

DITCHING

by Jim & Jane Jeffries



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**CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS
EDUCATIONAL SERIES**

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Parable: The Lost Sheep

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SYNOPSIS: When slacker student Cid cuts class, Ms. Fulkerson reaches out, listening to his problems without judgment. She convinces him through kindness and humor to rejoin the others.

BIBLE VERSE: Luke 15:4-7

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

MS. FULKERSON (f)A colorful English teacher, in her late twenties through forties. *(54 lines)*

CID (m)A student with a difficult home life who is going through a rough patch. *(50 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes

SETTING: A smoker's corner at school. A bare stage will suffice.

TIME: Present day.

COSTUMES

MS. FULKERSON wears teacher-appropriate clothing. CID dresses casually, wearing jeans and a T-shirt or something similar.

PROPS

- ☐ Cigarette (or may be mimed)
- ☐ Electric razor
- ☐ Paper note

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: ⁴Suppose one of you has a hundred sheep and loses one of them. Doesn't he leave the ninety-nine in the open country and go after the lost sheep until he finds it? ⁵And when he finds it, he joyfully puts it on his shoulders ⁶and goes home. Then he calls his friends and neighbors together and says, 'Rejoice with me; I have found my lost sheep.' ⁷I tell you that in the same way there will be more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who do not need to repent." (Luke 15:4-7)



AT START: *CID is smoking. MS. FULKERSON enters like a cop at a bust, holding an electric razor like a Taser.*

MS. FULKERSON: Freeze, buster!

CID hurriedly steps on his cigarette, kicks it away, and starts to make an exit.

MS. FULKERSON: I said freeze. Don't make me zap you!

CID: *(Freezes, then realizes he's facing MS. FULKERSON.)* Wait, Ms. Fulkerson?

MS. FULKERSON: I'm surprised you recognize me. You've only been to class once this week.

CID: What are you doing with a Taser?

MS. FULKERSON: Getting your attention.

CID: Teachers can't have Tasers.

MS. FULKERSON: Classroom discipline has gone to a whole new level, bucko.

CID: *(Looks more closely.)* Hey, that's not a Taser.

MS. FULKERSON: How would you know what a Taser looks like?

CID: Trust me, I know Tasers. What is that?

MS. FULKERSON: An electric razor.

CID: Why do you have an electric razor at school?

MS. FULKERSON: I know I look completely put together all the time at school, but I do have four kids.

CID: Huh?

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MS. FULKERSON: Getting our gang ready and to school on time is an adventure. Sometimes I have to touch up my legs at school.

CID: In class?

MS. FULKERSON: Don't be ridiculous. I shave during passing periods. With the door locked. And the window covered.

CID: So that motivational poster with the kitten hanging on –

MS. FULKERSON: It was free and big. And quit doing that.

CID: Doing what?

MS. FULKERSON: Diverting the focus of the conversation away from you. You are a master at it. Now, why aren't you in class?

CID: Why aren't you in class?

MS. FULKERSON: Ms. Carlson is covering for me.

CID: But doesn't she have class too?

MS. FULKERSON: Ms. Carlson is covering for me while Mr. Bernhardt is covering for Ms. Carlson. Mr. Bernhardt won't cover for me because my class is, in his words, full of yahoos.

CID: Mr. Bernhardt thinks all kids are yahoos.

MS. FULKERSON: No, you and Alex Anderson are the two yahoos my class is full of. Class management has been a whole lot easier since you started skipping. Anderson has no Chong to go with his Cheech.

CID: I don't even know what that means.

MS. FULKERSON: It's a seventies thing. And again, stop it. Answer the question. Why aren't you in class?

CID: But you just said that class management has been easier—

MS. FULKERSON: Teaching isn't about making my life easier. Now, what is so important that you are missing my incredible lecture-slash-song-slash-dance routine about the serial killer in that awesome story A Good Man Is Hard to Find?

CID: Serial killer? Dance?

MS. FULKERSON: It works for Flannery O'Connor. So you missed that life-changing event for what?

CID: I needed a smoke.

MS. FULKERSON: (*Looks where CID kicked the cigarette.*) Sorry. "Needed a smoke" is not good enough.

CID: Huh?

MS. FULKERSON: You do an excellent job of hiding it, Cid, but you are one of the smartest students I've got. And I like the way you think. I want you in class for that Flannery O'Connor discussion.

CID: You want me in class? Me?

MS. FULKERSON: Don't get me wrong. You are a massive pain. And from what I hear, you are on your best behavior in my class. You called Ms. Carlson a "feminazi."

CID: She said I wasn't working "to my potential."

MS. FULKERSON: And I can't repeat what you said to Mr. Walden.

CID: He tried to take away my phone in class.

MS. FULKERSON: You keyed Mr. Jeffries' car.

CID: He called my house. My house! My dad threw me out for three days.

MS. FULKERSON: What?

CID: Oh, that's nothing new. I've got places to stay. But I don't need Jeffries to give my Dad one more reason to kick me out.

MS. FULKERSON: *(Beat.)* I didn't know.

CID: Nobody does. And I shouldn't have told you.

MS. FULKERSON: I'm glad you did. It helps me to understand your actions.

CID: I don't need your apology.

MS. FULKERSON: You misheard me. I wasn't apologizing. I understand your actions. I didn't say I approve of them.

CID: Yeah, whatever.

MS. FULKERSON: Don't you "yeah, whatever" me. You seem to forget that I still have this razor.

CID: It's an electric razor.

MS. FULKERSON: Cheap electric razor. When I'm done with you, your shins will be in such agony...

Beat. CID laughs.

MS. FULKERSON: That's better. Now, come back to class.

CID: I'm sorry, Mrs. Fulkerson, but Cannery Row is not that important to me right now.

MS. FULKERSON: Wrong book. But right vibe. And you'd know that if you came to class. (*Beat.*) If I can give you three good reasons why you should come back to class, will you?

CID: Let's hear the reasons.

MS. FULKERSON: Will you come?

CID: Oh, all right. If you can give me three good reasons.

MS. FULKERSON: All right. One: the other students need you. Without you and your thoughts, we are incomplete.

CID: Yeah, right. (*Sarcastically.*) Just one big happy family. The other students have been so welcoming.

MS. FULKERSON: I'll give you that. Some of them have been jerks.

CID: You got that right.

MS. FULKERSON: But you don't know their story, just like they don't know your story. They'll keep being jerks until you make them friends.

CID: Oh, yeah? How do I do that?

MS. FULKERSON: Well, you could start with eye contact and saying hello.

CID rolls his eyes.

MS. FULKERSON: Two: you need the other students.

CID: I don't need any of them.

MS. FULKERSON: Well, we weren't made to live alone. No one's got your six.

CID: Got my six?

MS. FULKERSON: Military talk. I use it a lot in paintball. It means that no one's going to pick you up when you're down.

CID: Look, can we finish this up? Anderson's supposed to meet me here in a few minutes.

MS. FULKERSON: Don't count on that. He's having a similar talk with Mr. Williams. Look, we're all walking a tough road if we're on the right road, and you need us. So, what do you say?

CID: Three.

MS. FULKERSON: Huh?

CID: You said you'd give me three reasons.

MS. FULKERSON: Oh. Three: if you come back to class, all the teachers will buy me lunch.

CID: Are you kidding me? This is just a bet?

MS. FULKERSON: Of course not! It would be a celebration!

CID: A celebration? I am so confused! Have you been drinking or something this morning?

MS. FULKERSON: And lose my job? I don't think so. Can't you see that all the other teachers are pulling for you?

CID: Seriously? No one cares about me.

MS. FULKERSON: Why is it so hard to believe that the teachers do?

CID: Because no one does. Besides, none of the teachers even like me.

MS. FULKERSON: Of course they like you.

CID: Then why are they always on my back?

MS. FULKERSON: Well, if they didn't care, they'd just let you fail out of school. But, like me, they see your potential.

CID: Potential? I'm not the AP kids going to college next year. I'm not getting a sports scholarship. My grades won't even get me into the technical school. Why waste time on me?

MS. FULKERSON: Because the one is valuable, too.

CID: No one's ever said that to me before.

MS. FULKERSON: *(Pause.)* We're pulling for you, Cid.

CID: All the teachers? Even Jeffries?

MS. FULKERSON: About that. He sent you a note. *(Digs out note and hands it to CID.)*

CID: *(Reads.)* "Dear Cid, I apologize for calling your father and telling him that you were lazy and insolent. I should have discussed it with you. To make it up to you, I will instruct you on how to repair scratches on classic automobiles this Saturday. Pizza will follow. Sincerely, Mr. Jeffries." *(Looks up at MS. FULKERSON.)*

MS. FULKERSON: He makes good pizza.

CID: How would you know?

MS. FULKERSON: Well... I opened my car door a little too vigorously in the teacher parking lot near the end of school last year. *(Beat.)* So, what do you say?

CID: All right. I guess a book with a serial killer can't be all bad. (*Starts to exit, then stops.*) So they'll buy you lunch, huh?

MS. FULKERSON: Yep.

CID: A celebration?

MS. FULKERSON: (*Smiles.*) You'd better believe it.

Lights down.

THE END



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by Jane Jeffries and Jim Jeffries.

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