

The Dare

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



Theme and Purpose

Paul wrote in Romans 4:17 that God, "gives life to the dead and calls things that are not as though they were." Paul should know. God called him to be an apostle of a church while he was on his way to persecute it. Jesus called Peter a rock, when Peter was still standing on shifting sand. Jesus called out to Matthew, Mary Magdalene, even children when many others around them would have dismissed them as unworthy or unclean.

God speaks. He calls to each person. He reaches out to each of us. He can speak through sermons or scripture or nature or events of our lives. And when He does, we each have a decision to make - what to do with the Christ child. We all must ask, like Pilate, "What shall I do, then, with the one you call the king of the Jews?"

The angel Gabriel told Mary she was highly favored and that the Lord was with her. That same Lord desires to be with and favor each of us. One of the most breath-taking messages of Christmas, proved by the very fact that Jesus came to Earth, is that we are all still redeemable. He sees us not as we are, but as we can be in Him.

Cast list	Girl - about 14 years old, dressed boyishly (including a hoodie) and looking tough
Approximate Running Time	2.5 minutes
Scene Description	A city park
Prop List	Trash can placed beside a park bench Life-sized baby Jesus figure
Other Production Notes	None
Related Scriptures	Psalm 18:16; Matthew 16:18; Luke 2:28; Romans 4:17
Song Suggestions	Growing Young (Rich Mullins); He Knows My Name; Be With You (Rich Mullins)

Girl rushes in, looking over her shoulder. She pauses at the park bench, looks both ways, and then collapses on the bench, smiling broadly.

Girl:

Gabe said I wouldn't do it. He said I wasn't tough enough. Too much of a "girl." Jerk! This'll show him. Wait till he sees this...

She leans forward to look past trash can, then in the other direction, then pulls the baby Jesus from under the hoodie, laughing.

I'd love to see the looks on those white hairs' faces when they see this is gone. *(makes a mock-shocked face)* They'll be so shocked. And what will they do? Buy another Jesus? *(chuckling)* Buy another Jesus. They'll have to take that whole manger scene down. They can't have Christmas without their Jesus.

She startles, stands suddenly, and looks around as if she has just heard something.

What was that? Man, I'm jumpy. I gotta ditch this thing. *(looks around and sees the trash can)* I'll dump it there. Then I'll bring Gabe here and have him look inside. That'll show him. *(walks to trash can and while reaching out to dump the figure...)* Yeah, they can't have Christmas without their *(sarcastically but with the words turning on her in mid-phrase)* precious Jesus.

Looks into the Christ child's eyes for a tender moment. Then shakes herself out of her reverie.

Just a stupid wooden¹ doll. It's not like it's the real Jesus. I mean it's not like I even give a care about Jesus - real or otherwise. *(pauses again)*

¹ Change "wooden" to whatever the figure is made of

He kinda reminds me of that baby doll I had when I was little. I think I got it one Christmas. I dressed it in my own old baby clothes and carried it around and slept with it. *(pause, pulling the Christ child toward her as if cuddling a baby)* I held it tight in my arms when they were yelling in the other room. And I felt like... I wasn't alone... like somebody cared. *(shaking off the moment)*

Yeah, well I was a stupid little kid who believed in Santa Claus and baby Jesus. Real life isn't like that. In real life, nobody gives you nothin' and nobody cares. It's time I grow up. I'll show Gabe I'm no little kid!

She hauls arm back, ready to throw doll into the trash can, stops short and stares into the doll's eyes for a moment.

'Course... if I just dump Him in the trash and bring Gabe here, I bet he won't believe me. He'll say I didn't really steal him. He'll say I just saw him in the trash. *(more slowly, looking at the figure of the baby)* I'll just bring the baby to him. *(nods head, smiling)* Yeah. I'll just hang onto him. I won't dump him just yet.

She stuffs the figure back under her hoodie and takes a couple steps. She stops, pulls it out again, and exits as if she is carrying a real child.

Fade to black

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