



THE LOVE DARE

The Original Stageplay

CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

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SAMPLE SCRIPT



SCENE I

LIGHTS UP @ Stage Left (SL)

Gomer and Celeste sit on the steps Up Stage (US) in front of a door leading into Sammy's Girls & Liquor.

Hosea is standing Down Stage (DS) facing the audience with Bible open in his hands.

Gomer and Celeste both have foul expressions on their faces and react to the message accordingly. Celeste has a bottle of Jack Daniels Whiskey that she drinks from periodically.

HOSEA: *(Speaks with little emotion.)* This city is vile, corrupt, and wicked. Unless you repent and turn from your nasty way of living, you are all going to hell. Fire and brimstone will be yours eternally if you remain on this road. God hates sin. He hates liars, prostitutes *(glances behind him)*, thieves, fornicators, adulterers, witches, prostitutes *(glances at the girls again)*, and warlocks. He hates prostitutes too and He will have no reservations committing you all to hell. You just need to repent. I'm not going to sugar-coat this message. Some of you here will be dead tomorrow. Some of you here will be dead tonight. Now is the day of salvation. How you will die, I don't know. Hit by a motorcar, suicide, it doesn't matter. You will be dead and there is no repentance in the grave. Repent! I don't care who you are—Repent! The wages of sin is death and unless you repent, you will die. If you don't want to die, find God before it is too late. That's all I'm saying. It's up to you if you want to continue living a dirty, nasty life. I couldn't care less.

Hosea closes his Bible and goes to the door CS leading to his living room at Stage Right (SR). He opens it and enters.

LIGHTS UP @ Stage Right (SR).

GOMER: He is cold.

CELESTE: Church people are so judgmental. You think he believes we can be saved? Christians are all the same. You'd think they weren't sinners once too.

GOMER: Some of them did worst things than me and you put together.

CELESTE: Some of them still do. *(They laugh).*

Hosea is seen going on his knees.

CELESTE: Let him preach. Nobody even listens to him anymore. *(They laugh).*

Gomer sips from her bottle of Jack Daniels.

CELESTE: You gotta stop drinking that stuff.

GOMER: If I do, I'm gonna have to quit this job. I'm surprised you don't drink.

CELESTE: Not after seeing what it did to my mom.

GOMER: Let's not go there. We are having a bad enough day as it is. Where are the men in this town?

LIGHTS FADE @ SL

HOSEA: Father, in Heaven —

VOICE: Yes.

Hosea pauses. He opens one eye and looks around.

HOSEA: Who said that?

Pause.

HOSEA: Is that you, God?

VOICE: My sheep know my voice.

HOSEA: Forgive my ignorance; it's just that I have never heard you speak so clearly to me before —

VOICE: Have you seen what has become of my people?

HOSEA: Yes, Lord, I have.

VOICE: The more they prosper, the more immoral they become. Swearing, lying, killing, stealing, adultery, drunkenness, perversion, and idolatry. When will they ever learn that there is a better way to live?

HOSEA: People would rather have their own way than be obedient to Your laws and rules.

VOICE: I love them, Hosea. But they keep going after other gods and it must stop.

HOSEA: I understand.

VOICE: No, you don't. You preach my words, but your preaching has no effect because something is missing. You have grown intolerant of their lifestyles, and it suppresses the vital ingredient of change....and that is love. You do not love them.

HOSEA: What's to love? You said it yourself—these people are all prostitutes.

VOICE: No human has the right to judge another human being. You were not so different from them once.

HOSEA: I was never a prostitute. I was good all my life. I went to church, sang in the choir, paid my tithes and offering. Unlike them, I heard Your Word and I responded.

VOICE: And they can too—but the words of a prophet cannot be littered with ridicule and hate. I need you to understand my love for them so you can effectively share it.

HOSEA: How can I, when I am just a man?

VOICE: You have always been obedient, and I expect nothing less with what I am about to ask you to do.

HOSEA: Anything, Lord.

VOICE: You have been single long enough. I am giving you a wife. Her name is Gomer. Find her and take her as your wife.

HOSEA: (*getting excited*) Where do I find this Gomer?

VOICE: Just go about your daily routine. You will know her when you see her. She will be wearing a red skirt with matching stripe top.

HOSEA: Oh, red is my favourite colour.

VOICE: I know.

HOSEA: And you said her name is Gomer?

VOICE: Yes.

HOSEA: A unique name. She must be a unique person. I have been looking forward to being a husband for a long time.

VOICE: You will be a father as well. Joshua has been looking forward to being a granddad.

HOSEA: Sounds good. Sounds really good. (*Pause*) Lord, if I have found favour in your eyes, can you grant me one request?

VOICE: No man can see God and live.

HOSEA: How did you—(*realizes*) I just want a glimpse...even for a second.

VOICE: You will see me when you die, Hosea.

Silence.

HOSEA: Hello!

Silence

HOSEA: Well, it was worth a try.

Gets up off his knees.

HOSEA: Finally I get to experience marriage. I always wondered what it would be like. Gomer, my beautiful wife to be. We will meet soon. *(starts to feel excited)* This is a very exciting time....I must be ready.

LIGHTS FADE @ SR

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP @ SL

Gomer and Celeste sit on the steps. Gomer drinks from her bottle of Jack Daniels Whiskey. She is wearing a red skirt with matching top.

CELESTE: Business is sooo slow today.

GOMER: *(wipes her mouth)* City men are the worst customers. I told you we need to relocate.

CELESTE: I am depending on the money to go shopping this weekend.

GOMER: Do you ever think about anything other than shopping?

CELESTE: Yes, money to go shopping.

GOMER: *(shakes her head)* Maybe the men here are tired of us. You ever think about that.

CELESTE: *(laughs)* As if that is even possible...If you ask me, I think Jack Daniels is getting to your head.

GOMER: You enjoy this lifestyle, don't you?

CELESTE: The money is good...and I know that look—This is our life, Gomer. We didn't choose it; fate just handed it to us.

GOMER: We don't belong in the streets. We are better than this.

CELESTE: If thinking like that makes you sleep at nights, be my guest.

Gomer sinks deep in thought for a moment.

GOMER: I keep having strange dreams.

CELESTE: About what?

GOMER: A knight in shining armour...he comes and takes me away from here....in a beautiful Rolls-Royce.

CELESTE: That happens every day, just that they bring us back after an hour or so.

Gomer looks offstage left.

GOMER: Now there's a familiar face. *(Gets up off the step)* I will be right back.

Gomer strides offstage, adjusting her hair and checking her makeup.

CELESTE: You go, girl.

Hosea enters from SR with Bible clutched under his arm.

Celeste turns to see him stepping out.

CELESTE: *(rolls her eyes)* I think my very bad day is about to get worst.

HOSEA: Young lady, I know we have had this conversation before, but do you think it's appropriate to conduct your "business" next door to a church?

CELESTE: There is no church here. Just you.

HOSEA: I am the church.

CELESTE: Why are you always bothering us? We don't bother you.

HOSEA: What you women do here is just plain nasty.

CELESTE: Save your judgement for somebody who cares.

Gomer enters, counting money.

GOMER: Celeste girl, that's the easiest 50 bucks I ever made—*(Looks up to see Hosea staring at her)*. Oh great!

HOSEA: *(dejected when he sees the red skirt)* Dear God of Heaven - - - You!?! Why are you wearing a red skirt?

GOMER: Because I bought it.

HOSEA: Ah, this is crazy.

GOMER: What'd you want, preacher man?

Silence.

Hosea is staring dumbfounded at Gomer.

CELESTE: Why do you just stand there staring at my friend? Just a moment ago your mouth was running like a broken pipe.

HOSEA: *(looks away)* This is not happening—*(laughs to himself)* this can't be right. No way!

GOMER: What is your problem?

HOSEA: Do I look like I have a problem?

GOMER: Yah...you do.

Pause.

CELESTE: Looks to me like you have the preacher man under your spell, Gomer.

HOSEA: (*shocked*) Hold on...not only are you wearing red, but your name is also Gomer?

GOMER: What's it to you?

Pause.

HOSEA: What madness is this! (*storms off towards SR*)

LIGHTS UP @ SR

Hosea goes back through his door, entering SR. He leans against the door.

HOSEA: Talk to me God...cause obviously you have made a very big mistake. (*Goes to sit on the couch*).

CELESTE: What was that about?

GOMER: I'm just glad we got rid of him.

They go back to sitting on the steps.

Joshua enters SR carrying a bag over one shoulder and a hunting knife.

He sees Hosea and watches Hosea beat his head with his palm. He puts down the bag and knife.

JOSHUA: You alright, young boy?

HOSEA: Nope.

JOSHUA: You wanna talk?

HOSEA: Nope.

Pause.

Joshua sits.

JOSHUA: You need to talk about it.

HOSEA: Why?

JOSHUA: The last time I saw you beating your head like that is, and I remember this so well by the way, you were almost stoned by the market people for calling them whitewashed sepulchres and blood suckers.

HOSEA: Dad, I don't really know how to say this, so I'm just going to say it. God wants me to get married.

JOSHUA: (*excited*) Do you have any idea how long I've waited to hear you say that? I was beginning to get a little bit concerned.

HOSEA: To her! (*Points at the door – Joshua looks at the door*)

JOSHUA: I am pretty sure that's a door.

HOSEA: Outside the door. She is wearing a red skirt.

JOSHUA: You mean, my future daughter-in-law is standing outside that door, and you are in here beating your head?

Joshua goes to the door. He barely cracks it open and peeps out.

A man enters and Celeste and Gomer exit with him on either side.

Joshua closes the door.

LIGHTS FADE @ SL

JOSHUA: Son, I don't see anything out there that looks like a wife. I do see something dressed in a red skirt, but I'm not sure if it's human.

HOSEA: This doesn't make any sense.

JOSHUA: And you are sure you talk to the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, Peter, Paul, John?

HOSEA: Pretty sure.

JOSHUA: How sure is sure?

HOSEA: He told me what I was thinking before I could say it. Only God could do that.

Pause.

JOSHUA: So, God told you to get married to a bird? You, a man of God, married to her (*points at door*). Imagine what the people of this town are going to say about that.

HOSEA: The question is, how do I tell God no?

JOSHUA: Telling God no could be worse than getting married to her. Remember Jonah. You have found yourself in quite a predicament, my son.

Hosea sighs and starts beating his head again.

JOSHUA: I have always been sceptical about this prophetic journey you have found yourself on. A man who hears God's voice will carry a lot of responsibility. If this was God, I would think He has a reason.

HOSEA: What could possibly be the reason?

JOSHUA: Maybe to save this woman. That's what He does, right? Save people from sin.

HOSEA: I know these women, Father, I have preached to them on numerous occasions. They don't like me. You think I can just walk over to her and take her as my wife?

JOSHUA: Well, it worked for me and your mother.

HOSEA: Those were ancient times. Women today want to be wooed, complimented, and pampered...which applies to normal women—not women who sell their bodies to the highest bidders. This one is always with her friend. They are like peas in a pod. How do I compete with that?

JOSHUA: I guess you are considering this?

HOSEA: I'm weighing my options and trying to look at this from all angles.

JOSHUA: Prostitute being the key word here...several things come to mind when I think about that word...nasty, disease, infections —

HOSEA: You are not helping.

JOSHUA: Maybe God made a mistake.

HOSEA: (*laughs*) That would be a first. He was very specific...He told me her name and what she would be wearing. It's real and I don't see any other way around this or out of this. It is better to fall into the hands of men than the hands of God.

JOSHUA: I have always supported your charismatic approach to God; your consistent obedience, even in the face of danger, but this goes way beyond my pay grade.

HOSEA: Would you do it if God asked you to?

JOSHUA: I would not! I would rather die first, but then that's me. I've already lived a full life and I do miss your mother.

Joshua retrieves his bag and exits.

Hosea sighs. He looks around the room.

HOSEA: God?

He listens....nothing but silence. He sighs.

HOSEA: Why me?

LIGHTS FADE @ SR

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