

What's the Big Deal?

By

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Theme:

This is a play about how people sometimes get caught up in secular practices and believe that they aren't doing anything wrong.

Biblical Reference:

Philippians 4:8

Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable -- if anything is excellent or praiseworthy -- think about such things.

Approximate Running Time:

15 minutes

Props:

A Gypsy fortune telling outfit
A crystal ball

Cast of Characters:

Barb: A Christian woman who is getting ready to host a Halloween party. She has planned on posing as a gypsy fortune teller and telling the fortunes of those in attendance. She happens to see Bill and asks him to help her out.

Bill: Bill is a strong Christian who is not afraid to share his faith with those who are around him. He is always looking for the opportunity to discuss spiritual things and strengthen the faith of his Christians friends.

Scene:

Barb is sitting center stage dressed as a gypsy fortune teller. She is sitting with her legs crossed and she has a crystal ball just in front of her. She is practicing her 'lines' as she waves her hands over the crystal ball. Bill enters as she is finishing up her first line.

Barb: *[Her lines are said as if she is trying out different 'lines' that she will use during her upcoming party.]*

Let me look into my crystal ball to see into your future. As I look at your past I can predict your future. The spirits know your innermost desires. I will now ask those spirits to tell me what it is that you desire most of all. Close your eyes and concentrate on a single thought. The spirits within my crystal ball will read your thoughts and convey your innermost secrets to me.

[Bill enters as Barb is finishing up her last line.]

Bill: What are you doing?

Barb: *[She is startled out of her 'trance.']* Oh, hi Bill, you scared me.

Bill: Sorry, I didn't mean to. I was just wondering what you were doing.

Barb: Oh, this. *[A little embarrassed over the outfit.]* I'm practicing for our Halloween party. I'm dressing up as a fortune teller and I'm going to offer to tell people's fortunes.

Bill: You can really tell people's fortunes?

Barb: No. Of course not. I'm just pretending. You know, I'm just doing it for fun.

Bill: Oh.

Barb: Come on. Sit down. I'll practice on you.

Bill: I don't know about this.

Barb: Come on. It'll be fun.

Bill: I don't really believe in this kinda' stuff.

Barb: I can't really tell your fortune. Just play along and you'll see what I'm doing.

Bill: I still don't think that this is a good idea.

Barb: Oh, come on. What harm can it do?

Bill: Well, if you really want to know what I think, then I'll be more than happy to tell you that...

Barb: I don't want to know what you think. I just want you to sit down so that I can practice on you.

Bill: I really don't think that I should do this.

Barb: Look. You do this for me, then I'll sit and listen to you tell me why I shouldn't have done it. Okay?

Bill: Are you really going to agree to listen to my speech?

Barb: I promise. Is it a deal?

Bill: All right. Since you promised. [*He sits down.*]

Barb: Great. [*Switching over to her fortune telling mode.*] Welcome to the tent of Madam Barbara. With the help of the crystal ball that you see before you I have the ability to look into your future. Gaze into my crystal ball and I will be able to see into your future.

[*Bill just sits there - gazing anywhere but into her crystal ball.*]

Barb: Aren't you going to gaze into my crystal ball?

[*Bill looks at the ball.*]

Barb: You said that you'd play along. I meant for you to really gaze into my crystal ball. [*She demonstrates an intense gaze.*] Like this.

[*Bill looks to the ceiling in disbelief, then, knowing that Barb won't listen to what he has to say unless he plays along, he apathetically gazes into the crystal ball.*]

Barb: That's still not good enough. I want you to look into my crystal ball like this. [*She again demonstrates an intense stare.*]

[*Bill complies.*]

Barb: That's better. [*Switching back to her Madam Barbara mode.*] Now that you are looking into my crystal ball I want you to test out my skills so that you may believe in my abilities. I want you to cast a thought, any thought at all, onto my crystal ball and I will be able to tell you the thought that you cast. [*Pause.*] Have you cast all of your thought, or is it still coming?

Bill: Can't the all-knowing madam Barbara tell when I'm through?

Barb: Madam Barbara does know all things. It's just that Madam Barbara is also polite. She doesn't like to interpret a person's thoughts until he is done casting them on her crystal ball. Madam Barbara would rather ask the person if they are done than assume that the thoughts are finished and rush her customer.

Bill: I see. Well, I'm quite done now, so you can proceed with your interpretation.

Barb: Thank you. Now Madam Barbara will tell you what thought it was that you cast onto the Crystal ball.

Bill: [*Sarcastically - almost as if it is an aside.*] I bet.

Barb: [*Breaking from her act to yell at him.*] Hey, you're supposed to play along, remember?

Bill: Okay. [*Playing it up.*] Oh, Madam Barbara, please tell me what it is that I have cast onto your great crystal ball.

Barb: That's better. [*Back into her routine.*] The thought that you cast onto Madam Barbara's crystal ball was... "boy is this stupid."

Bill: Well that wasn't that hard to guess. Any fool would have known that that was what I was thinking.

Barb: But I got it right, didn't I?

Bill: [*Reluctantly.*] Yes, you did.

Barb: So, why should it matter how Madam Barbara gets her information as long as her information is correct?

Bill: I can't believe I'm doing this.

Barb: Is the friendly customer getting hostile again?

Bill: [*Emphasizing a smile.*] The friendly customer is friendly again.

Barb: Good. Now that Madam Barbara has proven her psychic powers she is ready to try to predict the future. Are you ready to learn of your future?

Bill: Ready and willing. [*Sarcastically.*] This ought to be good.

Barb: Achem.

Bill: I mean, please tell me my future oh, Madam Barbara the great.

Barb: Gaze into my crystal ball and I will tell you all that you wish to know.

[*Bill starts to gaze into the crystal ball. Barb hums as she waves her hands over the ball, over his head, over her head, and all around until Bill starts to get annoyed.*]

Bill: How much longer is this gonna' take.

[*Barb gives him the evil eye.*]

Barb: Madam Barbara has been more than patient with such an unwilling customer. Maybe Madam Barbara has better things to do with her time than to sit here and tell the future of someone who doesn't care to know it. Nor does she have time to sit and listen to the criticism of someone who hasn't held up their end of the bargain.

Bill: [*Again realizing that he ought to play along if he wants her to hold up her end of the bargain.*] Oh Madam Barbara, please forgive me. I want to know what my future holds. Please tell me what I must do to unlock the mysteries of my future.

Barb: You must gaze deeply into my crystal ball. [*He gazes deeply.*] That's it...gaze deeper...deeper...deeper. Now feel yourself letting go. Feel yourself giving in to the desires of your soul so that the door to the future can be opened up to my eyes. [*Pause.*] Good. Good. I see you living a long and prosperous life. I see you finding a beautiful young woman to marry, maybe even someone in this room, and I see you being very happy with her for the rest of your life. I see seven kids. Four boys and two girls.

Bill: That's six.

Barb: I can't tell what the other will be...it's still foggy to me. I see you being successful in the business world, I see you living in a house and driving a car...I see you losing your hair and then growing it back again through some sort of ancient Inca remedy that you discover. I see you marketing the remedy and making millions. [*Abruptly.*] That's all that I can see.

Bill: That's it?

Barb: That's it.

Bill: [*Really interested.*] Isn't there more?

Barb: That's all that you get for your basic consultation. If you would like more of a detailed screening, then you'll have to book another appointment with Madam Barbara's secretary.

Bill: [*Annoyed.*] Are you quite through yet?

Barb: [*Laughing.*] Yes, I'm quite through. See that wasn't so bad, now was it.

Bill: [*Her laughter lightens his mood as well.*] Well, I did find it to be quite funny. But I don't think that the laugh was worth opening myself up to the spirit world like that.

Barb: We didn't open ourselves up to the spirit world.

Bill: Sure we did. And the fact that you don't realize it proves the point that I was trying to make in the first place.

Barb: What are you talking about? We were just having a little fun. When did we open ourselves to the spirit world?

Bill: There are thousands of kids who are worshipping Satan all over the world. These kids didn't get into worshipping Satan because they hate God, they got into it because somewhere along the way, and mostly at the beginning, it was fun. Take this crystal ball for example. Don't you think that any demon would love to make any one of the little things that you just predicted come true in the hopes that it would convince us that the ball had magical power. Then we'd start to play with it some more. As more little things would come to pass our belief that the ball had magical power would grow stronger and stronger. Then the demon would introduce us to another level of mystical things and we'd be on our way to Satan worship.

Barb: Don't you think that that's a little far-fetched?

Bill: No I don't. The more familiar that you get with something the easier it is to believe in the next level of that same thing.

Barb: What do you mean?

Bill: Well, you believe that there are different levels of the Christian faith, right?

Barb: Right. But what does that have to do with Satan worship?

Bill: A baby Christian doesn't know all that much about the Bible and the precepts of the Christian faith, does he?

Barb: No.

Bill: So how does he learn?

Barb: Through other Christians and things like Sunday School.

Bill: That's right. As other people teach him about the Bible he becomes a stronger Christian, right?

Barb: Right.

Bill: But he can't skip a whole bunch of levels and become a great man of faith without studying the Bible, meditating on what he reads, and spending time in prayer, right?

Barb: Right.

Bill: So why should it be any different for a worshipper of Satan? Instead of using the Bible and Sunday school, he uses witchcraft, sorcery, and the occult to grow his followers.

Barb: I see what you're saying, but do you really think that there is any harm in playing around with this kinda' stuff?

Bill: Let's take it the other way. Do you think that someone who comes to church, Sunday school, and who talks to people about reading the Bible has a good chance of becoming a Christian?

Barb: Well sure.

Bill: Then why wouldn't someone who plays with the beginning tools of Satanism have an easy time with following the doctrines of it if it works that way with the church?

Barb: I never thought of that.

Bill: As soon as you start to play with things that Satan uses to communicate with us you run the risk of being influenced for Satan in a way that no Christian wants to be influenced. I just don't think that it's worth the risk.

Barb: Do you really think that it's that great of a risk. I mean, I'm a strong Christian and I'm just playing around here. Do you think that I'm playing around with the spirit realm here?

Bill: Do you believe in demons?

Barb: Yes.

Bill: Do you believe that they communicate through things like this? [*Points to the crystal ball.*]

Barb: Yes.

Bill: Then I don't think that you should be messing around with it. If you want to know what God says about it, I believe that there are many passages in the Bible that warn us against practicing any kind of sorcery or witchcraft whatsoever. I also remember a story in the book of acts where a bunch of people who were involved in sorcery were saved. They all brought their witchcraft scrolls, or books, together and had a really big bon-fire. They knew that fooling around with that kind of stuff was nothing that a Christian should be involved in.

Barb: Well, those passages are for the people who are really into that kind of stuff. I'm just playing around with the concept of it. Do you see the difference?

Bill: Well, Philippians 4:8 says: "Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable -- if anything is excellent or praiseworthy -- think about such things." I suppose that you could say that if something isn't any of those that we aren't supposed to think about them and I would say that sorcery or witchcraft, or even playing with the concept of sorcery or witchcraft, isn't something that a Christian should be involved in.

Barb: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to allow demons to influence me. I just wanted to have a little fun.

Bill: That's all right. I understand. I just think that you should think twice before you fool around with things of the occult.

Barb: Well I can tell you one thing. I'll never do this kind of thing again. [*Pause.*] You know, there is one bad thing about me leaving this occult stuff alone.

Bill: What's that?

Barb: My party is going to be awfully boring without it.

Bill: Why don't you have a Bible study instead? You can tell your guests what you were going to do and why you decided not to do it. Then you could have discussion on what they think about your decision.


Barb: That doesn't sound like that bad of an idea. Will you come?

Bill: Sure I'll come, as long as you don't go dressed like that.

Barb: [*Ushers him out the door.*] I'll change as long as you promise not to wear what you're wearing right now. [*She slams the door and exits on the opposite side of the stage.*]

Bill: [*From off stage.*] What's wrong with my clothes?

- CURTAIN -

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with a central scroll-like ornament.

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