

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

HOLD THIS!

by TIM BASS

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: Thomas Jefferson struggles with self-confidence as he pens the famous Declaration of Independence.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The power of this script is the way it portrays our country's founding fathers as real men as opposed to the idealized versions many of us imagine. Accordingly, both Tom and Martha should be played as naturally as possible. Any kind of "loftiness" could detract from the real-life effectiveness of the drama. The audience isn't intended to catch on until the very end who these people are or what document Tom is struggling to write. This allows us to identify with the characters, to empathize with Tom's struggles, to find application for our own lives. It's a bonus that we also can learn something about the founding of our country as Tom reads his final draft at the end.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Patriotism

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Galatians 5:1, 13

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Fourth of July

CHARACTERS:

TOM—Thomas Jefferson

MARTHA—his wife

PROPS: A piece of paper, pen, plate of crackers

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A home office

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Lights up on an office. TOM enters, frowning at a piece of paper in his hands.

TOM: *(Calling off)* Martha, honey, if you could just keep the kids out of here for a little while longer. I'm almost there, you know? I can taste it. As soon as I'm done, I want you to hear it and give me your opinion. Okay, let's see...*(he reads to himself, mumbling aloud; we do not hear the words)*. Good, good. Not bad for a thirty-third draft. I think the guys are gonna love it. I just need to nail the beginning a little better. Let's see..."To whom it may concern, it is with both sadness and a sense of joy that we must...we must..." No. Too business-like. Needs to be a little more...human. Okay, let's see..."Sometimes we have no choice but to end one thing so as to begin another..." No, no, no, no. A little cold.

MARTHA enters with a cup of tea.

MARTHA: How's it going, honey?

TOM: I don't know. I really like the middle of it, and the end's all right; I'm just having trouble with the beginning, you know? I mean, it needs to be a grabber. Maybe I should start with a joke. How about the joke about the preacher's wife and the duck?

MARTHA: I don't think a joke is what you need. I think you just need to be straightforward. Use the opening to lay out the feeling of the rest of it.

TOM: Yeah, I know. I'm just stuck. I don't know why they asked me to write the darn thing to begin with. I mean, Ben could do this in his sleep. Or John, for that matter. Aaagggghhhhhh! This is driving me crazy. You know that I haven't had a decent night's sleep since I started this thing.

MARTHA: I know.

TOM: I just sit here or I pace back and forth. I haven't had a bath in two weeks!

MARTHA: Believe me, Tom...I know.

TOM: Oh, who am I kidding? Huh? I can't do this. We might as well forget about this whole thing. I mean, every time we meet, we never agree on anything. We spend most of our time arguing with each other.

MARTHA: Honey, that's just because you, all of you, are so passionate about this. All of it. You can't quit now, Tom. I mean, what you write here today may not ever change anything or make a difference in the world. But...you have to try, you know? You believe in this, Tom. I see it in your eyes; I hear it in your voice. I can see it in the way you walk and in the way you get so excited every time you leave for one of those meetings. You can do this. You and your friends may be the only ones to ever read this thing, but