

# Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

## NEIGHBORS

by JOHN COSPER

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** Monologues by four “undesirable” neighbors addressed to Christians.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 4

**TOPIC:** Love, Judging Others

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** John 10:30-37

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon Illustration, Discussion Starter

**CHARACTERS:**

BUDDY--An obnoxious guy from work

EDNA--An old lady

REGGIE--A homeless man

JUDY--A gay woman

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Business suit, “old lady” clothes, homeless rags, street clothes

**SOUND:** Four cordless or standing microphones

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Bare stage

**Drama Ministry**

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*BUDDY enters, stops, recognizing the audience like an old pal.*

**BUDDY:** Well hey there, Pal! Remember me? Sure you do! We used to work together. Oh, man, the times we had, talking about how much money I make and me telling you story after story about my life. (*Obnoxious laugh*) Like my story about going to Mardi Gras in New Orleans, when I got so drunk they found me six days later in western Utah with no memory of where I'd been. (*Laughs*) Oh, you should have been there, really. Or maybe not, right? I mean, let's not kid ourselves. I used to drive you nuts! Crazy! You loved your job until I came along. You'd see me coming, and you'd find any excuse to get away from me. Remember that one time...

*BUDDY freezes. EDNA enters.*

**EDNA:** You were late for an appointment. Something you can't even recall now, but it was critical that you get there in time. You were blazing down the road like a madman, when all of a sudden a car as big as a battleship pulled out in front of you, weaving all over the road at ten miles an hour. You blew your horn at the driver, who was so short you couldn't even see her head over the seat. Now, I understand your frustration at me, but did you really need to use that kind of language as you blew by me? But I guess I can't really expect...

*EDNA freezes. REGGIE enters.*

**REGGIE:** You try not to make eye contact with me. 'Cause you know, that's all the encouragement I need to approach and ask for a small favor. A dime. A quarter. Every little bit helps when you start with nothing. "But," you say to yourself, "how do I know you won't use it to buy alcohol? Or drugs?" (*Shrugs*) No way of knowing, is there? That would require talking, getting to know me better. And we both know that's not going to happen. Because you're just not comfortable...

*REGGIE freezes. JUDY enters.*

**JUDY:** Being friendly with me. After all, your family chose the house and subdivision based on the kind of people you saw out cutting their grass and walking their dogs. Happy moms and dads with their kids and pets. The all-American dream, right? Then that nice old couple who lived across the street, the ones who had you over for supper when you moved in, sold their house to me. And my girlfriend. Not what you had in mind for neighbors, right? Admit it, when you found out who we were, you didn't let the kids come outside and play as often. Right? I mean the last thing you want is your kids hanging around...