

# Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

## LOVE HER?

by ROBYN BERDINO

**GENRE:** Drama/Light Comedy

**SYNOPSIS:** Michelle wrestles with God about witnessing to someone who, in her mind, is undeserving.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Wrestling with God needs to realistically portrayed ... a real struggle between our flesh and what God is calling us to do.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Love, Witnessing

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 5:43-48

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Service, Evangelism Training, Worship service

**CHARACTERS:** MICHELLE – mid-twenties to mid-thirties

**PROPS:** None needed, can use a chair if desired

**COSTUMES:** Modern dress, can wear a baseball cap

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage lighting or one spotlight

**SETTING:** No particular setting necessary. Can be sitting in a chair with a baseball cap, retelling the story to the audience, like it was happening at the game.

### Drama Ministry

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## LOVE HER? *by Robyn Berdino*

*Lights up.*

**MICHELLE:** It all started behind home plate. My son was on the Giant's team this year. Big shoes to live up to when you're barely four and hitting off a tee. And on his team was a fiery, little curly-haired boy named Max. He was one of those kids that you swore yours would never be like. Four years old, and knew more four-letter words than he was tall. (*Addressing audience*) You all know one like him. The coach would say "swing the bat," and he'd throw the bat just to see how close he could get it to someone, or to see how long it would take that other someone to start crying. He hit just for fun, threw dirt for kicks, and said "no" to anyone who was within earshot. At four ... hard to imagine what 18 might look like.

Anyway, his mom, Ann, just sits in the bleachers week after week ... not saying much. Doesn't even try to intervene when her son's down there stealing baseballs, or sitting on the catcher.

Well, one day little Max was really in rare form, and the recipient ... my son. He was running from third to home, which was very impressive in T-ball, since they are never sure what direction they're supposed to run. And Max just comes out of nowhere and gives him a shove. And my little guy was on the ground in an instant. I tried not to overreact. I made sure my son was alright. This little bully needed to be stopped. I looked over at his mom, who once again was sitting speechless. What is her problem? This is absolutely ridiculous. Someone is really going to get hurt here, and it sure wasn't going to be my son. Tension started to rise, and anger began to build ... and just the second I was ready to turn around and let her have it ... I heard that ever-small voice. "I love her ... now you love her." Did you see what he just did to my son? "I love her ... now you love her." Do you see her just sitting there acting like nothing happened? "I love her ... now you love her." I sat back down in my seat and began to wrestle with God and justify my actions. I am protecting the team. As the tension continued to build in my heart, I heard her cell phone ring. And it took about 20 seconds to realize it was her ex-husband. Probably couldn't take the fact she didn't discipline the children. And things weren't pretty. "I love her ..." There were obviously stresses stemming from visitation times, and things she said alluded to the fact that there weren't enough funds to over. (*Sarcastically*) I'm thinking dropping the baseball team would be a good way to save money. You know, she was dressed nice, even had a designer purse and carried a cell phone. Much of this was probably just self-inflicted. And now God only knows which victim her son will choose next. I love her, now you love her ...

Sighs, and sits thinking about the decision as lights fade to black.