

The Potters House

This is the story of a young man named Paul, who is wrapped and tied up in the sins of this world; trying hard to find God and failing miserably over and over again to the point where he starts to believe that he has messed up beyond redemption.

His friends (*including a girlfriend*) entice him daily to go deeper in sin and give up completely on God.

His father is the kind of Preacher who preaches doom and gloom on the imperfect, scaring the living daylights out of everyone who has ever made a mistake. (*How he knows so much about what his church members are doing is another story*)

Paul's mother remains humble despite some heated dialogue exchange between herself and her husband. She silently prays for her son's breakthrough.

Their church is dying under the Preacher's administration.

Yet hope lingers in the form of a church Janitor who carries a testimony so powerful, captives that had once been bound with iron chains and heavy bars will be set free again.

CAST

PAUL - An eighteen-year-old youngster who graduated high school 2 years ago. He is a member of the Church, once very committed and dedicated until he allowed certain friends to become a part of his life. Now he is nothing but a broken clay searching for the God that he once knew.

SHARON - Paul's secular girlfriend. A hardcore materialist who believes that a man's true happiness is measured by what possessions they have, how many times a day they have sex and the kind of friends they have. She is very, very demanding.

JOE - Teenage computer wiz. A bit nerdy sometimes, but always in control of himself. He had introduced the internet-pornography thing to Paul and keeps dragging him deeper into the perverted world of pornography.

JOHN - Heavy smoker and drinker. He makes these bad habits look good and pleasurable and convinces Paul that alcohol will make the pain go away.

INA - Paul's mother. A dedicated and sober minded Christian, who taught Paul the word of God as he grew up. She is affected most of all by Paul's secrecy and his fall from glory, yet try to deal with him out of the unconditional love and goodness that makes her the type of person she is. Her desire is to see Paul revived.

PASTOR BLAKE - Paul's father the perfectionist. He teaches and preaches that the only true Christian is a sin-free Christian. He does not even condone little lies under any circumstances. A lot of members have been dis-fellowshipped under his pastoral care as he seeks to keep the house of the Lord squeaky clean.

MEL, JULIA and PEARL - The rumormongers of the church. They see everything and tell everything to everybody, every time.

RACHEL - A quiet, soft-spoken old woman, who cleans the church every Saturday morning. She loves to read God's word and enjoys loving people. Not many pay attention to her though rendering her presence almost invisible, not that she minds. It is through her past experience that Paul will learn the truth about The Potter's House.

SCRIPT

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP

Enter PASTOR BLAKE.

He lays his briefcase down and hangs up his coat, then heads for the table. He Stops. He goes back to the coat and takes out a folded newspaper. He goes To the table and sits.

Enter INA.

She stands a little way off with her hands folded before her. She watches As her husband opens the paper and starts to read. She waits, then sighs deeply.

INA: I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

Pastor Blake looks away from his newspaper for just a second.

BLAKE: I don't remember asking.

Ina again waits. Pastor Blake offers no other response. She walks over and tears The newspaper away from his face.

He jumps up in a rage.

BLAKE: Don't start!

INA: You need to talk to him. How long will you avoid your own son?

BLAKE: When he is ready to talk, he knows where to find me.

INA: He's not going to come to you. You know that. No one in their right mind would approach you with any attempt at a normal conversation.

BLAKE: What is that suppose to mean?

INA: You're not dumb. Figure it out.

Pause.

BLAKE: Look...depression is a choice...

INA: No! Depression is a sickness. It requires medication and counseling.

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BLAKE: I'm neither a Doctor nor a counselor.

INA: He needs you John.

BLAKE: I have a church that needs me. I know how people act when they are in need and our son's actions says differently.

INA: You know that it's just a matter of time before...

The words get caught in her throat.

BLAKE: Before what??

INA: Before....before he starts thinking about death.

BLAKE: Everyone thinks about....

Ina slaps him with her hand.

INA: Before he starts thinking about taking his life.

BLAKE: What?

INA: It's one of the symptoms.

BLAKE: Paul is much smarter than that.

INA: How would you know? You don't know your own son.

BLAKE: You talk as if his situation is my fault.

INA: Partially it is.

BLAKE: I don't think so.

INA: You never accept responsibility for anything.

BLAKE: Quit playing the blame game here. Paul is old enough and responsible enough to deal with his own decisions.

Ina is very close to tears.

INA: Paul needs his father...and I need my husband. The real man that I married.

Ina heads for the exit.

BLAKE: Foolish woman! I am a Pastor. I was called, appointed and anointed by God Himself to Father many...how dare you!!!

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Ina disappears offstage.

BLAKE: Don't you walk away from me when I'm talking.

Pastor Blake waits to see her return. She does not.

He wants to say something, but needs someone to say it to. He looks around and Targets someone from the audience. He goes a little closer to that audience Member.

BLAKE: Can a man judge me without condemning himself? Can he?

Audience member responds.

BLAKE: Then say my son chooses to be depressed; then chooses to take his own life. Am I responsible?

Audience member responds.

BLAKE: Why am I even talking to you?

Pastor Blake gathers himself to exit.

BLAKE: FYI people...I will always be like this...unless God says differently. Yes, I'm willing to change, but I'll change for no one except my GOD.

He exits.

The LIGHTS DIM.

Soft music rises in the background and continues over the rest of this scene.

Paul enters. *He has a bag in his hand.*

He empties them out on the table.

PAUL: I can't live like this anymore.

He picks up both pill bottles and empties them in his hand.

PAUL: You cared about Abraham enough to stop his hand from sinking that knife into his only son...

Pause.

PAUL: Do you care about me enough to stop my hand from doing...this?

Pause

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PAUL: I know I have a choice, but it's not that simple. Are you even there? Are you even listening to me? Are you just going to stand there and watch me die?

Paul waits.

He opens the bottle of water.

He wipes a few tears from his eyes.

He takes a deep breathe.

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP

This is a Party setting.

There is food, drinks and a little boom box set up playing worship songs.

NB.

You can use as many or as few extras as possible here to create a party atmosphere.

The Characters onstage are in pairs and three-some (if you have enough extras). They talk, laugh, drink, eat and occasionally rock to the slow beat music of the worship choruses.

This continues for a while, the music is rather beautiful but the overall Atmosphere should be dull. This can be achieved by just playing the music very low and making sure the characters stay in one place.

ENTER SHARON, Paul is a little way behind her.

SHARON: This party is boring.

PAUL: You just got here.

SHARON: And I'm ready to leave. Duh!

They call to a few people. Paul is a little less enthused than Sharon as she waves To her friends and share a few laughs with them.

SHARON: Paul, fetch me a drink, will ya.

Paul looks at her, but she is otherwise minded. He goes to get the drink.

Sharon calls to a few more people, and then goes over to Paul. By now he should Have two glasses of drink.

SHARON: I only want one drink, Paul.

PAUL: The other one is for me, silly woman.

SHARON: Be careful. I might hold out on you tonight.

PAUL: *(under his breathe)* That will be the day.

SHARON: Excuse me!

PAUL: I said, what a day.

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SHARON: Whatever. Let's go over there.

They make their way to a secluded corner, closer to the audience.

SHARON: What you buying for my birthday, baby?

Paul shrugs.

SHARON: C'mon, no surprises. I hate surprises.

PAUL: I haven't thought about it yet.

SHARON: I beg your pardon.

PAUL: Sharon, your birthday is not for another two months.

SHARON: So...you have to plan in advance you know.

Paul doesn't respond.

SHARON: Am I annoying you?

PAUL: *(lying)* No.

SHARON: Anyway, when you go to buy, make sure you get me something that I can actually use. I really wanted a car, but due to the fact that you're unemployed...maybe you can get me one of those new camera phones...You can afford to buy me a phone, right?

PAUL: *(lying)* Yes.

SHARON: Good. I would hate to think that your only worth is in bed, not that you're the best I ever had, but you already know that, right?

PAUL: I have a question for you.

SHARON: You do...that's new...go ahead and ask your question.

Paul looks at her unsure.

PAUL: Never mind.

SHARON: Don't even think about it! Ask your question!

PAUL: Do you find ...happiness in all these material things.

Pause.

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SHARON: What kinda question is that?

PAUL: It's a simple question.

SHARON: I'm way beyond the point of trying to understand you Paul. You have a way of always asking some far fetched, corn stumping, very irrelevant question at the worst possible time. Now with a question like that, what am I suppose to imagine is going on in that thick head of yours.

PAUL: It was a yes or no question.

Sharon lets out a little scream.

Pause.

SHARON: What is this about?

Paul hesitates.

SHARON: Paul, why did you ask me that question?

PAUL: I think life is more than just having stuff. I must have a greater purpose than just getting stuff.

Sharon considers. She calms down a bit and hugs Paul.

SHARON: Your place is by my side; tonight I'll remind you of your purpose. There is nothing else worth living for.

PAUL: Why do I disagree?

Sharon lets him go.

SHARON: Let me guess, you have a conscience now. *(Pause)* That's why I stopped dating Christian men. You always make me feel like a little dirty rag. I thought you were different.

Sharon looks at Paul hoping for a denial response. Paul says nothing.

ENTER JOE & JOHN, the party crashers – so to speak.

Joe is a little nerdy, but loud.

John has a cigarette in his mouth and a beer in his hand.

JOE: Hey, hey, hey...who died up in here?

JOHN: Let's crash this party, man.

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Joe slaps the radio and it goes silent. The worship CD rolls out and is replaced by Something else (gospel reggae, rock gospel, some upbeat, maybe even Controversial version of gospel)

Joe and John take the dance floor. One by One everyone joins in (nothing Outrageous of course, just music-appreciating dancing)

Sharon slowly calms down - - - starts to rock her head - - - she joins in with The others.

Paul remains secluded and motionless as everyone enjoys themselves to the Peak, even going among the audience trying to get them to join the dance.

The party comes to a climax, everyone is exhausted. They leave one by one Except Paul, Sharon, Joe and John.

Joe, John and Sharon walk over to where Paul is.

JOHN: Man, what's with you tonight. Your grandmother died or something?

JOE: I know what the dude needs.

Joe pulls a CD from his pocket and hands it to Paul.

PAUL: What's this?

Joe and John look at each other as if to count 1,2,3

JOE AND JOHN: Girls gone wild!!!

JOE: Brand new collection.

JOHN: Un---beat --- able.

JOE: You gonna love these girls. Totally shameless, man.

PAUL: Listen, guys...

JOHN: Hold up, man...we aint done yet.

John pulls an un-open beer from his pocket.

JOHN: Can you feel the spirit man...guaranteed to wipe your pains away...and...

Hands Paul a cigarette.

JOHN: This will seal the deal.

JOE: Yeah man.

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Paul looks at the three items in his hands...it must be clear that he really wants Nothing to do with these.

Joe and John high five each other and laughs as if they have accomplished a Great deed.

PAUL: I can't do this anymore, guys.

The scene falls into a hush.

JOE: Do what, man?

JOHN: Yeah, what?

PAUL: This!

Sharon folds her arms.

Joe and John do the same, waiting to hear what Paul has to say.

Paul looks at them. He's not sure he wants to answer them tonight. He decides Not to.

PAUL: It's late...we should go.

Joe and John start laughing again. They pat Paul on the shoulder and exits.

SHARON: We need to talk.

Sharon exits.

Paul sighs and exits after her...

LIGHTS FADE

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SCENE 3

LIGHTS UP

Mel, Julia and Pearl are gathered at CS

MEL: Have you put the pieces together?

JULIA: I should think so.

PEARL: More or less.

MEL: So, what's the verdict?

PEARL: Uhm, maybe we should wait until he gets here.

JULIA: Why? I need to hear now.

MEL: Yes, and besides we told him Nine, he should have been here already.

PEARL: I just don't want to have to repeat myself when he gets here.

BLAKE'S VOICE: Pipe down you three...

Pastor Blake appears.

BLAKE: Someone might hear you.

MEL: Relax...no one is here yet.

Pastor Blake points out at the audience.

BLAKE: You sure about that?

The three look out wide-eyed.

PEARL: Goodness, let's be soft-spoken.

BLAKE: So what do you have for me?

They take out notebooks and refer to it from time to time.

MEL: There are still a few who simply refuse to behave themselves in the appropriate manner. Sis Whorrell, for instance, was seen entering a man's house at the end of the street...this man is a member of another very controversial church and of course, no one saw her come out, which means it's safe to say that she slept there.

BLAKE: Woe be unto all Fornicators.

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MEL: It's worst than fornication...adultery is more appropriate in this case as this man's wife is abroad on a business trip. Poor girl!

BLAKE: Totally unacceptable.

Pastor Blake makes notes.

JULIA: There is also clique of young people who engage in the abomination of smoking, drinking and secular partying, to name a few. One brother was seen with a cigar and beer in his hands leaving a party with one of our own member's backsliding daughter.

BLAKE: Names, I want names.

JULIA: That brother was your son.

Pastor Blake falls numb and silent for a beat.

He stares at Julia, and then muscles up enough strength to make a note without saying anything.

PEARL: Let us not forget the continued pretence of some of the so called saints who lift their hands during worship, but are swift to create mischief when they leave the four walls of the church.

BLAKE: They have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof.

PEARL: Exactly so.

MEL: There are those who do nothing but watch television, they listen to rag songs and engage in blasphemous, idle jesting and just plain rude conversations with their peers.

PEARL: Idol worshipping.

JULIA: The very thing you preach against every Sunday.

BLAKE: We suffer because of these people.

Pearl hands the Pastor a list of names.

PEARL: These are the names of those we have measured and have found wanting and like always, they should be dis-fellowshipped immediately.

BLAKE: I'll take care of it. You have done well.

PEARL: All in a days work.

Pearl, Mel and Julia shakes the Pastor's hand and joins the audience. Pastor Blake approaches the pulpit.

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BLAKE: Today, we shall bypass all the pleasantries that we have grown accustomed to and go straight to the message that God has given me for this congregation.

For those of us who think God is blind, who really believes that He does not see you when you go to spend the night at a married man's house. WOE.

For those of you who think God is blind to the cigar and alcohol that you so blazingly consume. WOE.

For those who pretend to be all holy in the house, and yet go home cursing, swearing and watching hours of television, neglecting God's word and prayer. WOE.

HELL will be your final resting place. Some of us were born to go to hell and I will not allow you to be a part of this congregation. HELL will be your home.

NOTE. The purpose of this message is to scare the living daylights out of Everyone. Even if the actor playing the Pastor can't learn the lines by heart, The context should exist still in what he says.

BLAKE: This is your final warning. Some of you will die tonight. The altar is waiting.

NOTE: Have several people racing for the altar at this point.

BLAKE: I can't pray for you people. You're too unworthy of my prayers. Get up and go home. Repent, cleanse yourselves from your Impurities and the Lord will have mercy on your souls. Go Home! Lord knows I try my best with you people...but you just don't get it.

Those at the altar get up broken and leave.

Pastor Blake gathers his things to leave.

Paul leaves the audience and go to confront him.

PAUL: Sir, sir...what was that all about?

BLAKE: You're not worthy to question me, boy.

PAUL: I'm your son.

BLAKE: At this point I wish I didn't have a son.

Paul hangs his head, hurt.

Pastor Blake takes advantage of this.

BLAKE: I'm curious as to how you young people think these days, how your mind works. I would love you to explain to me what benefit you hope to achieve from your worldly indulgence.

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PAUL: You're judging me based on rumors, sir.

BLAKE: Sometimes there's a very thin line between rumors and facts. People see you; they know you and they know you're my son. Do you find pleasure in embarrassing me?

PAUL: Have you ever considered asking me what I do with my time, if I'm actually involved in all the things people accuse me of? Wouldn't you feel more justified if I told you what I was doing?

BLAKE: Remember your place, boy.

PAUL: That's just it, sir...I don't know my place anymore.

Pastor grits his teeth. To him, this conversation is useless.

Ina makes her way to her son; Blake sees her coming and exits quickly.

Paul hugs his mother.

PAUL: How can you stand being married to such a beast?

Pause.

INA: Because I have to believe that God doesn't make mistakes.

Rachael has stood up in the audience. She walks to wards the stage...she stops... She watches the scene before her...she exits.

NOTE: Rachael's character should always be there, but hardly noticed.

PAUL: I've messed up, mother...and I can't find my way back.

INA: Just don't give up, my son. At the end of this test you will have a testimony...believe that.

PAUL: I want to.

INA: You have to.

Ina holds his arm and leads him offstage as...

LIGHTS FADE

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SCENE 4

LIGHTS UP

Joe, John and Paul are gathered at a table playing cards.

Joe and John both have a beer; John has a cigar in his mouth.

JOE: You sure you don't want a beer, dog.

Paul shakes his head no.

JOHN: Something's wrong with you, man...there's a negative vibes about you.

JOE: Yeah, you holding out on us son?

Paul shakes his head no.

The card game continues awkwardly.

JOHN: Hey man, when last you get some?

JOE: Yeah man, Sharon holding out on you or sump'n.

PAUL: Why is it always about sex for you guys?

They look at Paul unbelievably, and then burst out laughing.

JOHN: Sex is like food man, you just can't get enough, you know what I'm saying.

JOE: Sex is like breathing, once it stops the whole body dies.

JOHN: Why you asking such a stupid question, dog?

PAUL: Sex is wrong, outside of marriage that is.

JOE: Says who?

PAUL: Says the bible.

JOHN: Says your daddy is more like it.

Paul resents that statement.

PAUL: This has nothing to do with my Father.

JOHN: Sure, whatever.

Joe takes a sip of beer.

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JOE: We heard what your daddy he gone and done in that church of yours the other day.

JOHN: You know he condemns everyone but himself to hell. Who gives him the right to judge nobody?

JOE: A man like that tells me to walk, I run.

Paul grabs Joe by the collar.

PAUL: Quit talking about my daddy like that. He has nothing to do with how I think.

JOE: Maybe not! But if you keep thinking like that, soon it will be hard to tell you two apart.

Paul thinks about this. He lets go of Joe's collar.

JOHN: Man has a point, Paul.

JOE: We don't mind you being a part of our little clique, even as a Christian, so long as you can think straight.

PAUL: You mean, think like you.

JOE: Man, what's with the dissing.

JOHN: Yeah man, what's up with that.

PAUL: I was just kidding. Let's just play cards a 'it.

They play some more; none wanting to start another conversation.

Sharon storms in.

She shoves Paul clear off his chair.

JOE: Whoa, girl...you like a hurricane up in here.

Sharon points a hard finger at Paul.

SHARON: What's her name?

PAUL: Who?

SHARON: The girl you been sleeping with.

JOHN: That's my dog.

SHARON: SHUT UP!

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Sharon turns back to Paul waiting for an answer. Paul stands to his feet.

PAUL: I don't know what you're talking about.

JOE: Wasn't me.

Sharon shots Joe a look...he chuckles but says no more.

Sharon shoves Paul again.

SHARON: Who is she?

PAUL: I'm not sleeping with anybody.

Sharon tries to shove him again, but he holds her hands.

SHARON: You LIAR!!

PAUL: Sharon, you don't know who I am. If you did you would never make such accusations.

Sharon's anger is slowly dissolving into tears.

Paul lets her go.

SHARON: Why have you stopped coming to my house?

Paul hesitates before he answers.

PAUL: Because...I'm tired.

Sharon looks at Paul, then looks away.

SHARON: Tired of me?

PAUL: No. Tired of being someone I'm not. Tired of being rebellious and opposing what I truly believe to be the truth. Tired of not being God's son.

Joe and John fold their arms.

SHARON: I see.

JOE: Hey man, we kinda see some of your old man shining through here...and that's what we've been trying to squash, right.

Paul nods, yes.

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JOHN: Good! So you got yourself here a good woman. She might love sex more than your average female, which aint really bad, but she's a good woman none the less, in her own special way, that is.

JOE: So what you say we drink and smoke our brains to a frazzle and forget this whole 'I want to live holy like my father' kind of thing, eh.

Silence. Paul considers this.

PAUL: I can't.

JOE: Sure you can.

Joe hands Paul a beer. John gives him a cigar.

JOHN: Don't think about it, just do it.

Pause...Paul stares at the objects in his hands.

JOE: Go ahead, man...don't let us hold you back.

JOHN: C'mon, you've done this before.

PAUL (*almost in tears*): I can't.

John pats Paul's shoulder; Sharon turns away.

JOHN: Listen Pal...I've been where you are and I am who I am because of what you hold in your hands.

PAUL: And that is supposed to make me feel better?

JOE: Man these things will erase all your problems.

PAUL: My Problems?!?

JOE: Yeah man...full hundred.

Paul slams the beer bottle on the table and throws the cigar at John.

PAUL: These things are my problem.

Paul heads for the exit.

He stops...he tries to touch Sharon, but she pulls away from him.

Paul slowly gathers himself.

PAUL: Sharon, when I leave now, I'm not looking back.

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Sharon is in tears.

SHARON: Go....please.

Paul hesitates, and then leaves.

John lights his cigar.

JOHN: That dude has some serious issues, man.

JOE (*drinks some beer*): Totally!

LIGHTS FADE

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SCENE 5

LIGHTS UP

Paul paces the stage.

He stops occasionally and looks up.

After a long while, he starts praying.

PAUL: God...I'm desperate. I've forsaken my sins, and yet I can't find you. Why am I still in bondage? God?!?

Silence.

PAUL: You're the Potter, Lord...and I'm only the clay...break me, melt me, mold me, and make me over again. Take me back to where I used to be. I desire it, Lord...I need it.

Silence.

PAUL: You're not listening to me, are you?

Silence.

PAUL (*shouts*): Do something that I at least know you're here!!

Paul is startled when the door kicks open.

Rachael backs in with a mop and a pale of water.

Paul tries to calm his racing heart.

He watches as Rachael starts to mop the floor.

RACHEL: Brother Paul...you ain't need to shout for God to hear you.

PAUL: Excuse me!?

RACHAEL: You heard what I said.

PAUL: You know my name...you know me?

RACHAEL: It's hard to hide a Pastor's son.

PAUL: Oh yeah! Please don't remind me.

Pause...Paul watches her for a moment.

PAUL: You come to our church?

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Rachael smiles.

PAUL: I never...

RACHAEL: ...noticed me before. Yep! I get that a lot.

PAUL: What are you doing here?

Rachael just smiles again.

PAUL: Well, it's obvious you're cleaning...but why?

Rachael stops wiping...she leans on the mop-stick to speak directly to Paul.

RACHAEL: That's the funny thing about people. The moment things appear the same, the reason behind it becomes irrelevant, almost invisible. You see, the church is always clean...but no one ever wonders why it is clean and, unless a trumpet is blown, no one will ever care to know.

PAUL: You have a point. Maybe you should sound a trumpet.

Rachael resumes wiping the floor.

RACHAEL: No! I'm not like that.

PAUL: What is the use of doing this if nobody ever acknowledges your sacrifice?

RACHAEL: I wouldn't quite say nobody does.

PAUL: God..?

RACHAEL: He's all the attention I need.

Pause.

PAUL: Can I help?

Rachael considers for a beat.

RACHAEL: Sure! Get yourself one a them mops from around the back.

PAUL: Yes ma'am.

Paul exits quickly and comes back shortly after with a mop in his hand.

Joyfully he starts wiping the stage.

RACHAEL: I think we have something in common.

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PAUL: What would that be?

RACHAEL: We find pleasure in the little things in life.

PAUL: I used to.

RACHAEL: What happened?

PAUL: I would rather not talk about it.

Silence.

They wipe some more.

More silence.

Paul stops.

PAUL: Friends happened.

Rachael stops wiping and looks around.

RACHAEL: Are you talking to me?

PAUL (*laughs*): Yes ma'am.

RACHAEL: You can call me Rachael.

PAUL: Ok...Rachael...I got in the wrong crowd. Started doing some bad things.

RACHAEL: Why?

Paul shrugs.

PAUL: For the experience, I guess.

RACHAEL: The real reason, Paul.

Pause.

PAUL: To hurt my Father.

RACHAEL: Now he's a piece of work. He's just as broken as you are...he's just afraid to face it.

PAUL: How do you know that?

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RACHAEL: Child...when you've been down a certain road...you can tell when others set foot on that same path.

PAUL: I don't doubt that...but I think you're judging him and the bible tells us not to judge.

RACHAEL: The bible tells us to judge righteously. You never go believing everything someone says unless you can confirm it with the bible. It don't matter what position they hold you keep in mind that they haven't made it to heaven yet...so they're no better off than you and I. You have to learn to try the spirit, examine the fruits that they bear and match what they say against the word of God. Then you can believe.

PAUL: Do you really think the bible is completely accurate...I mean...it was written by men.

RACHAEL: Son, if you can't find the courage to accept and believe the bible in its entirety...you may very well spend the rest of your life searching for God...and not find Him.

Paul thinks about this.

PAUL: You mean I've been searching in the wrong place.

RACHAEL: You and me both, but I think I've been silent enough. This phase of your life will soon be over and another one will begin for both you and your family. It will happen for you right here, in the Potters House.

PAUL: This is the Potters House?

RACHAEL: Where'd you think it was?

Rachael starts to laugh.

Paul starts laughing too as...

LIGHTS FADE

The Potters House

SCENE 6

LIGHTS UP

The Setting can be as close to a real Worship Service.

PROGRAMME

1. *Worship & Praise*
2. *Devotion*
3. *Public Relations*
4. *Special Singing*
5. *Offering*
6. *Prayer for Preacher*
7. *Message*

(This is where you get to make full use of your extras, and also offer a little Training/ Experience in these areas)

(An Alternative is to just have Special Singing, Offering, and then the Preacher)

Pastor Blake walks to the podium, he sighs.

BLAKE: Today is a very sad day for me as I am forced to do something I never thought I would have to do.

Silence

BLAKE: I'm gonna ask my son, Brother Paul Blake to stand.

Paul stands. His mother is sitting beside him. She holds his hand.

BLAKE: The council has decided to terminate your membership on the following basis: Mis-conduct in public, alleged smoking, drinking and indulging in pornography, fornication and all such sexual immorality. Of these charges, how do you plea?

PAUL: Guilty, sir.

BLAKE: Do you have anything to say for yourself?

PAUL: I do.

BLAKE: You have two minutes.

Pause.

PAUL: I'm not perfect and I'm not afraid to confess my faults to you and to God. I've already asked for forgiveness from God and now I ask for your forgiveness.

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BLAKE: It don't work like that, son. You have transgressed God's law and should likewise be punished.

Ina stands to her feet.

INA: Punished by whose standards?

Pastor Blake firmly holds the bible out.

BLAKE: I didn't write the book.

INA: My dear husband, look around you...there's no choir, no ushers, no care group leaders, no youth group, no deacons ...when will you stop?

BLAKE: I'm doing what God called me to do.

Rachael also stands.

RACHAEL: And what might that be?

BLAKE: I was called and appointed a shepherd, to lead.

RACHAEL: To lead, you first must learn to follow....to serve you must first be a servant.

Mel, Julia and Pearl stands.

MEL: Don't listen to them Pastor Blake...

PEARL: Be strong, unmovable always abounding in Justice.

JULIA: As leader you must not be weak.

Pastor Blake pushes out his chest.

BLAKE: I will not be classed among the weak.

RACHAEL: At what costs?

MEL: Don't listen to her...you don't know who she is...you don't know her past.

RACHAEL: My past...

Rachael walks out from among the audience. She goes to the stage and stop a few feet from Pastor Blake.

RACHAEL: Sir, do you know who I am?

BLAKE: You're Sis Rachael...a senior member of this church.

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INA: Very humble, very dedicated.

BLAKE: Yes, the community and the church admire you.

RACHAEL: Do you know who I was?

Pastor Blake considers, and then shakes his head no.

Rachael looks out at Mel, Julia and Pearl.

RACHAEL: They know who I was...and seeing that they can't seem to keep their tongue...I'll allow them to tell you.

Pause.

RACHAEL: Don't suppress your natural ability to talk...enlighten us.

MEL: You were a prostitute.

Gasp from the Pastor and others.

MEL: One of the worst kinds.

PEARL: You sold your body for money.

Rachael turns her attention to a now wide-open mouth Pastor.

RACHAEL: You know why I did that Pastor...? To send my children to school...to help them to become something I'm not...my son choose a good path, but my daughter...well you already know what path she took.

Pause. Rachael, who is now close to tears, collects herself.

RACHAEL: No one is perfect. God saved me three times before I was completely free and all I had was a desire to serve Him. Only that little spark of desire. Now I am strong and I become as the weak to help those who are still bound...and I am consoled by the fact that when I was at my worst, Christ died for me. Now answer me this, Pastor...do you want this church to die?

BLAKE: No.

RACHAEL: Then your strength is your weakness. Do you desire for this church to grow?

BLAKE: I do.

RACHAEL: Look in the eyes of your son.

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He does.

RACHAEL: Look at your wife.

He does.

RACHAEL: Look at all the other faces and tell me where the true enemy is lurking.

*Pastor Blake scans the audience and stop on Mel, Julia and Pearl...they turn
Their faces away.*

RACHAEL: But even for them, it is not too late in the Potter's House.

Pastor Blake breaks down and starts to cry. Rachael helps him to the altar.

Mel, Julia and Pearl make their way to the altar.

Paul and Ina go to the altar. They embrace the Pastor and remain there.

*John and Sharon enter and stand at the door. John has one arm in a cast
And a patch over his eyes.*

Paul sees them and goes to them.

JOHN: Hey...

PAUL: What happened to you?

John wants to talk, but he breaks down crying instead.

Sharon holds him.

SHARON: We had an accident.

JOHN: It was my fault...we had too much to drink and...and...

PAUL: Where's Joe?

Pause.

PAUL: Sharon...where's Joe?

SHARON: He's in the hospital...doctors aren't sure he will make it through the night.

JOHN: I was hoping...you could like, pray for him or something....please.

Paul leads them to the altar.

Rachael looks up to see Sharon.....

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Sharon sees her...tears form in their eyes...they hug tightly.

RACHAEL: My daughter...

SHARON: You were right, mother. I can't run from God forever.

They all go to the altar where they kneel.

Paul stands briefly to address the audience as music rise in the background.

PAUL: If you have identified with any of these characters, if you are broken, wounded, confused, searching for God in some difficult stage of your life...if you have a desire to serve God with all that you are...please join us for prayer at this altar...

Audience responds...

Everyone at the Altar Prays...

END OF PLAY.