

OUT OF THE ASHES

by STEVE MUNSON

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: How important are material possessions? What would you do if you lost everything you ever worked for? What is really important? This drama poses these very important life questions.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: To enhance the feel of this setting, flashing orange/red lights would work.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3

TOPIC: Christian Living, Materialism

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Isaiah 35:3-4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Christmas

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

CHRISTIE- woman, 35, bright, married with children

MRS. BROPHY- 80, kindly woman with sprightly sense of humor

FIREMAN

PROPS: Two blankets, thermos, two Styrofoam mugs

COSTUMES: Woman in housecoat and curlers, Fireman in uniform

SOUND: Three cordless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Bare stage

Drama Ministry

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

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.

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

OUT OF THE ASHES *by Steve Munson*

Christie, 35 yr old woman, bright, attractive, sits on the curb, huddled anxiously with a blanket wrapped around her. Her hair is a mess and her face stained with tears and smoke. She looks like she's just escaped from a fire. The flashing orange-red lights of a fire truck play across her face and lend a weird light to the scene. It's morning. A fireman passes through in a hurry, looking blackened and haggard.

CHRISTIE: *(Jumping up, anxious, almost hysterical)* Excuse me, sir! The woman in that house, *(Points)* Mrs. Brophy. Is she all right?

FIREMAN: The old lady? Yeah, she got out. Just in time too. *(He turns to go, yelling to someone offstage)* Hey, back that up here!

CHRISTIE: *(Desperate, grabbing his arm)* Oh wait! When can we go back inside? I just need to get a few things.

FIREMAN: Not for a few days yet, I'm afraid, ma'am. The fires are out, but everything's still smoldering. It's not safe.

CHRISTIE: Well, could I just have a look? I live in that house there. *(Points)*

FIREMAN: That one? *(Pauses, scratches his jaw, not knowing how to tell her)* No ma'am. I'm afraid you'll never be able to go back there. All these old houses, so close together. Went up just like Christmas trees. *(Shakes his head sadly)* Must have been a beautiful home too. I'm sorry, ma'am.

FIREMAN exits. Girl sits slowly, stunned, then begins to weep. Enter Mrs. Brophy, 80, a kindly old woman, in housecoat and curlers, face and clothing stained with smoke.

MRS. BROPHY: Is there room for two on this ashpile?

CHRISTIE: *(Jumps up)* Mrs. Brophy! *(They embrace)* Thank heaven, you're all right.

MRS. BROPHY: Yes, thank heaven. *(Concerned)* What about Wayne and the kids?

CHRISTIE: The kids are at school. I phoned Wayne. He's on his way home. I mean, he's on his way here. I... I don't know what I'm going to tell him. *(She weeps softly)*

MRS. BROPHY: My dear, you won't have to tell him anything. *(Hands her a handkerchief then pauses)*

CHRISTIE: Your cat? Is she...?

MRS. BROPHY: Souffie? Ohhh. She took off when the fire trucks first arrived. She'll turn up. They always land on their feet, you know.

CHRISTIE: How is the... I mean...?