

LOST AND FOUND

by Eddie McPherson



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**CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS
EDUCATIONAL SERIES**

LOST AND FOUND

Parable: The Lost Coin

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Lost and Found

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SYNOPSIS: A woman misplaces a coin, but it's not "just a coin." A detective helps her find it just in time for a coin collector to pay her a large sum, which will pay for her sick mother's huge medical bills.

BIBLE VERSE: Luke 15:8-10

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 female, 2 either)

WOMAN (f).....Frantically searching for her
missing coin. *(63 lines)*
FIRST FRIEND (f) Just wants to gossip. *(18 lines)*
SECOND FRIEND (f) Just wants to shop. *(18 lines)*
DETECTIVE (m/f) Investigates and finds the lost
coin. *(24 lines)*
COIN COLLECTOR (m/f) Buys the coin collection.
(7 lines)

DURATION: 10 minutes

SETTING: Inside the Woman's home.

TIME: Present.

SET

For this simple set, place a table and a few chairs or stools at center stage. A free-standing door is at stage left (or the actors may enter and exit without the use of a door).

COSTUMES

Woman and her Friends may be dressed casually. Detective and Coin Collector may be dressed in suits. Detective may wear the standard trench coat, and he should also wear a watch. Coin Collector needs a hat.

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SOUND EFFECTS

You will need a “beep” sound for the metal detector. A board game buzzer may work for this.

PROPS

- ☐ Broom
- ☐ Purse
- ☐ Handkerchief
- ☐ Ten coins
- ☐ Button
- ☐ Metal detector (may be real or homemade)
- ☐ Earring
- ☐ Two small notebooks
- ☐ Two pens or pencils
- ☐ Check
- ☐ Two party hats
- ☐ Party noisemaker
- ☐ Eyepiece (or magnifying glass)
- ☐ Business card

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Parables are earthly stories intended to reveal a heavenly meaning. They are by nature stories that people could relate to and which would inspire questions and discussion, thus providing the opportunity for revelation of the truth. We have brought these parables into present time where the listener can relate and once again ask questions, which will reveal the true meaning.

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PARABLE: Imagine a woman who has ten coins and loses one. Won't she light a lamp and scour the house, looking in every nook and cranny until she finds it? And when she finds it you can be sure she'll call her friends and neighbors: "Celebrate with me! I found my lost coin!" Count on it—that's the kind of party God's angels throw every time one lost soul turns to God (*Luke 15:8-10*).

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AT START: *WOMAN is vigorously sweeping the room.*

WOMAN: (*Frantically working.*) Come out, come out, wherever you are!

FIRST FRIEND: (*Enters with a purse on her shoulder.*) Knock, knock.

WOMAN: Come in.

FIRST FRIEND enters.

FIRST FRIEND: Well, what do you know? She's still alive!

WOMAN: (*Intent on her sweeping, doesn't look up.*) Help yourself to some coffee.

FIRST FRIEND: Where is it?

WOMAN: (*Stops, but just for a second.*) Sorry, I forgot to make some. Help yourself to a doughnut. Wait—there aren't any left. (*Continues to sweep.*)

FIRST FRIEND: Could you please stop cleaning long enough to visit for a while?

WOMAN: I'm not cleaning, I'm searching.

FIRST FRIEND: For what?

WOMAN: (*Rushes to FIRST FRIEND.*) Oh Gladys, it's awful. I lost something very valuable, and I've been looking for three days and can't find it anywhere. It's a mystery.

FIRST FRIEND: Well, heavens—let me help you look for it. (*Points.*) Have you checked over here?

WOMAN: I have looked everywhere.

FIRST FRIEND: You haven't looked "everywhere," or you would have found it by now.

WOMAN: (*Plopping down in a chair and leaning on her broom handle.*)
I can't believe I lost it. (*Pulls out a handkerchief and wipes her eyes.*)
I just can't believe it!

FIRST FRIEND: Now, now. It can't be that bad. Where was the last place you remember having it?

WOMAN: Here at this table. I was counting my coins, and all ten of them were here. I waked outside to get the mail, and when I came back in, there were only nine coins left. (*Indicates coins.*) See for yourself.

FIRST FRIEND: (*Pushing each coin away as she counts.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine... you're right. There are only nine coins.

WOMAN: What am I going to do?

FIRST FRIEND: Have you thought about looking at your glass as half full?

WOMAN: What glass?

FIRST FRIEND: Your metaphorical glass. You are so upset over losing one tiny coin. Instead of concentrating on what you don't have, look at what you do have. Your glass is half full, not half empty.

WOMAN: (*Beat.*) Hush. (*Resumes sweeping.*)

FIRST FRIEND: (*Back to the table.*) You have nine beautifully shiny coins here. Count your blessings. Now, sit down and talk to me. I have some extra-juicy gossip to share.

WOMAN: You. Don't. Understand.

FIRST FRIEND: (*Crossing her arms.*) Then why don't you explain it to me?

WOMAN: (*Continues sweeping.*) That coin... that one little coin is very special to me. There's no way you can understand.

FIRST FRIEND: (*Offended.*) Fine. I try to pay you a nice visit, and what do I get? Ignored. I hate to be the one to say it, but chances are if you haven't found that coin by now, you're not going to. Give up, sit down, and talk to me!

WOMAN is frantically sweeping.

FIRST FRIEND: Did you hear me? (*Beat.*) Fine. I'll go talk to my cats.

They always listen. (*Shouts off.*) Here, kitty, kitty, kitty! (*Exits.*)

WOMAN: (*Squeals excitedly as she bends down and picks something up.*) I found it, I found it! (*Closer look, deflated.*) Oh, it's only a button. (*Sighs, shaking her head.*) Only a button. (*She turns and sees that her friend is gone.*) Hello? (*She shrugs and throws the button on the table.*)

SECOND FRIEND enters carrying a metal detector.

SECOND FRIEND: Knock, knock.

WOMAN: (*Rushing to her.*) Thank goodness. I thought you would never get here! Trade ya. (*She switches the broom for the metal detector and begins scanning the floor with it.*)

SECOND FRIEND: Hold on. You can't start searching yet.

WOMAN: There's no time to lose. I must find my lost coin!

SECOND FRIEND: (*Moving to her.*) You won't find it if you don't turn it on first. (*Flips a switch on the metal detector.*)

WOMAN: Oh. Yes, of course. Much better. (*She continues her search with the powered-up metal detector.*) What will it do if it gets close to the coin?

SECOND FRIEND: It will go, "Beep, beep, beep." (*At the table.*) Look at all those beautiful coins.

WOMAN: (*Still searching.*) Yes, but there are only nine of them.

SECOND FRIEND: You have nine perfect coins here. Is it really so bad if you don't find the tenth one?

WOMAN: That coin is very, very unique and important, and ... special. I just don't have time to explain.

SECOND FRIEND: Don't you think you're wasting your time? It's a beautiful day today, and you're cooped up in here looking for one lousy coin.

WOMAN: (*Stops suddenly and looks at her friend.*) You take that back.

SECOND FRIEND: I'm sorry, but someone's got to tell you. Take the nine coins you have left, and let's go shopping.

WOMAN: (*Shocked.*) Shopping? At a time like this?

SECOND FRIEND: You're completely obsessed with something you will never find. You have nine—count them, nine—perfectly good coins you could be out spending right now.

WOMAN: That lost coin is priceless.

SECOND FRIEND: Priceless? (*Picks up a coin off the table.*) Is this coin priceless?

WOMAN: No.

SECOND FRIEND: (*Picks up another coin off the table.*) What about this one?

WOMAN: No!

SECOND FRIEND: So if you lost this coin, it would be fine?

WOMAN: Of course not.

SECOND FRIEND: Why not?

WOMAN: Because if I lost it, it would become priceless—and I would search for it until I found it.

SECOND FRIEND: That doesn't make sense.

WOMAN: If only you knew. (*The metal detector beeps.*) It's beeping! (*She sets the machine down and bends over.*)

SECOND FRIEND: What did you find?

WOMAN: (*Holding it up, sighing.*) Only an earring.

SECOND FRIEND: There. See? Now, forget this foolishness, pick up the nine coins, and let's go to Macy's.

WOMAN: You go. I've got to keep searching. (*She picks up the metal detector and continues her search.*)

DETECTIVE: Knock, knock.

WOMAN: Who's there?

DETECTIVE: The detective you called, ma'am.

WOMAN: Thank goodness you've come, detective. I'm in quite a panic.

SECOND FRIEND: A detective? For one coin? (*Draws out word.*) Un-believable. (*To the DETECTIVE, motioning to WOMAN.*) Good luck with that one. If anyone needs me, I'll be out spending my money. (*Exits.*)

DETECTIVE: (*To WOMAN, rubbing his hands together.*) So you say you've lost your boy?

WOMAN: No, detective. I have lost my coin. Coin, not boy. That's another parable.

DETECTIVE: Sorry.

WOMAN: I must find it by two o'clock this afternoon.

DETECTIVE: (*Looks at his watch.*) That's only five minutes away.

WOMAN: Now you see why I'm so desperate. Detective, you must help me.

DETECTIVE: *(Pulls out a small notebook and pencil.)* OK, when was the last time you saw the missing toy?

WOMAN: Coin. I. Have. Lost. A. Coin. It was three days ago. I was shining my ten coins here at the table. I heard the mail truck, so I walked outside to fetch the mail. When I came back in and sat down, one of the coins was missing.

DETECTIVE: Was anyone else inside the house at the time?

WOMAN: No. I was alone.

DETECTIVE: Do you own any animals?

WOMAN: No.

DETECTIVE: How about a cat?

WOMAN: No.

DETECTIVE: Dog?

WOMAN: Detective, I don't own any animals.

DETECTIVE: And you've searched the house from top to bottom?

WOMAN: Top to bottom, wall to wall. I even looked under the house. I've been sweeping for three days straight, and still no coin!

DETECTIVE: That is strange indeed. Let me get this straight. You're sitting here shining ten coins. You walk outside for the mail and return only to find nine coins. There was no one else in the house at the time, and you don't have any pets. And you don't own a dog. You have been searching for said coin for three days. Are my summations correct so far?

WOMAN: They are.

DETECTIVE: I have an answer.

WOMAN: *(Hopeful.)* What is it?

DETECTIVE: Give up. You have nine perfectly good coins here. Be thankful for what you have. Count your losses and move on with your life.

WOMAN: That's not an option. If you don't want to help me find my coin, fine. Please get out of my way so that I may search. I only have three minutes left. *(The metal detector beeps.)*

DETECTIVE: By Jove, it's beeping!

WOMAN: Help me look.

DETECTIVE and WOMAN get on their hands and knees, searching for the coin. WOMAN moves the broom out of her way and when she does, the beeping stops.

WOMAN: It stopped.

DETECTIVE: Perhaps it was a false alarm.

WOMAN picks up the metal detector and sets it close to the broom to get it out of her way. The machine beeps again.

DETECTIVE and WOMAN: *(Looking at one another, in unison.)* It's beeping!

WOMAN: Keep looking!

DETECTIVE: Wait a minute.

WOMAN: What?

DETECTIVE crosses to the broom, takes it, and moves it away from the metal detector. The beeping stops. He moves the broom close again, and the machine beeps. He moves it away and it stops. Closer, it beeps. Away, it stops. He has a little fun with this.

WOMAN: What does it mean, detective?

DETECTIVE: It could mean one of two things, ma'am. Either this broom is made of metal ...

WOMAN: Or?

DETECTIVE: Or your coin is lost somewhere in the bristles of your broom. *(Pulls out the coin.)* Aaaaand here it is!

WOMAN: My coin! *(She rushes over and takes it.)* I don't know how to thank you, detective. Now I have all ten of my coins back in my possession! *(She rushes over to the table and places the coin with the other nine.)*

DETECTIVE: *(Looks around.)* And now to look for your lost son.

WOMAN: *(Hugging her coin.)* I told you—wrong story.

COIN COLLECTOR: Knock, knock.

WOMAN: Whew! Just in the nick of time. Come in.

COIN COLLECTOR: Good afternoon, ma'am. I have come to look at your rare coin collection.

WOMAN: Yes, it's right here. *(She gestures to the coins on the table.)*



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CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. Box 248 - Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 844-841-6387 - Fax 319-368-8011
customerservice@christianpub.com