

HERE FOR THE COFFEE

by John Cosper

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A man comes to church for the free coffee after receiving an invitation, despite his doubts and a lot of hurt in his life.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Travis should have a little humor to him; it's his defense against the pain in his life. Keep him sympathetic, and don't let him get mean or condescending. He should connect with people in the audience who, like him, wouldn't normally be there.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Christmas; Doubt

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Isaiah 9:1-7

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Services; good opening for a Christmas sermon aimed at once a year visitors

CHARACTERS:

TRAVIS—recently divorced, unemployed man

PROPS: Cup of coffee

COSTUMES: A cheap suit.

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Your church

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HERE FOR THE COFFEE *by John Cospers*

TRAVIS enters. He has a cheap, old suit on and carries coffee in a styrofoam cup.

TRAVIS: All I wanted was a cup of coffee. That's why I drove by McDonald's that day. I was tired, I had a headache, I'd had a fight with Ellen... I needed coffee, and nothing else. I got to the window, and the kid tells me I don't owe him anything. He tells me the man in front of me paid for my coffee. He hands me my coffee, and then he hands me this.

He pulls out a small, red postcard.

It's an invitation to celebrate the birth of Christ. I assume the fella who bought my coffee goes there.

For a few fleeting seconds, I felt good. Someone did a good deed, and I was the recipient. But this? This made me angry. It made me feel like I was now obligated to go and celebrate the birth of Christ. I didn't ask him to buy my coffee. Why would he ask me to go to his church?

All day long I seethed over this invitation. I had this picture in my mind of the guy who left it. This perfect, Christian guy who votes Republican and listens to crummy music. He's pro-life, anti-liberal, probably sends his kids to a private school. He clearly knows how to lay on a mass guilt trip because I couldn't get this stupid card out of my mind.

Why was it bothering me so bad? It's a post card. A cheap, black ink on red paper postcard. I could have thrown it out the window soon as I pulled away, never thought twice about it. It sat on my kitchen counter for days. I could see it out of the corner of my eye every time I walked past. Why did he give it to me? Why didn't I dump it?

I certainly had no desire to celebrate anything with God. I'd been out of work nine months. I'd been divorced for three. My weekend visits had been cut to four hours because the court had determined my apartment was unfit for keeping children. If there was a God, I had nothing to say to him. Nothing he'd want to hear.

All I wanted was a cup of coffee. Sunday morning came, and I was still staring at that red postcard. A few more hours, I thought, and I could throw it away. It won't matter any more. Then I made a mistake. I read the card. "Come Celebrate the Birth of Christ. Three services at 9 AM, 11 AM, 1 PM. *(dramatic pause)* Free coffee."

He sighs; it's a light, humorous moment.

So here I am. Old suit on my back, coffee in hand. Here to celebrate the birth of Christ.