

# **In Jesus' Name: 5 Dramas on World Hunger**



***"And the King will answer them, 'I assure you:  
Whatever you did for one of the least of these  
brothers of Mine, you did for Me.'"***

**Matthew 25:40 HCSB**

## Armchair Mission

by Rich Peterson

### *If Fred and Doris can give, can't you?*

*A man and his wife sit in front of the TV? He is switching stations.*

Fred: *(switching channels)* I just can't find anything good on TV, Doris.

Doris: Try public television. This is sweeps week.

Fred: They don't care about sweeps. They're public television.

Doris: Yeah, but when everyone's pulling out the stops, if they don't do somethin' interestin', no one'll watch.

Fred: They're probably have'n a telethon. *(imitates)* "The cliffhanger will continue after ten more minutes of fund raising. The bungee team is on the phones. Don't keep'em hangin'."

Doris: *(laughs)* Oh Fred. You crack me up!

Fred: Yeah. I'm good.

Doris: Oooh! Look at all those hungry kids. They look terrible!

Fred: Probably good makeup.

Doris: Fred that's not funny. We are supposed to feel compassion.

Fred: All I feel is grossed out. Is this the best they can do for sweeps week?

Doris: Look at that little girl's eyes.

Fred: She looks pretty sad, doesn't she?

Doris: She looks hungry.

Fred: Why doesn't her mama move her to where there's food?

Doris: They say it's not that easy. They don't have jobs or transportation. Plus, don't forget about the political and military situation. It's almost as bad as the "Holocaust" over there. If them folks don't starve to death, they'll probably be murdered! And even if they could walk, where would they find the strength? They haven't eaten a good meal in a long, long time.

Fred: Doris, you're makin' me hungry!

Doris: They say that Americans eat half the world's food.

Fred: Pass me a pretzel,

Doris: I wonder if we should do something for them.

Fred: Like what? Send'em corn flakes?

Doris: Our church is sending money to help them. They give'em food and tell'em about Jesus.

Fred: Doris! We're barely makin' it now!

Doris: But they aren't makin' it, Fred!

Fred: I guess you're right.

Doris: What do you say, Fred. Ten dollars a month?

*(pause)*

Fred: Make that twenty-five.

Doris: Oh Fred. What a sweetie! We'll never miss it. I'll write the check now. *(gets checkbook from purse)* And just think, Hon. It's only gonna cost you the same amount as your monthly intake of Rocky Road ice cream.

Fred: *(sort of teasing)* Now you're meddlin', Woman!

# The Drive

by Matt Tullos

*A view of compassion from the heart of a child*

*A mother and young daughter are riding in a car together. The mother is driving.*

Daughter: Mommy, are we going to starve to death?

Mom: Starve to death? What are you talking about?

Daughter: Jimmy, the kid in my class that has the Batman lunch box . . . he says that people starve to death. Am I going to starve to death?

Mom: No. Absolutely not! Your dad has a job. We live in America. Believe me, you aren't going to starve to death.

Daughter: Mom, why are they starving?

Mom: *(thoughtfully)* Who are you talking about?

Daughter: The people. The ones who don't have any food . . . why are they starving?

Mom: That's a really tough question, Sweetheart.

Daughter: Don't we need to help them?

Mom: It's not as easy as it seems. Most of those people live a long way away!

Daughter: You mean as far as to Grandma's?

Mom: *(chuckling)* No, farther than that. And it takes lots of money to get the food to the right people. Many of them live in countries ruled by mean people who take the food. But people still give money to help them, and lots of their needs, the needs of the starving people, I mean, are being met.

Daughter: How much money do we give to the starving people?

Mom: *(a bit uncomfortable)* Well . . . you probably need to ask your dad. He'd know for sure.

Daughter: Look, Mom! That man over there.

Mom: What man?

Daughter: The man with the sign! He looks like he's hungry. He lives in America, and his sign says, "Will work for food." Why is he hungry if he lives in America?

Mom: He's probably an alcoholic.

Daughter: What does that mean?

Mom: It means that he's addicted to alcohol, and he's ruined his life by drinking.

Daughter: So we shouldn't help him because he is an alcoholic?

Mom: Right. *(realizing what she just said)* No! I mean we should help him but not by giving him money. He might spend it on liquor.

Daughter: What's liquor?

Mom: It's the same thing as alcohol.

Daughter: Oh. *(pause)* If people are hungry here in our country and we **should** help them because they are alcolips-

Mom: No, Sweetie, alcoholics.

Daughter: Right. And other people are starving because they aren't Americans. *(puzzled)* So what does Jesus want us to do?

*(long pause)*

Daughter: If Jesus were here, wouldn't He want to feed them and help them get better?

*(long pause)*

Mother: I guess He would, Honey. I guess He would.

# The SBC Advantage

by Kenneth Greene

## *Promoting giving to the World Hunger Fund*

- A: Well, there it goes! Fifteen dollars to "Project Food."
- B: She's pretty pleased with herself, isn't she?
- C: Yeah, she should be. At least a few dollars of that actually will be used to buy food.
- A: Hey, I heard that! I sent 15 whole dollars, for your information!
- C: Well, for your information, most of that will go to pay for administration, postage, and salaries.
- B: But it's better than doing nothing.
- C: It's better than doing nothing, but if I were giving money to help the hungry, I would give it to the Southern Baptist World Hunger Fund.
- B: But you're not even a Baptist.
- C: Nope, never have been. But if I give money to feed the hungry, I want it to go to feed the hungry.
- A: So what's different about that **Baptist** hunger fund?
- C: Well, I'll tell you. Southern Baptists already have thousands of people at work in North America and pretty much all over the world.

B: So?

C: So the infrastructure for collecting and distributing money is already there. When you give money to the Southern Baptist World Hunger Fund, every penny goes to help the people who need it—nothing for salaries or postage or TV ads or anything else.

B: Really? That sounds good.

A: Yeah, but I get tired of Baptist this and Baptist that! Everything is Baptist, Baptist, Baptist! I want to be a part of something non-denominational for a change!

C: Oh, pardon me. I thought you wanted to help feed the hungry.

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Adapted from *Scripts to Reach In and Out*, (Convention Press, 1993).

# The Street Dweller

by Greg Grimsley

*This monologue could be done in a worship service where an actor in old clothes and shabby appearance enters and sits with the congregation until he stands and begins saying his lines. The very presence of the actor in costume among the congregation will have a definite impact on those attending.*

Don't just look away like I'm not here. I am a human being, or at least I once was.

Why is it that every time you see someone like me standing here, you want to hide your face? Why do you pretend that you don't see me? I've watched you at the red lights. You either roll up your windows or lock the doors, like I'm going to hop in the car with you. Or you say a little prayer for the light to change.

Or you probably do what I used to do—avert your eyes. Yeah. If you just turn your eyes away from the pain, suffering, and loneliness, not to mention the hunger, then it's gone and the world is a nice place again. But that's not the real world.

*(with more enthusiasm)* I ate last night. It was some of the best chicken noodle soup I've ever had. Of course, things taste a lot better when you haven't eaten in a couple of days.

You know, it's funny, but some people will go without food for a day and call it obedience to God. But I fast on a regular basis, and it's not out of any obedience. It's because I've got no choice. You see, obedience to God is a choice. That's the way I see it.

But back to last night. Like I said, it was just about the best soup I ever put in my mouth. My pal Joe thought so too. He had two bowls and a whole pack of crackers, but it didn't do him much good. You see, to

survive on the streets you have to have two things—a warm meal and a place on the grate. The meal keeps you warm on the inside, and the grate keeps you warm on the outside.

Well, Joe only batted .500 last night. He had the meal, but he couldn't find a place on a grate. *(pause)* I found him this morning on the way to my favorite off-ramp. He was curled up in the alley, and there was a cat licking the salt from his fingers. His eyes were open, but he wasn't seeing anything. I shut his eyes for him.

*(with passion)* It breaks my heart. Joe was a good man . . . rough around the edges, but a good man. He had a wife and two young kids. He had a good job, too. Joe was a provider. He provided right up to the time the plant closed down. Why, he even tried to provide for a couple of months after that, but when you have a mortgage, two cars, kids, and so much debt that all you can see is red ink, well, it's easy to lose hope.

But you see, there's a difference between Joe and me. Joe always thought he'd get by, he didn't need anybody. Joe was his own man, and as far as he was concerned, there was nothing he couldn't handle.

I'm not that strong. The fact is, I'm pretty weak. But in my weakness I found strength. There's Someone who is a whole lot stronger than I am. He carries me and watches over me. His name is Jesus Christ. I have His promises to hold me up.

When people label me and call me a bum, it's OK. You people can call me what you want to; Jesus calls me His child. And you know something? On that great gettin' up day I'm going to be right there beside you.

*(chuckling)* Is that a scary thought? Someday I'm going to be living in my own mansion, and not on a heating vent. We might be neighbors!

I'm going to walk those streets of gold, and I'm not going to have to wrap myself in newspaper and cardboard anymore.

Joe never did understand that. He saw this life as all there is. I look at this life as just for awhile, till I get to my real home in heaven.

The way I understand it is that Jesus cares as much for me as He does anyone else. He cares as much for the outcasts of society as He does the middle classes. Me, here, with my grubby hands and dirty clothes—I mean as much to Him as David or Solomon or any of you.

To Jesus, I am special. I am His child. I was worth taking a second look at, and I was worth savin'. Jesus didn't look away or label me. Jesus loves me.

Listen, do me a favor and think about this. The next time you see somebody like me, don't be so concerned about labeling or judging. A lot of things can happen in the blink of an eye, and you may not be too far away from hard times yourself.

Anyway, all I ask is that you say a prayer for all the people like Joe who don't know Christ. And say a prayer for yourself too.

Well, I've gotta be moving on. Some folks are bringing meatloaf and potatoes for supper tonight, and I don't want to miss that. I wish Joe were here. He really liked meatloaf.

# The Wall

by Darlene Tullos

*Two lands separated by a wall of apathy...*

*Two couples move to opposite sides of the stage. An imaginary wall is in the middle of the stage, dividing it into two sides from the view of the audience. Doug and Debra are on one side; Lloyd and Linda are on the other side. A box should be placed downstage on each side of the stage. Doug and Debra enter first.*

Doug: Wow, look at this place, Debra. It looks great. All these big trees are beautiful.

Debra: The trees have fruit on them, too. I've never seen such pretty fruit.

Doug: Look, here's a box, too. I wonder what's in the it? I guess it's for us.

Debra: Let's open it, Doug. Oh, this is so exciting!

*(They bend down and mime prying the top off the box.)*

Debra: Can you get the lid off? It's really tight.

Doug: *(straining to get it off)* Ugh!

*(The lid pops off. They both look excited at what they see.)*

Look at all of this food! Can you believe it?

*(They mime taking the food out of the box.)*

Debra: Peanuts and popcorn and fruit-at-the-bottom yogurt, my favorite!

Doug: Pizza, potato chips, broccoli and cheese soup. Wow!

Debra: Let's see what else is under here. Turkey and dressing, chicken, bacon and eggs, and sodas. I don't know what to eat first.

Doug: Look over there, Debra. It's a TV!

Debra: Great! We can eat while we watch TV!

Doug: I sure am glad somebody left all this for us!

*(Doug and Debra freeze in their positions by the box. Lloyd and Linda enter on the other side of the stage.)*

Lloyd: It's kind of desolate looking, isn't it? It looks as if it hasn't rained in months.

Linda: I'm getting hungry.

Lloyd: Yeah, me too.

Linda: I see some fruit up on those trees, but it's sort of shriveled and dried up. I don't think we can reach it anyway.

Lloyd: Hey, Linda. Look over here. It's a box. Wonder what's in it?

Linda: Maybe there's food in it. Let's open it.

Lloyd: You think we should?

Linda: Sure. Here, help me get the lid off.

*(They kneel down by the box and begin trying to pry off the lid. The lid pops off. They both peer into the box.)*

Lloyd: Nothing!

Linda: What a disappointment. What should we do now?

Lloyd: I don't know. Let's think about this for a minute.

*(Lloyd turns the box over, and they both sit on top of it, assuming a "thinking" position. They freeze. Debra and Doug unfreeze.)*

Doug: Hey, Deb. It's Thursday night! Grab some pizza and a couple of sodas, and let's watch TV.

Debra: Great idea, Doug. This is so much fun.

*(Doug and Debra turn their box over. Doug mimes turning on the TV. They sit on the box and begin to mime eating. They can also react to the show and ad-lib softly. After a moment, Lloyd and Linda unfreeze.)*

Linda: Listen, Lloyd. Do you hear something? *(They strain to hear.)*

The Wall

Lloyd: Yeah, but I can't tell where it's coming from.

Linda: *(straining to look over the imaginary wall)* Sounds like it's coming from the other side of that wall.

Lloyd: Maybe they have some food they would share with us. I'm really hungry now, aren't you?

Linda: Yeah, I'm hungry, too. The wall is too high to see over. *(thinking)* Hey, maybe if I climb on your back, I could look over the wall and see if they have any food.

Lloyd: Okay, that's a great idea. If you see any food, try to get their attention.

*(Linda climbs on Lloyd's back.)*

Lloyd: Careful, now. Are you set? Okay, I'll walk slowly over to the wall, and you look over. Okay?

Linda: Okay.

*(Lloyd walks over to the wall. This could be very comical. Debra and Doug are still watching TV, eating and laughing.)*

Linda: *(as Lloyd gets up to the wall)* Wow, I don't believe it! It's incredible! *(She stares over the wall for a few seconds.)*

Lloyd: *(straining to hold her up)* What is it? What do you see?

Linda: *(speaking very fast)* Huge trees with every kind of fruit you can imagine, and a big box filled with food--pizza, popcorn, turkey and dressing . . .

Lloyd: Do you see any people?

Linda: *(looking hard)* Yeah, I think I do. Hurray, we're saved!

Lloyd: See if you can get their attention.

Linda: Hey, over there! Can you hear me? We're really hungry. We don't have any food.

*(As Linda begins to yell, Doug and Debra's lines are done over the cries of Linda.)*

Doug: Do you hear something? *(begins to look around)*

Debra: Yes, but just barely. Where is it coming from?

*(Just as Doug and Debra start to look toward the wall, Lloyd, exhausted, drops Linda to her feet. Doug and Debra catch only a glimpse of Linda. Lloyd and Linda freeze.)*

Doug: Did you see that? It looked like someone was peeking over the wall.

Debra: I wonder who it was?

Doug: I don't know.

Debra: Hey, Doug. I've got an idea. Maybe if I climbed up on your back, we could see over the wall and find out who is over there.

Doug: OK, that sounds good. Climb up on that box first. That will be easier.

*(Debra climbs on Doug's back, and Doug walks over to the wall in much the same way that Lloyd did in the previous scene.)*

Debra: *(upon reaching the wall, she looks down at Lloyd and Linda)* Aahhhh!  
*(She gasps.)* This is horrible! I can't look. Put me down. *(Doug puts her down.)*

*(Debra goes to the box and covers her face with her hands.)*

Doug: What's wrong, Debra? What did you see?

Debra: Oh, it was awful. The people over there are so sick and hungry. It makes my stomach hurt. I wish I'd never seen them. It's an awful sight. Don't look at them, Doug. It will just make you feel guilty.

*(Lloyd and Linda unfreeze and begin yelling from their side of the wall. They get more intense with each word.)*

Lloyd: Could you help us? We don't have anything to eat.

Linda: Could you share some of your fruit with us? We're very hungry.

Lloyd: We know you are over there. Please help us.

Linda: We're hungry and sick. Please listen. We need your help.

*(These next few lines begin to overlap, and Linda and Lloyd repeat these lines and ad-lib as we hear Debra and Doug talking.)*

The Wall

Debra: Listen to them, Doug. They are yelling for help.

Doug: It's not our fault they have nothing to eat.

Debra: I wish they would be quiet and leave us alone!

Doug: Let's just turn the TV up louder. Maybe we won't be able to hear them.  
*(mimes turning up TV with remote)* Would you get me another piece of pizza, please?

*(Debra mimes picking up pizza and then comes to sit by Doug, as Lloyd and Linda continue to yell. They also mime beating on the wall. Debra and Doug sit, cramming food into their mouths but looking miserable doing it. When Doug speaks the first word of the next line, Lloyd and Linda freeze with arms up as if beating on the wall.)*

Doug: *(loudly)* You know, Debra...I'm not having fun anymore.

Narrator: "Now what use is it, my brothers, for a man to say he has faith if his actions do not correspond with it? Could that sort of faith save anyone's soul? If a fellow man or woman has no clothes to wear and nothing to eat, and one of you says, 'Good luck to you, I hope you'll keep warm and find enough to eat,' and gives them nothing to meet their physical needs, what on earth is the good of that?"  
*(James 2:14-16 paraphrased)*

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Adapted from *The National Drama Service*, Volume 1, Number 2 (Church Recreation Program, 1993).