

“What's Done For Christ” Script Sample #2

Written by Frederick Passmore

(Continues...)

Mary: I've always wondered something, Willy...

Willy: And what's that?

Mary: Who are you, really?

(Willy does a double-take.)

Willy: Whaddaya mean, "who am I?" You *are* startin' to lose it! *(He turns his head toward the door and raises his voice.)* Hello, Nurse? Bring in that pretty white jacket with the loooong sleeves!

(She remains serious, touching his mouth to close it.)

Mary: No, you say things sometimes, things so wise, and I have no idea where they came from. You tell me things I don't know. How is that possible?

Willy: *(Gently.)* Aw, you know 'em alright, Mary. All God's children have that small, still voice inside of them. Not too many ever take the time to listen to it. But you just let me make it be heard.

Mary: So those times when there seemed to be more to you than just me...

Willy: Well, Mary, there's more to *you* than just you, you know. God's Holy Spirit dwells inside you. And sometimes He just bubbles up and spills over into me!

Mary: No wonder you seemed so alive...

(She pauses, a sadness coming into her eyes and voice.) Mary: I wish you could live forever, Willy. One day, soon maybe, I'll die, and it makes me sad to think that you'll die too... No more days to brighten for the poor children. No more smiles brought to faces that have only known sorrow. When I'm gone, your voice will be silent forever.

Willy: What you do for Christ lives on, Mary. It will last forever.

(Mary falls silent for a moment, her eyes closed. She seems to be on the verge of dozing off. Suddenly she opens her eyes.)

Mary: Did someone just call me?

Willy: *(Looking back and forth.)* I didn't hear anything.

Mary: I must have been dozing. *(Wonderingly.)* I seemed to dream that I was a child again... night was falling, and Momma was calling me to come home. Inside, where the lights were shining warmly, and laughter rang out.

Willy: *(Knowingly.)* It's time for you to go home, Mary.

Mary: *(Dawning.)* Home... to be with Jesus? You think so?

Willy: Yes.

Mary: You were right, Willy! I *am* going home!

Willy: I'm so happy for you! Mary: Oh, but Willy... I-I'm going to miss you so. I regret leaving nothing behind in this life, except you.

Willy: Ah, I'm nothin' but some wood and cloth. Get outta here.

Mary: No, you're more to me than that. You were my partner in ministry, my secret pal... you kept me

from being lonely, and you encouraged me to keep going when I felt like giving up. And you never complained about all we went through.

Willy: Well, I didn't like having to travel in that beat-up old suitcase, but other than that, it was great. But don't worry about me, Mary... you know that what you give to God, you can never lose. I'll always be with you. Like you said, I'm a part of you. Where you go, I go! So, knock off the waterworks, already!

Mary: *(Looking up, she sees something invisible to the audience.)* Oh, my!

Willy: What is it, Mary?

Mary: *(With awe, she lifts a hand to shade her eyes a little as she looks,)* It's... heaven! I can see it!

Willy: Tell me about it!

Mary: Oh, it's so lovely and bright! *(She puts her hand to her mouth.)* So many people... and angels! And there's Momma, and Poppa, and Sis! They're waving to me! *(She waves a little wave back.)*

Willy: *(Looking up.)* Hey, I think I can see it too! There's little Scooter, even! Hey, little buddy!

Mary: *(Raising her eyes a little higher, they shine with joy.)* Look! It's...it's HIM!

Willy: Go on, Mary... go to Him!

Mary: *(She sits up as if to leave, reaching toward her Savior.)* I'm coming, Lord!

(She slowly leans back in the bed, her eyes closing, her head slumping to be next to G. Willikers, who also slumps to lean against her. She is gone, but a smile remains on her lips.)

(The nurse comes into the room just then. The previous track, #19, should be ending by now.)

Nurse: Mary? I've got some medication to help you rest better. *(She reacts to the silence and looks closer.)*

Miss Hart? Are you...? *(She feels for a pulse, and feeling none, slowly lowers her hand. She is blinking back tears as she rises and moves to push the call button.)*

Charge Nurse: *(Just a voice over a mic.)* Yes?

Nurse: This is Nurse Daye in Room 103. Miss Hart... has left the building.

Charge Nurse: She's missing?

Nurse: No, she's... departed this world.

Charge Nurse: Oh... *(Then urgently.)* Oh! I'll call a code blue!

Nurse: No... Miss Hart had just filed a non-resuscitation request. She went peacefully.

Charge Nurse: Alright... I'll inform the Doctor on call right away.

Nurse: Thank you.

(You hear a general page over the intercom, which is offstage on a mic.)

Charge Nurse: Paging Dr. Brown, Paging Dr. Brown. Please call the front desk, stat.

(She goes back to Mary and leans over the bed, placing a hand on her forehead gently.)

Nurse: I'm sorry I wasn't here to be with you when your time came, Mary. *(Seeing the puppet against her.)* But... I don't think you were ever really alone, were you? Oh, Mary... The world will never see your like again. But I know you're happily at home now. *(Continues...)*