

FISH-EYES

By Ted Swartz and Lee Eshleman

Scene: THE DAY AFTER THE DAY ON THE MOUNT

Scripture text: Matthew 5-7

Props: sketchbook, guitar

Length: 5-6 minutes

(PETER strums guitar as ANDREW leafs through pages of his sketchbook.)

PETER: Hey Andy, listen. I got a song for you.

ANDREW: Really.

PETER: About the sermon yesterday.

ANDREW: That's a big topic for a song.

PETER: Well, I'm hoping it'll be a big song. *(Sings)* "Oh, he taught for two or three hours, I kinda lost count. But he had us all spellbound, with the sermon on the hill."

ANDREW: You know what I think. I think you should cut your right hand off. ... It's causing you to sin.

PETER: Very funny. You know you try to make art and—

ANDREW: Hey, those aren't my words.

PETER: Whose were they?

ANDREW: Jesus.

PETER: Really?

ANDREW: Yeah, see I had some blank pages in the back of my sketchbook and I was writing down everything he said because I think we're gonna need to know it later on.

PETER: Really?

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ANDREW: Oh yeah. That was a major address. Did you notice how he quoted all the old masters but then put this new spin on everything? Definite keeper material.

PETER: You think so?

ANDREW: Yes, I do.

PETER: See, I was thinking if he really wanted us to remember it he would have used that standard tag line: "He who has ears, let him hear."

ANDREW: No, I think he wants us to know it.

PETER: All of it?

ANDREW: Yes.

PETER: All of it?

ANDREW: What are you getting at?

PETER: Well, he did go on for a while. Do you think he'll test us on it?

ANDREW: He might. Just you.

PETER: All of it?

ANDREW: You keep saying that. Of course all of it.

PETER: Well, I didn't get all of it. I sorta faded during the latter part of the middle.

ANDREW: Faded?

PETER: Yeah, it was around that part about saving up moth and rust for ourselves.

ANDREW: No, that's not right. It's "Don't save up treasure for yourselves, where moth and rust will destroy."

PETER: Makes a lot more sense that way. That's about the time I faded out. Hey, I know the preamble, though.

ANDREW: The what?

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PETER: The preamble to the sermon. I've got that locked right up here.

ANDREW: Well, there's certainly a lot of room up there. ... So you could give me the gist.

PETER: I'm not talkin' gist. I mean the whole thing. Right up here.

ANDREW: You memorized it?

PETER: Yeah.

ANDREW: Word for word?

PETER: That's what memorization is.

ANDREW: You?

PETER: You don't believe me.

ANDREW: Of course I do. Why would you lie about such a thing?

PETER: All right smart guy, I'll show you. Hold the book on me.

ANDREW: *(Flips through the book)* Okay.

PETER: Ready?

ANDREW: Anytime you're ready.

PETER: The Preamble to the Sermon on the Hill. *(Anguished pause)* Could you give me the first word?

ANDREW: Blessed.

PETER: Blessed. *(Pause)* Blessed?

ANDREW: They all start with "blessed".

PETER: They do?

ANDREW: Except for the woes.

PETER: The woes.

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ANDREW: Woes.

PETER: "Woe—"

ANDREW: Whoa!

PETER: Woe!

ANDREW: No, no.

PETER: Woe no, no.

ANDREW: No, whoa as in horse.

PETER: Woe to the horse.

ANDREW: No it's blessed.

PETER: Blessed is the horse.

ANDREW: Just stop a second—

PETER: Stop the horse.

ANDREW: Have mercy.

PETER: Have mercy on the horse.

ANDREW: *(Covers PETER's mouth)* There is no horse. Unbridle the horse and let it run free. Let's take it back at the top with that very first word. *(PETER can't remember it.)* Blessed.

PETER: Blessed

ANDREW: are

PETER: are

ANDREW: the

PETER: the

ANDREW: poor

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PETER: poor

ANDREW: in

PETER: in

ANDREW: (*Hinting*) sssss

PETER: ssss

ANDREW: SssP!

PETER: SssP!

ANDREW: Spiiiiiiiiir

PETER: Spiiiiiiiiir.... Spiiiiiiiiir... SPEAR! Blessed are the poor in spear, for they shall have a quiverfull.

ANDREW: Let me see if that's right. Oh, no it's not. It's *spirit*.

BOTH: Blessed are the poor in spirit

ANDREW: for

PETER: for

ANDREW: theirs

PETER: theirs

ANDREW: is

PETER: is

ANDREW: the

PETER: the

ANDREW: kingdom

PETER: kingdom

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ANDREW: of

PETER: of

ANDREW: heaven.

PETER: heaven! See I got it.

ANDREW: Yeah, that's the first of NINE.

PETER: It is? Well, once you got that first word...

ANDREW: Oh, I dunno ... BLESSED?

PETER: And then you just take it from there.

ANDREW: That's very impressive. I owe you an apology.

PETER: That's okay.

ANDREW: Maybe you should study some more.

(PETER glances through the pages)

PETER: Well, that's never gonna work.

ANDREW: What?

PETER: This.

ANDREW: You'll have to tell me.

PETER: Love your enemy, do good to those who do you wrong.

ANDREW: What about it?

PETER: It's never gonna work.

ANDREW: Well, not for you.

PETER: Meaning?

ANDREW: You can't get along with you friends, let alone your enemies.

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PETER: That's harsh.

ANDREW: But true.

PETER: But true ... never gonna work.

ANDREW: That's assuming you know what he has in mind when he says 'love your enemies'.

PETER: And you do?

ANDREW: Do what?

PETER: Understand what he has in mind.

ANDREW: He has this way of turning everything on its head, turning everything back on itself, so you find yourself looking at the situation from a completely different angle.

PETER: So you know what he means?

ANDREW: Are you kidding? Nobody knows what he means.

PETER: Never gonna work.

ANDREW: I guess we'll see.

(Pause)

PETER: He also said this?

ANDREW: Now what?

PETER: When you give alms don't announce it. Instead, when you give alms don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing ... so that your giving may be done in secret.

ANDREW: Yea?

PETER: Well, that's stupid.

ANDREW: How do you mean?

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PETER: I mean, isn't that why we do acts of good, so people can see us? You ever do that?

ANDREW: One time.

PETER: One time?

ANDREW: There was this beggar downtown, and I bought him lunch. And then I didn't tell anyone. That was a totally right-handed bit of alms giving. Nobody knows I did that ... well, except for you now.

PETER: Except for me.

ANDREW: But this left-hand/right hand stuff is tricky. I like to be seen with Jesus. I like it when we go to a secret place to pray, and people see us go. And when the paralytic dances, the water turns into wine, all the hoopla. But it just keeps spiraling. Like, why am I telling you this? Because I'm seeking? Or am I just trying to impress you? I don't know.

PETER: What makes you think you can impress me?

ANDREW: Well, that's true.

(Pause)

PETER: Hey Andy, remember this?

ANDREW: Oh yeah.

(PETER closes the book and indicates that they can do this by memory together.)

PETER: Our father who's in heaven. We honor your name.

ANDREW: Your kingdom come and your will be done, right here on earth as it is in heaven.

PETER and ANDREW:
Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our

PETERANDREW
debts trespasses

PETER and ANDREW:
(Exchange puzzled looks) ... as we forgive...

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PETERANDREW

our debtors those who trespass against us

PETER: And don't lead us into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

ANDREW: Because yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.

BOTH: *(clasping hands)* Amen.

END

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