

**“What's Done For Christ” Script preview #1**

*Written by Frederick Passmore*

*(Continues...)*

*(The nurse sees the figure and stares.)*

Nurse: Oh, my goodness... you... you still have him!

Mary: Beg pardon?

Nurse: The dummy!

Willy: *(Indignantly.)* Beg pardon?

Nurse: *(Covers her mouth to stifle the amazed laughter, she kneels to look at him closer.)* I'm sorry. *(She looks at Mary.)* He's the same one you had... all those years ago.

Mary: I'm sorry, I don't quite understand...

Nurse: I didn't tell you this before... but when I was only ten years old, you came to my church for a children's revival... with Mr. Willikers!

Willy: Call me Willy.

Nurse: *(Speaking to him as a real person, as a child might.)* Willy... you made me laugh... and cry. And I asked Jesus into my heart, just like you said I should. And I've never forgotten what... *(She chokes up and wipes a tear that surprises her.)*

*(Mary smiles and Willy looks at her and nods.)*

Nurse: *(Recovering.)* ...What you taught me. *(Looks back at Mary.)* That was almost twenty-five years ago... and you still have him.

Mary: Well, of course, Willy has been my partner in the ministry for... nigh on 57 years, now. He's a part of me!

Willy: And she's a part of me! I guess that goes without saying. So, where she goes, I go! *(Leans forward.)* Not that I have much choice... *(Looking back to Mary.)* But I would anyway!

Nurse: *(Touching his face gently.)* He still looks the same as he did back then.

Mary: He's weathered the years much better than I have, I'm afraid.

Willy: Except for that bout of wood fungus I had a few years back, I'm in pretty good shape. *(He looks at Mary and the nurse.)* Sorry I can't say the same about you folks!

Mary: Willy! Be nice.

Nurse: He seems so real... actually alive.

Mary: He's as real as I am.

Nurse: But... he *is* you.

Mary: *(Quietly.)* Exactly.

Nurse: *(Nodding slightly in dim comprehension, she stands back up.)* Would you like to get into bed now? I know you must be tired after your trip.

Mary: I think so, dear. I am getting a bit peaked now. *(She sets down the G. Willikers figure on the suitcase.)*

Nurse: Alright, let's get you comfortable. *(The Nurse wheels Mary over next to the bed, then helps her get out of the chair. As they do this, they talk.)*

Mary: Well, dear, it's good to see how nicely you turned out. You've devoted your life to helping people. Are you married, have you any children?

Nurse: *(Helping her in to bed.)* Oh, no... I guess I've always been kind of married to my work. I never took time for a family. Most of my love goes to my patients here. I'm quite attached to them.

Mary: And I know they're attached to you! I feel that way already... after all, you became a Christian from listening to me and Willy. So, in a way, we're family!

Nurse: That's true! *(Covering her and adjusting her pillow so she can sit up.)* There you go. Would you like the TV remote?

Mary: No, thank you. TV rots the brain. I like to keep mine active.

Nurse: Well, then...can I get you anything?

Mary: Just Mr. Willikers, if you will.

Nurse: *(Smiling, she picks him up carefully and hands him to her.)* Here you are. Just press the call button if you need anything and I'll be right here. *(Walks to the door.)* Anything else I can do before I go?

Mary: Just tell me this...

Nurse: *(Turning back.)* Yes?

Willy: *(Turning his head and finishing the sentence.)* How is it with you and Jesus now?

Nurse: *(Pausing, she is taken off guard by the question.)* I... I'm afraid I haven't really been... I mean... *(She puts her hand to her mouth.)* I have to go. I'll stop back in later... before I leave. If it's not too late.

Mary: It's never too late, Wendy... as long as we breathe.

*(Wendy swallows, nodding wordlessly, and hurriedly leaves.)*

Mary: Oh, my... I think we touched a sore spot...

Willy: Speaking of sore... you should have told her how much you're hurting.

Mary: *(Shrugs.)* There's nothing she could do except give me another pill. I'm tired of pills.

Willy: You know, you're going home soon, Mary.

Mary: Home? Not likely. I have no-one there. I have no-one anywhere, left alive.

*(She sighs and wipes her eyes with her free hand.)*

Mary: I find myself thinking often, lately, of Sis, and Momma, and Poppa. Sometimes, just as I'm about to drift off, I seem to hear their voices, calling me. I've even heard little Scooter barking with joy, like he used to when I would come home. I wonder, Willy... does that mean I'm crazy?

Willy: Crazy? Are you nuts? Your mind is just as sharp as mine!

Mary: That's not very reassuring, Willy.

Willy: And just because you talk to a dummy doesn't mean you're crazy, just...

Mary: Eccentric?

Willy: Yeah, that's it. Just a little eccentric. *(Continues...)*