

PHONE CALL FROM DAD
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Lights come up to reveal God, sitting at desk on one side of platform, phone in hand. Another phone heard ringing as Charlie, on other side of the stage, straightens up from workbench; hammer in hand, to answer phone behind him. Charlie, dressed in modern clothes, takes call, leaning against workbench.

Charlie: Good afternoon! Carpenters of Galilee. Can we help you?

God: Afternoon, Son! It's me! Dad! Happy thirtieth birthday.

Charlie: Wow! You never forget anything, do you?

God: Never have! Just thought I'd call. Check up on you, Son. How's life?

Charlie: Great, Dad! Lots of friends. Lots of parties. Doing great!

God: Well, I'm just wondering about grandkids.

Charlie: Come on, Dad, I'm too busy to think about finding a bride now. Business is just taking off.

God: Your woodworking business?

Charlie: What else? Just got orders for 600 candlesticks and twenty plows. In one day.

God: Well that's great, Son! Glad you're learning a lot. But, Son, I need to tell you. That's really not why you're there..

Charlie: I know that, Dad. But ...

God: I sent you to take care of my business not yours.

Charlie: I know. And I'll focus on that soon. Just want to enjoy this wonderful life a little longer.

God: What about your friends? The ones you love?

Charlie: What about them?

God: They're dying, Son. And when they die, they're really going to die.

Charlie: Yeah! Was trying not to think about that.

God: Well, someone needs to show them how to escape. To find purpose for their lives. Tell them I still love them.

Charlie: Dad! I don't think I'm cut out to be a missionary. They've got to sacrifice so much. Walk

miles at a time. Pray rivers of tears. Sometimes die with only a handful of converts. Don't think I would like that at all.

God: It's what you were created to do.

Charlie: What if I just really kick the business into high gear? Give money to support someone else? I can be of use that way.

God: I called you!

Charlie: I've already got a good life here.

God: I can change that. How about doing as you're told?

Charlie: What about my business?

God: Take care of mine!

Charlie: What about my house?

God: Just do it!

Charlie: What about....

God: Do it!

Charlie: What about....

God: Do it!

Charlie: *(Sighs)* Okay, Dad

God: I'm well pleased with you, Son. Thank You! I'm depending on you.

Lights fade away.