOMLESS CEREAL

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: A young woman prays to God, frustrated by her circumstances and asking God to intervene and change things for her. In the end, an answer comes unexpectedly from a Christian friend.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Melissa's prayer is not the first of its kind. Frustration and desperation come out in her tone as she wonders aloud if God will ever answer. When the phone call comes, she knows it is an answer from God.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Prayer

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: 1 Kings 17:7-16, Luke 18:1-8

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Prayer Service

CHARACTERS:

MELISSA—a young woman in need

GLEN—a friend, voice only

PROPS: Messy living room furniture, small box of Corn Pops, phone

COSTUMES: Casual dress

SOUND: Wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Melissa's apartment

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BOTTOMLESS CEREAL *by John Cospers*

MELISSA enters with a small single-serving box of Corn Pops, eating straight from the box. She finds a seat in her messy living room to sit, eat, and talk to God.

MELISSA: You know something? This morning I woke up, and the first Scripture I read was the story of Elisha and the widow. She was so poor, she barely had enough flour in a jar and oil in a jug for one last meal to feed herself and her son. Despite that, she took Elisha into her home. So long as the prophet lived there, the jar never emptied and the jug never ran dry. You provided all the food they needed.

That wasn't the only time you provided a meal by miraculous means. When the children of Israel cried out for food in the desert, you fed them manna and quail. Twice in the New Testament, Christ fed a multitude of people using only a small portion of food. Talk about stretching your food dollar.

I always loved reading the miracles of the Bible. When things seemed their blackest, you showed up and did something huge. Like when Israel had their backs to the sea, and you parted the water. Or when Daniel was in the lions' den. Or the three guys in the fiery furnace, or Peter in jail, when you set him free.

Pause, thoughtfully.

Right now, I just wish you were still in the miracle business. Don't worry, I'm not gonna be presumptuous and ask you to do something crazy in my life. It's hardly worth your time anyway. But I sure hate that you won't do something to help me.

I know; I know. I can't just send you a wish list of things that I need, sit back, and expect them to land in my lap. But, God, there's only so much I can do in a day. My bank account is in the red. The gas is turned off. And the only manna in this place is the food my aunt brings home from the grocery when it hits the expiration date.

I need money. To get money, I need a job. To get a job, I need a car I can drive to fill out applications and do interviews. I have the car. But the car is broken. To fix the car, I need money. To get money... You see where I am.

It's character building, right? All this struggle, it builds character. That's what mom used to say. I'm gonna come through this trial stronger. Bad things do not come from you, but you use them to shape us. To change us. To make ME a better person, so I can better my own circumstances.

Good. Fine. I am your servant, You are my Lord. And if your plan is to make me a stronger servant by this trial... Well, your will be done.

I'm not going to argue with you. And aside from the occasional screaming fit when something else breaks... I won't even make a sound.