

Scene from a Yard Sale

By Jack Hall

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CHARACTERS

Mary & Luann- Fellow church members

Jesus

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This scene was based on an actual conversation overheard at a yard sale. The names of the people and the church in question were changed to protect the guilty. This really happened. Not the Jesus part necessarily, but the actual conversation. So there.

The stage is set up as if for a yard sale, with boxes and toys and other random items marked for sale. A small table with a pitcher of lemonade and cuts is up center. The sign on the table says "Free Lemonade." Luann is sitting by the table reading a Christian romance. Mary is looking in a box as the scene starts.

MARY: Excuse me, is everything in this box a dollar?

LUANN: Yes, it is.

MARY: Thank you.

LUANN: Forgive me asking, but do you go to Sunnyside?

MARY: Why yes I do! Matter of fact, I was the pastor's assistant for six years.

LUANN: Oh, that's where I know you. Luann Baker. We spoke several times two years ago when my daughter Katherine got married.

MARY: Oh, yes! I'm Mary.

LUANN: It's nice to see you again.

MARY: Yes, always nice to run into a fellow believer. After all, where two or more are gathered, Christ will be there also.

Jesus, dressed in the "traditional" white robe with blue sash, wanders on stage, smiling. He enjoys the conversation, sitting back and smiling as he listens.

LUANN: Isn't that the truth?

MARY: You know, I looked in that box over there and saw those Rick Warren books and I thought, nice people live here.

LUANN: Aww, aren't you kind? You know what? Anything you want in that box, make it fifty cents.

MARY: Well, that's very generous of you.

Jesus pours himself some lemonade.

LUANN: The least I can do for a fellow Sunnysider!
MARY: You certainly have a sunny day for a yard sale.
LUANN: Yes, we do.
MARY: You been busy?
LUANN: Not bad, not bad. A little scary though.
MARY: Why's that?
LUANN: Well, we've had a lot of Mexicans.

Jesus spit-takes the lemonade off to the side.

MARY: Really? They don't live here, do they?
LUANN: Oh, no! No, I'm pretty sure they came in from downtown.
MARY: Well, I guess you have to expect that.
LUANN: Yes. It's just so hard to haggle with them when they don't speak American.
MARY: You know, if they want to live here, you'd think they'd learn.
LUANN: Don't get me wrong. I love Mexicans. It's my favorite food.
MARY: Oh, I know.
LUANN: I am not prejudice or anything!
MARY: No, me neither.
LUANN: But it's odd watching them rummage through your stuff like they do.
MARY: Yeah, I wouldn't like that.
LUANN: It's bad enough having the blacks in here.

Jesus does another spit-take.

MARY: Living or shopping?
LUANN: Shopping. We don't have any in here yet.
MARY: We do in our neighborhood.
LUANN: *(surprised)* Really?
MARY: Well with all the foreclosures and the market the way it is, it was bound to happen.
LUANN: I guess that's just the world we live in.
MARY: Yes. *(shifts back to cheery mode)* Well, anyway, how much for two?
LUANN: One dollar, please.

Mary pays a dollar.

MARY: Here you go.
LUANN: Thank you so much!
MARY: Thank you. Always nice to see a fellow Sunnysider!
LUANN: Yes, very nice! We'll see you in the morning.
MARY: Do you go to nine or eleven?
LUANN: Eleven o'clock!

MARY: Then I'll see you there!

LUANN: Goodbye!

Mary exits. Jesus, looking flustered and perplexed, watches Luann walk back to her seat singing a praise song.

JESUS: And they're shocked people don't believe them when they try and tell others I love them.