

PEARL

by Jane & Jim Jeffries



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CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS EDUCATIONAL SERIES

PEARL

Parable: The Pearl of Great Price

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SYNOPSIS: Trent is fed up with his diva boss's demands when they travel to Brazil. On a break he encounters a little girl named Pearl scavenging in the dump, and he empties his wallet—and his heart—for her.

BIBLE VERSE: Matthew 13:44-46

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 1 male, 1 either)*

TRENT (m).....A personal assistant to a rich
celebrity. *(57 lines)*

KATE DEVEREUX (f)A rich celebrity. *(67 lines)*

REESE (m/f) Kate's lawyer. *(8 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes

SETTING: Kate's plush office.

TIME: Present day.

SET

Place a desk and chair at center stage. An additional chair should be placed to one side. A mini fridge should be located on the other side. Add plants and other office décor as desired.

COSTUMES

Trent and Reese should wear nice business attire. Kate may either wear the same or something more extravagant and fashionable.

SOUND EFFECTS

- ☐ Ringing telephone.

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PROPS

- ☐ Cordless or cell phone
- ☐ Bottled water
- ☐ Clipboard

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: ⁴⁴The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field, which a man found and covered up. Then in his joy he goes and sells all that he has and buys that field. ⁴⁵Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant seeking beautiful pearls, ⁴⁶who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it (*Matthew 13:44-46*).



AT START: *Lights up on plush office. KATE is talking on her cell phone as TRENT enters.*

KATE: You're not listening to what I'm saying. The color is entirely wrong. (*Pause.*) No, that was your understanding. I made it perfectly clear that I did not want to look like Nicole Kidman. (*Pause.*) What do you mean? She always wears pale tan. How could you not know that's what I meant?

Acknowledges TRENT and directs him to have a seat.

KATE: Well, that doesn't matter now. I simply won't wear a dress in that color. (*Pause.*) I don't care what you tell him. (*Pause.*) Look, he can either make the dress in a different color, or I'll find another designer. I'm done with this conversation. (*Hangs up.*) I'm speaking English; what is so hard to understand? (*Beat. To TRENT.*) Good morning, Trent.

TRENT: Good morning. Are you back in this time zone yet?

KATE: I'll need a few more days. I have something to help me sleep now. (*Hands TRENT a clipboard.*) Here. I'd like you to look over this schedule for next weekend.

TRENT: I was hoping we could talk about something first.

REESE enters.

KATE: *(Phone rings.)* In a moment. I have to take this. Just look that over for now. Have some coffee if you want. *(Speaking into the phone.)* Hello? *(Beat.)* Well, that was fast. Is he going to change the color? *(Pause.)* That's not really my concern. I was clear that I didn't want that color. *(Pause.)* Fine. I'll pay for both. The other one can just hang in my closet. *(Beat.)* How soon can he have it ready? The film festival is in two weeks. *(Beat.)* That's cutting it a bit close, don't you think? *(Pause.)* All right, just have him call me, and I'll convince him. *(Beat.)* Fine. I've got to go. *(Hangs up phone.)*

REESE: I've made some calls, Kate.

KATE: And?

REESE: I can get the charges dropped to reckless driving with one year's probation.

KATE: What about my car?

REESE: They're keeping the Ferrari for now.

KATE: They can't do that.

REESE: You were driving with a suspended license.

KATE: But that's my car!

REESE: Look, Kate, it's a good deal. Plead to reckless driving, and I'll get the car back after the charges are settled.

KATE glares at TRENT.

REESE: Trust me on this, OK? I'll make it go away before the film festival. Do you agree?

KATE: If you ask me, it feels like they're trying to make an example of me because I'm rich.

REESE: If you weren't rich, you'd be in jail right now. Just take the plea.

KATE: *(Sighs.)* Oh, all right! Just make it go away. *(Beat.)* And I want my car back by next week.

REESE: *(Exiting.)* I'll make the calls.

KATE: This day is giving me a headache.

TRENT: So Kate, could we talk about something?

KATE: *(Changing the subject.)* Trent, would you get me a water?

TRENT: *(Sighs, crosses to small fridge, and takes out an expensive bottled water. Opens it and crosses back to KATE.)* Here you go. *(Hands bottled water to KATE.)*

KATE: *(Takes a drink, then looks at the bottle.)* Silkka? Who put this in here? I specifically asked for RenVand. I only drink RenVand now.

TRENT: It's just water.

KATE: What? It is not "just" water! RenVand is the purest water in the world! Get rid of this and see if there is some RenVand over there.

TRENT: *(Takes bottle and crosses back to fridge.)* It's all Silkka.

KATE: What kind of sick joke is this? I don't drink anything else!

TRENT: But Kate, it's just—

KATE: I told them what I wanted! This is ridiculous! My life should not be this hard!

TRENT stares at her.

KATE: What?

TRENT: *(Pause.)* I quit.

KATE: What?

TRENT: I said I quit.

KATE: I still don't understand. What do you mean you quit?

TRENT: I mean I'm done.

KATE: Don't I pay you enough?

TRENT: The salary is great.

KATE: Are you unhappy with the hours? Because this is what you signed up for.

TRENT: I know. It's not the hours.

KATE: Then what is the problem? You've been quiet ever since we got back from Rio.

TRENT: Rio changed me.

KATE: Oh yeah? How so?

TRENT: *(Pause.)* Remember when you gave me the afternoon off?

KATE: Yes.

TRENT: I took a walk. Do you know how long it's been since I just took a walk?

KATE: What does that have to do with anything?

TRENT: Just let me explain. I started walking toward the beach, but I got a bit turned around. It was like... like I crossed a street, and suddenly I was in a slum area.

KATE: Oh, no! Were you robbed? What happened?

TRENT: Nothing like that. I saw a girl.

KATE: A girl?

TRENT: She couldn't have been more than six years old.

KATE: She was alone? Where were her parents?

TRENT: I don't know. She was begging.

KATE: Well, she probably saw a rich American and knew she could get money from you. Why didn't you just turn around?

TRENT: That's just it. There was something about her. Her eyes, her face, how thin she was. She couldn't speak English, but I knew what she was asking.

KATE: So you gave her some money?

TRENT: I gave her everything in my wallet.

KATE: (*Surprised.*) Well, that was awfully generous. I'd say you did everything you could.

TRENT: No, it wasn't. I only had thirty dollars in my wallet.

KATE: That would be a lot of money for her.

TRENT: But I felt so... guilty. Like I should do more.

KATE: Guilty because you make a good living and she doesn't? Maybe her parents shouldn't keep having babies if they can't afford to raise them.

TRENT: It's more complicated than that.

KATE: Is it?

TRENT: I gave her the money, and when she wasn't looking, I followed her.

KATE: Are you crazy? Someone could have beaten you up and left you for dead. We wouldn't have known where to find you.

TRENT: Call it... a step of faith.

KATE: (*Surprised.*) A step of faith?

TRENT: Somehow, I knew I'd be OK. (*Beat.*) I just had a peace about it.

KATE: "A peace about it"? You know, you sound crazy.

TRENT: I don't know, maybe.

KATE: Well, go on.

TRENT: She went home—at least where she lived. It wasn't really a home, Kate. It was more like a shed—not even that. Just a bunch of old boards put together. They didn't have a door.

KATE: How do you know she lived there?

TRENT: Her mother was there, and three younger children. The boy didn't even have pants.

KATE: There are poor sections in cities all over the world.

TRENT: It's one thing to know that, Kate. People "raise awareness" all the time. But it's another thing to see it. The streets were mud. It was filthy everywhere. I can't believe people live like that.

KATE: So, what do you want to do? Send a check to the relief agency? I can do that if it would make you feel better.

TRENT: You're not hearing me. After she gave the money to her mother, she left again and I followed her.

KATE: Again, are you crazy?

TRENT: I knew I was safe. I can't explain it.

KATE: So, where did you end up?

TRENT: At the dump.

KATE: (*Confused.*) The dump?

TRENT: It's the worst thing I've ever seen. There were children all over the hills.

KATE: I don't understand. Were they playing on the dump?

TRENT: They were scavenging, Kate! For food... for anything they could sell. I've never seen poverty like that.

KATE: (*Pause.*) All right. Let's find out where to send money to help these people. I'll have Reese cut a check. How about one hundred thousand dollars?

TRENT: That's very generous, Kate, but a hundred thousand dollars isn't going to fix the problem.

KATE: Well, it can't hurt! What else can I do?

TRENT: I'm not saying don't send it. It's just going to take more.

KATE: Okay, I'll send two hundred thousand dollars.

TRENT: That's not what I mean.

KATE: (*Aggravated.*) Then what do you mean?

TRENT: I mean that it will take more than money to change things.

KATE: (*Beat.*) Money is what changes most things in the world.

TRENT: Money is a quick-fix. You could send money now, and three years from now, there will still be children crawling over the dump, looking for food.

KATE: So, if that's never going to change, then what am I supposed to do?

TRENT: I can't answer that for you, but I know what I'm going to do.

KATE: You're going to quit your job, and... what?

TRENT: I'm quitting so that I can move there.

KATE: (*Shocked.*) Move there?

TRENT: I've been thinking about this since we got back. I wasn't sure, but—

KATE: But what? What made you decide to quit?

TRENT: (*Pause.*) Water.

KATE: Water? None of this makes sense.

TRENT: (*Crosses to get the bottled water.*) No. (*Holds up the water.*) None of this makes sense. Those children are drinking out of a polluted river, and we're over here arguing about what bottled water is best when we can turn on our taps and have perfectly good drinking water!

KATE: So you're angry at me for buying bottled water?

TRENT: No! I'm angry that they don't have any clean water.

KATE: So how is quitting your job going to save them?

TRENT: I'm not going to save them. I'm going to save me.

KATE: Save you? Trent, I have no idea what you're saying.

TRENT: It seems like I have everything, but I don't, really. There's just got to be more.

KATE: Now you're making even less sense.

TRENT: I'm moving over there.

KATE: What? That's horrible.

TRENT: It is. But that's telling, isn't it? Living in abject poverty is the last thing I want to do. But if I just turn a blind eye to their suffering, who am I? What do I have in the end? I can spend my time pursuing things that don't matter, or I could move there and do something that does matter. So I'm moving there.

KATE: And what do you plan to live on?

TRENT: I'm selling everything: my Lexus, my condo in Naples, my expensive suits... that will be plenty. I'm going to start a school.

KATE: (*Incredulous.*) A school? What do you know about starting a school?

TRENT: Not much. But Pastor Lucas does.

KATE: Pastor Lucas? Who's he?

TRENT: I met him the same day. He works in the slums. His dream is to build a school so that the children can get an education and regular meals. We talked all afternoon. He believes God sent me to help him.



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by Jane Jeffries and Jim Jeffries.

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